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ROME

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BY

FRANCIS WEY

Qx-a-45

CONTAINING

THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD

DESIGNED BY THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTS

AND

A PLAN OF ROME

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY W. W. STORY

Qx-a-45

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INTRODUCTION.

GENTLEMEN,

You wish me to write an introduction to the interesting work of Mr. Wey on Rome—a translation of which you are about to publish. I do not in the least think that Mr. Wey needs a word from me to recommend him to public notice, as his book is already well known in its original form and language, and has commended itself to all who have seen and read it. Yet as I have been a resident of Rome for many years, and may be supposed to be familiar with some of the myriad features of that wonderful and delightful city; to have studied the classic remains of its ancient days, and not to have shut my eyes to its living present, my opinion may be of weight with some persons, and I very willingly give it.

Mr. Wey's book seems to me worthy of commendation not only for its letterpress, which is full of varied interest, and written in a lively and sympathetic spirit, but also for its illustrations, which form perhaps its most characteristic feature, and are so exceedingly attractive and spirited, that they alone would make every one who loves Rome desire to possess it. Though they only profess to illustrate, and as it were to frame the text, one might say of them, after the manner of auctioneers when they sell a picture at a low price, that the frame is worth twice the price.

A book on Rome requires pictorial illustrations to bring again vividly before the eye the objects which it describes, and to give to them that colour and life which no mere verbal description can ever convey; when both are happily united, as in this case, the text interprets the picture, and the picture gives point to the text.

A large number of the illustrations are taken from photographs, with adjustments and modifications of light and dark, distance and effect, so as to produce a pictorial effect—and this is done with skill and judgment. Many are also taken from original drawings, which, if wanting in the literal accuracy of photographs, are in other respects truer than any photograph could be to the character and feeling of the places they represent. One does not alone see with the eye, but with the mind and the soul, and nothing truly artistic can ever be produced mechanically. It is the transfusion of nature through the spirit of the artist, which alone can give us a work of art. A mere photograph is very rarely and exceptionally a picture, but it is a

most valuable basis for one, provided it be not followed too slavishly. The dead soulless eye of the camera obscura gives us only the corpse of what, when we look at it, is full of life and feeling. It repeats statistically, not artistically, the dead facts, with all their accidents of mould, and stain, and breakage, insisting upon them with always too strong an emphasis; it takes no heed of the difference between colour as colour and as light and dark, thus falsifying the true impression on the eye; giving, for instance, yellow as dark, while it really is positive, and produces the effect of light,—and restating blue, which is negative, as positive light; and it also takes no heed of planes of distance, representing all parts as upon one plane. Doubtless, despite these very essential defects, it is of great value and interest. Yet however interesting and valuable are the photographs of Rome, they invariably lose all or nearly all that makes Rome the delight it is—the tender gradations of distance—the soft luminous sky—the delicate light and colour—and the refined and lovely atmosphere which enfolds everything with a veil of sentiment and romance. That which the heart of man feels as he wanders over the ruins of Rome or muses on the slopes of the Campagna, and which he remembers afterwards as one remembers a perfume or a tone,

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream,"

which haunts him perpetually, and rises like a phantom at the very name of Rome, all this escapes the cold hard lens of the camera. It has nothing to do with sentiment, but simply to repeat facts—the husks and shells of things. *Tant pis* for the sentiment if it cannot get itself recorded—being intangible and invisible.

Yet the truth of the Photograph is always insisted on—at least it does not lie, we are told. Yet, despite of all its pretensions, it does lie. Its planes are false; its colours falsely reported; its chiaroscuro wrong. Besides, there are two kinds of Truth; one, truth to the imagination, which may be given in the slightest sketch, and by suggestion create or revive in the mind the spirit of a form or place; one, truth to the literal facts from which the soul that animated them may have fled, and which may want the magnetic touch that was the life of the thing itself. Of course, if one could have them both, it would be best; but if one must choose between them, is not the spirit better than the letter?

But to return to the illustrations of Mr. Wey's book. They are carefully drawn by clever artists. The scenes and the points of view are well selected, and in many of them the sentiment is happily caught. There is, of course, considerable inequality of merit among them; but the best are admirable, and the least good are perhaps among those which are deeply indebted to photography, while many of them do, as far as is possible without colour, give an idea of Rome, and record not only the facts but the sentiment of the places and scenes they represent. In point of number of designs,

excellence of execution, and general character, no illustrated book on Rome can compare with this. The range of pictures is very great—from the games of the people, the life of the streets, the priestly processions, the costumes and ceremonies of the church, the fountains, churches, palaces, and villas of to-day, to the paintings of the early Italian masters, the catacombs of the primitive Christians, the statues of ancient Rome, and the ruins of the city and the Campagna.

As a matter of course the text is even wider in its range, and it is a pleasant feature in Mr. Wey's book that it is a sort of *pot-pourri*, like Rome itself, in which the new and the old, the romantic and the commonplace, the imposing and the ludicrous, elbow each other at every turn. The life of the people has for him a charm as special as the Ruins—the characteristic anecdote of to-day as the record of history. The contadino and the model are as much facts as the Apollo and the Laocoön,—the booth where the *frittate* of S. Giuseppe are sold, as the temple of Nerva before which it is planted,—the open-air barber in the Piazza Montanara as Cæsar and Vercingetorix,—the green aisles of the villas with their shadowy walks, pulsing fountains, and lofty pines, where the young priest tucks up his long skirts and plays like a boy at ball, as the imposing and massive arches of the gigantic Thermæ of Caracalla. A living doctor is to him as good as a dead dog, according to the Roman proverb,—and he is excellent company in his wanderings and reminiscences. If you do not believe the villa or the ruin is charming as he says, look at the sketch he has placed beside his description, and you will see that he is justified in his enthusiasm. As he carries you along without a settled plan from place to place he sketches the chief points of its history neatly, and does not bore you with his archæology; nor, to use his own words, does he indulge in "ronflantes prosopopées, indice d'une impression débile et d'une émotion absente." On the other hand, his book is far from trivial. He has studied as well as seen, and the results of his reading are pleasantly given and without pretence or pedantry.

Finally—every one, I should think, would be glad to have a copy of this book, who loves Rome and can afford it; and then—the frame is worth twice the price.

But I must not say more lest I arouse the envy of the author of Roba di Roma, who has secretly confessed to me that he has been sorely tempted to purloin Mr. Wey's illustrations for his own book.

Yours faithfully,

W. W. STORY.

To the Publishers
of Wey's Rome.

PREFACE.

BOTH travellers and scholars have dealt with Rome from extremely different points of view, and often with success: I ought to explain why I again take up this glorious subject; the plan I laid down for myself; why I thought that there was still room for an attempt to produce, by thorough industry, a new and original work.

Rome is a world; whatever has possessed greatness in the west,—art, religion, history,—has left its traces in this city. Pagan antiquity, the origins of Christianity and of Byzantine civilization, the struggles and the transformation of the early middle age, the ecclesiastical supremacy of the thirteenth century, the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth—all these epochs had Rome for centre; they covered it with their works, and they live again in it in a crowd of monuments. How many considerable States present us, in comparison with the reminiscences accumulated here, with nothing but fragments without significance! In such a collection each author has made his choice; it struck me that one ought, for once at least, to decide to see all and to study all.

Still, even in a special frame, completeness is rare. As day by day and slowly you pursue the pilgrimage of the wonders of Rome, at each step, in the reminiscences of the inhabitants, in the knowledge of the learned men of the country, in forgotten books, and most of all in personal discoveries, you come upon a series of facts which have not been collected before, and you gradually rectify a multitude of erroneous traditions as to the monuments and works of art. In the midst of the masterpieces that fill the churches and palaces, how many undetected gems! Among the famous ruins, all through the ancient dwellings of the populous quarters and deserted suburbs, how many remarkable footprints that have hitherto been little remarked! Even in the sanctuaries whose very names call to them the attention of all, how many explorations have been left only partially accomplished! Every one has spoken of the Vatican, but its multitudinous collections and the splendid halls raised to contain them, have never been the object of a thoroughly complete description. To judge from the works I have consulted, half Rome still awaits its historian: I may hope, then, that long and laborious research will render some service.

If the share of personal research ought to be great, what account ought we not to make of the steps forward taken by erudition! Although surrounded with difficulties and dry details, which too often are the only points that strike the public, this science only aspires to awake the soul of the past; a new touch, a livelier tint, brought to life again on the likeness of the vanished ages,—such is the last word of the most special monography. I took singular pleasure in this part of my task. There will be found in these pages the results of the most recent works on Roman antiquities,

on primitive Christianity, on that strange life of the Renaissance, on the lives of painters and their works; there will be found here not only the restoration, from the last excavations and from epigraphy, of certain regions, of many edifices of the city of consuls, Cæsars, pontiffs, but also the revelation of curiosities, of monuments hardly exhumed yesterday, such as the barrack of the Vigiles of the seventh cohort, the covered portions of underground Rome, the frescoes of the crypt of St. Clement, the imperial edifices of the Palatine, the admirable paintings of the house of Livia.

The external aspect of things occupies a considerable place in the emotions which make up a stay at Rome: all travellers have felt this; but it seems to me that our time has new qualities for feeling and describing. The taste for precision, the eye for the beautiful and the interesting, while remaining faithful to reality, are carried very far in our time. Here still, to confine oneself to general impressions is to be incomplete; we have to do for the sites of Rome and the Campagna, so different from all others, what works of art call for; we have to be patient, curious, intimately penetrated with all their poetry. How many pictures then offer themselves to our eyes! The artist finds richer and more varied galleries than those of museums and palaces, and they are no less vivid. The study of monuments and landscapes, that of men and manners, of past and present, mingle incessantly in this book, as they are confused also in the eyes of whoever lives in Rome: you refresh yourself with one after leaving the other; and then the reader is accustomed to the indefinable charm of *the life of Rome*, and to those delights which you never forget after having once felt them.

It had to be one of the cares of my work to seek the drawings which should furnish the best commentary on my descriptions. I am indebted to my publishers for leaving me full liberty, for not shrinking from either the number or the expensive perfection of the engravings; they animate and brighten many pages in which the tongue cannot say all: I could thus reproduce sites and a number of monuments not hitherto published. Eminent artists have given us their assistance, and some of their useful advice: MM. Louis Français, Thérond, Catenacci, H. Clerget, C. Nanteuil, Anastasi, Jules Lefebvre, E. Bayard, A. de Neuville, Hector Leroux, Paquier, Viollet-le-Duc, Paul Baudry, have long shown with what tact they can understand and interpret works of art and the Italian nature.

Can I forget in this band him whom a heroic death has just snatched from us! The only studies that Henri Regnault designed on wood are devoted to the illustration of this volume. This career, already marked out for glory, was fatally broken; he was only eight-and-twenty years old. Will people find in his rare pictures, as well as in the twenty-seven crayons collected here, the last relics of an artist so highly gifted, the variety of his imagination, his marvellous suppleness in dealing with all kinds of work, his skill in composing scenes and grouping figures?

What shall I say of the general idea of my book? You have no concern with Rome, unless you recognise two sentiments in yourself—the love of the beautiful and respect for what is great.

Rome is the museum of all the ages. Above erudition, above scrupulous accuracy and the best conducted researches, what ought to rule here is the love of what Rome has loved; she has preserved her greatness in the world by the passion she declared for all the expressions of the beautiful. Many are the sects to-day in this religion of art, some simply didactic, others philosophical, historical,

or even moral. The reader will see, after experience of them all, that we have not given ourselves slavishly to any of them, having recognised that the genius of the city and its artists was not dissipated in these chimæras, but that it followed surer instincts which carried it on in the simple search after ideal beauty. When you come to Rome after an attentive study of the whole of Italy—and I had the good fortune to prelude by this necessary initiation,—you perceive that in this city the various schools of a country more fruitful in models than any other all sum themselves up, and that particular theories have here necessarily become general. I would fain have known how to explain all that has been exceptional and fertilising in their destiny; if I had only succeeded in part, this book would still contribute to the progress of the history of art.

As for reverence for all that is great, notwithstanding the criticisms that we might make and which escaped nobody, pontifical Rome, which I explored on the eve of an approaching revolution, would have commanded this in the most sceptical person. All of us, historians, artists, worshippers of tradition, we had a difficulty in thinking of this city, fallen from its universal character, reduced to the condition of vulgar capitals, become a constitutional, military, administrative centre; Rome seemed too deeply poetical for such a part. It was the reverses of France that brought about this occupation. We have not to seek what time will do with this conquest, but we could never find a way of regretting any of our illusions.

The Rome that I have depicted is the ancient metropolis, the religious metropolis, the native land of the arts, the sanctuary of incomparable memories, the home of a people who even to this hour are like no other. That city may look with indifferent eye upon our revolutions, upon our politics of a day: its glory, which has already defied so many ruins, will see new ones, but it has not to dread the fainting memory of men; so long as our society stands, Rome will remain a holy city, or rather, as the admiration of the old world used to say with majestic simplicity, it will remain the *Urbs*,—the City of cities.

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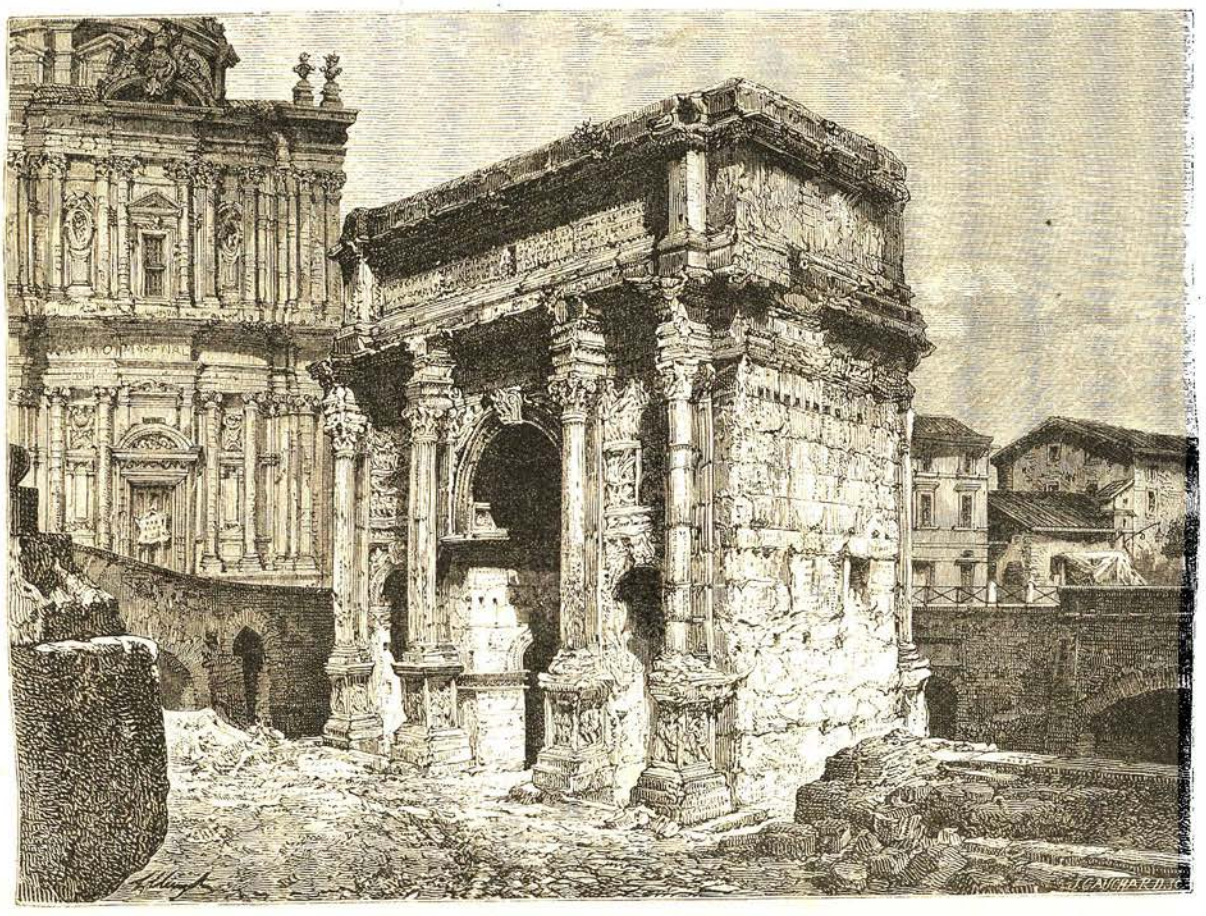


ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

ROME.

CHAPTER I.

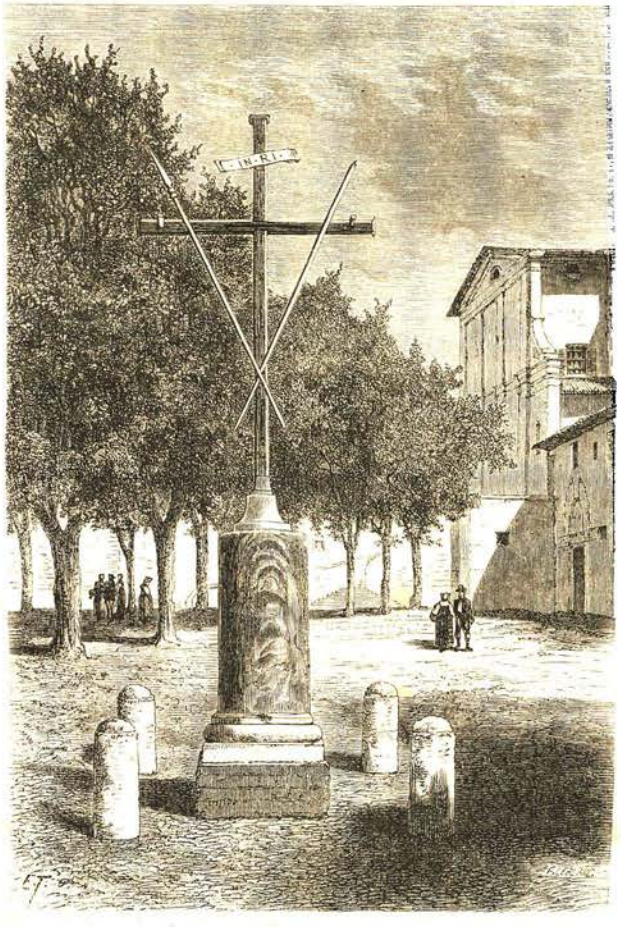
School Prejudices and First Impressions.—*Il Tritone* and the Piazza Barberini.—*Trattorie:* the food of the people.—The odour of Rome.—Fountain of Trevi.—The *Acqua Vergine* and its legend.—Montaigne and the Albergo dell' Orso.—First aspect of the Vatican Basilica.—The Streets.—Pantheon of Agrippa, and Temple of Antoninus.—Shops.—Vision of the Ancient World.—On the Tiber: Tarquin's Cloaca Maxima.—In the Trastevere: Shop of the Fornarina.—The last road ascended by St. Peter.—Snuff-mania of the Romans; the handkerchief and snuff-box of the Sovereign-Pontiff.—Church of S. Pietro in Montorio.—*La Flagellation* by Sebastian del Piombo, &c.—Rome, from the Janiculum, in the sunset.

I.

AT different times in traversing Italy I had deliberately avoided Rome, so much did I dread the almost absolute authority of the ancient metropolis, until after a severe illness, being driven from Florence by the doctors towards the end of October, and forced to find a place of exile as near as possible, I was reduced to seek in the Eternal City a milder and more equable climate. I arrived there one misty night.

A friend who awaited me at the station despatched my luggage to his house, where

I was to pass the night, and what I could discern in a shortish drive by the rays of a few lanterns, which were like stars in the darkness of the closed houses, made me suppose that he lived in a remote and deserted suburb. After a few minutes we sallied forth into a mean-looking street to procure a late supper from the waiters of a dirty *trattoria*, a genuine suburban tavern; and after that we made our way back by other alleys, equally filthy and bordered by black ruins. As we went along, I was amazed to learn that I was in the middle of the elegant quarters of Rome, that I had crossed the end of the Piazza di Spagna, supped at the renowned restaurateur's of the Via de' Condotti, and that, in short, I should have the honour of sleeping under a roof in the street of the Quattro Fontane, which, by the Felice and Sistini roads, comes out on the Pincian, the Tuileries garden of the city of Romulus.



CROSS OF THE CAPUCINS, PIAZZA BARBERINI.

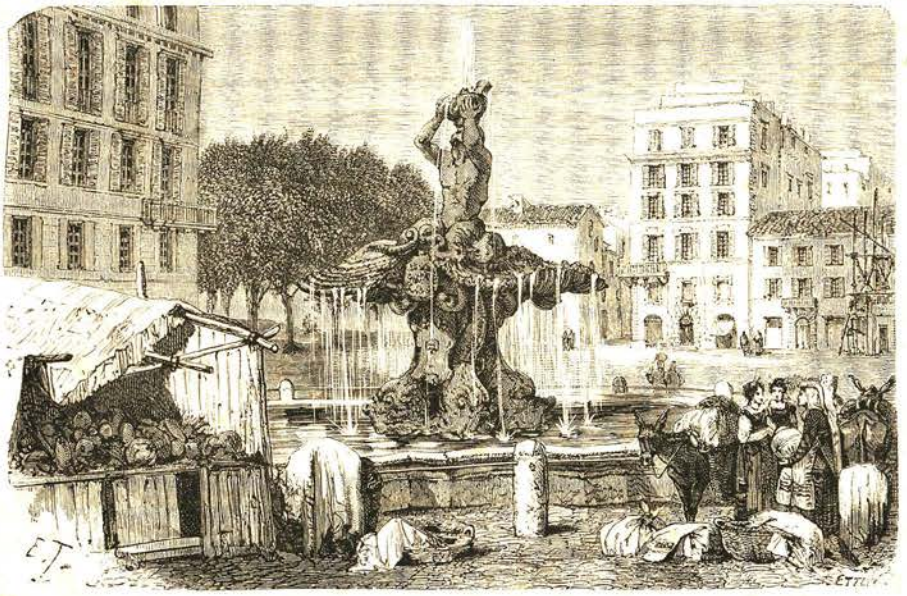
The night passed slowly in a gloomily employed wakefulness. The Gaulish independence of the barbarian with which my youth had been imbued in the spring of the romantic emancipation, had thrown me into an attitude of distrust towards Rome and the ascendency that she has exercised in every age over thought, opinion, and doctrine. Recalling the artists, the authors, whom this spot had disturbed, I was alarmed at an influence which can dispel every previous conviction, leaving only a void behind; I felt menaced with the peril of once more falling back to the benches of a school that had from age to age sent back so long a succession of scholars, discouraged and intimidated, to their own countries. That indolence of our present life which in this city and for so many minds has substituted hesitating dreams for the activity of labour, was this to invade me in my turn and paralyse all effort?

Day at length came, pale and icy; and in spite of these terrors, stimulated by a feverish curiosity, I stole away from the house to venture alone into the dreaded labyrinth.

On my right the straight and hilly street made with its high walls a distant frame for a conical belfry sketched against a grey and rainy sky. I did not know the situation of Santa Maria Maggiore. I was still further from suspecting that in these blurred swellings I saw the renowned Quirinal and Viminal hills. The road continued on the left in absolute monotony: before me in false square, in an ill-kept court, arose a vast building with a tolerably new look about it, and with a portico crowded with soldiers. The edifice struck me as handsome enough for a barrack; but recognising it as the famous palace of the Barberini, I thought it too much of a barrack for a palace.

Past the corner of this, I approached a large open space that I ascended bearing to the left, and there, between a poor alley of squat trees and the wall of a convent of Capucins, ending in a seventeenth-century church, there, fixed before a mission-cross on a pedestal flanked by four boundary-stones, I asked myself as I gazed on this piazza —so irregular, unpaved, with its little houses, its trees as of a sous-préfecture, and that village cross—if it was at Vannes or at Brive that I had found myself in an exactly similar spot, with the same sound of the creaking of the lamps as they swung to and fro in a rainy wind. In the left corner of the piazza, under a balcony where I should have lodged the notary of the place, I observed this sign over a narrow door: ANTICA TRATTORIA—*Old Restaurant.* With us customers are only got by novelty. 'Come,' said I, 'here I am really at Rome . . . .'

On this Piazza Barberini, as you return towards the street, you come upon a fountain of sombre colour, but whose basin is in good proportion with the design that occupies the centre; four dolphins, whose gaping throats just touch the water, are solidly bound together, forming by their raised tails a base for the arms of the Barberini, and on this



FOUNTAIN OF THE TRITON.

is placed, describing a semi-spiral and serving for an upper basin, a large shell, of which the overflow falls away in a shower of pearls. From the midst of this, solidly supported, there rises a vigorous Triton, who blows to the sky in a horn of shell form, from which spirts a thread of water, of which the artist has made good use. This original and robust conception, which reminded me of Pierre Puget, is the work of Bernini. I did not know it then, and in giving this piece of information I am anticipating: I beg the reader to allow me often to do this, and to complete these first impressions by the further results of my studies, so as thus to avoid returning to the same subject.

Turning my back to the piazza, I took a cross-street, which ought to descend in the very heart of the city—the Via del Tritone, which begins with shops for the sale of smoked and greasy meat, *trattorie* that the Germans must frequent, for you see in them a vast quantity of sausages and choppes of beer; the common people, squatting or

leaning against the wall all round the door, rolled themselves in the greasiness of the place, which comes out even into the street, so as to suck up the odour of the scraps. Among this plebs, proud, idle, sober, the cook's art stirs platonic loves for which the steam alone is enough; lean under stout garments, they seem fed on aspirations like the orchid; browned in the incense of things frying, they no longer perceive that their bread is dry and their beans dressed with the sauce of pure water.

To justify them, it must be confessed that at Rome the privileged spots where food is to be seen *pour de bon* are but very common. In this country, where fever is endemic, I do not know if sobriety be an instinct of self-preservation; at any rate, it is exemplary in all classes, and in truth the quality of the articles of food decidedly encourages so estimable a disposition. Veal killed too young is bad and scarce; mutton is stale and hard; beef has little taste; fowl is skinny and tough as leather. Game only is of superior quality, and, except partridge, it is common. Close and insufficiently kneaded, the bread is heavy; the wine, usually tolerable, is carelessly made: it should be excellent. Pastry, made with a mixture of oil and dripping, is repugnant enough to bring one's heart up.

For that matter, the humbler folk care little about these culinary elements. This is how they sustain themselves: all the winter they prepare for the public at the street corners in large cauldrons twice a day, those long, greenish cauliflowers called broccoli, and they are carried home on drainers from shop to shop. They eat also considerably of large lupins, round and yellow, cooked in water, without butter or dripping. On the broccoli they put salt and oil with vinegar. Add some olives, some dry figs, cervelas, parched and often rancid, and stalks of fennel; and for dessert, nuts, *pinocchi*, almonds of pine-apple. In summer, fruits, especially water-melon and the green gourd with purple pulp, of so poor a flavour. Such is pretty nearly the substance of the diet of the people of Rome, if you add a few common pastes.

Their ancestors, who prepared polenta with oatmeal and linseed, who spiced their sauces with anise and peppermint, who regaled themselves on a dessert of basil and poppy seed done over with honey, and who included in their list of delicacies white grubs got from the bark of the oak and fattened on meal; the Romans whose artificial taste Pliny stigmatizes, would seem to us even less dainty than their descendants. I prefer, without hesitation, the pure water with which the latter quench their thirst, to the wines of Lucullus, in which they threw rue, anise, bitter-almonds—in which they introduced resin, mastic, saffron, parsley, and which they kept in jars done with turpentine and perfumed with myrrh. Add, that they poured into it sea-water, or more or less salt, and that they clarified this frightful beverage with powdered marble, with sulphur, and especially with ashes which had served for lye. So dirtiness is no new trait in the Eternal City.

Some muddy streets, without footways; some mean, arched shops, with narrow doors, such as you see at La Châtre and Dinan; walls in which the peeling plaster has received a daubing of earth from the splashing of the gutter; now and then some church with shabby façade in the modern taste, set in among the houses; much animation and babbling among the people; all the women ragged, and with hair elaborately dressed, even those who have none, terrible to behold—this is what greets you at every corner. I there received, for the first time, the distinct impression of the odours, or, more poetically speaking, the perfume of Rome; it is a local exhalation of cabbage or broccoli broth mixed with the raw smell of roots, sulphurous emanations to which one

FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

has to become accustomed, for the pavement and the black mud of the streets are impregnated with that essence, which has not become pure in becoming everlasting.

Gradually, as I advanced along a narrow street with the air of a kitchen-garden, in which the crowd was thickening and where leaves of vegetables were all trampled under foot, I perceived a sort of indistinct murmur like that of the waves, which first accompanied and then overwhelmed the noises of the throng, and all at once, at the corner of the street, I was dazzled by sheets of water, which, from a pell-mell of rocks, dominated by a building covered with statues, tumbled foaming and sparkling on every side, to be engulfed in cavernous holes. I was in front of the fountain of Trevi.

II.

It is a showy example of ostentatious decoration as understood by the school of Bernini. In the midst of rock-work and shell, Neptune emerges with his steed from the basement of a palace to which this enormous construction is fixed. The pretty and graceful bas-reliefs describe the discovery of the Acqua Vergine by a youthful maiden in the neighbourhood of Tusculum. From the upper basins, from the hollow of rocks in which intertwine climbing plants carved on rough stone, streams, of whose size one has no idea, spout forth on every side; a cataract or river . . . . in the guise of the stage! The waters for that matter are the most limpid and pure; their salutary virtues are reputed to cure twelve disorders. The torrent breaks forth with the tumult of a mountain cascade.

On the brink of the lower basin, on an evening when the moon makes this agitated sheet sparkle like the steel links in a hauberk, you sometimes see a young maiden bend over the water, while a lover eyes her pensively. She has drawn in a new glass, which she will break as soon as used, some water to offer with a smile of hope to the friend, who leaves her for a journey. It is a popular tradition, that if you have drank from this spring, you cannot remain absent from Rome for ever; destiny will bring you back. For some this ceremony is a simple form of vow; praised be they who have full faith in the presage of the fountain! The Germans expect to make it favourable by bribery; when they have quaffed the philtre of return, they throw a halfpenny into the basin.

Must we judge the fountain of Trevi in the name of the principles of a severe art? No. It is what one might call rococo triumphant, but endowed with a size, an exuberance, which are the apology and the attraction of this kind. If we could perceive from the distance this tower of water with its majestic scaffolding, its impression would be thoroughly victorious. We understand, after all, that the dry and poverty-stricken imitation of such a style, as it is to be seen in France, and especially in Prussia, is the most obsolete of all the forms of artistic decline.

It was in the time of Augustus that the Aqua Virgo was discovered, for which Agrippa had an aqueduct made. I would fain have seen, at the epoch when this Naiad, placed amid the fields at the crossing of two paths, gave her flocks to drink, the rustic and becoming adornments consecrated to her by the most memorable of Roman Ædiles. But how many times, I exclaimed, must this structure have been built and rebuilt since the dictatorship of the victor of Actium! Let us end here what remains to be said on the subject.

One morning, as at about a couple of hundred paces from the Piazza Trevi, I was passing to the Via del Nazzareno, I saw at No. 12 a small door, from which issued several women carrying on hurdles heaps of newly-washed herbage. A narrow staircase had the threshold for its first step, and the air from the house blew a certain freshness, accompanied with the noise of plashing water. I approach, go down twenty steps into the shadow, and find a badly lighted cellar, where, in a long stone trough fed by two copious jets, people were damping hay for a purpose of which I am ignorant. In a few moments, along the wall a sort of entablature came into outline, and at last I found the frame of an enormous inscription, in which, all at once, the name of Agrippa struck me: I was in front of the primitive fountain of the time of Augustus. Its fine and simple style bespeaks the last ages of the Republic; the inscription that the sun once made bright testifies, by its inhumation, the sinking of the ground on which the existing city stands. This bit of discovery has allowed me to look at the fine fountain of Trevi without regret; for its pompous style has not effaced the fountain of Agrippa, which still flows forth full of life at the bottom of that tomb.

COLUMN OF ANTONINUS.

But the day on which, for the first time, I strayed through the streets of Rome, distrustful and disenchanted, and less instructed as to the sources of the fountain, I confined myself to eyeing with amazement this trick of a river flowing from under the pillars of a house, and the fine posture of the god of the sea, and the generous relief of that firmer example of the mythological basins of Versailles, bringing its brawling into the midst of a plebeian quarter. I should have been surprised, then, to learn that this architecture, which reminds one of Mansart, and even of Philibert Delorme, only dates from 1735; for I did not know that the taste, which up to the end of the seventeenth century hastened the Roman decadence, from the beginning of the following century rather retarded it, and went no further than enriching the style of the previous age with grotesque fantasies.

By accident I came out into the Corso. Another deception: this famous road, which serves as a turf for equestrians, is narrow and full of shops, like our Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, which it recalls still further by its mean footpaths. A number of small shops where wares of no great value are retailed; a palace here and there to relieve the rows of houses. In passing by the side of the great Colonna piazza, I measured with my eyes the tall Doric shaft of white marble which adorns the centre, vaguely provoked that the column of Trajan left so slight an impression. Far abroad as I

was, a man becomes thoughtless; it was only the Antonine pillar, and I never even thought of it.

It was under Sixtus V. that in restoring the half-buried pedestal of this monument, raised in honour of Marcus Aurelius after his victories over the Germans, they mistook its real purpose, and attributed to Antoninus Pius a structure that only dates from his successor. The old inscription, with several bas-reliefs, was brought under Gregory XVI. to the middle of the Giardino della Pina, so called because in the centre of one of the façades with which Bramante surrounded this great space surrounded with quincunxes, there figures between two iron peacocks a large bronze pine-apple—funereal emblems taken from the Pantheon of Agrippa, and not, as has been said, from Adrian's Mole. The vast square where the pillar of the Antonines rises is monumental, surrounded as it is with the Ferraioli and Chigi palaces, the last raised by the nephews of Alexander VII., as well as the Piombino palace, which on the Corso fronts the building of the Grand' Garde, carried on a long peristyle whose pillars came from the excavations of the ancient city of Veii.

A fine intermittent rain plastered the buildings with black and covered up the reliefs when I came under the balcony of the Ruspoli, then the residence of our general Montebello. Not knowing what direction to take—having lost all illusion as to the Via de Condotti, the bottom of which was at this moment obliterated by mist—I had ascended as far as the tiresome façade of San Carlo, which reminded me of the churches of Arras and Nancy, when a passer-by stopping me uttered a joyful exclamation and held out his hands. We embraced in the middle of the gutter—a thing that surprises nobody in Italy, and gives pleasure to the onlookers. We made our way to the café, there to partake, as in Tuscany, the breakfast of an anchorite, that I sometimes made scandalous by the addition of an egg. 'There,' said the abbé, 'there, that is how people collect humours; and with vagaries like that are you surprised at being ill?'

III.

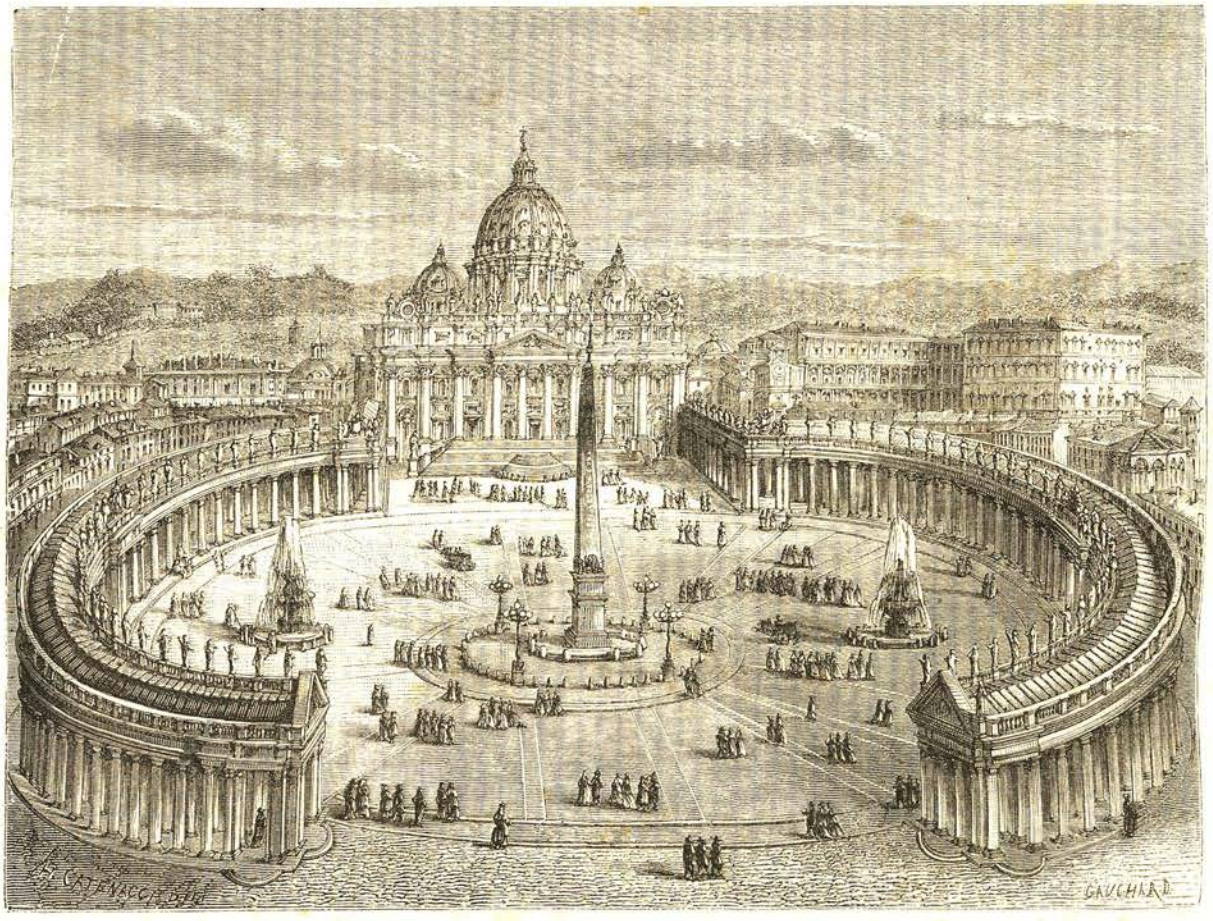
What the abbé is—what he was, alas, do not expect me to tell. Picture Pliny, Vitruvius, Ammianus Marcellinus, and Vasari, all resuscitated; imagine a torch piercing the night of ages, a taste to defy the most expert, a library walking and talking with you: there is the abbé. With his experience of men and a country that he had studied for fifteen winters, he appreciated my humour all the more quickly, as my ideas were known to him, and as he had combated my prejudices at Florence, where I had known him. Too prudent to show any surprise at seeing me in the streets of Rome, he took me by the arm, and, in an engaging but decided tone, said, 'Come, my good friend, I shall take you straight to St. Peter's.'

This was taking the bull by the horns; he knew it. So in following him with a somewhat complacent geniality—'if it is with that,' I thought, 'that he intends to make a beginning with me . . . .'

From the end of the Santa Lucia bridge to the bridge of St. Angelo, you follow an interminable row of streets, whose appearance is wretched, and even reaches downright repulsiveness, as one approaches the Via di Tordinone. This ugliness at last amuses you. Besides, as I looked about, I listened to the abbé with all my ears; with him

this polypus of streets became full of life. At the point where two lanes divide, he showed me the Albergo dell' Orso, where Montaigne once lodged. Nothing has been changed there; nothing does change in Rome: waggoners and market people put up their carts under this gateway, even then ancient, where the Bordelais gentleman dismounted with his suite.

It is a symbolical protest against the vanities of the stage to have condemned Apollo, patron of the opera at Rome, to take up his abode in a kind of ignoble closet, which, seen from without from the extremity of the street, under its robe of brown plaster and bare of all ornament, has at once the equivocal physiognomy of an ill place and the ghastly look of a sinner in the livery of public penitence. The high blank wall



THE COLONNADES OF ST. PETER.

which descends steeply to the river, flanked with little huts and wooden corridors, is like the enclosure of a tannery.

I was blunted by too many iconographic reminiscences, but, with the satisfaction of a vision realised, I recognised the bridge of St. Angelo and Adrian's Mole. My companion laid himself out to distract my attention; he named a hundred objects and flashed in my eyes a hundred souvenirs. I was surprised by the breadth of the Tiber and the extent of the buildings of the San-Spirito Hospital.

At last, at the end of the Borgo Nuovo, from the bottom of the Piazza Rusticucci, we discerned the façade of St. Peter, colossal collet of the ring described by the colonnades of Bernini.

This was the great deception of the day. The vain majesty which renders this

BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

gigantic work empty and dumb struck me spontaneously with a crudity that was almost choking.

I had hoped that by dint of a strong expectation of not being surprised, I should be so by some unforeseen sensation, and that, as happens in the case of monuments become familiar by representation, nature adding something else would cause all to be forgotten. But this proof-print was at the moment so coldly washed on a dull sky, that I seemed to see a piece executed after the engravings in which I had examined the elevation. From the bottom of the place the columns of Bernini connected themselves easily with the façade, on each side of which they are seen to mark nearly a right angle. But when, as I went forward, I saw them fold in a circle behind me, and thus form with the portal a sort of scorpion with a double tail, it all seemed to me an abuse of the permission to pile stone on stone for the mere amusement of the eye. The real vastness of the work might have had the power of impressing me: nothing of the kind; the immensity of the proportions escaped me. The commonplace of the style extinguished whatever interest the whole ought to have inspired.

Looking to the ground, I found the open space well paved; the obelisk of Sixtus V. interested me, especially on account of Fontana; the three-story arcades where the Loggie are, glazed as they are at the present day, affected me like an enormous cage, and nothing, in truth—I confess it to my shame—nothing within me would have stirred, unless the abbé, showing me behind the other buildings a small, low roof on a corner of bare wall, had not said, 'Tis the roof of the Sistine Chapel.

To enter that sanctuary was not to be thought of in a moment of such dismay. I even refused to enter the church.

In the open space I had noticed a carriage pass by, which only pulled up at the foot of the great steps. I thought the vehicle and its horses ridiculously small. There got down from it two or three ants. . . . When we came in front of the portico, the abbé gently said to me, Place yourself quite close—closer; there, measure with your arms the diameter of these columns and their flutings.

Their size was indeed formidable; statues might have been niched in the flutings! Come away, I cried, overwhelmed. My guide was a trifle discouraged: I was no less so at responding so ill to his instructions. 'I have no longer,' I said, 'any occasion to seek the origin of our decline of the last two centuries; from Lewis XIII. to Thermidor, all is there, down to the endive wreaths of our Panthéon Ste. Geneviève.'

The basilica of St. Peter, said my friend, offers one particularity: at the first approach its faults all stare you in the face, and its aspect surprises nobody; but the more you visit it, the more unforeseen revelations you find there; and there comes a moment when surprise, gradually developed, becomes prodigious—the single example of an energetic impression like amazement and marvelling admiration springing up by degrees. As soon as you can appreciate St. Peter's, you will have taken a great step.

But in what sense? thought I, with inward disquiet.

I had time to reflect on it; for the abbé left me alone for half-an-hour, to execute in passing a commission at the house of an Eminent Excellency who received that day.

We mounted to a story as high as the third in the Paris houses, and I waited for my companion in the antechamber, where loitered, in an indolence quite in harmony with my own discouragement, groups of valets, very important and in very poor feather. A few poor wretches crouched on benches: the valets of the cardinals affected a diplomatic style, being extremely ceremonious under antiquated and rich liveries, too

large, too narrow, or too long for those whom they clothed. Pretentious disclosures of domestic distress, these cast-off things must have passed into the possession of half-a-score of dignitaries, and held as many lackeys as a sentry-box shelters sentinels.

Such old frippery worn with burlesque gravity, and the tricks of these live mannikins, gave me a certain inward gaiety. When the abbé rejoined me, the streets into which we again plunged struck me as more lively; the weather, too, had cleared up. We came across palaces rich and curious, porticoes and galleries at the bottom of alleys; sometimes even figures of frescoes marked off, like half-lost shadows, portions of the walls; old convents bordering rich churches gave feature to the lines of the crossways. I was amused by the people doing nothing and chatting with one another on the steps of their shops, which were incongruous and half-empty, where everything has been to sell for ages, but where now there is hardly anything. I was entertained by a singular quantity of inscriptions which on each bit of public building recall some historic fact, some pope, some monument, occasionally some quarter; one deciphers the city in walking through

'THE VALETS OF THE CARDINALS. . . . VERY CEREMONIOUS UNDER ANTIQUATED LIVERIES.'

it. Thus, while the abbé, to complete so many indications, evoked in this labyrinth of dark streets celebrated names and ancient traditions, with my mind dazzled by the flashing of the scene, and overcome by a sort of dizziness, I only took possession of the place by repeating inwardly to myself, with a kind of stupefied satisfaction, I am at Rome. The persistency of this assurance persuaded me that, in spite of all my systematic prohibitions, I had been more curious about this journey than I had ever confessed to myself.

My companion, well aware of the importance, in this country above all, of first impressions, and knowing how much time may be lost before finishing the stage of small criticism, was bent on alluring me from this prelude, and on hastening forward my initiation. Those only will understand these lines who have not only visited Rome, but who have lived in it long enough to undergo the enchantment.

My mentor felt that it was not enough to rest on a deception, and that the study of a pure work would be an antidote. He had brought me by a mesh-work of alleys to the Pantheon of Agrippa, which he made me enter without any preparation. The

portico, though added afterwards, appeared to me in all the bold and original solidity of its Roman character, with more clearness than impressiveness. I had visited the Greek temples at Pæstum. Still I regarded with interest a monument raised at the dawn of the age of Augustus. I went out, I turned round it, and looked at it from the bottom of the piazza; I returned to it again, never wearied of examining an example so precious of the art of building at the end of the Republic, during that too fugitive period which, from the middle of the following reign, the dull Velleius Paterculus, in spite of his shameful admiration for Tiberius, fixes on for the formal decline of letters and arts.

It is thence, I perceived at once, that Vasari has taken the model of his chapels with triangular pediments, with ten columns under an entablature, a Roman arrangement that he so much abused, and which, displeasing even at the Pantheon where it crushes the rotunda, and after that model universally adopted, has disfigured so many churches in the majority of Catholic states. It furnished a series of great spaces for placing pictures, and with Vasari, the painter had an interested share in the design of the architect. I established with more sympathy in this severe and classic monument the considerable part assigned by an architect of the great age, thirty years before the death of Augustus, to personal and original sentiment, or, as we should say in our own day, to fancy or caprice.

To understand this more promptly, we ought only to enter the rotunda, where Boniface IV., in 608, replaced gods by martyrs, and where Gregory IV., in 830, instituted the festival of All Saints,—we ought, I say, only to enter here, after considering, from the portal of Minerva, the flattened elliptical cavity of the cupola of the Pantheon. If, then, you enter the building, lighted by a round hole contrived in the top, you would be much more surprised at finding a dome of apparent sphericity, far deeper than it really possesses. It was by means of an ingenious artifice that the builder contrived to produce these illusions. He covered the vault with four rows of caissons worked hollow, and superposed in close perspective, from the base to the top of the hemisphere in which they are. Moreover, in each of these square compartments he cut four mouldings slantwise, one in the other; and instead of arranging them regularly, he made the sides unequal, in proportion as the caissons rise, in such a way as to deceive the spectator. In other words, he adopted the only kind of ornament which, being too simple and too geometric to arouse distrust, could solve the problem of hollowing for the eye only an extremely elliptical vault, and of hollowing it to the depth of a true cupola, by applying to this vault the continuous perspective of a demi-sphere.

From a height of forty-four mètres or more, the light of the sky pours down with the sun or rain, by an opening of twenty-four feet in diameter, on the marbles and porphyry roses with which the middle of the temple is floored. I have seen, while vespers were being sung, the azure of the air reflected in a pool of water, as well as the vault on which the sun describes his progress by tracing on it luminous ellipses. Catching the edges of the caissons, its rays, divided in geometrical projections, cut figures on the rough material of the dome, set it all aflame, and make it dazzling as a mosaic on a ground of gold. Forgetting oneself a moment, with head turned back before this curiously-lighted cupola, one has the most striking sight that can be produced by simple means, subordinated to an idea at once bizarre and just.

Perhaps earlier than Agrippa who finished it, and primitively dedicated (Pliny tells us) to Jupiter the Avenger, the Pantheon whose dome offers a very model of building is, as has been said, fronted by a portico or peristyle or sort of *hors d'œuvre*, which rests

on sixteen enormous monolithic columns of oriental granite, crowned by the finest capitals that Rome has bequeathed to us. These columns, eight in front, are doubled by a second row; engaged pilasters form a third against the building itself. Here, mark another singularity which produces an illusion as to the depth of the portico. Instead of being arranged in line on parallels forming a right angle with the steps, these columns radiate gradually, in such a way that from the middle of the piazza, where those of the first row that support the pediment ought to conceal those of the second and the third row, we see them on the contrary in echelons, because their slightly oblique position produces an imaginary perspective, whose result is to throw the distances back. These are artifices, such as Virgil permitted himself expressly to scandalize M. Lhomond. There is no harm in hinting to youth that, as distinguished from pedagogues, masters have allowed themselves to invent, and that there is in the arts, especially at the great epochs, a purity far loftier than servility.

This piazza of the Pantheon, cleared by Eugenius IV. of the ruins, which included

THE PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA.

the basalt lions, a bronze head of M. Agrippa, a chariot, a porphyry sarcophagus in which Clement XII. made his bed, this little piazza, inherited by the hucksters with their petty trade, was once a wild and mysterious spot, the valley of the She-Goat; swamps bristling with reeds, surrounded with underwood, in the midst of which the second prodigy of the genesis of Rome was accomplished—the disappearance of Romulus.

IV.

'At nearly every step,' said my guide, taking me back to the granite obelisk with which Clement XI. surmounted the charming fountain of Honorio Longhi, 'you will come upon monuments as precious as the Pantheon, and recalling a host of memories. Do not forget that this building, contemporary with Tibullus, is the tomb of Caraccio, of Balthazar Peruzzi, of Giovanni d'Udine, of Perino del Vaga, of nearly all the school

of Raphael who sleep at the feet of their master. You saw in the third chapel to the left the *Madonna del Sasso* that Lorenzetto carved to decorate the altar that covers the remains of the most harmonious genius of modern art.'

And drawing me into an alley to the left of the little Piazza di Pietra, the abbé, drawing himself on one side, showed a modern palace of two stories, surmounted by an attic, the whole imprisoned as in an open-worked basket by a row of fluted columns, to the number of eleven, whose capitals support a magnificent entablature of marble. An *accidental* encounter, just to show the frequency of these marvels; but, by the direction we took afterwards, I soon saw that we had turned aside by design.

It was at the end of the seventeenth century that the *douane de terre* was installed in the remains of a temple of the second century, dedicated, to all appearance, to Antoninus Pius. The old building was vaulted, and, seen from the inside, the back part of the architrave and the base of the vault seem like a rock raised in the air, and resting on a wall. We must know that Borromini, who restored two centuries ago the frieze and the entablature, connected the whole with a coating of stucco, which produces the illusion. The Corinthian engaged columns in the modern building have branches of olive among the acanthus of the capital, but the delicacy of these capitals is far from equalling the purity of those of the Pantheon. Fires have cracked the shafts, torn like the trunks of trees that the lightning has blasted. In the court, among the bales, boxes, carts, a whole population of clerks and draymen is busy. Incongruous spectacle of that dead ruin, which encloses and shows in its bosom a house full of life.

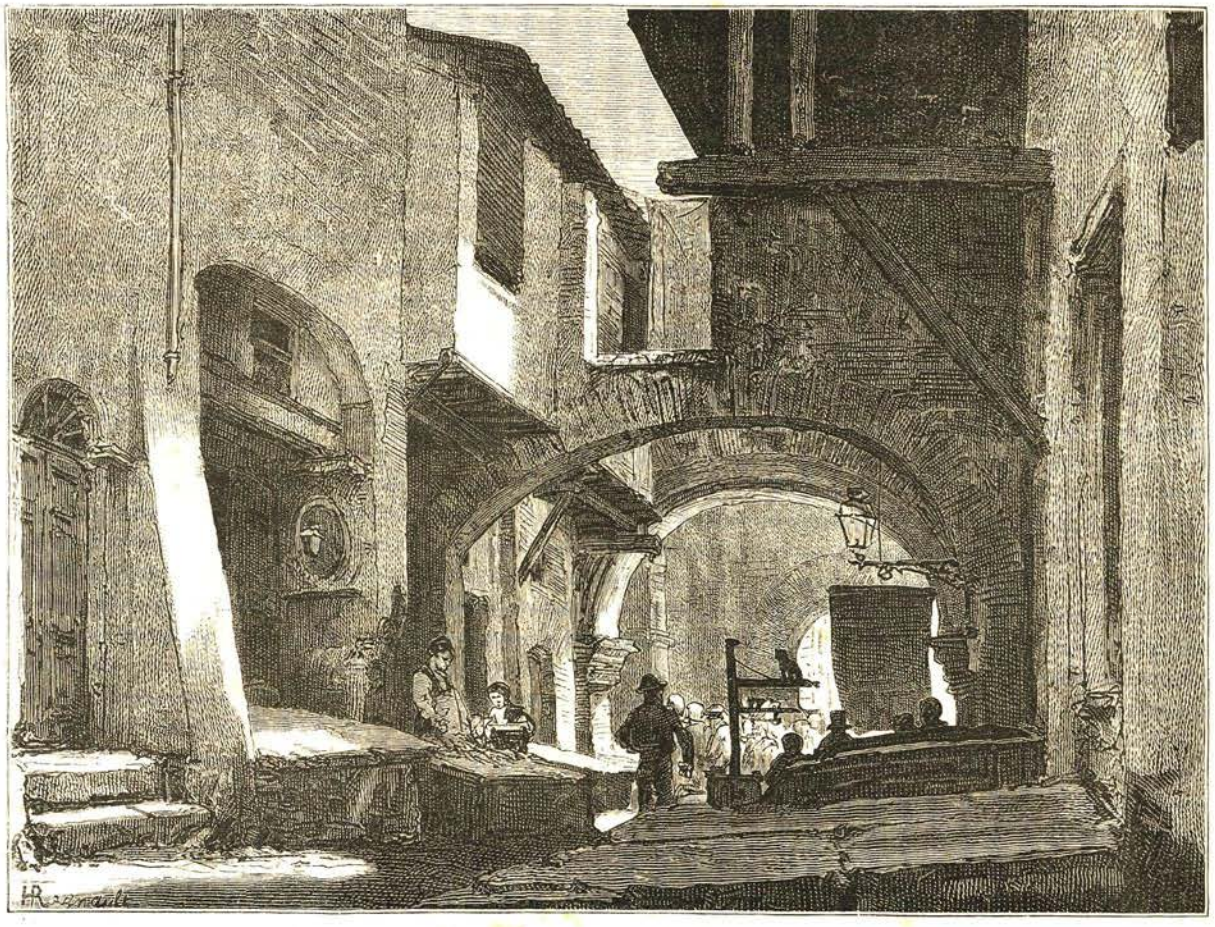
TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS.

Such aspects began to interest me; I was pleased even, no doubt in virtue of some innate pedantical instinct, before a myriad of provincial churches that came in one's way, in tracing their architecture to the style of the Jesuits and the prototype of St. Peter. The dome, the court, the buildings of our Parisian Sorbonne speak that sort of Italian without accent. Then we made our way into alleys of a problematical period, which realised in my eyes an ancient ideal of our Latin country; now we passed under vaults which, striding from one side to another, rested on ruins of the Lower Empire, and bore ruins perched above them. What one perceives of the habits of the people contributes also to the eclipse of the present age: as in the time of the king Anarchus, folks go and buy at a stall at the corner their victual ready cooked, and their sauce elsewhere. The vessels of brown earthenware, the vases shaped like amphoræ; the display in front of the shops of a quantity of wares

that for a century have never been used anywhere else; the revelation of a careless indolence so little usual in these times, and the visible absence of any attempt to procure customers;—all this makes it like a congregation of gay and sympathetic shadows, and one soon forgets what point of chronology one has got to.

As I walked along in a half-dreaming state, in which the absent spirit allowed the eyes to wander as they would, lending an inattentive ear to my guide, who continued his instruction, it came to pass that the mind thus cradled supposed itself absolutely asleep, in perceiving suddenly a vision such as dreams give.

I do not know either whence we came, or how I had got in my absence to such a point, when the abbé bade me raise my eyes and look around. We were passing trans-



FISH MARKET.

versely on a sort of road the top of a long irregular space of unequal levels, cut by two swamps, from which rose right and left columns with their architraves supported in the air, spectres of temples raised on a pell-mell of marble skeletons, plans of basilicas sketched by their flooring; while, as at Pompeii, ancient ways with their footpaths spread out the squares of their Pelasgic pavement, and lost themselves under the ruins. A triumphal arch, on which a shadow fell like a scarf, raised up in front of me from a deep trench its attica and entablature, where I might have read the name of Septimius: on the top of a neighbouring hill, cypresses bristled on wall-fronts and open vaults; finally, in the distance, to shut in the little valley, at the back of a white portal on a ground of purple mountain, there spread out the vast mass of the Coliseum, which seemed only to find an accompanying accessory in the façade of a church flanked by a convent and surmounted

by a sombre Byzantine tower. . . . . The Coliseum had blue shadows, like the reverse of some Alpine peak; the circumference shone with the burnished gold of the sun and the ages.

During this time, without letting me stop, the abbé, leaning on my shoulder and pointing with his finger, named Cicero and the tribune, Pompey and Cæsar, Virginius and Nero, pell-mell with the gods who saw the greatness of Rome. I had divined it was the Forum, and there resounded in my agitated breast the salvo of great names and great deeds, suddenly fired by all the cannons of history!

I reckon here one of the three most overwhelming commotions that a spectacle ever gave me. The two others are: the first sight of the Alpine glaciers, four thousand feet above the Lake of Geneva; and my arrival one evening, by the arcades at the bottom, at the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice.

I felt it unavoidable either to take rest in the Roman Forum, or to take flight at once, as a man closes his eyes when he is dazzled. 'Come, come,' cried the abbé, 'we will look at all that another time. It is getting late.'

What I may have seen next, turning by the western side of the Palatine, all honeycombed with obstructions, and as far as the Ponte Rotto, I could not tell: I should only have kept the effaced memory of a dream if I had left Rome that evening. Effects succeeded one another in a throng, but there was no time for distinct impressions. Crossing the Tiber, intoxicated by sights that become a real landscape of style between the Cloaca of Tarquin and the field of Porsenna, I was content with a glimpse of the treasures from which I should soon draw.

It seems that we had arrived in the Trastevere without any understanding either why or where I was so swiftly carried along. I noticed three streets by reason of the monotony of their names: the Lungara, the Lungarina, the Lungaretta. In the midst of this rapid flight one recollection struck me, and remained with me. Close to the Borgo, by the ancient Septimian gate, at the corner of the Via Santa Dorotea, in the old rag-stone wall of a dirty building, is the outline of the stopped arch of an arcade of shops. It is flanked by a granite column, over which rises an Ionic pilaster, the whole enframed in the wall. 'An old bakery,' said the abbé, 'before which Raphael passed many a time: it was there that the Fornarina lived.'

As we began to ascend, and as the grass became more abundant in the street as the houses grew less frequent, I asked whither we were going, and was told that we were climbing the Janiculum, the Monte d'Oro where Janus had his town of Antipolis in front of that of Saturn; where, according to Titus Livius, the tomb of Numa was found; where the citadel of Ancus Martius rose; where, according to the Christian legend, the Apostle Peter was crucified.

But before entering San Pietro in Monte Aureo, or more commonly Montorio, my friend begged me not to turn my eyes on the escarped side of the ascent. 'It may seem childish,' he said, 'to find amusement in contriving surprises; but I want to place you in a particularly fine point of view, in its proper light, at the right time, and it is too soon yet. Then, after all we have passed through, the attention requires rest by change of object. We will repose by looking at this church here and its little convent, which our soldiers share very fraternally with the good Capucins; you will see them, snuff-box in hand, performing friendly offices with unwearying profusion for all those military noses.'

Along the street I had already remarked that snuff-boxes are a usage as hospitable as universal, and that in this respect Rome still lingered in the habits of the age of

Fontenelle, when both sexes carried about a snuff-box and a walking-stick. The Romans have dropped the stick; it would need an effort to carry one. The monks of the Montorio took and offered about two pinches a minute; it is the base of conversation. The abbé, who insisted on hindering me from looking behind me, was eager to inform me that in all classes, young and old, handsome and ugly, bourgeois, peasants, monks and soldiers, everybody crams his nostrils most zealously. 'You will see at the Sistine Chapel, where the whole sacred college figures, how funny this labour of nasal alimentation is. A veteran snuff-taker, Pius IX. constantly uses a genuine Capucin's handkerchief, a bit of cretonne of red and blue check, such as we hardly ever see at home except among the Lorraine farmers. This poor rag jars with the gold and purple of the heir of the emperors of Rome: don't you think that such a sample from the wardrobe of the sovereign-pontiff reveals the conventual simplicity of the monk framed in the splendours of the church?'

This observation recurred to me, when afterwards I had the honour to approach the Holy Father, whose habits are of extreme simplicity. His snuff-box which I looked at one day, when he condescended to talk to me, is of oval shape, deep, and of thick shell. On the lid is fixed a common medallion, a design copied from the Virgin of the Chair of Raphael, of which the original is in the Pitti Palace.

At the moment we were going to cross the threshold of the church, the abbé, plucking me by the arm, resumed: 'Let me tell you, before going in, that Baccio Pintelli of Florence, who died in 1480, rebuilt, at the expense of Ferdinand IV. of Spain, the church of St. Peter in Montorio for monks of the Order of St. Francis, to whom it had been ceded.' But this did not much interest me, for good reason.

V.

In spite of my efforts to check that curiosity which was the destruction of Lot's wife, I had been so dazzled by a glimpse from the top of the terrace of the panorama of Rome, that at first I only gave a very divided attention to the examination of this little church. It has in its unique nave a profusion of those fine works of sculpture and painting, due to secondary masters whom we do not learn to appreciate until one has acclimatised one's taste to certain traditional qualities.

We cannot, however, help admiring there one of the good works of Sebastian del Piombo, the Flagellation of Christ. The work is supposed to have been executed after a cartoon of Michelangelo; its style is lofty without being either violent or harsh; the painting, of a very deep quality, would be more easily appreciated if the small chapel which gives it shelter were less sombre. It is on the master altar of St. Peter in Montorio that, before our Italian campaigns, Raphael's Transfiguration was to be found, a famous work of a painter whom it represents when handed over to the ambitions of his third manner: then this famous canvas was sent to the Louvre, whence it was restored in 1815. Since then it remains at the Vatican. I should have noticed at St. Peter the sepulchral chapel of the Del Monte family, by Ammanato, who has carved some fine figures, among others that of Justice, which offers the little known singularity of having been taken from the same model as the renowned statue of G. della Porte at the tomb of St. Paul in the Vatican basilica.

Let us mention a small round temple, surrounded by sixteen grey marble columns,

FIRST VIEW OF THE CAMPO-VACCINO.

and surmounted by a cupola. Ferdinand and Isabella had it erected by Bramante at the very spot where St. Peter is said to have been crucified. A gift of alms will procure you a present of a pinch or even a packet of the dust of the place. I scandalized my companion by considering this little object as a fine *example* of those correct styles that the Joseph Prud'hommes of art have consecrated. Nothing is worse adapted for a great commemoration, or so ill becomes a spot where Nero had set up the cross of the first of the popes, as this prototype of the belvederes which, in our English gardens under Lewis XVI., prepared resting-places at the top of the grass-plots for the Aspasias of the Directory.

We remained seated a long while in this trim nave, the construction of which I should have placed much later than it really ought to be—a mistake often occurring before the monuments of Rome, which have been tardily imitated by our architects. An intensely blue sky projected through the window-panes a less lively light, when, growing impatient to let my eye wander over a vaster horizon, I begged to leave the church of St. Peter in Montorio.

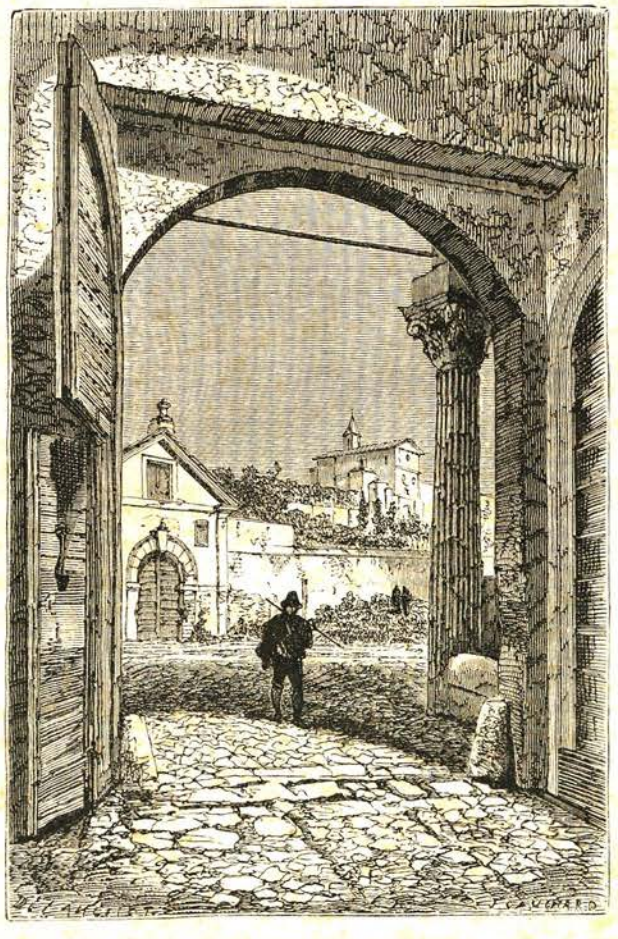
To describe what meets one on this terrace, from which Montaigne three centuries ago threw his eye over a noble winter prospect (26th January), one would have to introduce into the description the abridgment of Roman history. Rome is only a foreground of the picture; for the view extends towards the north over the plains reaching as far as the Apennines, whence once rushed down Equi, Sabini, Hernici. Towards the south-east at the foot of the Alban mountains, it embraces those plains of the old Latium which open out by the country of the Rutuli on the swamps of the Volsci. The sun ready to set behind us in the Tyrrhene Sea, inflamed with its crepuscular purple the domes, towers, and pinnacles, the façades of palaces and ruins, as well as the volcanic mounds scattered at the foot of the chains and over the plateaux: a few peaks silvered with early snow crowned the violet Apennines with a pyramid of rose colour, where brighter lines marked here and there a hamlet perched high. Between these two extreme points, the blue-tinged mountains, the city glowing and ruddy in the midst of the bronze zone of its Byzantine walls, lay stretched before us, a mixture of verdure and russet outlines, the country crossed by aqueducts, covered with ancient villas, and pierced by long roads of old renown, marked out and lined with tombs. The yellow Tiber, *flavus* as Horace called it, winds at your feet like a track of sand; going up towards the horizon it melts, on one side in the azure of the sky, on the other in the fires of the setting sun.

While the abbé continued to point out to me each monument, each site, from Mount Soracte to Tivoli, from the tomb of Adrian to the mole of Cæcilia Metella, I fancied I saw again what he introduced to me. To the right especially, beyond St. Paul and the Ardean road, to the culminating point of the hill of Jupiter; from Alba Longa and the distances of the Appian Way to the old Latin gate, memorable spots occur in such numbers, on a theatre so noble, that one looks forth, as in a dream where one traversed the air with wings, over all the legend of the ages closing in its sanctuary—the Forum Romanum, whose ruins, rising to the left of the Coliseum, at this moment glittered in a burning light. Framing panoplies of ruins and little domes and terraced gardens, the famous hills, the Cœlian, the Palatine, the Capitoline, marked the enclosure of the dale of Romulus and the swamps of the Velabrum. How many mighty names, how many mighty things in this little space! How many kingdoms in miniature destroyed by wars of giants!

Gazing on this city in the majestic serenity of its work achieved, cradle of our civilizations and old capital of our ancient world, how inevitably one ends,—under the prestige of so many reminiscences restoring the mind to its first steps in study, the imagination to the first brightness of its dawn,—how inevitably one ends by a sentiment of happiness at awaking in this primitive fatherland, after only seeing it dimly and in far-off dreams! The Christian epopee which allies itself to the traditions of ancient history and everlasting verse makes this spiritual filiation more direct, and this impression of Roman maternity more venerable and more touching.

The light fell; but I could have forgotten myself there for a lifetime, as in those spheres of paradise where ecstasies of hours will be the eternal joy of the chosen. 'Do you know,' said I to the abbé with sincere distress, 'I am undone? Never shall I have the courage to quit Rome, and give up the sight of all this.'

'Come,' he replied, with the modesty which becomes a victor; 'there are three months gained in a single hour. You will now have to wander at your will, to traverse the whole pell-mell, to acclimatise yourself without fatigue; and after five or six weeks of such a life as that, thanks to so fortunate a preparation, we shall then be in a state to begin to see Rome.'



VIEW OF ST. PETER IN MONTORIO.

GATE OF ST. PAUL OR OSTIENSIS.

CHAPTER II.

Noviciate: Installation.—Description of the Forum Romanum.—St. Paul *fuori le mura*.—What a Basilica is.—Origin and purpose of Ancient Basilicas.—Appropriation of the Christian Basilicas.—Hierarchy of the Roman Churches.—Arch of Placidia.—*Ciborium* of Arnolfo, &c.—Cloister of St. Paul.—Legends of the Road: the Ladder of St. Bernard—The Three Fountains.—Pyramid of Cestius.—Bridge of Horatius Cocles.—Origin of Monte Testaccio.—Walk to the Coliseum.—Ascent of the Flavian Amphitheatre.

IT lasted pretty nearly forty days, that period of vagabondage which the abbé's experience had foreseen! From morning to evening we went from one quarter to another, from a church to baths, from basilicas to museums, trying hard to bind together by some idea of doctrine or chronology so many objects of observation and study. But too many objects that were absolutely new presented themselves in riddles; the proper names of history, of mythology, of art, were all mingled together as in an urn, and after days of panting curiosity, there remained in the evening only confused visions, made feverish by the weakness of convalescence, and disentangled with effort in the restless wakefulness of the nights.

By way of contrast with this dispersive existence, I had happily the refuge of an accustomed life at home, the communicative intimacy of the family, and even security of service. On this subject, not less in the interests of health than with a view to economy, I will urge any one who intends to make a prolonged stay in Italy, to take his master-cook or cookmaid with him, and to establish himself as neither more nor less than

a citizen of Rome in an apartment, which will always be spacious but never elegant. Ours was in the Via di Capo le Case, on the slope of the Pincian, near the walk of the Villa Medici, where we counted certain juvenile friendships among the scholars of the French Academy. Introductions easily procured acquaintances of distinction; some artists from Paris in this way added to our party of an evening. This is rest and diversion of mind; the healthy return, in a climate where fatigue is a danger, to the repairing habits of ordinary life.

It was only after some time, and without any deliberate plan of utilising my notes that I applied myself to the study of things one by one and closely. Friendly encouragements emboldened me to venture still further; more than these, however, the familiar demon which by instinct and habit stimulates our impressions to revive in firm shape, and forces our aspirations to the labour of writing.

Still, in the midst of the memories of Rome, it is prudent for a writer to keep himself aside; he has so many things to present that if, as in ordinary travels, he placed himself in relief to animate the scene, the frame of his composition would usurp a boundless space. The author then will rest in the background, like a bird singing unseen in the sacred wood. And the motives will unfold themselves in the pell-mell of epochs, in the strange contrast in which centuries and men are entangled. Nature presents Rome to you so; it is this even which animates the only city of the dead where we are vivified by the full breath of the ages.

These assurances given once for all, it will be understood that the Forum Romanum and the Coliseum, of which we have just had a glimpse, were the object of our first pilgrimages.

I.

When we remember what this bit of narrow valley was, the interests of the world that have been debated there, the voices that have resounded there, the dramas that have been there unfolded; when we think that from the almost fabulous time of the alliance of the Sabines with the hordes of Romulus down to the last Augustuli, this spot was the very brain of the immense Roman Empire, we hardly dare to tread its soil, so profoundly is one seized with a religious impression. The entire history of a people, of the most renowned of all peoples, worked itself out on this scene, soul and sanctuary of Rome.

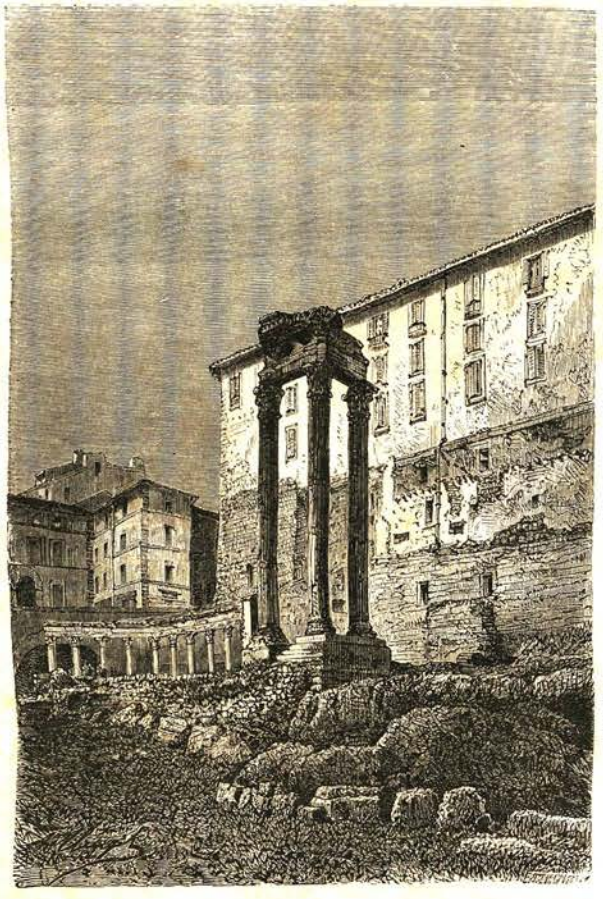
A little while ago it was only known as the Campo Vaccino, so far had the Catholic middle age forgotten the Forum. It was France which at the beginning of the century restored its title, that has become popular again since our administration has cleared the ruins away from a part of the old soil, a highly honourable enterprise. But before people put up their rustic vehicles here, an adjoining field had already received, towards the year 426 of Rome, a qualification derived from the surname of Vitruvius Vaccus, chief of the revolt of the Privernates, who lived in great splendour at Rome, where, according to Livy, 'he had in front of the Palatine a house which was razed to the ground, and its site being sown with grass took the name of Fields of Vaccus.' *In Vacci pratis*, writes Cicero in his turn, *domus fuit M. Vacci, quæ publicata est et eversa.*

These texts have been relied upon to create for the Campo Vaccino a new etymology, and to trace to antiquity a designation that is really modern. In fact, the historians never describe the Forum so, and if the name of the place had come from Vaccus, it

INTERIOR OF THE FORUM ROMANUM: TEMPLES OF SATURN AND VESPASIAN.

would have given Vacceio, or Vaccio, and not Vaccino, of which the meaning is distinct. If this untenable etymology had not been recently brought into fashion, I should not have spoken of it.

We know where the Forum was, but its exact boundaries leave room for a host of uncertainties, and have given rise to numerous controversies. A portion only of the place has been exposed by excavations. The truth as to the whole is still half buried under four-and-twenty feet of ruins heaped up in the eleventh century by the vandalism of Robert Guiscard, who, to avenge the popes, destroyed their capital, the marvel of the old world. It would have been necessary, therefore, only the coffer of St. Peter is not rich enough, to continue on this long space, divided by two distinct levels, the excavations begun under Paul III., pushed on with more activity when Rome, violently usurped, made part of the French Empire, and since then under the reigns of Leo XII. and Gregory XVI.



TEMPLE OF VESPASIAN AND PORTICO OF THE TWELVE GODS.

The interruption of these explorations, the painful ignorance in which people of different nations have remained on a point that interests all, is to my mind a humiliating mark of the barbarism that still governs international relations. States that are a little cultivated ought surely to have come to an understanding with the Holy Father for the common digging up of this morsel of the ancestral field.

If, to appreciate the state of the Forum, we seek from books the elements of a complete inventory of its treasures, we shall find matter for plenty of regrets. Then, like numbers of authors, we shall draw up in tearful and sonorous periods a report of things missing enumerated with all complacency. Let us remark that in general in these descriptions which take in hand the restoration of the Forum, everything is heaped up that it might have contained in ten successive epochs. People seem to forget that in so narrow a space, each period from Romulus and Tatius to the Emperor Julian must have pulled down to build up; that the Forum in the time of Scipio was no longer like the Forum of Tarquin; that the first Cæsars laid low the buildings of the Republic; then that they in turn yielded their temples and basilicas to the ambitious enterprises of the Flavii, the Antonines, and their heirs. How many monuments must have succeeded one another on the Via Sacra, changed names and destinations, and disappeared, from the temple of Venus-et-Roma to the Tullian Prisons, and from the ruins of Caligula's palace to the foundations of the fallen Temple of Concord! Between the church of San Lorenzo in Miranda encorbelled in the temple of Faustina, and Sta. Maria Liberatrice which marks

the old domain of the Vestals; between the arch of Titus, and the Tabularium of Sylla which supports on the Doric columns engaged in its walls the palace of the Capitol, there is a long half-hollowed trapezium, the most splendid of historical sepultures, on which one might expatiate for ever.

As at Pompeii, we recognise the streets with their footpaths worn by passengers who for fifteen centuries have ceased to pass; we are amazed to find ourselves succeeding them on this Cyclopean pavement, repaired on the same system ever since the time when the Censors Flaccus and Posthumius Albinus had Rome paved, as well as the *Clivus Capitolinus*, which at this epoch (173 years before the reign of Augustus) went from the temple of Saturn to the senate and its curia.

To cross the place and gain from the pit of the Quirinal the bank of the Tiber by the Velabrum, there has been thrown at the open and hollow extremity of the Forum a bridge, at the end of which you find an approach enabling you to descend into the territory of anterior civilization. Immediately on leaving the arches of this bridge and facing the portico of Sylla, you see yourself surrounded by temples in ruins, steps, ancient trenches, broken columns, fragmentary inscriptions, basilicas reduced to their pavements. The Sacred Way winds, marked and ample, as if the queen city were still flourishing. Following its line, you lose with the sight of modern things the memory of the centuries that divide us from antiquity.

Towards the top of the necropolis this street bifurcates, and the right branch comes out on the portico of the Twelve Gods, the Dii Consentii who had to be consulted previously to every grave undertaking. Ennius has preserved their names for us; they were—Vesta, Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Venus, Mars, Minerva, Ceres, Apollo, Diana, Mercury, and Vulcan. They were lodged in twelve shrines, adorned with statues believed by St. Augustin to be endowed with a supernatural power, and in which he supposed the priests to be able by a magic virtue to incarnate demons. The worship of these gods endured to the close of Paganism, for the portico whose colonnade Pius IX. has raised is of the fourth century. Out of twelve sanctuaries seven remain, leaning on the modern incline of the Capitol; I should be disposed to think with Canina that the five other shrines must exist under the slope, beside the lower layers of an outer wall which must have belonged to the temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus after a violent storm. This last monument was believed to be found quite close to the Tabularium, in front of a ruin reduced to three fluted columns, connected with an entablature whose frieze is adorned with arabesques of much richness, but drily executed, a restoration of the time of Septimius or Caracalla: they are the remains of the temple of Vespas[illegible] We know in fact that he erected it, in order to give himself a pretext for walli[illegible]p under the Tabularium an entry to the Capitol by which Sabinus might have invaded him. The walled gateway, which is still to be seen close to the building, contributes to confirm the explanation that we here prefer.

That among the monuments whose dedication seems best ascertained, especially since the discovery of a celebrated inscription, is the temple of Saturn, which, for want of a careful study of Cicero, archæologists had stupidly dedicated to Concord. It was taken also for the temple of Fortune, and for others also; there was no lack of dedications for it. The Ærarium was kept in this edifice, as is shown by numerous inscriptions, in which the public treasury is described as *Ærarium Saturni*, as is proved also by the titles of the commissioners and collectors—*præfecti, viatores quæstorii—ab Ærario Saturni.* Reduced in our days to a few bits of its pavement, to some of the lower courses, and to eight

columns which remain standing with an entablature supported on Ionic capitals, the temple of Saturn replaced, under Maxentius in the fourth century, an earlier edifice. This monument is patched; disparate among themselves, the shafts show some courses set inversely; the friezes are made up of collected pieces. The direction of the *cella* is shown by the columns of the portico; the site from the time of Cæsar is fixed by the inscription *Anciria*. We should come then to determine pretty accurately the spot where, like Marius, like Sylla, like most of the masters of the Republic, Julius Cæsar presented himself to lay hands on the treasure. It was there, on the steps of this portico, that having menaced the tribune Metellus with death, he said with an appalling tranquillity to the inviolable magistrate; Dost thou not know, young man, that it is easier for me to do it than to say it?

The spot recalls many another memory. It was on this Capitoline slope that the house was situated which the state presented to M. Manlius, after he had saved the citadel from the Gauls who were scaling its approaches. Soon accused of aspiring after the kingship, Manlius Capitolinus was thrice put upon his trial, before it was possible to wring from the people the condemnation of a hero who called Jupiter to witness for his defence, and pointed to the Capitol which his courage had saved. Then the senators appointed a place beyond the Nomentane Gate in the sacred forest of Petelia, whence the monument of his glory was no longer visible. He was condemned, 'a verdict hateful to the very judges themselves,' and the tribunes hurled him from the Tarpeian rock. Thus, says Livy, the same spot was for this man the witness of the loftiest glory and the most degrading of punishments.

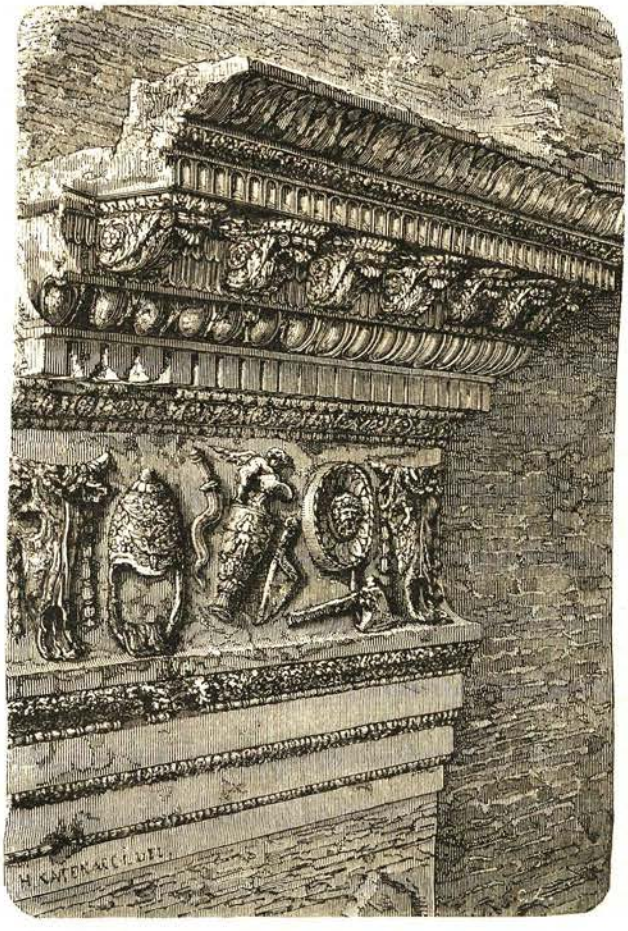
His house was razed to the ground, and it was decreed that henceforth no private person should have a habitation within the Capitoline enclosure. After the Auruntian war, the dictator Lucius Furius, son of the great Camillus, raised on the site a temple to Juno, distinct from that of Juno Moneta; for the surname of Moneta only ascends to the war of Pyrrhus and the Tarentines, during which, being consulted about the scarcity of money from which the Romans suffered, the goddess warned them (*monet*) that resources would never fall short if they devoted themselves to justice and arms.

As we have named Juno Moneta, let us explain that her temple was situated not in the Forum, as has often been supposed, but on the Capitoline on this same side, on the site now occupied by the gardens of the Caffarelli Palace (the Prussian legation). Excavations a couple of years ago exhumed the considerable remains of this temple, where as far back as the consu[illegible]ra coin was struck, and which by the Hundred Steps could communicate with the Æranium.

The first coins of the Republic were of copper, and were put into circulation under the Decemvirs, the year 301 of Rome. Thirty-three years after appeared silver money, personified in the god Argentinus, son of Æsculanus, the god of bronze. The pieces of ten, of five asses, the sesterces, estimated at two and a half pounds of copper, did not come into circulation, according to Pliny, until 270 years before our era. He adds that the first gold coin appeared sixty-two years later. Mommsen, who makes them date from the Punic wars, remarks that the gold coin was never deified. Everybody knows that in the earliest times of Rome King Servius cast cubic ingots of bronze, marked off by weight, and stamped with the figure of a sheep (*pecus*), whence the word *pecunia*. Later on, the people gave the name of *monetæ* to the pieces which were issued from the temple of Juno Moneta—*ex æde Monetæ*, writes Cicero. Hence the origin of the name *money*. Juno had more than one temple in this name, and here is still a cause of mistake. Open Livy, you

will see there that the prætor Cicereius, once secretary of Scipio Africanus, vowed a temple to Juno Moneta as soon as he had subdued Corsica; he expected to receive some valuable advice from the goddess on these terms. But if you go on to the forty-fifth book, the dedication of this monument will show you that it was on the Alban hill.

The Temple of Saturn is separated from that of Vespasian by a branch of the Via Sacra which was called the *Clivus Capitolinus*, or slope of the Capitol. Leaving this to follow a sort of alley encumbered with broken marbles, you reach the Schola Xantha. Here are the lodges (*tabernæ*), to the number of six, which served as bureaux for the scribes, the archivists, the *præcones* of the curule ediles. These vaulted shops have still their threshold; they continue below and in front of the portico of the Twelve Gods as far as the foot of the Tabularium. Pius IX. had them cleared out and restored in 1857.



ENTABLATURE OF THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

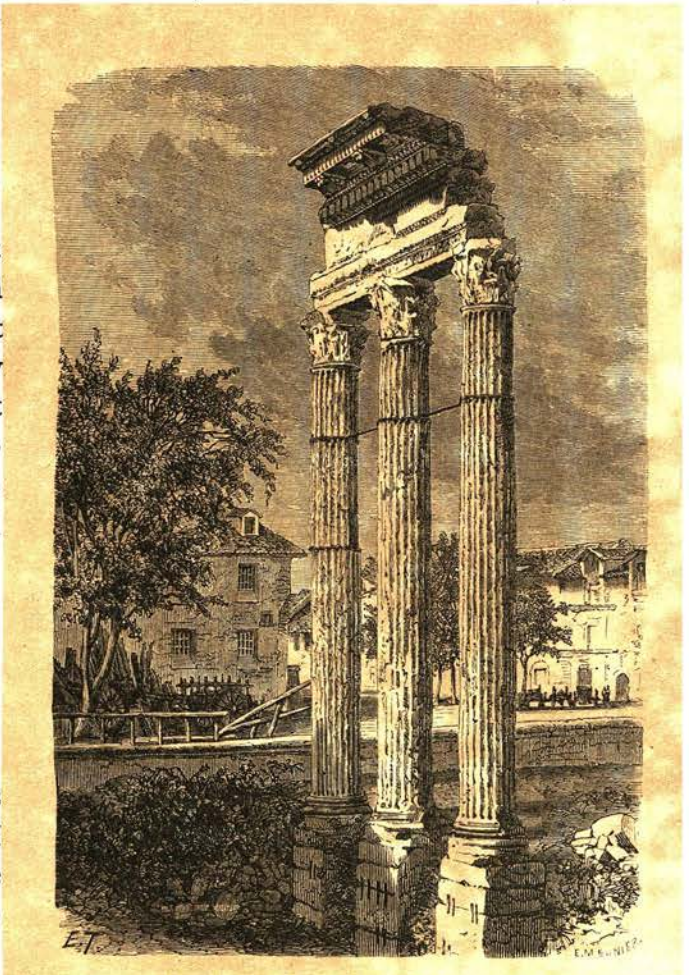
Let us now cross, parallel to the Tabularium, the base of the Capitoline *intermontium*, by directing our course on the side of the Tullian prison and the Gemoniæ, which have given way to the slope of the Ara Cœli. We shall come across, between the arch of Septimius Severus and the corner of the portico erected in 676 of Rome by Lutatius Catulus, in front of the building where they kept the tables of bronze (the archives of the Republic), the remains of the renowned temple of Concord, erected, it is said, by Tiberius. On this point no uncertainty; votive inscriptions confirm with reference to the site and aspect of this edifice the indications of Plutarch, Dion Cassius, and Festus. The entry of the temple, one of the stirring historic spots of ancient Rome, is still marked by the holes in which the hinges of the gates turned. The monument was enormous, nearly square; they descended from its vast portico by steps of marble, of which numerous fragments still remain in their place.

Turned to the Forum, close to the Gemoniæ, standing back at the foot of the Capitol, the portico of the Temple of Concord served as a meeting-place; the senate assembled there on great occasions, where there was occasion to address the people assembled before the rostra. The place of the speaker, therefore, must have been placed between the steps of the temple and the popular comitia of the Forum.

Now the tribune, at first placed near the temple of Castor and Pollux, long confounded with the Græcostasis, where from the time of Pyrrhus foreign ambassadors were quartered, the tribune for orations was afterwards transferred between the comitium, of which these steps are still to be recognised, and the foot of the many steps of the Temple of Concord, almost in the angle of Severus's arch. There still remain of it massive constructions of

peperino or volcanic rock ten mètres long. I have measured them. Close by is the office of the scribes who preserved the speeches, officials who, from Tullius Tiro downwards, Cicero's freedman, may be compared to our short-hand writers.

These signs are written unmistakably, and the essential portions still subsist. I shall be forgiven, then, if I abstain from dissertations on the subject. I should fear to chill the impressions which this spot stirs. Nor will I expatiate on the monography of the Temple of Concord; facings of the *cella* in antique yellow, African marbles that introduced all the animation of natural polychromy, ... extinguished splendours of which one is reduced to a mere list of memories. To establish the antiquity of the work, I will remind the reader that one superb entablature and some highly-decorated bases of columns preserved in the Capitol, are in work and design closely recalled by some square bases and other fragments found in Nero's palace under the baths of Titus.



REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR.

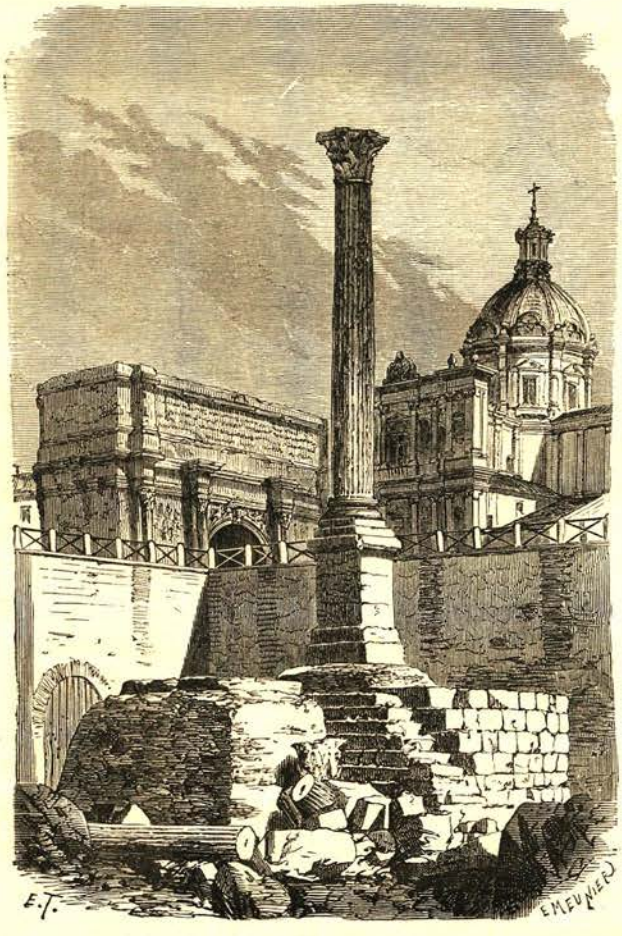
It was at the entry to the Forum that the Piso lived whom Agrippina accused of having poisoned Germanicus, and it was there where he was mysteriously assassinated; Tacitus insinuates that it was at the instigation of Tiberius, who might have been compromised by his complicity. What wondrous events on a scene as narrow as that of a play-house, from the days since Brutus showed there the dagger of Lucretia, and Virginius bought in the shops to the north of the Forum, whose site is still marked, the knife which, to reach the decemvirs, was to pass through his daughter's heart, down to the memorable occasion when the curia was burnt before the body of Cæsar! To animate all, to justify all, to bring back the great spectres of history that they may introduce the emotions of their presence, it is enough to seat oneself on a column, and fit reminiscences to that fallen ornament.

Disperse a murmuring populace over the comitium, whose steps are before your feet; from top to bottom of the steps of the Temple of Concord arrange senators draped in their togas, attentive, breathless. . . . . At the tribune Cicero fulminates his last oration against Catiline; the people, torn by conflicting emotions, interrupt the consul by prolonged uproars, while farther off on your left the accomplices of Catiline, fast in the Mamertine prison, terror-struck at the cries and at Marcus Tullius's eloquence, so mortal for them, feel their doom and wait death.

Ingenious at exciting two different kinds of audiences, Cicero now electrifies the senate, and he alarms it by letting loose the populace that he knows how to calm by a word; acting in turn now on the comitia, now on the patricians, turned successively towards one and

the other, he ends by rallying all to a single opinion and a single will. The sight of the places enlightens stories often obscure to those who only read, who do not know how to explain to themselves these effects almost simultaneously exercised by Cicero at once on the senate and the populace. We feel a certain thrill when we touch the tribune in which the holes still remain that the rostra were fitted to, the tribune to which the young Octavius nailed the head and the two hands of Cicero.

It was after the submission of the Latins, 334 years before our era, that the vessels of Antium having been burnt, their beaks were made to adorn the tribune in the Forum. Since then the rostra became the formal and indispensable decoration of the tribunes. This comitium was suppressed by Cæsar: he substituted for it—an institution less disturbing to his own designs — a temple that Augustus did not fail to complete. The place had long been sacred; *rostraque id templum appellatum*, says the same Tullius. For the Romans every place consecrated by the augurs took the name of temple. Augustus no doubt attached to it an expiatory significance.



COLUMN OF PHOCAS.

In order to read the events of these epochs without confusion, it will be useful, even at the risk of repetition, to fix more exactly certain changes that have been too vaguely indicated. The rostra had been placed not far from the Temple of Castor and Pollux up to the time of Sulla, and perhaps later; the abbé declared that he was able to show that Cicero had pleaded against Verres and for Milo at the tribune where, under dictatorships anterior to Cæsar, Cato undoubtedly spoke. The Catilinarian orations were pronounced, as I have said, before the steps of the portico of Concord; at last, after the suppression of this sacred comitium, the tribune was removed to the front of its first site—that is, to the foot of the Quirinal, between St. Adrian and San Lorenzo in Miranda, but nearer the latter church and standing more forward, under the very trees of the avenue which the excavations must have destroyed. It was at this third tribune that Antony spoke against the murderers of Cæsar, and it was there that he bared his corpse before the eyes of the people.

Before descending from the Vulcanal let us place ourselves in the centre, at a spot where the road widening is bordered by footpaths of peperino of a tolerable height; it was here that at the close of a triumph they unyoked from the triumphal car the conquered chiefs and kings. They then took the right street, which still leads towards the Mamertine prison where they were strangled. Jugurtha walked with bowed body where we pensively tread; Syphax, Perseus, in their turn followed this Via Dolorosa. A man loves to lose

memory of himself among the stones that the flame of the sun makes warm and dazzling, in these richly-coloured ruins, where all lives, all speaks, where what is no more seems to date from yesterday, where all melancholy is put to flight by the brightness of the day and the activity of one's mind.

Here are the marble flagstones and the vast enclosure of the great Julian basilica, that Cæsar built lest they should be tempted to re-establish the comitia above or on that side of the Temple of Castor, rebuilt afterwards by Tiberius at the very spot where once the Dioscuri appeared to announce the victory of Aulus Posthumius over the Tarquins—a legend borrowed from the war of the Crotonians against Locri a century earlier. There remained there four noble columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, but one of them has been since transported nearer the arch of Septimius Severus, and re-erected in honour of the Emperor Phocas. Smaragdus, exarch of Ravenna, took the responsibility of this monument raised to a hideous usurper under pretext of his benefactions. Let me explain that at the prayer of Boniface III., Phocas had forbidden the patriarch of Constantinople to assume the title of universal bishop. Noble recollections are effaced; since the year 607 Phocas survives in happy obscurity with his ill-acquired memorial.

It was from the height of the Julian basilica, looking to the Via Sacra, that for some days Caius Caligula fantastically took it into his head to throw money to the people, daily changing his dress to add more grace to his largesses. He was seen first in a tunic coloured and low-necked, bright with precious stones, and with the wrists fastened by bracelets; then with the robes and ornaments of a woman; next with a beard of gold, and holding a caduceus in his left hand; then in the breastplate of Alexander the Great that he had taken from his tomb. Finally he appeared as Venus, or in undress; Suetonius is most clear. This feminine array must have sat curiously on a man of immense stature, pale, enormously corpulent, with hollow eyes and hollow temples, a fierce brow, very bold, and an extremely shaggy breast.

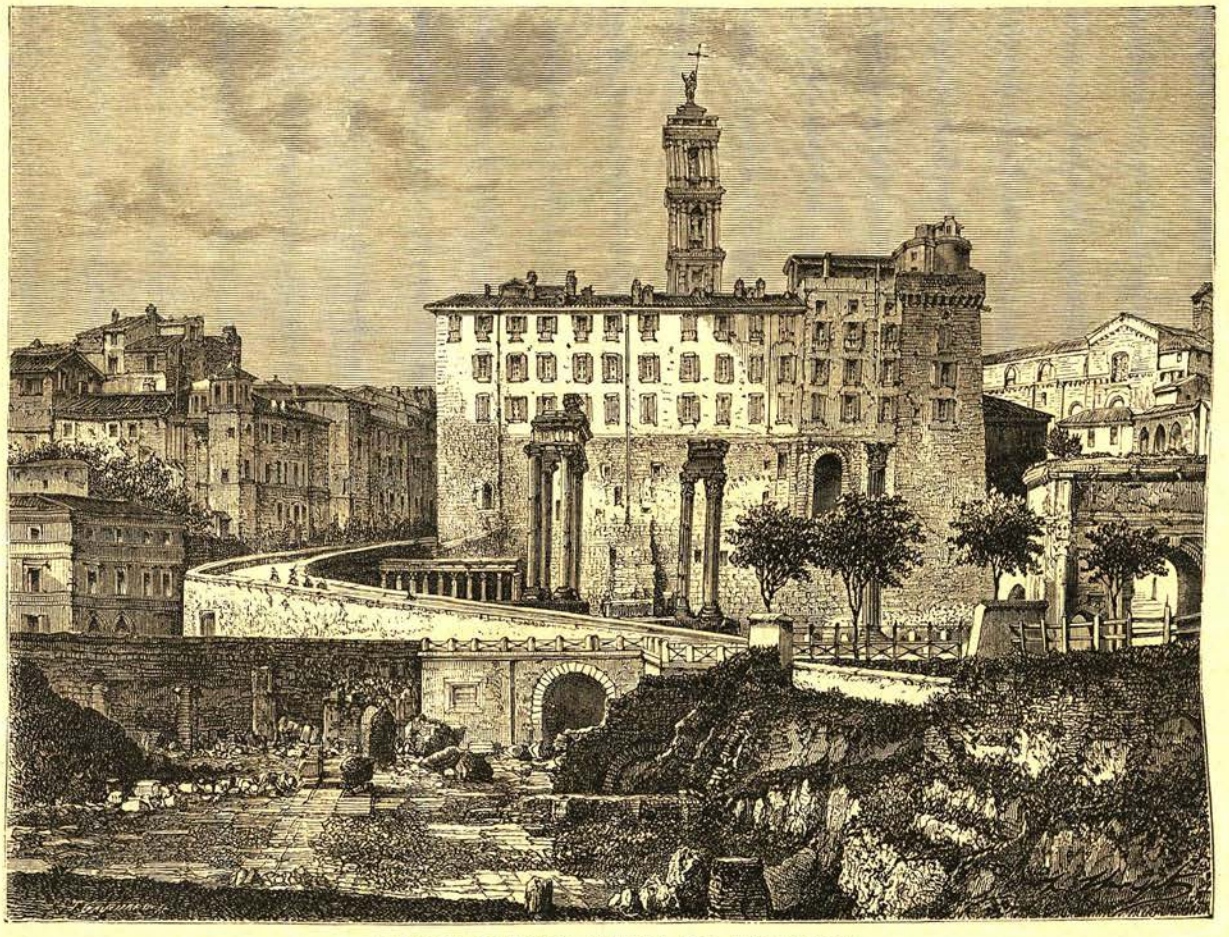
A few years afterwards, on his return from an expedition to Greece, the expedition of an artist who goes to give performances in the provinces, Nero, entering the Via Sacra by the great circus, whose gate he had removed, turned the corner of the Forum, and proceeded in order to present himself at the Temple of Apollo-Palatinus on the triumphal car of Augustus, to pass before the Julian basilica, clad in a purple robe, and a chlamys sprinkled with golden stars, his brow encircled by the Olympic crown, and that of the Pythian Games in his right hand. They bore before him other crowns worn on the theatre; on his path they sacrificed victims; they scattered offerings of incense, birds, ribands, and cakes of cheese.

Let us follow the procession with the crowd to gain, between the basilica of Julius Cæsar and the three pillars of the Dioscuri, the Via Nova which, confounded with its homonym of the Palatine recognised by Pietro Rosa, did much to mislead the commentator: we shall see some admirable coffer-work under the architraves of the ruins by which we pass.

The Forum ended there. Between its enclosure and the northern reverse of the Palatine, came in order the house of the vestals, the habitations of the Rex Sacrificulus, of the Pontifex Maximus, and the temple of the goddess on which has been placed the rotunda of St. Theodore. Along the hill on flowery terraces there stretched out some much-envied dwellings, such as the houses of Clodius and Cicero. The last which belonged afterwards to Censorinus, then to Sisenna (Paterculus is our authority), had been originally built by the tribune Livius Drusus, who had said to the architect—

'Arrange it so that my life may be in the open day, and my actions without mystery.'

At the very foot of the Palatine, at the bottom and on the lower sides of the Forum as well as along the Via Sacra, was a row of shops of which one strikes the remains at the first stroke of the pick-axe; there are still collected here shopkeepers' signs engraved on squares of marble. I have held one, belonging to one of the jewellers who succeeded one another there, from the time when Papirius Cursor distributed the bucklers of chased gold and the magnificent arms of the Samnites, so that being displayed in front of the shops those trophies might furnish a magnificent decoration to the Forum. The custom was afterwards observed by the ædiles.



PAVEMENT OF JULIAN BASILICA AND TABULARIUM.

Into whatever place you step, you come upon memorials; on whatever side you turn, the eye is interested by monuments. A little on this side of the column of Phocas, right of the Via Sacra, the damp ground covers the fountain of Juturna where Curtius sacrificed himself. Exactly here stood the *milliarium aureum*, and on this pavement Galba was massacred by his furious legionaries, who carried off the bald head of the emperor supporting it through the mouth. Lift your eyes beyond the Forum, turning your back to the Palatine; the walls, the brackets, the stucco of the Emilian basilica, lose themselves under the portal of St. Adrian. Near the gaol of Tullius is St. Luke, formerly St. Martine; between St. Luke and St. Cosmo here is San Lorenzo in Miranda, which grasps in its arms the temple of Antoninus and Faustina. As we cross the open space transversely going towards the arch of Septimius Severus, we follow the road along

ENTRY OF THE FORUM ROMANUM BY THE VIA SACRA.—TEMPLE OF VENUS ET ROMA.—STA. FRANCESCA ROMANA, ARCH OF TITUS, CAMPANILE OF THE CAPITOL, ETC.

which Vitellius was dragged, down to the narrow staircase of the Gemoniæ by which criminals passed out from the Mamertine prison.

The Forum with its frame of buildings, from the heights of the Capitol to the basilica of Constantine, was assuredly within small compass the most imposing spot in the universe: no wonder the restoration of this city of monuments, perched one above another under the sides of the three hills, is the privileged historic romance of all architects. It is certain that this multitude of temples, basilicas, porticoes, piled up and placed one above another, and stretching against the blue sky their white and rose profiles, that these forests of columns of all shades, standing in rows from the Julian basilica to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and letting the oblique sun-rays play between their ruddy shafts, that these deep vaults, this network of aisles and shining architraves against the chiaro-oscuro of the galleries, must indeed have dazzled barbarian and Gaul as they drew near the Olympus of the conquering divinities.

In these structures supported on trunks of granite or alabaster, all is left open to the light, all expands itself in the air; but by the surface of the soil there was nothing but traps, obscure passages, labyrinths, mystery. With what anxiety must they have interrogated these close passages, these dumb temples, these threatening resounding doors of bronze, when, on one of those great days of the civil wars where eloquence was only an appeal to force, where the toga hid a poniard, they listened before the rostra to a consul or a tribune who, staking life and the destinies of an empire, laid anxiously in wait for the moment when from the secret places surrounding the Forum there should rush to hurl themselves on tribune and senate, apostate soldiers followed by a populace in fury! These saturnalia of Roman demagoguism, example and scourge of modern nations, were held here; for fifteen hundred years the world has never turned its passions or its thoughts away from this corner of earth.

Such as it became, this necropolis is still, I repeat; for one still feels it, until one is overwhelmed beneath the thought, to be the most considerable spot on the globe. After losing oneself in forgetfulness there until night, like a scholar on his first pilgrimage one turns away, with a blue veronica between the pages of one's album, and a tiny bit of marble in one's pocket.

II.

The abbé insisted on a visit to St. Paul extra Muros, although this basilica is newly reconstructed, and is now lost among the fields nearly a league from the gate of Ostia. Our friend seemed to attach to this journey a sort of conventional propriety, in which it would be unbecoming to fail. One day as he returned to it before a number of persons, I took it into my head to show some surprise that in the state into which the pontifical finances had come even under Leo XII., they should have sacrificed such large sums to rebuild far from the inhabited quarter a church that was of no use for worship and very burdensome to keep up.

No one answered; there was on all sides a silence full of reproach and shame, and I felt that I had placed myself in quarantine as infected by the utilitarian murrain. Witness of this first attack, the painter Bénouville had the courage to approach me and say in a low tone as he passed quickly by: 'St. Paul is *one of the seven Major Basilicas . . .*'

Then the abbé in a contrite voice threw out these words of still greater mystery, '*It is one of the five . . . .*'

Then like the other he turned away. To escape from an ignorance which exposed me to the shame of putting my neighbour to the blush, I resolved to settle the question—What is precisely a Roman basilica?

By force of inquiring and pressing I discovered that nobody, or hardly anybody, knows anything about it—a thing that comes of everybody imagining that he knows. The origin of the basilicas, their classification, their function—these are ideas not only curious but indispensable for the appreciation of the churches in their descent from the primitive times of the faith.

It is less easy than might be supposed to make out the Roman basilicas clearly, and to fix them historically with any precision. A certain proverb marks in Rome 'as many churches as days in the year:' a calculation that should include the oratories, the chapels attached to the religious associations, to the guilds and other charitable foundations, which give a much higher figure, I do not doubt. Above these inferior churches, come the churches called National, served by officials belonging to the different countries; then the Parishes.

If we ascend to the higher class, there are the Stational churches, in whose favour their age establishes a kind of nobility. They are built on the site of the house, or the burying-place of a saint, or the place of a martyr's execution. The Christians of the persecuting times went to pray in these spots consecrated by tradition, and when churches replaced the modest *sacella*, they remained attached to solemn *stations* which are still observed in time of jubilee. Above these churches come the Cardinalist churches. In their origin, the cardinals (word equivalent to *principals*) were the priests set over the clergy of *each church provided with a fixed title* by Pope Evaristus, when he distributed Rome into parochial quarters at the opening of the second century. The same dignity was assigned to the seven deacons charged with the administration of alms as well as of the property of the poor, a number that was doubled by St. Gregory, and augmented afterwards. Finally, the seven suburban vicars whose diocesan head-quarters border the gates of Rome had also the title of cardinals. Hence these three orders: cardinal bishops, cardinal priests, cardinal deacons. At the present day they count fifty-one cardinalist churches for the priests or bishops, and fifteen for the cardinal deacons.

Each cardinal bears the name of the church to which he is attached; he is bound to provide for its spiritual and material wants, an obligation promulgated in the fifth Lateran council, and recalled by Sixtus V., in a bull in which he commends to the titular princes the decoration, the sustentation, and the offices of these foundations. The foreign cardinals when they come to Rome are lodged of right in the quarters attached to their church; it belongs to them, and has to bear some mark of this infeudation.

Still ascending in the hierarchy, we come at last to the Basilicas, which are the dignitaries among this nation of temples.

One of the Athenian archons, who bore the name of Βασιλεὺς or king, administered justice under a portico, named for this reason *basilica*, a term that in other countries of Greece and Asia was given to the royal palaces. Cato the Censor, who declaimed much against the arts and customs of the Greeks, yet borrowed from them their hall of justice, and it was he who about a hundred and ninety years before our era erected in Rome the first basilica. After that they multiplied.

Thus in its origin the basilica is a civil edifice; under the emperors, when the magistrates sat by delegation from the sovereign, this description of their tribunals corresponded exactly to a monarchic institution. But as the Greek language was then in

favour, the residences themselves of the sovereigns were equally described as basilicas; this is what happened with the palace, with the Regia or basilica of the Lateran, which bequeathed its name to the first church that in this imperial residence Constantine had had built.

It was not merely for this reason, and in conformity with this precedent, that numerous other churches in Rome have since borne the title of basilicas.

Let us not forget that the edifices so called were above all things prætoria, where they decided commercial cases, disputes among dealers, and that the merchants had besides the right to assemble there to discuss their common interests. The inscription of *Exchange and Tribunal of Commerce* recently furnished among ourselves the exact definition of these basilicas. There was to be found there a large hall with sometimes two or three aisles. Separated from the temple by a *septum* or barrier, the judges ranged themselves on three circular sets of benches, in the hemicycle of the principal bay, round the president who occupied the centre marked by a stall or chair of honour with a high back, *cathedra*. It is to this origin that we have to trace, as a name for the seat of the bishop, the word *tribuna* invented in the lower Latinity by the side of the old expression *tribunal;* the place belonging to the magistrate or tribune. A portico and galleries with columns stood in front of and around the basilica, like a private Forum attached to some judicial establishment.

A building of this kind may serve many purposes. As there was nothing sacramental about the place, it was utilised for a place of assembly, to harangue the people, and even for public discourses. It was thus that the Apostles and their disciples after them expounded the doctrines of Christ in the basilicas or tribunals, and it has often happened that they were brought there to confess at the bar of the judges the truths delivered by them to the people. Hence the name of *Confession*, which is still preserved in the old churches for the spot where in the corresponding basilicas the accused appeared to declare his faith. It was there that the custom remained of placing the master-altar, every pains being taken to make its base the exact burying-place of a martyr, so that his relics may still continue to bear witness. The civil basilicas were numerous; they reckoned more than forty of them when Diocletian forbade the erection of more. His edict is important; for it helps us to conceive how under the successors of Constantine so many churches could take the name of basilicas and really fill their office.

It was Theodosius who erected Catholicism into a judiciary institution and constituted it a state religion; in his reign the bishops acquire rights of jurisdiction that were speedily extended from clerks to the whole body of the faithful. In 408, under Honorius, a law excluded from the army as well as from public office all pagans and heretics; the same year, after the assassination of Stilicho, another law extends the jurisdiction of the bishops; six days after, a third law enjoins the demolition of the temples, and orders the substitution of ecclesiastical action for that of the magistrates; finally, the episcopal jurisdiction applied to nearly all civil affairs, and is freed from all liability to an appeal; the bishops became prætorian prefects. After these arrangements, which have been transmitted to us in the Codes of Theodosius and Justinian, the bishops, and below them the clerks who administered quarters or districts, passed their days in deciding suits, to the detriment of the religious instruction of the faithful. Far from being flattered at this augmentation of power, St. Augustin deplores a pompous drudgery 'which, devouring hours claimed by holy things, constrains him to live amid the hateful tumult of chicane.'

These sacerdotal magistrates then occupied most of the old basilicas; the clergy appropriated some, of which they made churches, while many of them must have continued to serve for tribunals. Hence the large number of temples which have claimed as a mark of honour and precedence the title of basilicas, limited in our days—as well as the privileges, indulgences, and pontifical favours by which the pre-eminence is supported—to thirteen churches which answer to the number of the Apostles, reckoning among them St. Matthias who was substituted for Judas, and St. Paul who was admitted into the apostolic college after his conversion.

But among these thirteen edifices we must distinguish at first seven primitive or Constantinian basilicas, which are or rather were—St. John Lateran, St. Peter of the Vatican, St. Paul extra Muros, St. Cross in Jerusalem, St. Lawrence extra Muros, St. Agnes beyond the Nomentane Gate, and Saints Marcellinus and Peter on the Via Labicana.

St. Agnes and Saints Marcellinus and Peter, having been replaced by Sta. Maria Maggiore and St. Sebastian, these two churches with the five others compose the seven Major Basilicas of Rome. 'They are seven in number,' says a historian, 'to correspond to the seven hills, their altars being the seven fortified mounts of the church.' Possibly: but I prefer another explanation, of Panvinio if I am not mistaken, who supposes the seven basilicas to have been instituted by way of figuring the seven churches of the Apocalypse, namely, Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea.

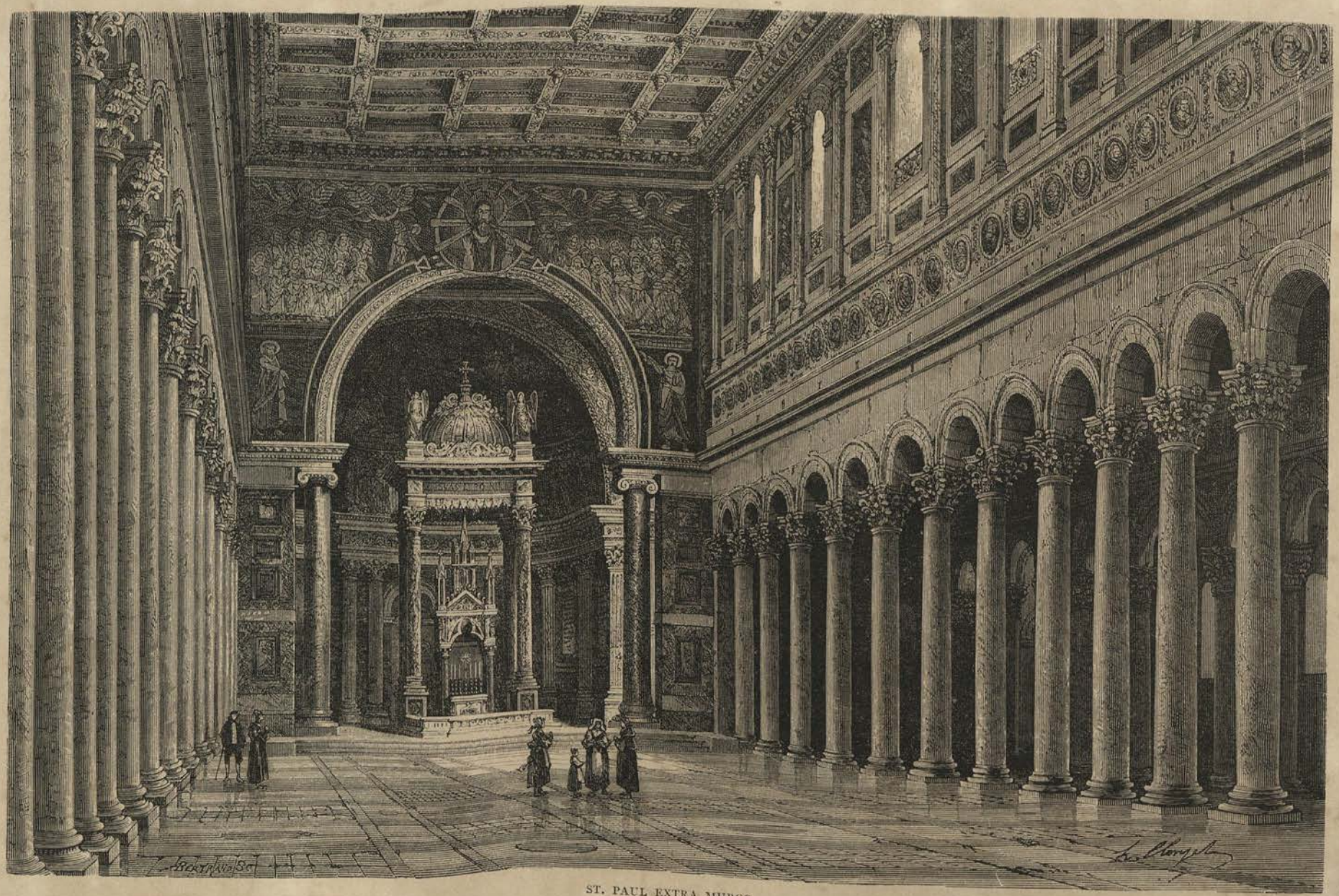
The Minor Basilicas—Santa Maria in Trastevere, San Lorenzo in Damaso, Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, Santi Apostoli, San Pietro in Vincoli and Sta. Maria in Monte Santo, are only basilicas by assimilation; they have been ennobled.

That is not all: among the seven major basilicas are classed apart and occupy a distinct rank, Five Patriarchal Basilicas, whose significance is more striking. Onofrio Panvinio will assist us to discover it: 'It is the singular prerogative of the chief of the universal church to have beside the pontifical see, four other churches where he is accustomed to officiate as if he were cardinal bishop of each of them. He there exercises full pontifical jurisdiction on the titular festivals of these churches, as in the cathedrals which are peculiarly his own.'

But why these five cathedrals? To establish the sovereignty of the Pontifex Maximus of Rome over all the bishoprics in the world, represented by the great patriarchates which once formed distinct churches. St. Lawrence extra Muros is the church of the patriarchate of Jerusalem, Sta. Maria Maggiore represents the church of Antioch, St. Paul that of Alexandria, St. Peter of the Vatican that of Constantinople.

The last three have moreover the prerogative of possessing the Holy Door. This is an entry to the church which is constantly walled up except during jubilees, at the inauguration of which it is opened by the Sovereign-Pontiff, who strikes it with a golden hammer. This privilege of the Porta Santa, the three churches I have named have the distinction of sharing with St. John Lateran, keystone of the ecclesiastical edifice, first Christian basilica of imperial foundation, queen of Roman cathedrals, metropolis of the first bishopric, seat of the patriarchate of the west and of the world.

The history of this venerable title of nobility explains how becoming it was to go to salute the basilica of St. Paul *fuori le mura.*



ST. PAUL EXTRA MUROS.

III.

Still, a son of the north, something of an archæologist and always an arguer, will have some trouble in preventing himself from regretting, as he makes his way into St. Paul's, that the piety of the faithful towards sacred traditions should have led them to restore what a catastrophe had laid in ruins. The new church is splendid; the most costly materials are piled up; it costs Christendom millions; so much expense and effort only succeeds in mournfully recalling the basilica founded by Constantine on the tomb of St. Paul, rebuilt with great splendour from 386 to 392 by the Emperors Valentinian, Theodosius, Arcadius, and Honorius, preserved for fifteen centuries, and burnt in 1823 by some clumsy plumbers.

It was restored on the same plan in the same spot, at the angle of the hill that was cut to disengage the monument of the Apostle Paul from its catacomb. As we pace these five aisles, with their superb colonnades, reflected as in a glass in the polished paving of marble cut in arabesques, can we ever come to forget the mosaics of Nicholas III., the bronze gates that the consul Castelli had brought from Byzantium, the eighty giant columns of Paros of violet breccia and pentelica, spoils of the Æmilian basilica, which supported the edifice on a forest of gems; and those paintings of the year 1000, and the pavement of Alexandrian mosaic and antique inscriptions, and the panels fitted to the frieze where from age to age they drew the reigning popes, from St. Sylvester to Pius VII., and the pillars of granite and cipolin which divided the transept into two naves, and so many other splendours of which it is best to be silent, since they will never be seen more! This president of Catholic basilicas measured nearly four hundred feet long, and the first Christian ages told their story in it.

When the Ostian basilica was destroyed, Pius VII. was dying; they contrived to hide the disaster from his knowledge. It was then Leo XII. who ordered the reconstruction of St. Paul on the same dimensions, copying the dead basilica from memory. The whole world joined in the work. Schismatical Russia offered the gift of an altar of malachite; Mahomet brought as tribute to the sanctuaries of Christ four columns of oriental alabaster, presented by the Sultan; gold, silver, and jewels flowed in from every side. Hence the porticos of veined Greek marble, the pilasters taken from the quartz of the Simplon, the walls of Carrara, framed with gems of varied hues; the entablature of Paros with its violet frieze; the enormous capitals, so lavish in size, so delicate in execution. Wondrous spectacle, at first sight especially, that vast monument so ancient and so new, unique in our bourgeois age, of a colossal reliquary executed as if it were a miniature, and revealed in all its dazzling freshness.

But you do not lose yourself there, as in the old edifices of Ravenna, in a dream of wondering and confiding admiration. The moment you pass to analysis, the poverty of existing artists is disclosed in such a degree, that to restore to this noble shrine something of its soul and the veneration that it ought to inspire, you apply yourself to the search for the smallest vestiges of the primitive basilica that may have escaped from the disaster of 1823. This examination is repaid by a few consolations.

The mosaic of the apse, or *tribuna*, work of the thirteenth century representing Christ with the Apostles, has been restored but too much retouched; the hands are mannered, and the Christ has been endowed with a feminine adolescence that is a little ridiculous. At the arch of Galla Placidia, which divides the nave from the transept and which has

retained the name of the daughter of Theodosius, a mosaic of the sixth century, Jesus and the Twenty Four Old Men of the Apocalypse, might have been preserved more in its integrity. It belongs to a rather savage state of art, and is wilder than the paintings of the same time that are to be seen at Ravenna. Rome then became provincial, and ceased to attract good artists; the capital was elsewhere. A monument perfectly preserved is the paschal candelabrum of white marble, twelve feet high. This column, on which, among garlands of fruit and symbolical animals, move a legion of tiny figures representing scenes of the Passion, is a marvellous work of the ninth century. The Christ upon the Cross is there represented clothed, which is not a little uncommon. They have also preserved the old altar executed in the thirteenth century by Arnolfo del Cambio, the most illustrious of the pupils of Nicholas of Pisa. Under the dome of its campanile flutter pretty seraphim, and on fine mosaics sport diminutive monks of felicitous design, accompanying exquisite little figures of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel. By ill-luck, in order to make use of four shafts of oriental alabaster, the whole is overweighted with a heavy canopy, which swallows up the pinnacles of the altar and intercepts the great mosaic.

At the bottom of the tribune the pontifical seat is in deplorable style and of a preposterous richness; a large and stupid picture surmounts it—the Apotheosis of St. Paul, by Camaccini. They were bent on restoring the medallions of the various popes all along the friezes, but most of the heads are purely imaginary—an unpardonable piece of folly. The directors of the work did not take the trouble to make the necessary inquiries so as to procure the real likenesses of the sovereign-pontiffs; you only find those which everybody knows; the others imply in their inventors very little understanding of physiognomy considered in relation to character.

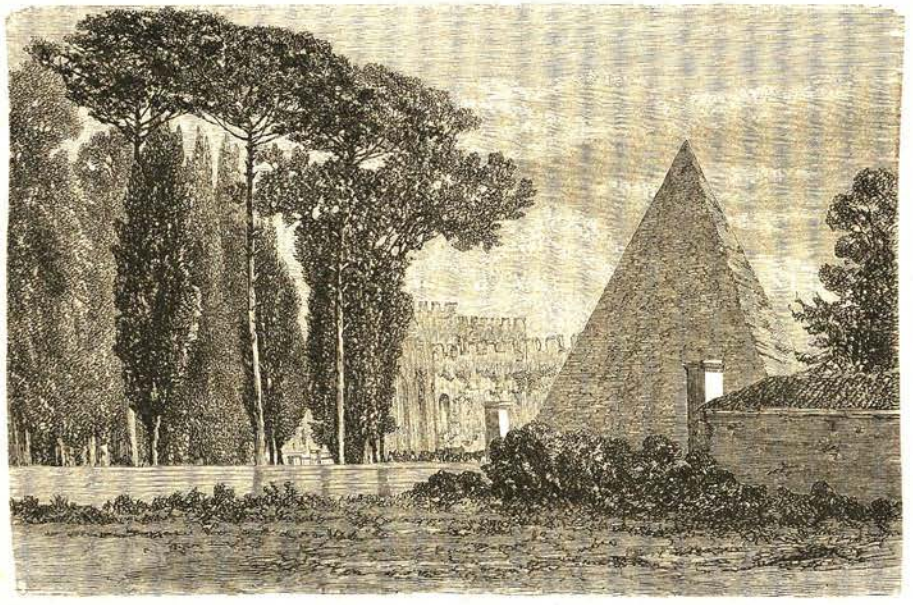
It is at St. Paul extra Muros that they preserve the famous crucifix which spoke to St. Bridget; it is the work of the most mystic of Giotto's pupils, the Roman Cavallini, a holy character whose works used to impress people's feelings. On one of the walls of the transept they have made a copy of one of Raphael's great compositions: it is frightful. The late King Ludwig of Bavaria, whom I honoured as a serious amateur for the art-institutions that he has created at Munich, and who accidently happened to be there, destroyed an illusion by asking in my presence if this feeble and rose-coloured imitation was not an original Raphael.

For all these imperfections, St. Paul will continue to be reckoned among the important monuments of Rome; its richness and splendour and certain details still preserved, make the building still interesting. But if the church did not exist, it would yet be necessary to go there to visit the cloister, one of the two finest works in that kind that the thirteenth century has bequeathed to us. The other is the cloister of St. John Lateran, which this recalls very closely.

It is in vain that people claim to be able to connect each work of art with the pedigrees of the schools; the human mind under the empire of common sentiments arrives at results which are very much alike. This cloister, which is of 1215, connects itself with the French architecture of transition styled Romano-ogival. Here the arch reigns, and was never wholly abandoned, but the columns become thin and tend to group themselves; the passion for episodic prettinesses fritters away the idea of unity in diversion for the eyes. Only as the workman is in presence of severe monuments, and as antiquity has trained his taste, the times keep a little of a purity that has become less stiff; the ornaments fall into a certain order relatively to one another, instead of escaping madly in wild suckers; laws of proportion have regulated the dimensions with reference to each of the accessories of

the building. The shrine is of profuse richness, but the pearls are so well arranged that the superfluity does not appear, and nothing disturbs the eye in a contented and smiling passage among these flowery arches.

We must not neglect in passing from the vestibule of the cloister some frescoes of the twelfth century, representing the Saviour surrounded by martyrs spaced off by palm trees. It is certainly somewhat rude, but the paintings of this date are not numerous. In this the artist, drawing his inspiration from ancient mosaics, has avoided the routine immobility of the Byzantine workers. Tolerably near stands isolated, on the scene of the slaughter of the soldier martyrs of the tribune Zeno who shared their doom, the church of Sta. Maria Scala Cœli, where St. Bernard celebrated mass, and where in sacrificing he had the vision of a ladder by which legions of seraphim ascended to heaven. At some paces off is St. Paul of the Three Fountains, on the very spot where the Apostle's head was cut off. His head made three bounds, the legend says, and from the points that it touched there gushed up three living jets; they are confined in the oratory, and pilgrims quench



PYRAMID OF CESTIUS.

their thirst there. Another chapel in the plain consecrates the spot where St. Paul and St. Peter embraced at the crossing of the ways as they separated to go to their martyrdom, the one on this hill, the other on the edge of the Tiber. Farther on, before passing the double crenellated gates of the road to Ostia attached to the old walls of Rome, you skirt on your left the pyramid of that Caius Cestius, the contemporary of Agrippa, who presided with six other septemvirs over the sacred banquets of the *lectisternium*. His tomb is just one-fourth in height of the great pyramid; but the triangular cone of Cestius is faced with plaques of white marble a foot thick. This pyramid, flanked by two fluted columns, shaded by some cypresses that connect it with the battlements of the postern, the whole enveloped in a recess of the walls, makes a picture in a charming style and full of warm colour. It was here that they found the gigantic foot of bronze to be seen on the Capitol; it belonged, they say, to a colossal statue of the septemvir.

Farther on you leave to the left the artificial mound of Monte-Testaccio, formed in long years by the pile of earthenware vessels, in which the peasants placed most of their

wares that they brought to the great market of Rome, and whose fragments they threw away in this common place of deposit established behind the Emporium, from which they have recently cleared away the débris. Most of the wares they unloaded there, even dried vegetables, were carried in vessels of clay, and not as in our time in tilted carts, in baskets, sacks, or chests. These worthless vessels once emptied were tossed away, and this explains what was for long the enigmatical existence of the enormous *cumulus*. You then come to the Marmorata, a store of the marbles of Greece and Italy; they have just exhumed, for the purpose of making use of them, blocks that have been unloaded there these fifteen centuries, and known ever since the time of Sixtus V., a fact that facilitated a discovery that has in these later times made much noise. Hence we pass to the foot of the convent of Sta. Sabina, whose bells sound on the Aventine, whose church has seen St. Dominic and Father Lacordaire; famous names that open and close the annals of the order of preaching friars. In front beyond the Tiber is the hospital of St. Michael, where they have a school of arts and trades for orphans. Finally, at the extremity of this escarped face of the Aventine, covered with shrubs and brambles, you gradually see the city encircle the stream behind the remains of the Pons Sublicius which Ancus Martius placed on wooden joists, as its name indicates, and which was rebuilt by the censor Æmilius Lepidus in the reign of the second of the Cæsars. This was the bridge that Horatius Cocles defended; it is from this primitive monument, whose construction, preservation, and maintenance was confided to the college of priests, that our word pontiff comes.

From these heights of the past, we need only a movement of the wing to launch ourselves into fable. We had just doubled the little hill where smoked the *culmen* that nurtured Romulus; and passing under the embankments of the palace of the Tiber, we had sought with our eyes among the brushwood of the Palatine for the mouth of the cavern where Cacus was exterminated by Hercules.

IV.

The impression produced by the first sight of the Flavian amphitheatre does not always answer to its colossal dimensions. It is subordinated to the circumstances of the hour, effects of light, point of view. Reflection even will contribute to it. Hence a good many strangers appreciate the Coliseum better, after frequenting it for some time. You have got the habit of crossing it like a passage in returning from the Cœlian, and all at once, as before a sudden vision, you stop. The colossus that has hitherto been dumb has made itself heard.

In an essay specially devoted to the reproduction of sincere impressions, we shall often pass rapidly over information that belongs to the region of history. All the world knows that Vespasian commenced this gigantic construction in the gardens of Nero, that it was continued by Titus, and completed under Domitian. We shall not profoundly inquire whether the Venerable Bede in the eighth century was the first person who described this amphitheatre as *Colosseo;* nor whether, in giving it that title, people thought of its size, or recalled its proximity to the old bronze statue of Phœbus Apollo, a colossus of a hundred and ten feet, deprived of its head to please Nero, without respect for a work of the Zenodorus who had carved a colossal Mercury for that new city of the Arverni, Nemossus, that we call Clermont Ferrand. We do not know what, since the fifth century,

when it was still to be seen standing, has become of the Neronian giant that Vespasian had drawn by four-and-twenty elephants from the atrium of the Golden House, to station it on a pedestal of travertine which is like a rampart, and where Domitian again cut off the head in order to make room for his own.

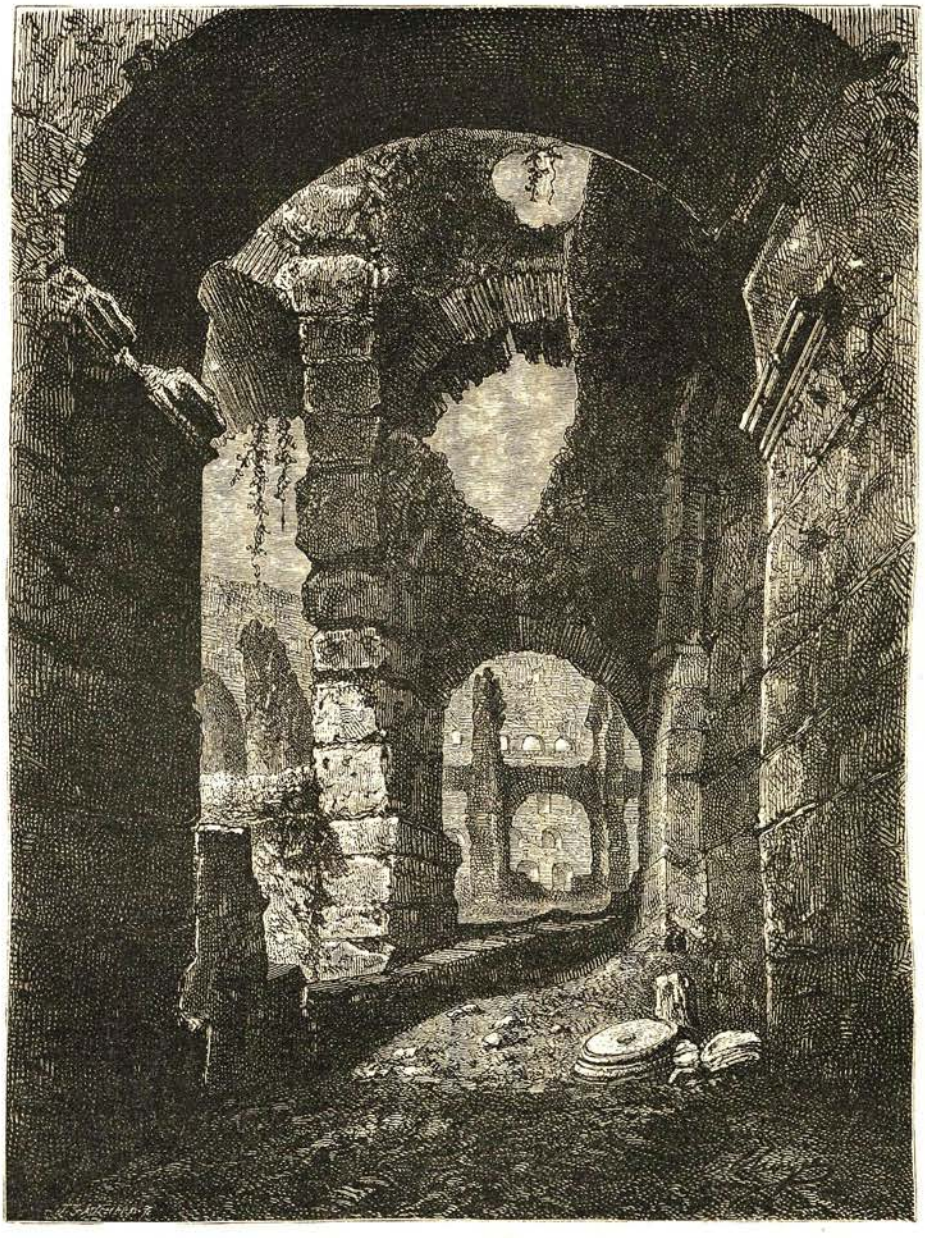
At the inauguration of this theatre the games lasted a hundred days, six thousand beasts and four thousand gladiators were immolated. It is to be regretted that we cannot trace over again the scenes that animated the theatre, when from the year 1060 to 1310 the Frangipani, the Annibaldi, quartered themselves and sustained sieges in this hollowed rock, transformed by feudal contests into a strong citadel. We should in vain put violence on the Bollandists to extract from them the names of the Christian martyrs butchered in the arena, or on the historians to ascertain exactly whether the theatre held a hundred thousand spectators or could only hold eighty thousand. Nor have annalists marked the dark lobby where Lucilla resolved to have the Emperor Commodus, her brother, stabbed by Quintianus; finally, I will only mention, by way of reminder, the burning of the Coliseum in 1332 and the earthquake of 1381. It would be curious if one were only able to describe the hospital which was organized in the middle ages in the cells of this enormous hive, an idea incongruous above all others. We should have to be carried too far away if we had to enumerate all the attacks against the work of the Flavians for the sake of its materials, or to tell in detail the useful repairs of Pius VII., the clumsy restorations of Leo XII., the works of Gregory XVI., or, lastly, the more intelligently conducted works of Pius IX., which will allow us to climb to the last platform of this concave mountain, whose circular and almost woody sides reach a height of a hundred and fifty-seven feet.

Like the majority of simple tourists, I came at night by moonlight to stray among the staircases and under the arcades of the Coliseum. Some English visitors scrambling along the tiers, gliding along the platforms, burying themselves in the lobbies with torches with ruddy flames that the smoking pitch surrounded with its dark veil, shed yellow streaks of flame over the blocks of travertine, in violent contrast with the blue tone of the sky, dissolved by the moon in the white vapours that she poured down into the shaft. The Coliseum loses much by being seen in these variegated and diffused lights; the darkness makes it blurred, the torches dwarf it, adorning it with an amusing effect worthy the Lenains and the Van Schaendels.

The efforts of book-writers to speak *worthily* of the Coliseum did not escape me; of all the famous spots in Rome it is this which has occasioned the most swelling prosopopœias,—sure sign of a weak impression and absent emotion. Whence this poverty of feeling in presence of one of the most considerable monuments of antiquity, one endowed with most multitudinous associations, and one of the purest, for Vespasian who built it was five years old when Augustus died? It is so with many marvels which, like the great pyramid, are more imposing by their mass than by finish of detail or originality of invention. Once this combination tried, to unite two theatres into one, the invention was at an end; it has remained fixed; everybody accepts this, and he who has seen one amphitheatre knows them all.

That of Rome where terrible dramas have been acted, where you summon the shades of consuls, of the senate, of the college of vestals, of ædiles, of pontiffs and emperors, has for its distinction its immensity, the indestructible solidity of construction, the bulk of the materials, the regular piling up of rocks worked by Titans. This bottom of a basin seems the chalk mould in which the seven hills of Rome were run.

The magnificence of the building has been so well appreciated, that the popes have at great expense restored and consolidated the Flavian amphitheatre; they are proud of a solicitude with which all Rome associates itself. We may conceive the fine effect produced some years ago by one of our French bishops, when preaching in the pulpit of the Coliseum, he ventured to exclaim; 'What, ruins of abomination, relics of impurity, you still stand! O shame, that Christians should endure the sight of these infamous



INTERIOR OF THE COLISEUM.

walls! They do not scatter the stones of this Babel, heaped up by the impious pride of the enemies of the faith! . . . . . .' Here were eloquent emotions to convince a Genseric or an Attila; but the prelates of Rome have a less primitive zeal. Whence it follows that in condemning, by this appeal for the destruction of the Coliseum, so many pontiffs who had been the religious preservers of its antique splendours, Monseigneur just a little compromised his country. 'At the bottom of your hearts,' an official remarked to me on this subject, 'you are the descendants of the Gauls who devastated Italy.'

Let us guard against this virtuous rigour, and as we are in presence of the most vast, the most ancient, or nearly so, of known theatres, let us not forget to observe how much of what is strange and striking is offered by its situation in the heart of a valley that divides three hills all become desert. This was formerly a point of junction between four quarters of the capital of the world; the fire and sword of the barbarians have turned it into a solitude.

V.

One Sunday afternoon when the museums were shut, when into the damp streets of Rome there fell from the roofs grey shadows tinted by a bright blue sky, one of these days devoted to Murcia, the goddess of Inactivity (*Fainéantise*), as we had an intense desire, the abbé and I, to take wing, Paul Baudry came up to us on the Piazza di Spagna, and we all three started off, convinced without saying so that we were going for a good walk, but avoiding a formal statement of our purpose, so as to leave the choice of a destination to our feet and to ourselves the charms of hazard. There we were then, chattering without direction, guided by instinct, traversing, as if we were turning the leaves of a book, deep alleys that the abbé in passing made out for us by quotations. When you do not know whither you are going, you infallibly arrive at the Forum, by that accustomed attraction of twenty centuries, which following one another from all the points of the universe to this spot, have without exception decreed that every road leads to Rome, that is to say here. At the end of two hours that were dissipated in a moment, the abbé said to us, 'Let us go and see the sunset on the height of the Coliseum!'

We made our way thither by the Via Sacra, and while we mounted the last tiers of seats without any of the tourist's deliberation and set purpose, as one should go to the abbey of Montmartre for the sake of passing the time, I hardly thought of more than offering my eyes from that height the refreshment of a vast autumn landscape. As for the Coliseum, I reserved for that as usual a rapid salutation. And I never really saw it except on that afternoon, when I expected hardly to look at it.

The high and sombre arcades of the basement, that narrow and rounded aisle with its worn-out stones, its streaming vaults, its dark pools which double the height of the arches, its cavernous atmosphere and the streams of unexpected light darting through loopholes half covered up with briars; all this phantasmagory of building and light stopped us more than once as we made our way into the inner parts of the amphitheatre: the fancy of Piranese is felt to be realised there in all the singularity of its grandeur. Once arrived on the piece of escarped terrace which is under the friezes, and which from beneath looks like an accumulation of scaffolding that has remained in equilibrium, we saw a sight that cannot be forgotten.

Summer had perched itself in the corner warmed by the declining sun, as if in its last fortress; on the stone of the upper tier, the north-east breeze from the Sabine Hills, sprinkled with a first dust of snow, whistled on the grass of the ruin a winter tune; around us, bunches of small flowers, as if to fête this reminiscence of fine days, festooned themselves in the joinings of the stones; the wall-flowers perfumed at the height of the Coliseum that heavenly box, in which we were successors at such far distance of time to the plebs and the women of Rome. It was there that in old days they used to chatter

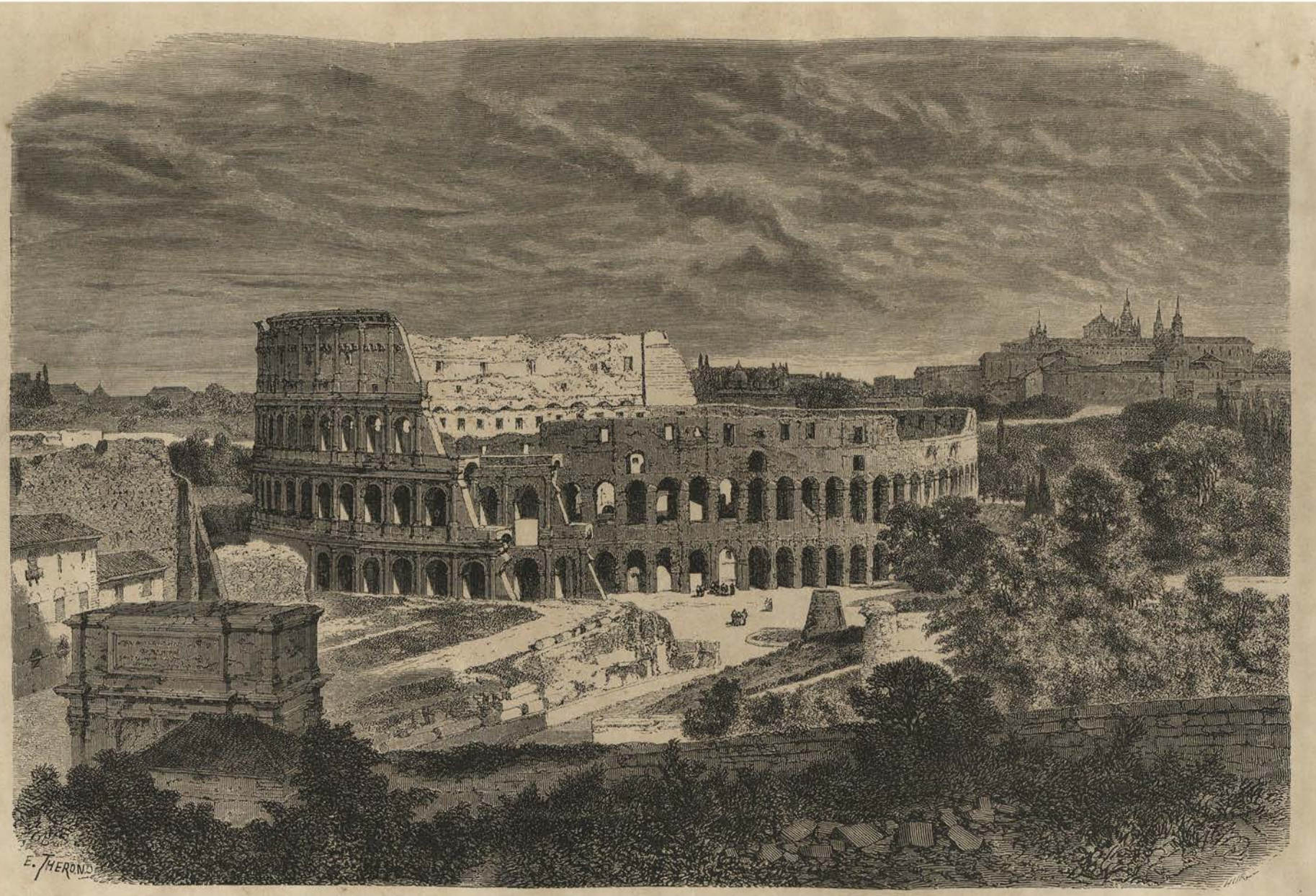
above the freedmen, like the Syracusan women in Theocritus. The fennel threw in abundance on every side its waves of green tresses; a host of curious little plants and unknown flowers supplied smiling variety.

The quantity of shrubs, of pellitory, of saxifrage, that the Coliseum nurtures is even less surprising than the rarity of the species. Whether it is that this vast mass raised high in the air intercepts wandering germs on their passage, or that the nature of the artificial soil or the composition of the cements that bind the stones have been favourable to exotic growths, it is the case that the botanists have drawn up a considerable herbarium of Colisean objects that are to be found in no other place under the Roman sky. This mountain of the Flavii has its own flora, like Hymettus or Hybla.

THE ARENA OF THE COLISEUM.

It is not, however, in the first moments that you give your attention to these details that are so close to you. By an instinct which is an aspiration after the infinite, the eye first of all darts to the farthest point of the horizon that the soul would fain pass. Above the escarped edges of this crater, you discover at the points of the four cardinal winds, not landscapes, not a city, not a simple bird's-eye view, but the unnumbered illustrations of the greatest book of history. This spectacle you regard with the sensations of a dream peopled by apparitions.

Before us, there spreads itself out, sustained by the embankments of the palace of Claudius, the Cœlian with its convents all entangled amid ruins, the Cœlian desert as in the days when Tullus Hostilius came to settle there in the midst of the colonised Albans; a little to the left on the extended base of the hill of Jove, a sloping line on the violet-



GENERAL VIEW OF THE COLISEUM.

coloured velvet of the hill marked the site of Alba Longa. To our right shone in light the plateau of the Palatine brought down by excavations, and projecting the blue shadows of its columns on the whiteness of the scorched earth. The convent of St. Bonaventura with its vines and its palm, opposite the Argiletum where from Martial's time the booksellers' quarter had replaced that temple of Janus which Numa closed; the green garden of the Farnese, and behind the hill the blue and jagged line of the Janiculum, enframed in deep and lofty setting this chequered board of ruins mixed with lawns, these vaults tossed into space which compose the ideal of all outlines. 'Twas on this winding slope that once ran with torches, long before the companions of Romulus, the Arcadians of King Evander; they feasted the god Pan, destroyer of the wolves. To abolish the Lupercalia, it required in the fifth century all the authority of Pope Gelasus.

Between the hills so sublimely adorned, the glance extends far over the plain of Latium, an ocean of half-russet verdure whose long waves, thrown into shadow by a falling sun, run with ruddy indentations in a perspective rendered infinite by the ultramarine of the Mediterranean. At the threshold of this desert, I recognised the pyramidal tomb of Cestius before which I had recently passed, and which fills in, along with the walls of Aurelian and the fine gate that Belisarius had crenellated, the base of the intermontium. Following into the distance the silvery festoons of the Tiber, one last mound marks for you the site of Lavinium, Rome's ancestress; more to the left there was Ardea, the town of the Rutuli that was blockaded by the Tarquinians when Collatinus rashly took Aruns and Sextus to sup with Lucretia. The mind speeds across this infinitude of the horizon, which answers to the indefiniteness of the semi-fabulous stories of legend.

It is only after wandering long and far, from the tombs of the Appian Way to St. Stephen the Round, which furnishes a pendant to the marble tower of Cæcilia Metella, and from the mouths of the Tiber where St. Augustin's mother died, to the foot of the hill where Porsenna's Etruscans entrenched themselves, and where St. Peter was crucified, that the eyes turning homewards plunge with stupefaction into the funnel of the Coliseum, into that storied and profound well on whose brink you have perched yourself.

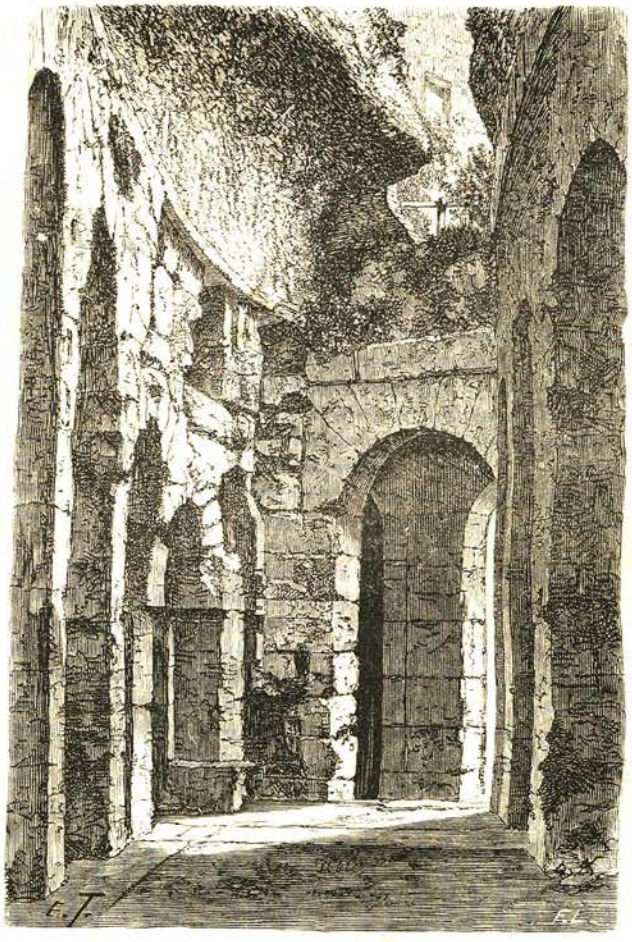
As the lowering sun brought the outlines into greater clearness and made them more extended, and as from the substructions of the Cœlian to the sea, these outlines streamed over the rim of the monstrous vessel, the plains seemed to describe three enormous concentric zones: the first seemed to continue, all sombre, the width of the great hollow of the Coliseum; the second, still vigorous, received furrows of light; the last buried itself in the azure by violet and rose-coloured undulations; but all three continued the tiers of the amphitheatre.

The whole horizon, a magic effect and of a grandeur that was all but terrifying, was by this time simply the mouth of a pit forty leagues round. The circus, to which the evening clouds served as *velarium*, had invaded the whole, and absorbed the whole; nature spread forth under our gaze became only a monument, and in an inverse sense the frenzied dream of the tower of Babel seemed to be accomplished.

Silence, which often makes its impression without the spirit being conscious of it, perhaps increased the illusion of the mirage, and for that reason a noise that was suddenly made conveyed to us the sensation of being roughly awakened. From the bottom of this crucible for fusing stars in, confusedly issued strains of church music; our eyes

attracted to the bottom of the abyss distinguished a microscopic procession of penitents masked by their sheets, taper in hand and banner at the head, who followed by countrymen and shepherds, chanted the office of the *Via Crucis* before the fourteen chapels which are arranged round the arena. From these depths up to the purple of the west where the solar ball was sinking, we measured strange distances, gradations of light and colour more marvellous than ever.

And without being able to speak, we gazed; as the night fell we still gazed.



A CORRIDOR OF THE COLISEUM.

'THE SCHOLARS . . . . WITH VOLUMINOUS SHOVEL-HATS.'

CHAPTER III.

The regulation of public conveyances, of justice, of the Post-Office.—Open-air life.—Little Monks at the Lyceum, Dominicans at nurse, Prelates in the sun.—Peasants in the great city.—The Aurora at the Rospigliosi Palace.—The Barberini Palace and Gallery; the Fornarina; Poussin and the Death of Germanicus; Portraits of the Cenci, &c.—Gems of the Sciarra; the Violinist of Raphael.—The Doria Palace, apocryphal works and masterpieces: the Mill of Claude, André Doria and Pope Innocent X., &c.—At the back of San Crispino.—Search for the Cenci-Bolognetti Palace.—Ripetta and its ferry.—Transformation of the Mausoleum of Augustus and of that of Adrian.—Dramas of the Castle of St. Angelo.—Origin of the present name.—Theodora and Marozia.—Trial and execution of Beatrice de' Cenci.

I.

THE horned and meditative brows with which the last century peopled the ruins of the Campo Vaccino symbolized sufficiently well the dreamy inaction of the Roman life, which might be summed up in these terms, to ruminate on ruins. No city is better organized for making days of existence slip away in lost hours; so foreigners, combatting an inextricable formalism, find their arrangements continually put to rout by unforeseen impediments. To visit the galleries and libraries, one must spend much time in solicitation, and in waiting for tickets of admission, from which there is never wanting the interdict against introducing dogs and servants—singular relic of feudal pride in the land of equality. These permissions, besides, are accorded to everybody without any inquiry as to rank or name, which are left blank. What purpose, then, does this vain formality serve, since it is usually gratuitous?

The Romans, in their ideas of progress, have curious prejudices: they have not admitted the use of omnibuses for fear of damaging the cabmen. Go and tell economists of that sort that the establishment of omnibuses in Paris has tripled the number of persons who thus travel!

On the other hand the cabs only cost fifteen baiocchi (ten sous in Naples) and without *pourboire*, the Romans, and particularly the Neapolitans, only drinking the water of the springs. On this side things go easier than in Paris, where in proportion as the

growth of the city renders these conveyances more needful, they augment their tariff so as to make more and more impossible for people of moderate means a resource of an ever-increasing necessity. Perhaps authority, which with us meddles with everything, stands in Italy too much aloof from this branch of administration; in some circumstances everybody would be all the better for a more active supervision. 'We are not happy,' said the driver to me one day, 'because nobody protects us. Suppose a peasant fallen from the hills, and who has never even seen Rome before in his life, has himself inscribed as driver, they will take him without any information about him, and without inquiry; he will compete on the Piazza with folk who know their trade. That is why foreigners are often forced to leave their carriage in the middle of the street, and to return on foot from ever so far; and there's their day gone. All the vagabonds driven from Naples and Calabria are taken in at Rome. How should they live? Of course they are forced to *rubare* for food, and the foreigners in fright desert Rome, where we shall die of hunger because no profession has guarantees. They say it is liberty! Yes, if there was justice; but one is thrown into prison without knowing why; one would be forgotten there if one had not protectors. Is that, too, liberty? *Basta! abbiamo un cattivo governo!*'

This good man was Roman, Roman from father to son; and all along the road he crossed himself before the madonnas. His countrymen call eagerly for reforms. The error of the Italians is to imagine that they are appealing to the foreigner, and the error of the French is to suppose that the Italians of Milan, of Turin, or of Naples are countrymen for the Roman.

Let us admit, however, that regular justice with the guarantee of its publicity is difficult to organize in a country where every injured man who should prefer a suit, where every witness who should go against the accused, would be nearly certain of assassination. To procure information in criminal cases, the judges are induced to interrogate the witnesses in the profoundest secrecy, and the veils with which truth covers itself do nothing but help the abused indulgence of this weak and paternal government, whose principal vice is barely to have an existence.

The customs of the administration denote more clearly, perhaps, the stagnant and retrograde situation of a city which was, and which still supposes itself, the first on the globe. Nothing is more singular in this respect than the postal organization. It will not be useless to say something on this, for every traveller for lack of information runs the risk of being left, as I was at the beginning of my sojourn, without his correspondence. Up to the 1st October, 1865, a simple letter from Marseilles to Rome cost twenty sous or baiocchi. A letter of allotment printed and not sealed cost me forty-one. Under pretext of the poverty of their finances, the Roman States maintained these heavy taxes; it was impossible to convince the people concerned that a lowering of the tariff would benefit the treasury by multiplying the correspondence. There was a risk to run, and Rome knows nothing of speculation.

To avoid the risk of a loss, the Roman post refuses to receive any letter which is not paid to the boundaries of the Pontifical States. But, still more incredible, the letters which reach the office will remain there for ever if you do not go for them, or if you have not informed the officials that it is your wish to receive them at home. How many inconveniences must have arisen from the ignorance of a usage far too absurd to be guessed! It is the receiver of letters who defrays the expenses of the letter-carriers; each letter is surtaxed with a supplementary halfpenny given to the postman from your hand to his. So many letters, so many halfpence. You may save this expense by going

WOMEN OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

for your correspondence at the head office; hence the crowding of the grating, and the ease with which they hand a letter to any first-comer who asks for it.

The institution of postmen paid by the public has another inconvenience of a different kind. These messengers, who go their beat without box or case, provide for themselves at certain taverns or confectioners' shops, known resting-places, to which the people of each quarter come to examine if there is anything for them in the scattered heap which lies on the table at the disposal of the customers. Candour worthy of the golden age! Provided that the passive distributor sees each letter that is taken away replaced by a halfpenny, the operation is regular, and the more rapidly it goes on the more will the beat be simplified; you can then without hindrance acquire for a baiocco any missive that you please. What I describe I have seen practised ten times. Beg a friend to take your letters as he passes, in case he meets the postman; your friend will have no occasion to say that he comes on your behalf, and if he says it no proof will be required.

ON THE PINCIAN.

The multiplicity of journeys and visits, the absence of omnibuses, the scarcity of cabs, all combine, then, to keep you on the trot more than half the day from street to street. But you take this duty with patience, because the streets change in physiognomy according to the quarter, and because on the pavement there overflows a tide of common people, simple in their manners, and bringing with them into full day, besides their porringers and chafing-dish, their household habits, sometimes the practice of their trade, without being disturbed by prohibitive regulations.

In the long monastic streets where the grass grows, on the road for instance from Santa Maria Maggiore to the Lateran, amusing processions move without noise along with the few and discreet passers-by. The scholars of seminaries and colleges, originally from the five parts of the globe, dressed up like little abbés in all colours according to their nations, with voluminous shovel hats on thin bodies and childish faces, furnish a diverting sight. The Germans wear red cassocks, the English violet; the white frock of the little Americans contrasts with the browned heads of young negroes and red skins brightened by the Indian sun.

On the Pincian every morning appointments are made for talking politics between heteroclite and discreet persons whom you would take for retired clerks or merchants, were it not for their clerical dress, which savours of the ancient *régime* and suggests the old comedy rather than the church. A yellowish umbrella under the arm, a snuff-box in the hand, these prelates have the air of honest shopkeepers of old days.

In consequence of some maternal vow one used to see Carmelites, Franciscans,

Carthusians, from eight to ten months old at their nurse's breast; this is what still happens in the Kingdom of Naples. Down to Leo XII. and Gregory XVI., who put an end to another abuse, the clerks of solicitors and notaries, as well as a host of officials belonging to the administration, arrogated to themselves the privilege of wearing the cassock, while they kept the life and behaviour of the young men of the day. Hence for foreigners many an occasion for scandal, they attributing to the clergy the follies and misdeeds of the lawyers' clerks. The cassock is there what with us the administrative frock and military uniform are, the dress of those who are something in the State.

Many monks and nuns and a certain quantity of soldiers are what contribute to give variety to the look of the streets, setting off somewhat the raggedness of the Trastevere or of the Suburra. Popular costumes no longer exist at Rome, but there still come a few from the country. The country districts send up to the great city, besides models for painters, families who in order to utilise some necessary journey of the head of the tribe will accompany him in full force in their fine costume, equipped with some gewgaws to sell, some couplets to sing, or a curiosity to exhibit. The principal business concluded or the market closed, the good folk stay where they have got out, at the piazza Montanara, in the quarter of the Regola, in the environs of the Farnese Palace, towards the Ponte Sisto, or at the corner of the Quattro Capi bridge, waiting for the hour of return to the mountains, and munching morsels of bread. Seated on a curb-stone, or arranged in a group on the angular heap and the parapets, a rural household will be seen there all installed as if in their quarters, the youngsters sporting round the maternal skirts, and the contadina suckling the youngest while she awaits her lord.

II.

These are the sights of the street; they offer a diversion as one hurries from a church, or from one gallery to another. The undress of the populace, the character of physiognomies or attitudes, present with frequent fidelity the models which being perpetuated by successive ages have posed for the pictures in the museum.

One of the first galleries that I visited was that of the Barberini Palace joining my house, and in which rain often confined me, but I had begun by the Rospigliosi on the Quirinal, in consequence of a pious engagement towards an old amateur of the Bolognese sect.

Warned against the classic seductions of Guido no less than against those of Domenico Zampieri, I still felt as I looked in the original on the ceiling of the Aurora, too chilled by the graver of Morghen, the sensation that is produced by a work poetically treated and indebted for a happy effect to a choice of colour full of freedom and delight. Preceded by a Genius who bears in the air the torch of day, Apollo on his car advances in flame through the sky to commence his day. He is followed by Flora and surrounded by the Hours, who dance around. These have been nourished without any economy, and are perhaps a little too plump; would to Heaven that in these full and jubilant visages one could recognise the poor and wretched. At the bottom of the picture, in the distances of earth, the sea and its shores, still bluish, are not warmed by the freshness of the dawn. The composition is harmonious, the painting

bright and tranquil; the draperies are studied and the poses graceful. It is the attractive masterpiece of an artist usually cold, and of whom we shall find among the Barberini collection the best or at any rate the most agreeable portrait.

As to the First Fault, by Domenichino, it is a sketch of Breughel de Velours enlarged by a Roman from Bologna who knows his rank; the graces of the subject humanise the magisterial cleverness of the painter. Adam plucking the apple, Eve who receives it stooping, are attractive figures; the menagerie distributed in an Eden inspired from the Roman Campagna gives animation to a scene of rich fancy. Built for Scipio Borghese, the Rospigliosi Palace was formerly acquired by Mazarin. After the death of the cardinal minister they stationed the French Embassy there, which only left it in 1704. Let us go down again to the street of the Quattro Fontane.

The vast Barberini Palace, at which three generations of architects worked, Charles Maderno, Borromini, and Bernini, is thrown in false square on hilly gardens whose lofty trees have seen pass beneath them all the race of the nephews of Urban VIII. This cultivation in terraces seems strange when from the entry of the Vicolo Sterrato which

THE AURORA OF GUIDO RENI IN THE ROSPIGLIO PALACE.

bounds them on the north-east, you contemplate the perspective that they furnish to a small convent situated at the extremity. There is, however, only a cascade of green bindweeds over an old wall, with a statue emerging from the medley, from which rises a pine three times secular. This unpaved street, this cloaca, has such an aspect, and all is so unmoving at Rome that twenty generations of painters have copied it. Just as I so often saw it, exactly so it was restored to me by Piranese and Panini.

The present masters of the Barberini Palace had lately given up the ground-floor to our artillery. Singular effect of the courteous wars of our time, a Roman prince has his dwelling over a quarter of French cavalry; they sound the morning drum under his windows, he might suppose himself a colonel of horse. For the rest, as soon as one had mounted the staircase on the right or the staircase on the left, the one of Borromini, imitated from Bramante, who took a model from St. Nicolo of Pisa, the other of Bernini, one had crossed a frontier; Rome showed herself on the spot by the peculiar note of her patrician dwelling-places. The great hall to which you approach by two staircases of honour, has for ceiling an immense production of Peter of Cortona, the Triumph of Glory, *capo d'opera* as far as knowledge and skill, a swarming conception which escapes

from all the conditions of verisimilitude that have hitherto been respected in ceilings. On the walls an ancient picture of Roman Masquerade, infinitely curious; in the neighbouring rooms family portraits and ancient busts. In the form of credence or console a Madame Barberini of old days, travestied as Diana in repose, sleeps her last sleep over an enormous and ancient sarcophagus. Restored mausoleums in this way become here furniture for an ante-chamber or a dining-room.

As for the gallery, which is situated in a low entresol, one of its attractions is that it

VICOLO STERRATO.

offers the original and indisputable portrait of a woman beloved by Raphael, whom tradition has made a female baker. Rome possesses five or six copies of it; they are inferior to the authenticated example of the Villa Barberini. They show that the adorable brunette of the Tribuna of the Uffizi at Florence, is not that friend of the painter whose real name was Margaret and who is called La Fornarina, and I regret it for his sake, for the lady of the Uffizi is handsomer than the lady at Rome. The latter, as she is presented by the portrait of the Barberini, is the relief of an artist wearied of the

ideal and of ethereal creations. She is a substantial, hearty woman in full bloom, whose nose drinks the wind with full aspiration, accompanying little greedy eyes, and a mouth softened by laughter. The jet-black locks are harmonized with the skin by browned tones of a burning warmth; she has over her the sketch of a diaphanous robe. The signature of the master, or of the slave, is on a narrow circlet attached in the shape of a bracelet round the biceps of the left arm. One perceives that she was very finely made; the hands are pretty, but we discern there as well as on the arms vexatious repaintings. The piece in its smoky tone is cleverly restored; still the model has less delicacy than frankness.

LA FORNARINA OF THE BARBERINI PALACE, AT ROME.

For anybody who knows the two portraits, that of Rome and that of Florence, two women who have not the most distant likeness, the once celebrated work of Quatremère de Quincy on the works of Raphael loses much of its value. He expatiates gravely on the question whether it is the Fornarina of the Pitti Palace, *or its reproduction* in the Barberini Palace, which is the true original. He can only have seen one of the two pictures, for it is very much as if one should ask which is the original of a portrait of Mademoiselle de la Vallière or of a portrait of Madame de Montespan.

Around this picture there are others of which one ought only to speak in order to warn good souls against the pretensions of the Notice. The Holy Family of Andrea del Sarto, that one of his pupils would have painted with a less awkward servility of imitation; apocryphal Madonnas of Bellini, of Francia, of that Antonio Razzi who is calumniated in more forms than one; a Jesus among the Doctors, a bit of Teutonic barbarism impudently attributed to Albert Dürer; a cardinal's portrait which would compromise the name of Titian if the draperies were less dull; a so-called portrait of Masaccio, in which they have only copied his cap: here are equivocal works denoting the oblivion of tradition in a country so rich in subjects of study.

LA FORNARINA OF THE UFFIZI, AT FLORENCE.

A curious picture of this gallery, a portion detached from that of the Sciarra Palace, is the Death of Germanicus, by Poussin; a canvas of a fine colour, of a dramatic sentiment, full of simplicity, and with this master candour is hardly common. Probably when he executed it the artist had not yet impregnated his spirit with the monuments of antiquity. A reminiscence of the etiquette of courts governs the arrangement of the Death of Germanicus: before these Romans we think of the warriors of Lebrun; we involuntarily look for Lauzun and the Marshal de la Feuillade by the pillow of the son of Drusus. Robbed of

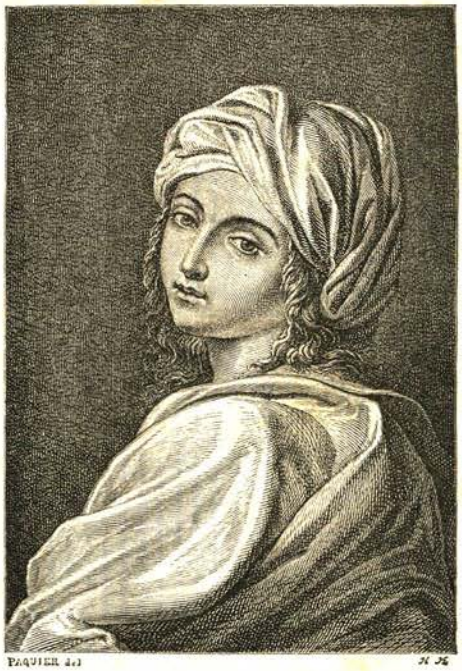
his manner, away from his system, Poussin becomes less professorial and more pleasing.

It is here also that we find the original of an extremely sweet portrait of a young girl, a hundred times reproduced by engraving in all sizes—the Beatrice de' Cenci of Guido, a face fascinating and suffering, with a head-dress of white draperies heavily arranged, a melancholy interesting figure, though a little too set.

Michelangelo of Caravagio painted, in an effect of shadow after the manner of Rembrandt, with a head-dress still more massive, the mother of this heroine; finally, a third picture, the best and the least remarked, the portrait of a ripe beauty with an elegant sweep of outline and a physiognomy expressive of calm cruelty, transmits to us, they say, the features of the mother-in-law of Beatrice, the Lucrezia Petroni: this work is by Scipio of Gaëta. Not here, but a little later, we shall attempt to retrace that horrible tale; these fine portraits, especially the first, being suspected of being apocryphal. In fact, although at the death of Beatrice, Reni was already four-and-twenty, it is doubtful whether he arrived at Rome before the death of Clement VIII. Moreover, the portrait of the Cenci has less the air of a study executed from nature, than of a head composed with the help of an earlier portrait. Guido may have executed afterwards an idealized likeness of the famous heroine. However this may be, to personify so romantic a victim no face could have been chosen more touching in expression or more sure to move pity.

III.

From the street of the Quattro Fontane to the Corso the distance is not great; it is still less from the Barberini Gallery to the Sciarra Gallery, a collection which is the *tribuna* or sanctuary of the other. The casket presents in fact among some pebbles of the Rhine certain precious stones of fine water. The two figures called Vanity and Modesty justify by their perfection the mistake of those who have so often attributed to Leonardo the works of Bernardino Luini, that affectionate artist so loyal to the glorification of his master, like all who heard and loved that famous man. Between the Circe of Garofalo, a landscape where the companions of Ulysses are in the very struggle of being transformed into beasts, and the St. Sebastian of Perugino, Albert Dürer in the Death of the Virgin makes us pardon the country of his birth by force of skill and simplicity. He is rarely seen to gain this triumph.



THE BEATRICE DE' CENCI, BY GUIDO RENI.

Poussin has in this palace some curious canvases: the St. Erasmus, whose bowels executioners are tearing out, a ghastly subject handled with vigour so as to be copied in mosaic, a picture with more energy and truth than his representation of St. Peter; the St. Matthew writing, a very fine piece which has not become too dark; the views of the banks of the Tiber, and of the Acqua Acetosa, rendered by a master who loves the sites and the district.

But among smaller marvels are certain tiny landscapes of Claude of Lorraine; one in particular, which, from the sides of the green crater into which heaven has poured the lake of Albano, represents on the horizon the crest of Castel Gandolfo. Another of these compositions, of a more costly finish, was painted on a plate of silver, a piece of far-fetched luxury to little purpose, which nobody can perceive, and that I should not know of but for the Princess Barberini having since then revealed it to me in a Paris saloon. The weight of a silver mounting scarcely adds to the value of the jewels of the master, Claude.

Rome Triumphant, and the Death of St. John the Baptist, are the two most important pieces of Valentino. This last painting has an effect in relief of great power; the Herodiad is a magnificent piece. From this picture to that of Michelangelo of Caravagio, realist in a time when people did not yet possess words so ill compounded, the interval is easily traversed: it will strike a simple spectator vividly, and may possibly stop in passing the connoisseur, and even the moralist, who usually only understands the vicious sides of the arts. Two sharpers agree to pluck a pigeon; one posted behind the stripling marks on his fingers for his accomplice the number of points. The first is an old rascal, seamed, stamped, and branded by vice and infamy in every line of his face; the other, the accomplice who plays, pale, stooping, prematurely degraded, confronts with his debased adolescence the candid youth of his victim. From his doublet he withdraws a card, assuring himself by an oblique and false glance of the success of his knavery.

THE VIOLINIST OF RAPHAEL (SCIARRA PALACE).

I have reserved to the last the Young Man with the Bow, or Violinist of Raphael. It is here we find this so justly-renowned picture, dated 1518 and signed. Everybody recalls that delicate and feminine face, with its black cap so gracefully adjusted and posed over a broad collar of fur. Many artists have copied this masterpiece. Nobody in my opinion has seized it so closely, nor drawn it with so much intelligence, as Clement Chaplain, medallion-engraver, sculptor, and laureate of our school.

IV.

These two palaces, whose galleries are not too undigested, gave me a fancy for collections formed by families of the country, the intelligent luxuries of the Roman princes. Some deceptions, however, awaited me at the Corso, in the Doria Palace, whose salons, richly decorated in the time of Innocent X. with those daubings that our architects of the great reign imitated, exhibit among several masterpieces mediocre copies and apocryphal pieces in great number. The catalogues not being published, it may be convenient to point out the best pictures, and to mark among the golden ears parasitic blights, such as some Murillos, several Andrea del Sartos and Francias, that those masters never saw. Poussin, Van Dyck, Titian especially, are frequently compromised by cold imitators;

they give for the original of the last painter a weak enough copy of his Magdalen of the Pitti Palace.

Wandering here and there, you come upon a fine Descent from the Cross in the style of the primitive painters of the north, attributed presumptuously to Hemling; and a good portrait of a man, attributed to Giorgione. On the right hand of the great gallery let us notice a pretty little Reader, by Lucas of Leyden, and let us unmask a copy of the Aldobrandine Nuptials, attributed very gratuitously to Poussin. In the centre of the bay you will be scandalized by portraits usurping the names of Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck. Those who have named these paltry things have not even had respect to the chronological indications furnished by the dress, for the way in which the pictures are assigned involves the most amusing blunders. Thus a rather villainous copy of a picture of three faces in the Pitti Palace, which represents three Italians without beard, is thus described, 'Calvin, Luther, and Catherine, by Giorgione.' Giorgio Barbarelli, who died in 1511, cannot have painted the portrait of the wife of Luther, still less that of Calvin, who was born in 1509. They attribute to Leonardo da Vinci a copy of the Jane of Arragon that the books of the Louvre properly give to Raphael. In the Doria Palace the face offers some variations, and especially in the background, where a bright green curtain recalls Andrea di Solaria. This charming head of the granddaughter of Ferdinand I., who married the Constable Colonna, is known at Rome under the pseudonym of Queen Jane of Naples. What more common than such blunders! At Paris did they not take the Lucrezia Crivelli for La Belle Féronnière? This good and old copy of Madame Colonna has a false air of the school of Leonardo; but the original, that we have had in our possession since the reign of Francis I., has not the very marked characteristic of a portrait of Raphael. So recourse has been had to the usual expedient of throwing on to Giulio Romano the execution of the body and the accessories.

How conceive that the Doria-Pamphili could have attributed to Claude of Lorraine so many works unworthy of his pencil, when they possessed masterpieces so justly renowned as Mercury stealing the Flocks of Apollo while the god of the poets is lost in playing on the flute, as the Sacrifice to Phœbus, and as the gem so well known under the title of the Mill! There remain to us of that far-shining master, Claudio, landscapes of the highest quality, but in point of freshness of preservation none of ours is comparable. Rarely have such spaces been so ingeniously filled; there is a little of German complication, but the result is so striking, so delicate a harmony brings to the general effect both reality and unity, that we are drawn in fascination into the roses of that dawn, to Giulio or begin dreaming before those pure southern distances.

This painting contains all the poetry of the Roman Campagna. A river of some breadth, its basin cut off by a sluice, descends facing the spectator from the Alban hills which bound plains strewn with the ruin of aqueducts; at the back to the right is a small town inspired by that picturesque Etruria of which the old painter dreamed before the ruins of the Latin towns; on the other bank turns, at the corner of a rustic manufactory, a watermill whose wheel shines like silver; it contrasts with the small temple of Vesta perceived at the foot of a hilly indentation; the whole is toned in vast foregrounds of verdure plunged by enormous trees into thick translucent shadow, in which idyllic figures glance to and fro in dancing and rustic games. The vigour, the intensity, the movement of this foreground, prolonged in far perspective, produce a delicate and variegated light which fascinates our eyes and attracts them to the sky, to the Monte Gennaro, the snows of the Apennines, and the remote hills which fall away in the Campagna. Before a

diversity of detail like this we have a difficulty in understanding such limpid tranquillity of effect and impression. There is nothing staring; as in nature, you have to get accustomed and recognise the whole site little by little.

After crossing several saloons, in which nothing stops one but a false Filippo Lippi, you come to a very light boudoir, which of itself alone would justify this visit. You are received there by the great admiral, Andrea Doria, dressed in black, and having on his head a crumpled cap, which denotes like his capacious and worn garments the activity of a leader caring little for his person. The sailor has an unkempt and matted beard, a bronzed complexion, a piercing eye. The authority and gravity of a person of mark, the duplicity of the Genoese and the audacity of the corsair, complicate this strange physiognomy, accented in all the large and strong style of Sebastian del Piombo. In face of the illustrious chief of the Doria is the loftiest glory of the Pamphili, Pope Innocent X., by Velasquez. Between the two paintings the contrast is not less vivid than it was between the careers of the original, the pontiff and the pirate. Innocent X. was high in complexion, his ruddy skin seeming to shine with moisture stands forth as in a blaze from a hood of red satin with a purple-coloured background; the figure is seated in a chair of orange-red velvet. The surprising harmony of all these staring tones, the life, the life of flesh and blood, which circulates under the features with an exuberance that might have made Rubens despair, give to this portrait a superior rank among the works of Velasquez. The hands only, though shown with just feeling, are a little feeble.

What shall I quote besides? Some pretty reproductions of the Paradise of Breughel, and a Village Festival by Teniers; a Holy Family by Bellini, wholly repainted; a greenish monk, entitled the Confessor of Rubens, which would give prolonged amusement to the Antwerpers; lastly, a Madonna col Bambino surrounded by two saints, attributed to Francesco Francia, which is an enchanting picture. If you reduce this collection by three-fourths you would have a charming gallery, in which everything would possess a more perceptible worth. The surplus may serve to furnish a curious glimpse of the manufacturing of paintings after the manner of the different masters; workshops of dishonesty which abounded in Rome in the last century.

V.

After my visit to the Barberini Palace the features of the Beatrice de' Cenci remained in my memory, and I had vague dreams of seeking out the palace once inhabited by the actors in one of the most sombre tragedies of the past time. I was still ignorant of the situation of the house, when one day wandering about the city I took it into my head that chance had brought me to the quarter of the Cenci.

At the entry of the Trastevere by the Ponte Rotto, at the back of the chapel of San Crispino, which is kept by a sacristan who does his cooking in a cassock in the middle of the street, I had gone down to view the old arches of the bridge, and the charming situation which takes life from the round Temple of the Sun, the cypresses and the ruins of the Palatine, when I found myself in a small piazza of a very singular kind. It is irregular, steep, fringed with decayed houses, or rather with nests constructed in old and feudal walls, the whole attaching itself to the chevet of the chapel, and in a state of dilapidation truly sinister. By means of a flight of mouldering steps erected against the party-walls of

this cut-throat spot, windows turned into doors furnish an approach to dens of filthiness; on cords stretched from one wall to another there swung in the wind tattered things washed in the mud of the Tiber; old broken pots equipped windows without frames and without glass; horrible hags in mud-coloured tatters and half-dressed men appeared about the doorways. But in the midst of these peeling walls, which have been perhaps

BEHIND SAN CRISPINO.

patched ever since the days of antiquity, there shines a great armorial escutcheon from which stand out the forked antlers of a heraldic stag.

How comes it that the half-worn device carved on this stone is that of the Cenci of Bologna? This can only be explained by the great numbers of domains that the house possessed; still as I deciphered this unexpected record, I was all the more persuaded that

I had discovered the ruins of the palace of Beatrice, as I knew it to be situated in a poor quarter in the neighbourhood of the river. To put away all doubt I proceeded to ask some half-dressed girls who were chattering in front of a door on pretence of sewing. They referred me to a matron who was selling with many airs of importance three bundles of vegetables, and who having convoked the whole quarter to make out my meaning, pointed out to me on the other bank beyond the Quattro Capi, towards the *rione* of the tanners, the situation of the Cenci Bolognetti palace. So I looked once more at the unknown cloaca of the chevet of San Crispino, into which perhaps no painter has ever ventured, and then I went in search of the palace that I thought I had found.

The aspect of the house is scarcely less appropriate to the melodrama which has made the old name of the Cenci so familiar. It is in the corner of a small choked and uneven piazza, that the old entry to the palace hides itself under a truncated tower, the palace on this side only revealing a straight outline. Iron cross bars impress on the façade a character of mystery and duress; one of the gates arched and carved is surmounted by an antique mask of a Medusa of a dreary and tearful expression. In the other corner of the piazza, shut in and lugubrious as the court of an old dungeon, Francesco Cenci—he who was assassinated—had raised towards 1575, to the honour of St. Thomas, a small oratory on the wall, of which an inscription perpetuates this reminiscence. They have also fitted into the walls adjoining two small cippi or funeral altars, bearing the name of one Marcus Cintius. They were for the Cenci stone charters, for their boast was that they had descended from this Cintius, as the Muti descended from Mutius Scævola. They would have been more happily inspired in claiming kinship with Lucius Cincius Alimentus, who 153 before our era, being prætor in Sicily, was made prisoner by Hannibal, of whom he wrote a history, quoted by Macrobius and praised by Livy. But the ignorance of the feudal barons was as great as their vanity, as is frequently proclaimed by their pretensions of this sort. The Santa Croce boasted of being of the line of Valerius Publicola: hence the name of Santa Maria de Publicolis given to the church where they have their burying-places, among which, besides fine monumental stones of the fourteenth century, one ought to mention a magnificent Florentine mausoleum.

The continuation of the Cenci palace, in the inside of which there is nothing any longer to recall the contemporaries of Clement VIII., reaches to another larger and lower square in front of the synagogue. The principal existing entry is surmounted with the inscription, CENCI BOLOGNETTI; but the heirs of the name do not live in the palace.

It was in the Castle of St. Angelo, that Roman version of the Tower of Nesle, and in face of the mole of Adrian, that the terrible adventure of their ancestors came to its end. You can by making some turns approach this strange outlined monument by alleys that isolate and set off the massive and imposing prison-house.

Before going down so far as this, the Tiber describes a semicircle which, encroaching on the most populous streets in Rome, seems to throttle the handsome quarters between the Pincian and the river. It is at the angle of the elbow formed by the Tiber that Clement XI. had constructed the little port of Ripetta, with large steps which make the approach easy to the people, who in this busy street disembark firewood, wine, oil, grain, and the other produce which comes down from the Sabine country and from Umbria. The port of Ripetta, opening a few paces from the Corso on the much-frequented street which leads from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza Navone, fronts a deserted plot which

has never been built upon, and whose verdure serves as a pedestal for the Monte Mario situated in the background.

To pass to the other side and reach the Castle of St. Angelo and the present suburbs of the Borgo by the fields, they established perhaps twenty centuries since a ferry which leaving the most lively centre of the city comes to a sandy champaign where solitude begins instantly. In less than five minutes, the time taken in going from one bank to the other, you are transported from the greasy, muddy, much-betrodden pavement of the Via di Ripetta, to a track bordered as the winter comes to an end with green elders, with black-thorns already in blossom and eglantine in bud. The narrow beaten path has for its setting clumps of lotus and violet. If you turn to the right, you would come to the fields where Cincinnatus, forty minutes away from the Campus Martius, lived so far from Rome; he would be scarcely separated from it in our day. If you go straight forward instead of turning to the north, you come to pastures, to miniature gardens, to cottages which the people of Marseilles call *bastides* and the Romans *vignes*. There are some country boxes among the farms, whose courtyards, all encumbered with rustic tackle, serve as a close for chickens, geese, and sheep. The city, cut off by a strip of water, is fifty mètres off; the noise of public vehicles mingles with the song of the lark. The reach of the Tiber, St. Peter, and in the background the side-face of the Castle of St. Angelo, vast and sombre, bound this little nook of solitude.

It is very surprising that having absorbed, as well on one bank as on the other, three-quarters of that circumference of which the stream describes a half, the city should never have invaded the ground which under the Cæsars would have connected the Flaminian Way with the habitations across the Tiber, and which ever since the time of Constantine would place the rich quarter of the town in direct communication with the strong Castle of the Popes and the Vatican.

But no one, and here is a trait which paints Roman ædileship, nobody ever bethought him by throwing a bridge across the port of Ripetta of suppressing that tongue of desert which is an enclave in the city. In the present condition of things one boat suffices for the traffic, for the pathway that has been beaten for two thousand years has never grown larger, so scanty is the number of town-folk who believe themselves rich enough to shorten their road by making use of a boatman in whose palm you have to leave a halfpenny.

VI.

In spite of the original head-dress with which the popes from the time of Boniface IX. crowned it, the tower-shaped burying-place of the Antonines, which is not less than six hundred feet in circumference, still keeps an equivocal and sinister expression, especially when viewed from the river, or from the poor districts of which I have spoken. Transformed in the middle ages into a prison and into a fortress; disguised afterwards as the residence of a prince, then as a barrack, the mole of Adrian, of which the Orsini in the fourteenth century made a lair for themselves, has never been able to strip itself of the physiognomy of its original destination; before the postern one still expects to see a coffin go in and an executioner come out.

These sepulchral dungeons were then in use. Without speaking of those of the Appian Way, let us remember that on the other bank at Ripetta there rose and still

MOLE OF ADRIAN, BANKS OF THE TIBER BETWEEN RIPETTA AND THE BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO.

stands in part, the model of the Castle of St. Angelo, the mole built by Augustus for the Cæsars of his family. It is well to say a few words about it, if only to prove the uselessness of troubling oneself about it.

It is a thick, large, squat tower, engaged in buildings; its masonry was almost entirely of reticulated work. The Colonna fortified and quartered themselves there in the middle age; but since then, mockery of fate, they have arranged a small daily spectacle in that vast *columbarium*, where, with the exception of Nero, most of the Cæsars down to Adrian reposed.

Suetonius leaves no doubt as to the site of the sepulchral chambers that Augustus prepared between the Flaminian Way and the bank of the Tiber. We should say to-day between the street and the port of Ripetta. Marcellus, Agrippa, Octavia, Drusus Germanicus, Claudius, have slept in that rotunda where they now play farces twice a day. Before Pius VIII. they had bull-fights there. It is to be presumed that the form of the mausoleum of Augustus, whose magnificence is celebrated by Strabo, determined the plan of the burying-place of Nero, constructed farther off at the foot of the Pincian, near that of Sulla, nearly where Santa Maria del Popolo now rises. The form of the Neronian Mole is determined by the legend of the church; it was under Pascal II. a gigantic tower, in the heart of which an enormous walnut-tree had spread its roots. Thus the mausoleum of Augustus furnished the plan for that of Nero, and both inspired Adrian with the ambition of surpassing his predecessors.

What a monstrous melodrama, the history of the Castle of St. Angelo! It only wore a rather smiling look in the days when it received the dead. Procopius paints it for us at that first epoch; the immense rotunda, terminating in different elevations, with the imperial colossus on the summit, had its sides covered with Parian marble; the circumference had pilasters surmounted with a ring of Greek statues; the whole on a basement, decorated with festoons, and tablets with funeral inscriptions, and colossal equestrian groups in gilt bronze at the four corners. Round the monument was an iron grating surmounted by peacocks, also in gilt.

In 537 this fine structure was still intact, but Vitiges having attacked it, they broke the statues, in order to hurl the pieces on the assailants. During the three centuries which followed, the mole of Adrian, connected from the time of Honorius, perhaps, with the defences of the city, served as a fortress. It was to entrench himself there that the patrician Crescentius, who wished (974) to restore the Roman republic, made himself master of it. He even kept it tolerably long, as the monument took from him the name of Castel Crescenzio. But, invited by one of the anti-popes of that anarchic period, the Emperor Otto having invaded Rome and massacred Crescentius with his principal partizans at a banquet, the tomb of Adrian was discovered and dismantled.

Half a century before, this spot had been the theatre of a tragedy which followed strange saturnalia. An incongruous relic of antique profligacy and of the monstrosities of the lower empire, drawing a mischievous power from feudal institutions, Theodora, a Roman lady, illustrious for her rank and her beauty, quartered herself from the year 908 in the Castle of St. Angelo, from which she exercised over Rome a complete tyranny, sustained against German influence by an Italian party, which counted among its chiefs Adalbert II., Count of Tuscany, the father of this Messalina. Theodora caused several pontiffs to be deposed, and nominated eight popes successively. She had a daughter as beautiful and as powerful as herself, and of still worse perversity. Marozia, so she was called, reigned likewise in the Castle of St. Angelo, where she caused the election of

Sergius III. and Anastasius III. and John X., a creature of Theodora, who had had him nominated to the bishopric of Ravenna. Early the widow of a Marquis of Tusculum, and married to Guy, Prince of Tuscany, Marozia speedily had John X. suffocated in the Castle of St. Angelo; then united by a third marriage to Hugo of Provence, brother of her second husband, after having successively exhibited on the pontifical throne Leo VI. and Stephen VIII., she gave the tiara to John XI., one of her youngest sons. She had only too many children, for one of them imprisoned in this same dungeon both his mother and his brother, the Pope, and there destroyed them. Such at that time, under the brutal pressure of feudal anarchy, had the chair of St. Peter become.

The Castle of St. Angelo, from the seventh to the ninth century, is found connected with all the outrages and all the factions that desolated Rome; and, down to the end of the fourteenth, its destiny was not very different. It was then that Boniface IX., a Neapolitan by origin, crowned the dungeon, to make it still stronger, with the works which make it at once less gloomy and more striking. Alexander VI. completed the restoration, and, by a passage constructed in the wall of the Leonine city, he brought the Castle of St. Angelo into communication with the Vatican. This idea was profitable (1527) to Clement VII., when he was obliged, in order to escape the unbridled hordes of the Constable de Bourbon, to seek an inviolable asylum in the thick walls of the Castle of St. Angelo.

Before entering, let us recall the manner in which it acquired the name that time has consecrated.

In the year 590, as St. Gregory the Great, recently called to the pontificate by the people and the bishops, was bewailing the misfortunes of his flock that a plague was then decimating, he ordered a general procession to the tomb of St. Peter to seek the removal of this scourge. The procession was headed by Pope Gregory himself, who walked with naked feet. As it crossed the Tiber on the Ælian Bridge, built by Adrian, a bridge which still stands and confronts his mausoleum, suddenly above the mole Gregory saw, starting from the clouds and appearing to him as symbol of hope, the radiant Archangel St. Michael. Thus it was not by any means, as the guide-books have it, on account of the bronze statue placed on the top by Benedict XIV. that the mole became the Castel Sant' Angelo. The first book would have proved that they had called it so for a thousand years.

Two centuries before Benedict XIV., Cardinal Tiberio Crispo had already placed on the summit of the edifice the statue in marble of St. Michael, carved by Raffaelle da Monteluppo, and afterwards the Ælian Bridge, baptized in turn by Trajan, by Ælius Adrianus, and by the church of St. Peter, had taken the name of the citadel of the papacy. Now, these angelical designations are ten times justified, for St. Michael has by ill-fortune attracted to the bridge a whole flight of seraphim, to come and perch on the parapets of the Ponte Elio, repaired by Nicholas V., after an accident which cost the lives of a hundred and seventy-two persons, and widened and beautified by Clement IX., who imprisoned the work of Adrian in his own. By ill-fortune, I say, to come and arrange themselves on this famous bridge-way, the angels awaited the signal of Bernini, and they are none the better for it.

Is this saying that these spirits, with their wings and draperies twisted in exaggeration of attitude, want animation and force? By no means; they are only too well in keeping with the bronze St. Michael of Verschaffelt, which Benedict XIV. substituted for the bolder statue of the old Monteluppo; only rather sombre recollections come and suggest

contrasts, as one passes between those two files of rococo angels, and before that clump of lilac and willows which envelops the gate of the dungeon so recently thronged by our soldiers.

Let us cross the Tiber. At one of the ends of the bridge is the dungeon of Beatrice de' Cenci; at the other was raised that family scaffold, where she was beheaded with her stepmother and her elder brother in the presence of the younger, who was condemned to undergo the spectacle of a mother, a brother, and a sister butchered before his eyes.

VII.

Every country possesses among its judicial annals some never-to-be-forgotten drama of which legend takes possession. The middle age had among ourselves the adventure of Gabrielle de Vergy, that of Aubri de Montdidier; later, the assassination of the Marquise de Ganges, and the poisonings of Madame Brinvilliers supplied stories for an evening. In Italy, and at Rome especially, these atrocities have never been rare; the great school is there. But nothing equals the interest, and nothing has counterbalanced the renown of Beatrice de' Cenci.

The family was extremely rich and in possession of a sombre kind of celebrity of remote date; for it boasted of counting in its ancestral stock Crescentius, that consul of whom we have just spoken, and who took up his quarters in the Castle of St. Angelo, where we see the prison of his descendants. It was one of the Cenci who, being stationed on Christmas night in the same dungeon by Henry IV., while Gregory VII. was celebrating the first mass, seized him at the altar and dragged him by the hair out of the sanctuary to throw him into a cell. These examples had perhaps contributed to maintain a violent spirit in the family, of which the most odious shoot is, towards the end of the sixteenth century, that Francesco Cenci who had inflicted on three of his sons the most abominable and unspeakable outrages; who had the second and the third assassinated; who overwhelmed his daughter and his second wife with ill-usage; and who, twice convicted of the most infamous crimes, escaped the penalties by bribing his judges.

Taking pity on the eldest among the children, as well as on the eldest of the two sisters, the Pope had rescued the sons from a degrading yoke and married the daughter, at the same time compelling Francesco to give her dower. Afterwards, the youngest children of the monster, Beatrice and Bernardino, as well as Lucrezia Petroni, their stepmother, losing courage to go on bearing the usage that lay so heavy on them, addressed to Clement VIII. one of the most touching memorials, imploring his pity and protection. Their supplication miscarried and remained unanswered, to the despair of Lucrezia and of Beatrice, who abhorred in her father the dishonour of the family and the murderer of her two brothers.

At last, one night when Francesco Cenci was at the quarters of the Colonna, at the castle of Rocca di Petrella in the kingdom of Naples, he was assassinated there by unknown hands and in the most singular manner. During his sleep, two enormous nails were driven into his eyes with a hammer, a feat which implied the co-operation of two accomplices at least. This took place the 15th of September, 1598. Lucrezia was speedily suspected. On the first inquiries, Guerra, a very handsome monsignore who passed for the chosen friend of the young Beatrice, took to flight, after procuring the murder of one of the two assassins whose track had been discovered and who was called

Olimpio. The other, named Marcio, arrested and put to the torture, declared that he as well as his slain comrade had been hired by Jacopo, Lucrezia, and Beatrice de' Cenci, seconded by Guerra, who, having put their victim to sleep with a narcotic draught, then introduced the two *bravi* into his room, where Lucrezia had placed in their hands the nails that were to be the instruments of vengeance. After that they had given them a thousand crowns of gold.

At the first rumour of these inquiries, the female De' Cenci returned tranquilly with the two sons to Rome to their palace, where the Pope placed sentinels to hold them in arrest. Marcio was transferred to the pontifical prisons, where he repeated his declarations; but being confronted with Beatrice, he was so crushed by the reproaches, the denials, and the ascendancy of that marvellous beauty, that he retracted all, and persisted thenceforth in his denial even in the midst of the tortures which at last killed him.

It was at this moment that there began in this extraordinary trial the strange turns brought by unforeseen circumstance. The whole of Rome was absorbed with the event, and offered all its vows for two beautiful, young, oppressed women. The recantation of Marcio was then all the better received by the judges, as Beatrice had endured the torture with superhuman courage, while she protested her innocence.

But while the issue was going in this direction, the police arrested for some offence a ruffian, who was recognised as the assassin of Olimpio, the second murderer of the count. The witness thus suddenly raised up confirmed the first deposition of Marcio. This story charged the two women, as well as Jacopo and Guerra. The whole family of the Cenci was thrown into the Castle of St. Angelo, where the proceedings were resumed and slowly persevered in. At that time they hardly condemned an accused person who persisted in attesting his innocence on the holy Gospels; but to compel him to confess a crime, they detained him for months and even years in the dark and rotting atmosphere of the dungeons. Then, from time to time, they dragged him to the torture chamber, to subject him to ordeals which increased in rigour up to the moment when he brought himself to confess, overcome by anguish and troubled by the pangs of death. If an accused, sustained by the conviction of truth, and by the heroism that it has the power of inspiring in energetic natures, triumphed over these tests, they were careful not to press them so far as to be mortal; they took him back to his dungeon, in the hope that he would be better inclined another time, and they resumed the besotted and execrable ordeal until the victim spoke or died. All the world knows that, but we must repeat it again to realize it, so monstrous does that judicial barbarity appear which, upheld for centuries, was only abolished with us on the motion of Lewis XVI.; well did the nation repay him!

This anguish of the torture Beatrice de' Cenci confronted for nearly a year without a word of confession. Such was the interest excited by her courage that even the judges were subjugated by so many attractions of youth and eloquence. It was necessary to withdraw the cause from them and to entrust it to more callous persons. Her elder brother and her mother-in-law, their constancy worn out, then confessed; the young Bernardino, a stranger to the whole affair and who knew nothing of it, confessed all that they wished, in order to escape from that gehenna. Later on his innocence was demonstrated. Why should one not regard as acquitted all the wretches condemned on their own testimony thus extracted by torment? But it was in vain that they opposed to the young heiress of the Cenci the crushing evidence of her family; she persisted in the enthusiastic declaration of her innocence. No threat, no torment vanquished her; and her tenacity suspended the doom of the accused.

The winter passed in this way; Beatrice was compared to Lucretia, to Virginia, to Clelia, Roman women of the heroic time, whose firmness she recalled while she surpassed their charms. One day, in order to apply some new torture, they had to begin by cutting off all her hair; they were fair locks, the most silken, the longest, the most marvellous in colour ever seen. Beatrice grew pale; she was vehemently stirred, and repelling the executioner, she cried out, 'Touch not my head; let me die without mutilation!'

Sad wage for so much bravery! She destroyed herself to save her tresses; and by a full confession confirmed all the depositions.

They were all four condemned to die, a decree against which Beatrice protested by a fierce access of indignation that found an echo in every soul. In the city, in the palaces, even in the cloisters, they talked of nothing else. If the valour of this noble soul had won for her so much sympathy, judge of the effect wrought on a population of artists and poets by this unforeseen weakness, childlike and truly touching, by which the young maiden and the woman had betrayed the heroine! It was an effect of delirium, of adoration; and Clement VIII. was inclined to yield to the current of feeling, when, by a second stroke of fate, one Massini poisoned his father. Other crimes of this kind already weighed heavily on the nobles; the Pope resolved on making an example, and he confirmed the judgment on the four prisoners. Such a sentence, undoubtedly unjust so far as it touched the young Bernardino, and of doubtful equity, as we must confess, with reference to the others, revolted the whole city. Cardinals and religious corporations, magistrates and citizens, threw themselves at the knees of the Pontiff, urgently seeking revision of judgment. Clement VIII., yielding to this request, supplied the Cenci with skilful champions, Nicolo de' Angeli and Farinacci, and he ordered the case to be argued in his presence.

Officially appointed to plead before the Holy Father, the two advocates displayed irresistible eloquence; recalling the abominations of Francesco Cenci twice snatched from justice, and the probable murder of his sons, Farinacci argued that such a monster must have created a host of foes and stirred up against him more than one avenger. He had the art of convincing and softening to such a degree, that the Pope left the hearing profoundly moved. Everybody then was in expectation of mercy when, third fatal incident! while the case was yet pending, a young Marquis of Santa Croce assassinated his mother. Did the Pope believe himself warned by heaven and exhorted to harshness? In any case, from this moment he remained inflexible; and having pardoned Bernardino, whose innocence was notorious, he gave the order for hastening the execution, forcing the youthful son of the Cenci to look on at the butchery of his family. The judicial agony of these unhappy souls had lasted a year.

They were to be slain on the 8th of September, 1599, but it was the festival of the Holy Virgin. It was Beatrice who thought of this, and who, that the day of the Madonna might not be stained with blood, implored the respite of a few hours, an act of piety which rendered her fate still more touching.

On the morning of the 9th, the Pope Aldobrandini, to be far away from the scene of punishment, quitted Rome; he passed before the Castle of St. Angelo, over the bridge that was soon to be trodden by the condemned. A pontiff with erudition, the son of an illustrious man of letters, Clement VIII. was not inaccessible to pity; he only went as far as a convent that was near the walls, so that being warned by three discharges of cannon of the fatal moment, he might absolve the poor folk who were going to die. When the

booming resounded through the air, the Pope raised himself; he went through the form of plenary absolution and then fell back almost swooning.

If he had seen what was passing the same hour in the section of the piazza of the bridge of St. Angelo, lying between the quay and the opening of the streets Paola and del Banco di San Spirito, what would he then have done, what thought then of his justice!

For the punishment of these three victims, there had been organized there, under the name of *mannaja*, a sort of mechanism with a knife whose clumsy play perhaps retarded for two centuries the great political machine of 1793. The heat was suffocating; the sun poured down on the crowd held in by horsemen; the carriages were crowded together up to the very edge of the scaffold; the three open spaces were densely thronged; from the streets, from the piazza, from windows, from roofs, everybody could see advancing across the bridge in front of the huge and massive dungeon of the Antonines, the sinister procession. The condemned ascended the scaffold, which was placed on the piece of ground before the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. Soon this crowd, that had already been stirred to the heart by the youth and beauty of Beatrice de' Cenci, saw with horror Lucrezia, her stepmother, who was large and corpulent, struggling for shame, held down and uncovered under the hands of the executioner while the knife hacked her throat.

The shrieks of the wretched woman were answered by cries of horror from the depths of the crowd. Whilst the rage of the people directs itself to the scaffold, and the horses of the soldiers rear against the carriages, which are thrown in their turn on the women and children crushed in the shock, the executioners, dripping with blood and stricken with confusion, hasten to cut off the head of Beatrice; and as Giacomo de' Cenci, mastering with his voice the tumult that surrounded him, denounces the sentence which makes their young brother a witness of the appalling scene, bitter shrieks answer him—the shrieks of Bernardino, torn by convulsions, and who was hurried away at the moment when he saw one of the executioners raise a mass of iron over Giacomo and strike him down like an ox.

His body was cut into four quarters in the presence of the crowd; those of the women remained exposed until nightfall on the bridge of St. Angelo, and after that Beatrice de' Cenci, being claimed by a religious company, was buried behind the altar of St. Peter in Montorio, at the foot of the Transfiguration of Raphael.

By her will, the reading of which raised to its height the compassion that always surrounded the heroine, she disposed of a part of her property in dowering and marrying fifty young girls. But nearly all the appanages of the Cenci were confiscated, an incident of condemnations which never helped to make them less frequent; it was the result of this acquisition that a few years after, by the wish of Paul X. the domains of the Cenci were given to his nephews. In this way one estate of the condemned became the Villa Borghese, a spoliation which rendered this terrible tragedy yet more unpopular.

A report of the execution found in the Vatican, and researches made a few years ago among the archives of the family by a Cenci Bolognetti, threw new light on an event that had been travestied in romances and on the stage. Guerrazzi alone is trustworthy for the facts, though not for the induction which he draws from them; his book is declamatory and common.

VIII.

It was under the impression of this tragic legend that I entered the Castle of St. Angelo; the sombre tone that it leaves in one's thoughts suits the aspect of the place. Nowhere does antiquity seem more sinister than in the cavern fashioned between the thick walls by the successor of Trajan, and distributed into enormous cells where, in old days, giants of marble loomed in the darkness.

Along the circular passage, which by a gentle inclination slopes spirally to the foundations of the tower, throw a cannon-ball; it disappears in the shadow, and continuing to roll on the arena and awaking a multitude of echoes, conveys to the ear with the prolonged sound of thunder the perspectives of the distance. In the heart of the dungeon a vault of extreme height, with niches hollowed out to receive Colossi, marks the old Columbarium of the Antonines. The solid structure of this Roman catacomb, smoky with the torches which with their tongues of resinous fire half reveal its lines, gives it a character all the more mysterious and solemn, inasmuch as sounds are swallowed up there just as light is. The useless splendour of mosaics and facings of Parian marble had been lavished in this densely black chamber; the corridors found from a few pyramidal loop-holes a memory of the light.

The modern prisons, that is to say of the last three centuries, have been arranged in upper stories; they consist of cells, small obscure rooms surrounding an oblong court: here for the grandiose ferocity of absolute will and arbitrary power is substituted the mean ugliness of a wretched social institution. You will have shown to you the dungeons of the Cenci and many others; you will be invited to shudder over prisons . . . which are the repository of the archives. It is in pleasant rooms decorated by the school of Raphael that you must seek the chamber in which, by order of Pius IV., was strangled Cardinal Caraffa, nephew of the previous Pope, the same day on which his brother the Prince Paliano had his head cut off; the room in which an old rancour was gratified against the nephew of Paul IV. is designated quite naturally Chamber of Justice. Zuccheri, who has drawn there the Virtues in fresco, has endowed the virtue of justice with graces that are perhaps slightly deceptive. On the doors, on the walls of these apartments, adorned by care of Cardinal Crispo and recently occupied by a French commandant, pupils of Giovanni d' Udine or Perino del Vaga traced elegant arabesques by way of frame for divers pieces of local history. Now in this country the annals of the city are another name for Roman history.

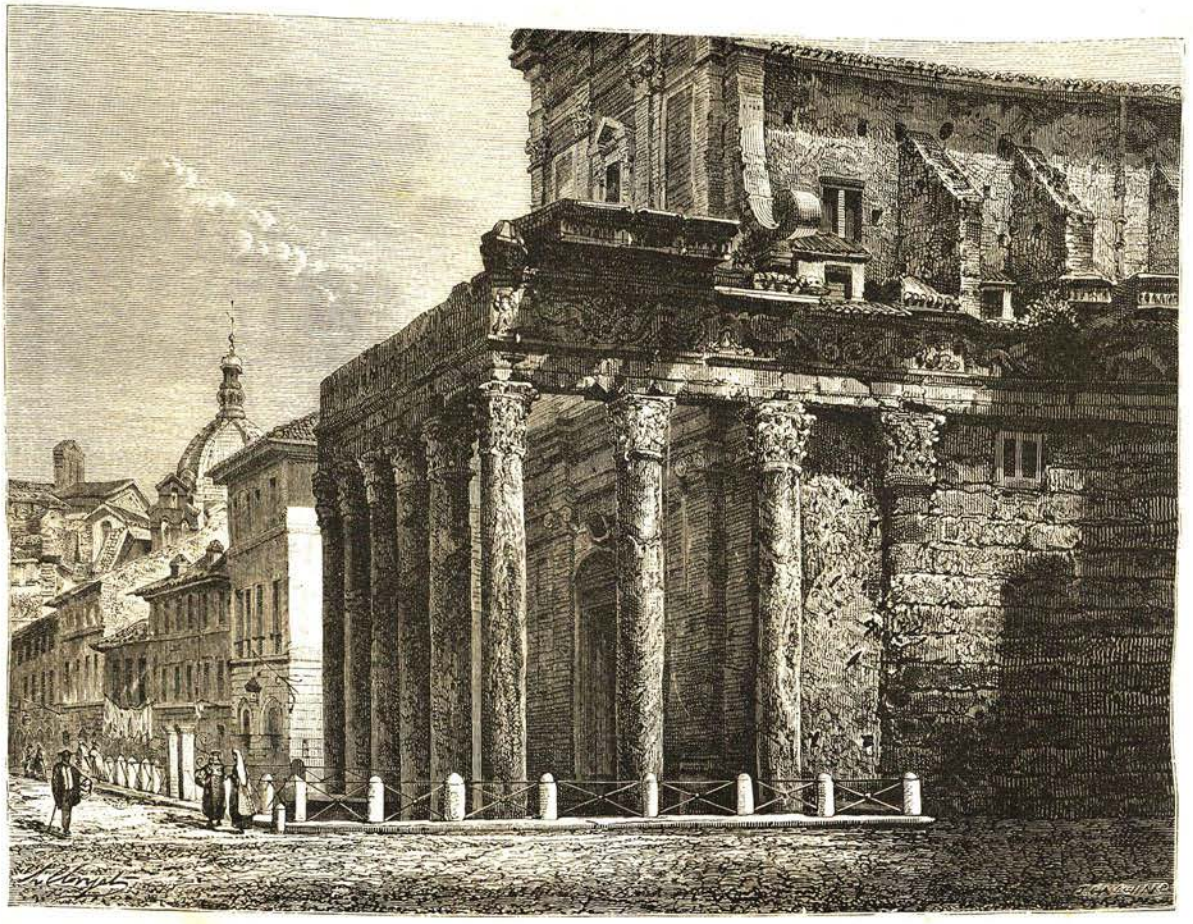
I visited this building in the company of some Frenchmen, with the porter on guard for our cicerone. He was a sergeant-major of Franche-Comté who had crammed his head with the legends and traditions of the spot, and who, having dramatised the whole after the manner of boulevard dramas, as he pointed out things mangled the names and sent forth swelling r's like the traitors at the Ambigu. This jovial fellow had a fixed idea of a comical kind; it was his wish to find an opportunity of arresting an Englishman—one of those English who mutilate objects of art to provide themselves with relics. He fancied that if one of these indiscreet persons were once well thrashed the example would suffice to correct the rest. He took the trouble, therefore, to mislay here and there some trifles of antiquity, and when, after having verified his bait, he was acting as guide to English families, he pretended to turn his back, after which he returned to see if the trap

had succeeded. As nothing was ever taken away, the Cerberus used to sigh. If the presumed larcenies of the tourists exasperated him, their honesty tried his patience still more.

They showed us at the back of a niche the ancient figure of an archangel carved by Monteluppo that Paul III. had erected on the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo, and which the seventeenth century replaced by the rather thick-set and prosaic cherubim of the Fleming Verschaffelt. Paul III. having fought Turks and heretics, his archangel drew forth the sword; the spiritual and conciliatory Benedict XIV., who was bent on pacifying the Church, wished for symbol a St. Michael putting up his sword. The statue is more philosophic in intention, and in form likewise.

They have deposited at the Castle of St. Angelo in long stores like the hold of a ship, supplies of oil which, so do customs perpetuate themselves in ancient countries, are arranged in great clay jars in two rows, and fixed in cement as in the shops of Pompeii.

My companions, who were unknown to me, surveyed all with inattentive eye, and hurried on with the impatience of sated curiosity. When we emerged on the platform of the building, whence one has so many noble points of view of the city over St. Peter and the Vatican, over the eight hills of Rome, over its ruins and over the Campagna, everybody gave a cry of delight; the light is so glorious, the vast horizons of life burst upon us with such transporting brightness, when the eye embraces them at the exit of a dungeon.



TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA.

CHAPTER IV.

Di là, Di quà. . . . .—Sant' Andrea delle Fratte in holiday dress.—Lemoyne and his victims.—Chateaubriand and Poussin at San Lorenzo in Lucina.—Last interview with the Marchese C***; funeral processions and costumes.—Hygiene of grief.—Discovery of an unknown fresco: Polydore of Caravagio.—The house where St. Clara died.—Usages of small traders; perpetuity of the Roman race.—Church of St. Mark and Palace of Venice.—Legend of the Two Adams.—St. Susannah and the Brothers Duquesnoy.—St. Frances, a Roman lady.—The Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.—Basilica of Constantine and Legend of the Arches of Peace.—Road from the Forum Palladium by the Colonnacce of Nerva.—Venus and Rome.—Origin of triumphal arches: Septimius Severus.—The Arch of Titus: Jewish anecdote.—Arch of Constantine; its first purpose, etc.—Nocturnal roaming in some cut-throat places.—Manners and customs of brigandage.—History of robbers.—The terrible adventure of Mr. Schnetz.

I.

AS it happens to a sportsman on an idle day to sally out with his gun, without even a dog for guide, and to come by hazard on a battue of rabbits, so has it often happened to me in the quarters of Rome that are so full of game for the tourist, to beat the pavement aimlessly, my pencil in my pocket, and to take notes here and there *à la pipée*.

One morning, when stormy weather had prevented the arrival of couriers from France, lounging gloomily towards the country, without any other intention than of going nowhere, I found, at the bottom of my hilly street of Capo le Case, an opportunity for scribbling this: 'When a *funzione* has to bring people and cardinals into a church, they will rapidly

hide the porphyry, the jaspers, the porta-santa, the cipollino, the African granite, under coverings of red or blue calico; over the precious columns of antiquity they will draw pantaloons of yellow muslin. Is it not as if to receive kings at the Vatican Museum, they were to clothe the Apollo like a waiter serving lemonade, and Venus like a miss behind the counter? I have seen the nave of Saint Andrea delle Fratte travestied in this way, and the Romans flutter with joy, whilst I fancied I must be entering the shop of the Deux Magots.'

This bad taste characterises the clergy of all countries. It threw me so out of patience that without seeking out of all that assortment of calicoes the Miraculous Virgin which effected the conversion of the Abbé Ratisbonne, I at once sauntered back to the Corso, where I encountered a tall octogenarian personage, with nutcracker profile, in whom I recognized the sculptor Lemoyne, that everybody supposes dead, and who lives even self-forgotten in Rome. For nearly half a century, he has modelled with his clay most of our celebrities who have died in the Eternal City.

Chateaubriand, when he was ambassador, commissioned him to execute the monument that he erected at his own expense to Poussin, against one of the pillars of San Lorenzo in Lucina. My meeting with the sculptor suggested the idea of entering the church, where I easily found the inscription:

F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND
A
NICOLAS POUSSIN
POUR LA GLOIRE DES ARTS ET L'HONNEUR DE LA FRANCE.

The great poet inscribed his own name the first, under a poor bust in which Poussin resembles a virtuous artisan. Then fearing, perhaps, lest he should be confounded with an ordinary diplomatist, the author of René has had reproduced in bas-relief the picture of the *Bergers Arcadiens*, in order to be able to engrave beneath these words, ET IN ARCADIA EGO.

How happens it that the homage rendered by Chateaubriand to himself, under this delicate and pensive form, does not fail to touch? Has the reigning envy in our time exaggerated too much the duties of false modesty? This little church adjoining the Corso, so often rebuilt since the time when on that spot they used to sacrifice to Lucina, offers nothing else of interest. The existing building (dating from 1606) was decorated ten years ago.

An impression that is difficult to forget awaited me a few steps off. A few months before, when I was at Naples, I dined nearly every day in the company of a young Roman lady, French in origin, speaking several languages and gifted with a kindly spirit. It was the Marquise Capranica, sister-in-law of Ristori, who married one of the younger Capranica, the Marquis del Grillo. The health of my fellow guest was bad; through the night I heard her cough, for her apartment adjoined mine. I was far from thinking of this lady, when, carried away in the crowd that invaded the Corso, I arrived just in time to see defiling before me a procession of priests and monks with tapers.

Between these priests and a train of blazoned carriages, completely empty, two rows of bearers raised on their shoulders a *cataletto*, where a corpse reposed, with bared face, in full attire, surrounded by valets in dress livery bearing torches. I recognized my unfortunate neighbour, the Marchese Capranica, whom I had been accustomed to see

so gay and so little the slave of the stiffness of etiquette. The accustomed pomp of such obsequies had impressed its majesty on the wasted face.

The Capranica are ancient; a cardinal of their house instituted the Capranica College, which has given a name to a piazza and to a theatre.

When a prince or a princess of Rome dies, they clothe the dead in robes of ceremony and lay them out on a state-bed under the canopy of the throne, where the body remains exposed in the midst of a constellation of tapers for the sensibility of the populace. You will not be edified, as in our countries, by the tender assiduity of relations or by their affectionate urgency round the dying. At Rome, and throughout nearly all Italy, when a sick person is at the extremity, the family flee from the house: a husband, a beloved wife, a father, a grandfather, dies abandoned; the last gaze meets only hired faces. This custom, which speaks clearly as to the real religion of the people of Rome, has for its origin the rather pagan dread of being bewitched; they imagine that the dying have the evil-eye. They do not accompany the train of friends and relatives to the cemetery; the procession—a procession of state (more decent at Rome than in Tuscany, where in an evening, carried along by the light of torches, the dead hasten so swiftly)—is only recruited from among the religious orders. It is joined by the servants, the carriages of the defunct, his horses if he has any, and his dogs, very likely, if their inclination carries them thither.

Nothing is lighter than the temperaments of demonstrative and violent passion. When the Romans are struck by an affliction, they hasten to apply alteratives and drench the stomach. One day as I accompanied a friend to a *trattoria*, where the host and hostess with two marriageable daughters were sitting together, my companion inquired the reason why on the preceding evening the house was closed. 'Alas!' replied the father, 'they were carrying our son to his grave; we are deeply afflicted!'

Whilst my friend brought forward the usual formulas of condolence, there comes up an apothecary with four bottles, which he places in a row upon the table, and while the father, the mother, and the two daughters each seize one, the landlady says to us, in a pathetic tone, 'One may well take *rimedio* for such deep grief!'

They shake them off, these deep griefs, with a good deal of courage. I remember that on the eve of the funeral of the father of a family, I saw the widow and the two daughters all dressed up to go out. 'Poor things!' said the mother; 'they have wept so much that they need some distraction. For me, I only do it on their account. . . .'

She was taking them to the play!

I wandered for a long time without seeing anything in the labyrinth of alleys that separates the Roman College from the bridge of St. Angelo, and near the Via Sant' Apollinare, in the alley of the Maschera d'Oro, in front of the Camuccini Palace, if I am not much mistaken, a chance that made me lift my eyes to a sufficiently sombre house, disclosed to me a monument of art little known, which I think it a duty to point out. The façade has been covered with paintings; those filling the intervals between the windows are large figures, very much effaced; but below a high and long frieze exhibits the fable of Niobe, executed in *sgraffito* by Polydore of Caravagio, classed among the pupils of Raphael, and who must have worked more with Giovanni d' Udine and Giulio Romano. In love with the ancient sculptures, this master delighted in decorations done in white and black, which when handled with vigour are like bas-reliefs. His *sgraffiti*, with their brown and neutral tint, are rainbow coloured in finely shaded cameos. The artist has substituted movement for the effects of colour. One has rarely seen ancient figures

grouped in a succession of actions so violent, or subjects of exceeding animation presented with more classic regularity. This is assuredly one of the best works of Polidoro Caldara, and that which gives the most just idea of his talents. Unhappily this frieze has not been engraved; it is lost in a corner where nobody passes, and time daily effaces a nearly forgotten masterpiece.

The chances of this walk brought me, as I followed behind the Pantheon the Via di Tor-Argentina, before a souvenir of a very different nature, which did not fail to interest me. Following two pontifical Zouaves, I came with them to the old home of one of the most famous saints of the Church.

Of all mortal creatures the saints are in my eyes the most extraordinary personages. Thought only discovers them in unknown spheres. We feel them to be more inimitable than the most brilliant genius, and their celebrity, the only one in which fortune goes for nothing, makes them no enemies. Altars are raised to them, and no one is envious. Then, too, before such heroes of will and abnegation, even scepticism is seized with a respectful curiosity, when recalling one of these mystic heroes in the asylum where he was only a man; we picture him as palpable and mingling in the life of his time. The house of St. Catherine of Sienna, the castles of Menthon, of Thorens in Savoy, where lived St. Bernard the Hermit and Francis de Sales, occasion that kind of interest which is so often aroused by the pilgrimage to Rome, which is built over the ashes of martyrs.

One of the most celebrated foundresses of orders, St. Clara, who in 1212 instituted the Clarisses, and afterwards the Capucines, the Annonciades, the Cordelières or Grey Sisters, the nuns of the Ave Maria and of the Conception, and the Récollettes; St. Clara, who at the moment when all the communities were extorting from the popes the authorization to possess property, solicited from Innocent IV. in favour of her order the privilege of perpetual poverty; St. Clara, who has her tomb at the Minerva, dwelt between the Pantheon and the Thermæ of Agrippa. The tenement she occupied at the time of her decease still exists, and is not very well known. In the Via di Tor-Argentina, keep on to the end of the Via Santa Chiara; the first house on the right on this little triangular place lodged the first convent of the Clarisses. If, crossing the gateway, you turn to the left of the court, you will face two windows of a slightly raised ground-floor. It was there that Innocent IV. visited her, and there on the 12th of August, 1253, listening to the reading of the Passion in the midst of her weeping nuns, died the first Abbess of the Clarisses, the founder of four thousand religious houses: St. Clara of Assisi, daughter of the noble Favorino Sciffo and of the lady Hortulana, who took the veil from the hands of a spiritual mother whom she had brought into the world.

II.

In tasting that sovereign liberty of isolation, which is conscious of being beyond all risk of importunity, a rare privilege in the populous streets of a city, I looked at the Roman shopkeepers, who, smiling cheerfully at one who passes their door, only open the shop on hours and days when they have nothing better to do. One buys so little! A joiner, my neighbour, only showed himself three times a week; some keep holiday till noon, others take the liberty of closing at four o'clock, to go and parade on the Pincian. The evening in winter and summer alike all is closed at sunset; and nothing is more

judicious, since after nightfall the thieves depopulate the streets, which become all the more dangerous, as the closing of the shops makes them darker.

Often from a low stall, from a dirty house, from a blind alley, I used to see issue beautiful women or ill-clad hucksters, with looks and faces to remind one of the knife of Virginius,—a final argument brought into fashion by the quarrels of the Gracchi, by the civil wars of Marius and Sulla still more, and retained among the customs of the people (previously boxing and battles of stones had been enough to satisfy quarrels of less vigorous hatred). Here and there Madonnas with taper ends, people playing at *mora*, hoarse voices, broken by passion,—and some good old woman, who crosses herself, and flits away at your glance.

In spite of invasions, the people have changed little; the barbarians sacked Rome and did not stay there. There is still the antique race with its old character, its instinct for attitude and beauty. Like their ancestors, the Romans of to-day are idolaters; by an irresistible impulse, they still invent auguries to add faith to them; gambling and life in the open air are their dominant tastes. Disposed to theft, as a consequence of their indolence, they prefer winning their subsistence to earning it. You will find in them the same pride, and in their attitude the same gravity. Passionate lovers of all spectacles, they have an invincible attraction for violent scenes, and even for the fierce enjoyment of inflicting death. In fine, they have retained their infatuation for phrases, for the declamation and the sounding words by which their ancestors inoculated our modern societies with pedantry.

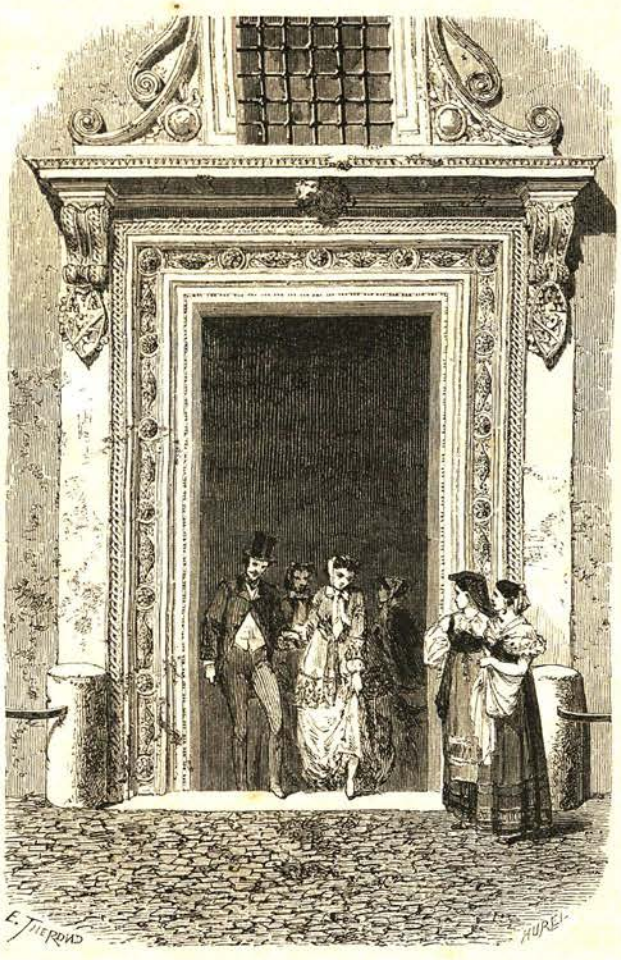
The perpetuity of these hereditary signs amazes us. To have neutralised the intermixtures brought by the ages, this blood must possess a wonderfully rich concentration and a rare virtue. How could the races maintain their purity in a country where fever is endemic, where the filth is frightful, where the habitations are all infectious? They eat little, as I have already said; they touch neither milk nor wine nor spirituous drinks. The water that they drink is very pure; the fire of the climate does the rest. Add to these facts, which place the old physic above the new, the absence of industries which etiolate, and of studies which cultivate in childhood both intellect and consumption, life in the sun, absence of ambition and care, a free expansion left to youth, a health-giving indolence at all ages—these are the true preservatives; for you cannot even say these people are accustomed to the insalubrity. The emanations raised and quelled by the Roman sun carry away so many people, that in the alleys where the people throng you do not often meet an old man. Suppose that needy freedom, that progress, industry, forced activity come upon them, and that a new state of things transforms this population into manufacturers, into lawyers, into officials and other bond slaves, cribbed in our social galleys, you will see them perish by thousands.

The neighbourhood of St. Mark lends to the Venetian Palace, at the corner of which I came out, such a local colouring, that I have seen numbers of people ingenuously admiring that remarkable specimen of *Venetian Architecture*. The austere and heavy palace, with its sober façade and its battlements, is a purely Florentine building and of a fine epoch. The church, a monument of the same stock, has been made young again after the Roman manner. One and the other were built in 1468, not by Julian de Maiano, as Vasari says, but, as is proved from a contemporary chronicle quoted by Muratori, by one Francesco di Borgo San Sepolcro. Mino da Fiesole executed, they say, nearly all the sculptures: it is permitted us to doubt that.

Pope Paul II., who was called Barbo and came originally from Venice, reconstructed

the church that Gregory IV. had already built over again in 833, and that had been founded in 336 by the Pope St. Mark in honour of the Evangelist his patron. Paul II. could not be content without having a fine church freshly decorated in the neighbourhood of a palace in which he lived, and where there dwelt more or less after him nineteen pontiffs; it was to this natural desire that the oratory of Gregory IV. was sacrificed, of which, however, they respected the tribuna on account of its ninth-century mosaic, which has for predella the symbolical lamb with its twelve sheep, but which is otherwise meanly rude. The porch of this temple is graceful, and its gate is exquisite.

A sermon had attracted a number of women to the church; it was charming to see them leaning against some pillar, the head covered by the hood, the eyes lifted and attentive, like the holy women of an old painting. We know that it is forbidden to the sex to enter the naves bareheaded at Rome, where women of every age go out without a head-dress even in winter. To attend a mass or a *funzione*, they make a hood out of their shawls or a muffler with their handkerchiefs. This prescription dates from the primitive church; I believe even St. Paul says something on the subject. The Barbo Palace had cost the friends of antiquity dear; to raise its walls they have used materials chipped away in the Coliseum, which was turned into a quarry. Charles VIII. took up his abode there in 1494, when he was on his expedition against the kingdom of Naples. It was Pius IV., and not Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini), who ceded this residence to the Venetian Republic, to recompense it for being the first to receive the Council of Trent. The Republic installed her ambassadors there. Then when the Austrians took possession of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, the palace of Venice was annexed to them by right of conquest, and they established their legation there.



GATE OF THE PALACE OF VENICE.

Observe that at Rome names which consecrate such memories are not liable to change at the mercy of passion or circumstance. While with us so many streets and so many monuments have been unbaptized, too often a commemoration of public ingratitude, this palace has kept its winged lion and its primitive name; the ambassador of Austria remained the guest of the Republic. As the Germans had acquired it with the territory of Venice, so, if I mistake not, they ought to have restored it when they surrendered the province, for it was to the diocese and state of Venice that the Popes gave it.

As I continued my walk, I discovered on the right side of a court in an alley which goes from St. Mark to the Capitol, an enormous Christ upon the Cross, of a tolerably

modern but rude style of sculpture, remarkable for this peculiarity, that from the hillock in relief where the tree is planted, and which represents Calvary, there emerges from a cleft not only the traditional death's head, but the vertebræ and the breast bone of a skeleton that seems to push for some outlet. I do not think I ever saw anywhere else so formal a rendering of the little-known tradition of the Eastern churches, from whence has come our custom of placing a death's head at the foot of a crucifix. A number of casuists see in it nothing but an allusion to the idea that Christ conquered death: a metaphor would not have been enough to fix so constant a usage.

Following the legends of the oriental patriarchates collected by the Greeks, our first father, banished from Eden, came to dwell in the place where afterwards rose Jerusalem; and consequently it was on Mount Golgotha that Adam must have been buried. Hence the surname of Calvary, which signifies *skull*, given to the hill which covered the remains of the ancient man until the death of Christ; but the day on which by his cruel sacrifice he redeemed the first man from sin, at the very hour when Jesus expired on the cross, when the earth opened, Adam thus delivered escaped from the tomb. It was to recall this tradition that the orientals adopted the custom of placing at the foot of the cross that symbolical skull which gives the name to Calvary, and manifests the burial of Adam, emblem of the first death and consequence of sin, under the symbol of redemption, the source of eternal life.

As it is necessary to take a little rest, on arriving at the Piazza of Trajan, I entered St. Marie de Lorette, the little octangular church of which Antonio of San Gallo ornamented the cupola with such a beautiful lantern, and I paid a visit to the St. Susannah of Francis Duquesnoy, one of the exquisite statues produced by the seventeenth century. The youth and beauty of the model, and the soft purity of execution, make one love this admirable figure, and its charm is not so austere and mystical that one cannot sit down a moment before it, while we reduce it within the scope of humanity as conceived by the poetry of our own time.

In the centre of Italy an artist of Flanders becomes a compatriot. The remembrances of an embittered existence helped to render more touching that inspiration of a man who passed through so much misery, sustained by the friendship of Poussin; of a sculptor who was inspired by the painters of Venice; of an artist whom Bernini and his set plunged again into distress, and who at last found a port in the hospitality of the King of France, when he died of poison given by a rival who was his own brother, Jerome Duquesnoy. Like his elder brother, this Jerome excelled in fashioning cherubim and angels. On his return to his country, ten years after the death of Francis, he was arrested for some infamies that were then punished as crimes, and was condemned to be burnt alive: it was in the midst of his tortures that he confessed to the murder of his brother.

The masterpiece of the estimable Duquesnoy recalled to me that at the left of the Sacred Way the little church of St. Francesca Romana contains the work of a French artist. So I went there by the avenue of stupid little trees, ill nourished by a heap of rubbish which ought to be cleared away, and which, without giving me much shade from the burning sun of this evening, intercepted the frame of the Forum. It is not to vaunt the carvings designed by Bernini on the tomb of Francesca, a Roman lady of the fifteenth century who, under the title of Oblates, founded Beguines at Rome, that I shall mention this little church; nor to point out the tomb of our compatriot Gregory XI., who re-established the pontifical see at Rome after seventy-two years of exile. I shall content

myself with commending some interesting objects that people do not usually seek, and of which the guides say nothing. There is, to begin with, behind the master-altar a mosaic of the tenth century, which represents the Virgin surrounded by four saints, separated from one another by arches and columns. In a transept on the left two pictures attributed to Perugino; one is of the school of Francia, and the other might very well be the work of a rare master—Gerino da Pistoja.

Let us make honourable mention of a good piece of our countryman Peter Subleyras, native of Uzès. It decorates the altar of one of the chapels, and represents St. Placida restoring life to a child; a very religious conception of lofty aspect and striking effects, to which Lesueur might have put his name. The Louvre possesses a reduction of this composition, but the idea of the master has become very cold in it. I also recall the beautiful equestrian figure in bas-relief of a Paduan Condottiere of the fifteenth century, whose tomb was decorated by a Florentine.

III.

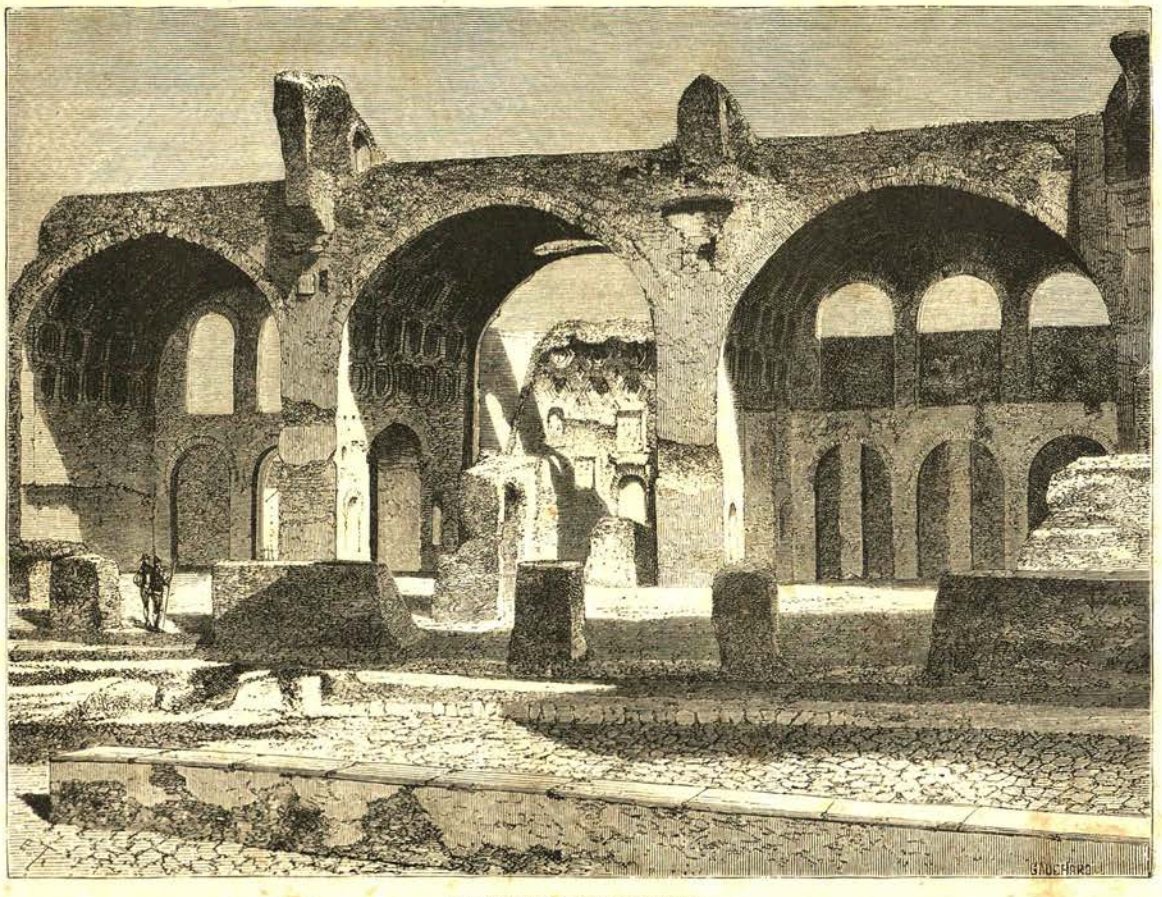
The shadows which were shutting in the Palatine, the purple rays which struck the buildings on the Esquiline slope, warned me that the hours had passed like dreams. In involuntary and complete forgetfulness of self, how lightly at Rome does one accept solitude! To visit without companions certain centres of actual life in all its ambition, activity, and tumult, such as London or Paris, would be a saddening ordeal. On the bank of the Tiber, where the present century sends forth so few scouts, the mind lets itself glide back into the past, where the measure of time fades. 'Tis here that we must drink the consolations of Lethe; under the portico of the future world, constructed by the ages of old time. What a refuge for glory that has made shipwreck, for disgust with our changing systems, for understanding outraged by human maleficence, for betrayed ambition, for devotion sated with ingratitude! What a glorious waiting-place for preparing oneself, by forgetting to exist, for the transition to death, for encountering it serenely, by the attraction of that frequent use with which death surrounds you in this Elysium!

From the rising ground which surrounds the Via Sacra, I watched the shadows advance over the pavement of the most ancient street in Europe. It bears this name in memory of the propitiating sacrifices that were celebrated by Tatius and Romulus at the foot of the Capitol. As I strove to embrace in a single prospect those far-famed spots in the valley lying between the Palatine, the Esquiline, and the Cœlian, more keenly than ever did I admire in its *ensemble* the opulence of that historic frame. A glorious background for the colonnade of the Forum is found in the Tabularium of Sulla, in the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, in the Basilica of Constantine, in the apse of Venus-and-Rome, in the Arch of Titus, and the Coliseum.

Antoninus and Faustina, with its travertine *cella*, crowned with the frieze on which griffins sport, separated by candelabra and vases; the temple whose columns, the greatest monoliths of cipollino that are known, have for diadems an entablature of enormous blocks of Carrara: this pagan edifice grasps a church nave in stalwart arms that time has covered with a metallic tint. Those who placed it there have left it under the symbol of Faustina and Antoninus out of respect for a fine inscription of the second century; the

people paid their tribute to the art of their ancestors by marking the parish by a word: they name it San Lorenzo in Miranda. The columns of the hexastyle are not less than forty-three feet; they are under the ground in our time by about five mètres: under the emperor you ascended twenty-one steps to reach the temple.

When we have passed the monument of the founders of Rome, at whose feet, by a just homage, had been spread out the map of the great city which they had created —a map whose ruins are at the Capitol; when in favour of his mosaics we have pardoned St. Cosmo for quartering himself with Romulus, we stand in front of three high and broad apses in which the eye seeks as if on the threshold of three caverns to pierce the darkness, and which the vulgar call the Arches of Peace. The remains of the building, whose



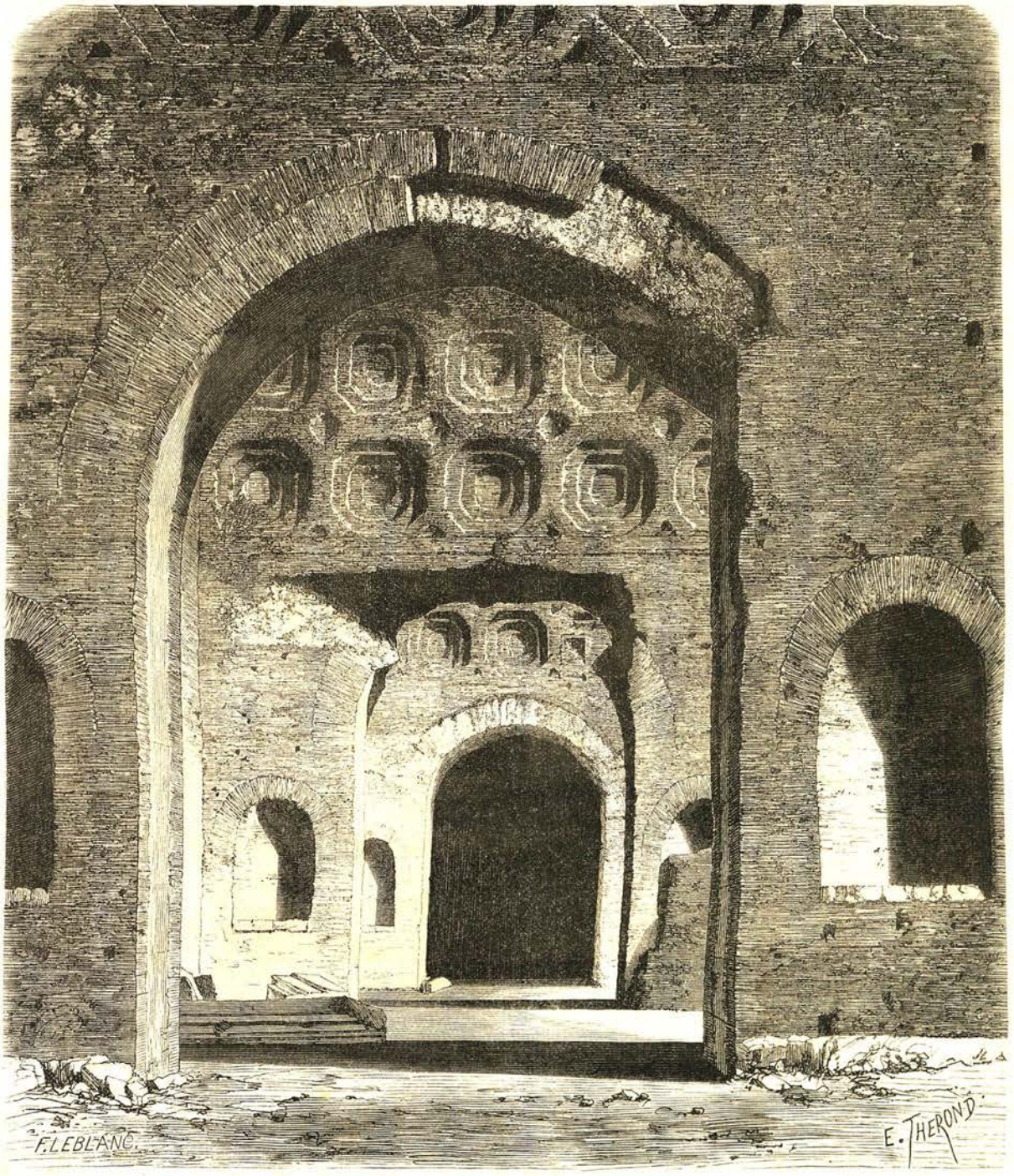
BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE.

plan is not at the first glance intelligible, are so massive and thick, that we should be mistaken as to their elevation if the people of the neighbourhood, who have worn a short cut under these naves, did not give you so many opportunities of comparing with the size of the blocks, as well as of the scattered foundations of the fallen portion, the lilliputian proportions of a passer-by.

In the twelfth century, when the troubadours, those who had only seen the works of Charlemagne, placed among the rhymes of their romances of chivalry one of these monuments of Roman power, they attributed the foundation of them to genii of the pit, or to giants of Saracen stock. The vaults are more than sixty feet in arch; the marble cornices measure a frightful cubic content, and weigh thousands.

From all time these ruins and the mystery that belongs to them have filled the

popular imagination. Some authors since the fifteenth century have fancied that they recognised a Temple of Peace erected by Vespasian: an inscription from the Capitol found in the neighbourhood gave rise to this supposition, but it is no longer tenable. The characters of the architecture, the plan which is that of a basilica, the testimony of the annalists, the marks stamped on the bricks employed in the construction—everything



INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE.

denotes that it is later, and must be attributed to the competitor of Constantine, to that Maxentius who was triply in the wrong, by having been beaten, by having deserved to be beaten, and by being out of intelligence with the ideas of his time. When this contumacious votary of the worship of Venus and Silenus had succumbed on the Milvian bridge along with the religion of his ancestors, the senate consecrated to the conqueror the

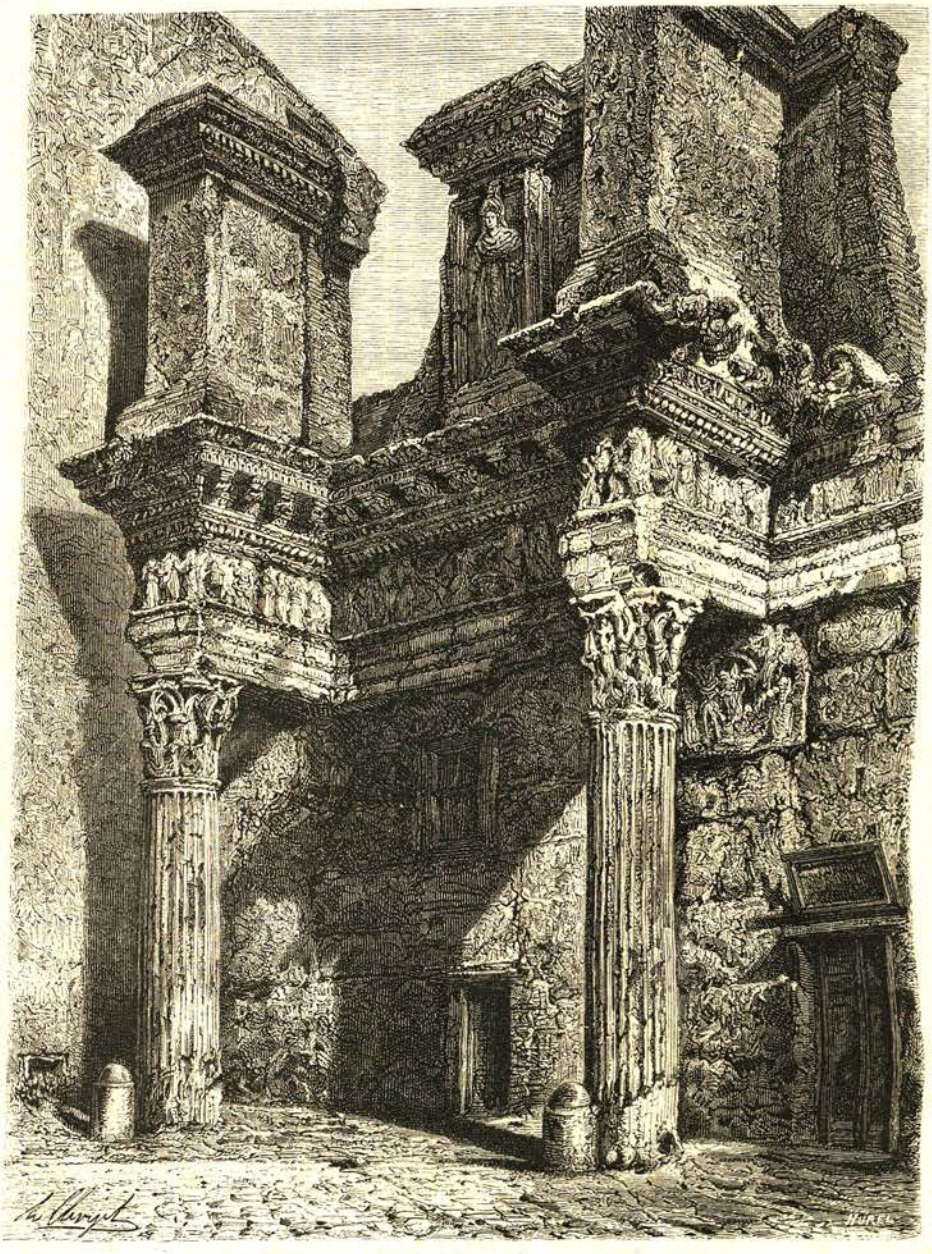
basilica of the conquered, as a well-instructed senate never fails to do. An anonymous author informs us that Domitian once placed there, under the name of Horrea Piperatoria, the bazaar of eastern products which, according to Galienus and Dion, was burnt in the year 191; Rufinus, Aurelius Victor, and the anonymous author of the Notitia Romæ, establish the site of the basilica of Constantine as near the Via Sacra.

The Christian annalists still are for the name of Archi della Pace; they admit, according

TEMPLE OF NERVA, PANTANI POSTERN.

to Suetonius, Josephus, Pliny—and they may well—that a Temple of Peace was burnt under the reign of Commodus; but it is here that they place it, adding that at that time it was no more than a ruin. Its first construction is attributed to Augustus after the peace of Actium. When he had finished, they say, this enormous and solid edifice, the emperor consulting the gods asked of them for how long his work would stand; and the oracle replied, 'Until a virgin bring forth a son—*Quoadusque virgo pariat!*' Octavius augured from this that the emblem of his new empire would last for ever; but the night on which the child-god was born, the Temple of Peace fell.

This tradition recalls another, which confers upon the first a certain value by showing us on the subject of Vespasian, who came from Jerusalem when he was raised to the empire, a prophecy relative to Christ ingenuously attested by a mistake of Suetonius:— 'It was an ancient and constant belief held throughout the East that the fates would call about this time men come from Judea to be lords of the world. The Jews took to themselves the glory of this oracle: it concerned Vespasian; the event has proved it.' . .



FORUM TRANSITORIUM, OR FORUM OF NERVA.

In these quarters it seems that the ancient city prolongs itself indefinitely. At the bottom of a street a little before the basilica, you see in a row, captive in a trench, the columns of the Temple of Nerva, supported by a wall which bars the way and is pierced by an enormous arch, by which there was a communication with the Forum, that bore several names. They called it Transitorium, because it was necessary to cross it to ascend the three hills that command it; Forum of Nerva, because Trajan had dedicated it to his father; and Forum Palladium, because the Colonnacce, the remains, according

ARCH OF TITUS.

to some, of a temple to Minerva erected there by Domitian, bear on their fluted shafts, that are two-thirds underground, a figure of Pallas crowning the fine entablature of an attica. The frieze has bas-reliefs of charming execution, but much damaged. Below these marbles, these reliefs, this foliage of acanthus and laurel, a baker has his stall and his oven.

The Forum of Nerva reminds me of an anecdote much admired in colleges, and the scene of which lay here. A courtier, Vetronius Turinus, trafficked in the friendship of the prince and retailed the imperial favours. Alexander Severus had some bundles of straw damped and set on fire, and in the smoke they suffocated Vetronius, while a herald exclaimed, 'Smoke punishes the seller of smoke!' The emperor had been educated by his brother in certain pedantical tastes.

If one loses oneself in these descents by taking to the left the Via Alessandrina, we find again, at the corner of an alley which climbs and turns, that enormous wall which we crossed in the Via Bonella under the Pantani postern. The peperino blocks of which it is built are put together without cement, and fastened with wooden clamps; the structure, the direction, the turns of this enclosure, evidently older than the Cæsars, propound to the antiquaries a problem that has no solution. A little farther, at the Salita del Grillo, is a second mystery—the ruins of a semicircle with shops or *tabernæ* paved with mosaics, marble and basalt. The bricks date from the reign of Trajan; but perhaps it is only a piece of patchwork. Some writers have named this the Thermæ of Paulus Emilius. What it is we should perhaps know if the environs were cleared away. This quarter of the city, one of the poorest, one of those where a buried civilization heaves up the modern streets —all this quarter, from the tower of the Conti to the Temple of Venus-and-Rome, is as fascinating as it is mysterious.

Of this last monument, which on a level with the Summa Via Sacra confronts the Coliseum, there remain huge blocks on which the outworks of St. Francesco Romano abut; and in the midst of this mass, rough with wall-plants, is the excavation of an apse which discloses a sketch of medallions between lozenge-shaped compartments. Rome, born of a son of Venus, claimed the goddess for ancestress; and the Emperor Adrian, who dedicated to her this temple, built on the atrium of Nero's house, expected without doubt to expiate by this offering some of his abominations against the goddess. Dion Cassius has fixed the site of the monument which, according to Victor, Maxentius reconstructed or repaired. It was a fine building—pseudo-dipteral, writes Vitruvius, who gives this name to temples which have two rows of columns on each façade, with a single row on the sides. This one was enormous, three hundred and forty feet in length; the materials were colossal; fluted columns, six feet in diameter; marble facings, nearly six feet thick, etc. One of the signs of growing barbarism was this particular kind of luxury—an excess of proportions that only aims at amazing.

IV.

But what distinctively contributes to embellish these solitudes, that rise where for so many centuries all the world has made its pilgrimage and where we meet no one; what, adding the prestige of art to the old documents of stone, lends so great a charm to the horizons of the Via Sacra, are the triumphal arches which have served for models to so many votive buildings. Like the custom of triumphs, these vaulted arches are of Roman

origin; the oldest was raised in the year 634, two years after the death of Caius Gracchus, in honour of a Fabius who had beaten the Allobroges. The three most splendid types of this construction are found very little apart from one another, by the side of the way along which the triumphs passed.

By dint of coming across them daily as the ornaments of a picture which is too striking to permit us to descend to analysis, by dint of passing constantly under these arches and constantly seeing them, we almost forget to look at them. What a marvel is the smallest of the three! It is that of Septimius Severus, which marks the old level of the Forum at the foot of the steps of the Temple of Concord. (See p. 1.) It was surmounted by a car with six horses, in which the emperor was seen seated between his two sons. On the front of the structure a long and fine inscription describes the dedication of it, a memorial doubly interesting since Caracalla, having assassinated Geta his brother, had his name and all that concerned him erased. The marble broken, hollowed, ill repolished, the new characters cut in afterwards—all this seems of yesterday.

It was to celebrate the victories of the emperor over the Parthians, over the Arabs and other tribes of the East, that this triumphal arch was erected, at an epoch when art had degenerated. There has been such loud proclamation of this degeneracy, that every tourist passes with disdain before the bas-reliefs of the close of the second century. They have lost the purity of the Flavian time, but in spite of a certain heaviness, we mark in them a character of reality which makes them expressive. The types of race observed with a genuine sagacity are perhaps more interesting than if they restored with less simplicity, by approaching more nearly to the Hellenized forms of antique beauty, the expression, the attitude, the figure of the population of farthest Asia. At the foundations of one of the three columns which support the cornice, there are three captive chiefs wearing the Phrygian cap, in chains, wild and full of their degradation, which notwithstanding the injuries of time struck me as exceedingly beautiful.

What I had previously explored and with an impatient curiosity was the Arch of Titus, entirely bared of the *castrum* with which in the middle ages the Frangipani had overloaded it. What a glorious effect is produced from three or four different points of view by this noble arch, with a single gateway, robust in its ensemble, exquisite in detail, and which, seen from afar, has for its principal decoration the fine letters of its inscription! We decipher it without any trouble from the end of the Via Sacra, from the summit of which against the blue sky this splendid pile presents its outline, all in enormous cubes of a Pentelican marble which glows red in the fires of the sun, and which the shadows chill with a blue grey.

Why should not our architects, who occasionally fix in mean illegible letters, as in our church of the Trinity, or in the characters of a shop-front, as at the Opera, lying inscriptions to make people suppose, for instance, that a theatre is an academy where poems are written and where treatises on dancing are composed—why do not our ædiles draw their inspiration from the intelligent and legible inscriptions of antiquity? The nearer we come to the age of Augustus, the more constantly are these inscriptions traced in large letters. These people with their fine reason understood that the eye must find a completed satisfaction in all that is offered to it, and that the characters, a speaking arabesque which animates and fills a surface, ought to be read from the point of withdrawal from which the monument will be contemplated in its ensemble. And what did they contain, these inscriptions? They contained the dedication, the history, and not the symbol of the edifice. They have written on the attica of the Arch of Titus:—

SENATUS
POPVLVSQVEROMANVS
DIVOTITODIVIVESPASIANIF
VESPASIANOAVGVSTO.

On the other face they have described in a summary the capture of Jerusalem and the submission of Judæa. Seventeen hundred years and more have gone by since Domitian dedicated this triumphal arch to his brother and to their father Vespasian. *Divo Tito* proves that the work was completed after the death of Titus.

With its four engaged columns of composite order under a delicate architrave, with its simple frieze which supports so fine a cornice, and the rich framing of the arch with broad mouldings, with its keystone and its flying figures of Victory on either tympanum,—the Arch of Titus, precious for its materials as well as for its style, roseate and white from its eternal youth, solidly planted on the ancient pavement of the Via Sacra, is one of the pure gems of the first century.

The thoroughly established age of this model has given credit in our schools of architecture to the opinion that arches with three gateways are later than those with only one, and that this departure from primitive simplicity already marks decline. A numismatic expert showed me a medal of the fourteenth year of the reign of Augustus, on the reverse of which is stamped a triumphal arch with three gateways. It would be easy to multiply examples.

On the inscription towards the Capitol we observe given to Vespasian the title of Pontifex Maximus which the popes have inherited: it takes on the Arch of Titus a mystical signification. By sending his son to destroy the city and temple of the ancient law, the Sovereign-Pontiff Vespasian accomplished the prophecies of Scripture.

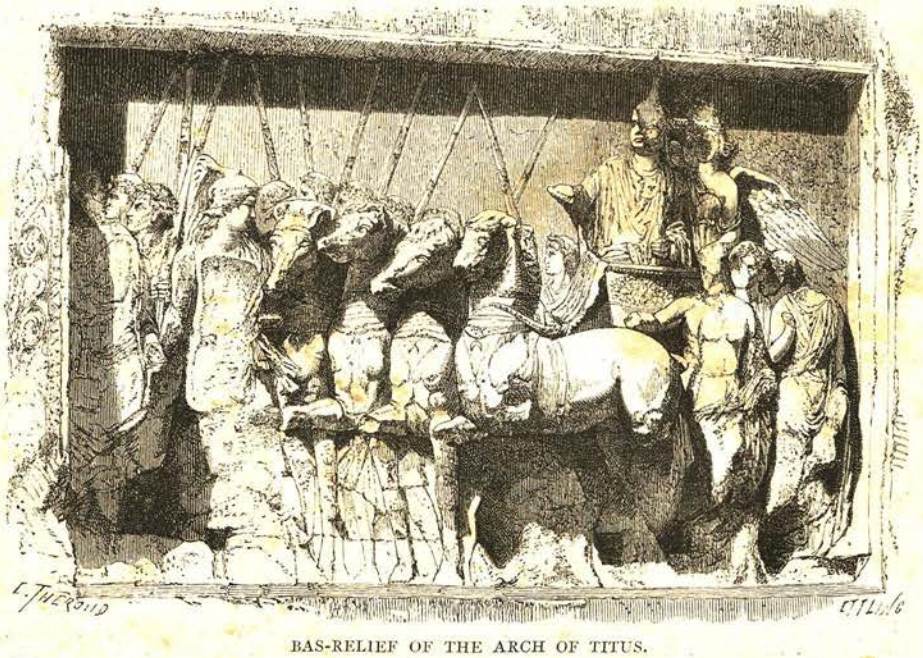
This lapidary notice proves to us also a truth confirmed by the recent labours of M. de Saulcy, that the last century depreciated the worth of the people of Israel: honour is given to Titus for having 'subjugated the nation of the Jews and destroyed the city of Jerusalem, vainly attacked and besieged before him by generals, kings, and nations.'

The vaulting of the arch is decorated with rosettes in richly carved coffers, forming frames with several mouldings, the whole surrounded with graceful arabesques below the impost: great bas-reliefs, precious above all, represent the triumphal procession so well known by the curious narrative of the historian Josephus. We see the conqueror in the middle of his troops standing in the chariot, holding in one hand a palm, in the other a sceptre, and crowned by a Victory, mutilated like the visage of Titus, at which the Jews took delight in throwing stones. His costume was that of Jupiter Capitolinus; his face and his arms, says Josephus, were, like the statue of Jupiter Triumphans, enamelled with minium or vermillion, colouring matter discovered according to Theophrastus in the silver and mercury mines by Callias of Athens in the year 349 of Rome. On the bas-relief placed in front the spoils of the subjugated nations are conveyed on litters, borne by legionaries wreathed with laurel. We recognise the table of the shew-bread which was of solid gold, the trumpets of the jubilee, and the golden candlestick with the seven branches from Solomon's temple so often repeated on this monument, which alone has transmitted its form to us. After the tables of the law marched barefooted in a black robe the chief of the Israelites, Simon, son of Gioras. In point of execution, in point of delicacy, and in point of design, these bas-reliefs, alas, too much damaged, are to be

classed among the most perfect that antiquity has left in Italy. They demonstrate the veracity of Josephus, and Josephus attests the fidelity of the sculptors.

This spot is full of the misfortunes of the Jews. The Arch of Titus is at the foot of the Palatine, which held their spoil and from which went forth the order to exterminate them; in the sculpture we see the Israelitish captives dragged to the Capitol; a few steps farther there rises the Coliseum, where Titus made them slave as workmen in such number and with such harshness that, according to Cassiodorus, more than twelve thousand of them succumbed. A few years after, Domitian, fallen short of money through his prodigalities, crushed them by imposts that were collected with such rigour that Suetonius in his childhood saw an old man publicly visited to ascertain whether he bore the Israelite mark. Rome at this time did not lodge less than seventy thousand Hebrews.

As I was about to examine the sculptures of the triumphal arch, I hear feminine cries, guttural and furious, and I see on the Via Sacra a red-haired little girl with her hair all disordered, coming under the archway. It was, I perceived, a little Jewess; the clamours



BAS-RELIEF OF THE ARCH OF TITUS.

which had disturbed me came from a path that the children of Israel had trodden, between the back of the Palatine and the Arch of Titus. The child had ventured far away from one who appeared to be its mother; and the latter, in a language that I did not understand, was adjuring it with fury not to pass under the accursed arch. I proceeded to take by the hand the little child who was thus tempted by disobedience, and the woman perceived me. She was an old woman, a grandmother most likely. Persuaded that as a Christian I must wish her ill, and that as a Frenchman I must be mischievous, she turned all her rage upon me. Her eyes swollen over cheek-bones that stood out and were divided by a hooked nose, the lip foaming, the gesture rendered more sinister by the arms of a skeleton; shaking her hanging rags and the relics of her thin locks, this daughter of Jacob overwhelmed me with the most violent maledictions that one can hear without understanding. The child persisted in trying to drag me under the archway: I made it turn back, and, passing the corner of the monument, I restored it to its grandmother, whose anger went down by degrees like the foam of a vessel as you take it from the fire.

Never does any Jew pass under the Arch of Titus.

IMP CAES FL CONSTANTINVS MAX P F AVGVS
QVOD INSTINCTV DIVINITATIS MENTIS
MAGNITVDINE CVM EXERCITV SVO
TAM DE TYRANNO QVAM DE OMNI EIVS
FACTIONE VNO TEMPORE IVSTIS
REMPVBLICAM VLTVS EST ARMIS
ARCVM TRIVMPHIS INSIGNEM DICAV
O. LAPLANTE
E. THEROND

ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

I slowly came down the eastern incline of the Via Sacra, between the ruins of shops where perhaps Horace bought something, as far as the spot where in front of the Meta Sudans you count around you, starting from the left, the Temple of Venus-and-Rome, the end of the Thermæ of Titus, the Coliseum, a glimpse of the terrace of Claudius on the Cœlian; and on the right a third triumphal arch, the Arch of Constantine, at the opening of the little valley which led to the Appian Way.

After attaching myself more than usual to the arches of Titus and Septimius Severus, it seemed worth while to compare them with a third, which like that of Septimius has three open arches. The Arch of Constantine produces the liveliest impression; we admire without having analysed any part of it. Perhaps it wants solidity, but in front it fascinates by its grandeur, by the harmony of its proportions, by the fine ordering of its chief parts. It is the finest of the three, exclaim nearly all travellers; only scarcely any of them have examined its details sufficiently to remember it. This is its single defect, the abuse of richness. It only tends towards degeneracy by the fixed resolution it shows to accumulate wonders. What it contains in exquisite figures, in charming groups, in bas-reliefs that form pictures composed with a master's hand, it is impossible to enumerate.

But it was not to celebrate the defeats of Licinius and Maxentius that so many masterpieces were carved. Two centuries before Constantine, the senate and people had resolved to honour an adored sovereign, the emperor Trajan. The desire of commemorating a number of glorious deeds inspired the artists with the plan of multiplying the compartments on the façades, which admits besides threefold friezes eight medallions, eight other square bas-reliefs on the atticas on each side of the inscription, several subjects on the foundations of the pillars as well as on the body of the arch; finally, eight statues of the captive kings engaged to the pilasters on the cornice, to continue the eight fluted columns of antique yellow which support the entablature. This complication, the purists object, is the sign of a falling away in taste. I would rather see in it a sign of enthusiasm for a hero whose renown they were fain to make permanently manifest, at a moment when the panegyric of Pliny was in every hand.

There is a general agreement in considering the eighteen principal bas-reliefs of the Arch of Constantine (three-quarters of the work) as having been wrought to celebrate, on an arch previously existing, the Entry of Trajan into Rome, the Restorations of the Via Appia, the Distribution of Food to the Army, the Triumphs over the King of Armenia and over Decebalus, King of the Dacians, the Proclamation of a new King of the Parthians, the Conspiracy of Decebalus baffled, divers Sacrifices to the Gods, etc. These assertions are incontestable; but what is no less so, and what seems to have escaped notice, is that the Arch of Trajan, in order that so many elements of so peculiar a form should be capable of adaptation to it, must have had both the exact dimensions and the exact arrangements of the existing monument assigned to the period of Constantine. It is natural, then, to admit that the bulk of the edifice belongs to the same age as such considerable decoration; for the eight columns, with their bases and the statues which surmount them, are recognised as dating from the first epoch. We shall be led to admit, in the same way, that, by changing in the fourth century the destination of the Arch of Trajan to the honour of another prince—and here is a moral decline—they must have limited themselves to completing it or repairing what had been destroyed, and perhaps to replacing some portions.

The statues in violet marble of the conquered kings are very fine; but the heads, carried away, it is said, by a nephew of Clement VII., have been restored by P. Bracci under Clement XII. One of the inscriptions offers concerning Maxentius this indication of an unfamiliar style: Constantine defeated him *instinctu Divinitatis;* but the cross does not figure on the bas-reliefs.

A splendid monument of ancient art at the end of the first century, the Arch of Constantine, which is comparable in importance and finish to the Column of Trajan, presents a species of merit possessed by no other triumphal arch in the same degree. I know no other where the attica agrees so harmoniously with the body of the edifice, in such a way as to compose with the lower part a homogeneous ensemble without solution of continuity, instead of producing the effects of an excrescence placed by an after-thought over the cornice. The art employed to obtain such a result is easily seized; but explanation would involve technical terms of a very heavy sort, while the general impression on the eye is so rapid!

Such were the distractions that the city provided for a deep disquiet one day when, without news of my friends in France, I plunged into the streets, with my curiosity blunt and my mind in dull trim. A city must be very rich that can give, even for its full harvest, as much as you glean at Rome by chance and without search!

V.

As I wandered thus in the neighbourhood of the Coliseum, the sun which, in spite of the assertions of tourist, does not plunge into the Tyrrhenian Sea with the rapidity of a note falling into a letter-box, especially in the seasons when the day is short, the sun passed gently away from Rome by the Latin gate, and the surrounding objects grew pale before the darkness. It was not slow in extinguishing this vision of the old world, a dream followed by a yet more fantastic reality.

The solitude is absolute, the obscurity complete; the stillness allows one to hear the evening breeze which brings with it the shivering of fever; the strange outlines which stand out on the tumbled heaps acquire, in the black pall in which night envelops them, proportions lugubriously misshapen; a few rows of cypresses mingled with the nearest blocks so accentuate the sepulchral physiognomy of the horizon that, every sign of present life being eclipsed, one feels that one has entered the domains of death, and that you see on every hand a cemetery of gigantic mausoleums which invades the little valleys, which covers the hills, and which surely must spread itself far over infinite spaces.

Who could imagine after nightfall how absolutely deserted, funereal, almost appalling become the regions of the Forum, of the Via Sacra, of the Coliseum, of the St. John Lateran, of the Esquiline, and the Cœlian? The memories of the terrible scenes that have stained these famous spots with blood are transformed into spectres; many of these spaces where the streets survive the habitations have a reputation for being haunted, and few citizens would venture into ancient Rome at the hour when the shadows are abroad over the face of it.

The aspect of such spots must have contributed to give them this evil name. To their fantastic character is added a vague suspicion that they are lurking-places; and it is especially at the beginning of the evening that people are in fear of phantoms with

a knife. The gentry employed in the agencies for assassination have most regular habits; they love to go to bed betimes, so that in the middle of the night you would be less exposed to the inconveniences of an institution that has flourished long, for even in the time of Montaigne it was in full vigour. Cut off from my lodging by labyrinths of evil look, I was in an incomparably good situation for retracing, apart from personal observation, the stories that had struck me, in a city where you hear nothing but tales of tragical adventure and nocturnal ambuscade.

A few days before I had, in seeking some one from one house to another, thanks to an inexact direction, had experience of a usage so often observed since, that I may fairly describe it from a general point of view. The Roman citizens are so afraid of their dwellings being invaded, and families are so little re-assured by the presence of their chiefs, that they keep themselves barricaded all day long as in a fortress. The only luxury they know is that of locks and bolts, while a *Judas*, of which the opening would not allow either a bullet or a dagger to enter, permits the besieged to explore the staircase. This Judas-hole, made in a plate of sheet iron, is closed with a bit of metal; often there are two locks, one of them enormous, with the key of a jail; then two good bars, with pins to prevent them from slipping; finally, tightened chains fixed on a hook shaped like a corkscrew.

If you ring at a door, you immediately hear the creaking of rusty irons. They are not going to open; on the contrary, they are making all haste to shut, and with as much noise as possible, whatever was not hermetically sealed before. Then, in the midst of a silence that has again become profound, they observe you, and take stock of you; if you are unknown, they will never open; if, ringing again and with persistency, you bring the people to the other side of the door sill, the whole family arrives in force; they chatter, they hesitate, and the most masculine of the band in sharp and nasal tones will ask, 'Chi è?' If it is a matter of handing in a letter or a parcel, 'Aspettate;' they are going to moderate their defensive works. The chain will be loosened in such a way as to allow the door just to open, but so as to prevent you from pushing it. You hardly get at the Romans at their own houses except through slits and chinks. Is it not natural that a country where poltroonery is cynical to such a degree as this, should be cultivated by brigands?

Thus what they fear above all things, even in broad daylight, is to have their throats cut in their own houses; these citizens, in fact, have not a piece of furniture worth four crowns, and when the family is out, all this safety machinery is reduced to a simple lock. I was entertaining myself with these not very comforting thoughts when, by the feeble light of a solitary lantern, which swings and creaks from the end of its crook at the corner of a wall, I proceeded to ask myself whether I should venture by prolonging my route to ascend the back of Esquiline by the old Via Labicana, which once led to the Prenestine gate. The bit of bravado attracted me, because I should have to take, in order to return by Santa Maria Maggiore by the light of the stars only, the tortuous and sinister alley of the Sette Sale, one of the most notorious of the cut-throat places of Rome. Three weeks before a priest had been poniarded there in the middle of the day.

To raise my courage, I said to myself that as no bandit would ever suspect anybody of the imprudence of taking this route, it must be less perilous than the more central streets, where the cut-purses have a better chance of finding work, where impunity is scarcely any less probable, and where the resolute closing of the shops leaves the public road nearly as sombre. I had inquired for the reasons of this precipitate taking of

holiday, and the explanations that I received invite one to conclude, it must be confessed, that on the arrival of night Rome belongs to the men of prey. This tale was too uncomfortable to be forgotten all along that truly lugubrious alley of the Sette Sale.

It seems that in the most frequented business streets the few shops that remain open are exposed to such an adventure as this. Three customers enter a shop; the last remains watching in the doorway, while the two others approaching the counter, one leans over to the shopkeeper to whisper something in his ear, and at the same moment holds a dagger to his throat by way of persuading him to silence, and in the meantime the other carefully empties the money-box; the operation finished, the gentlemen salute and proceed to continue their collection in other shops. They have not to concern themselves further, so absolute is their confidence in the public discretion; not a soul will complain, not one will quit his stall to cry out 'Stop thief!' It is only, and that very seldom, through indiscretion, that the police are set on the watch, but they hardly ever succeed in extorting a deposition or an avowal from the victims whom their own cowardice thus transforms into accomplices.

I had still to leave the Esquiline, to cross the Viminal, and then the Quirinal, and last the slope of the Pincian. This long, straight street was deserted also; but it is broader than the other, and the recesses are less unforeseen. Hunger began to give me wings; two or three passers-by, astonished to meet another, had made me tremble by emerging from some adjacent street, and I was so reassured that I began to regret not having been favoured like every one else with a little adventure. But past the Via Rasella, I perceived that I was followed at a distance; beyond the Piazza Barberini the man, who had doubled his pace at my heels and taken the other side of the pavement, went brusquely in front of me. Then he turned back, and, barring the path, made me a profound bow. He had a very lean and hungry air.

At first he spoke to me of his pride, his dignity, his sacrifices, his clouded glory. Was it Pyrrhus or Belisarius? Then he assured me of his protection; he watched over me, he would preserve me from every disagreeable meeting; 'For one finds in the world people who—but he would not offend any one.' Finally he informed me that I was an illustrious and magnanimous signor; he even touched delicately on my generous feelings *per l'umanita . . . la patria, ed . . . ed . . .* lowering his voice, *e per la liberta!*

Towards the turning his tone became superb and his expressions more epic; it was with the majesty of Hortensius that, laying a hand on my arm, in a voice still more concentrated but solemn, my Roman wound up in these terms: 'Excellence! if your noble heart could favour me with an old pair of trousers!'

VI.

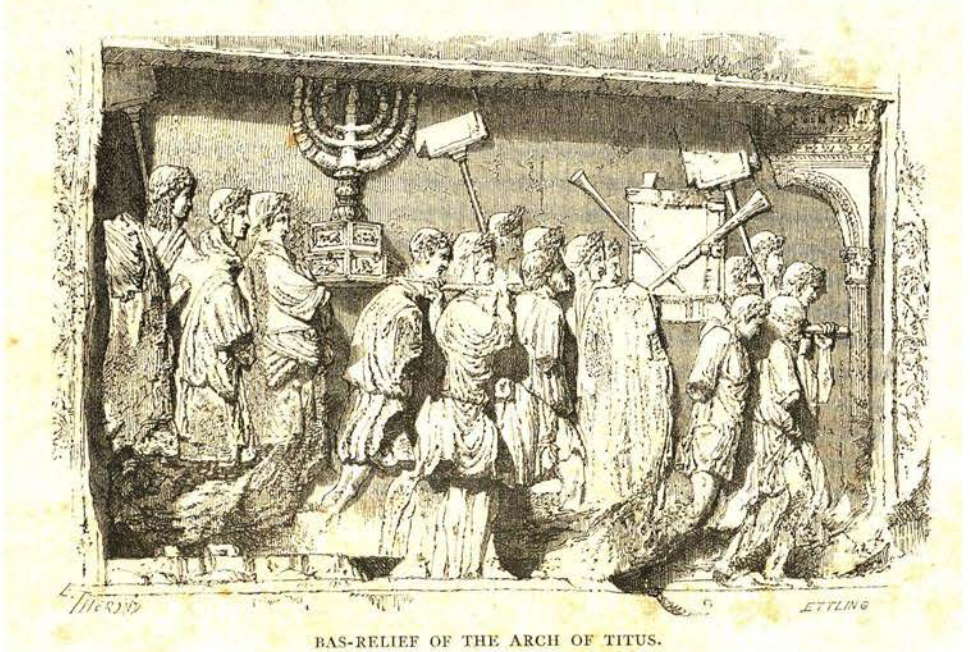
To finish the evening, I proceeded to the Villa Medici, where, when I entered, they had for two hours been terrifying the ladies by tales of brigandage. They made fewer stories with us under the Directory about the *chauffeurs*, than are daily retailed in Rome at fireside gatherings. The good and lamented Schnetz, who from a feeling of local colour took not unkindly to the bandits, ends in the narration of a personal adventure by carrying us back to the recollection of a pedestrian excursion in the environs of Rome. His story shall be, according to taste, the epilogue or the moral of this chat of mine.

THE COLISEUM AND THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, SEEN FROM THE ARCH OF TITUS.

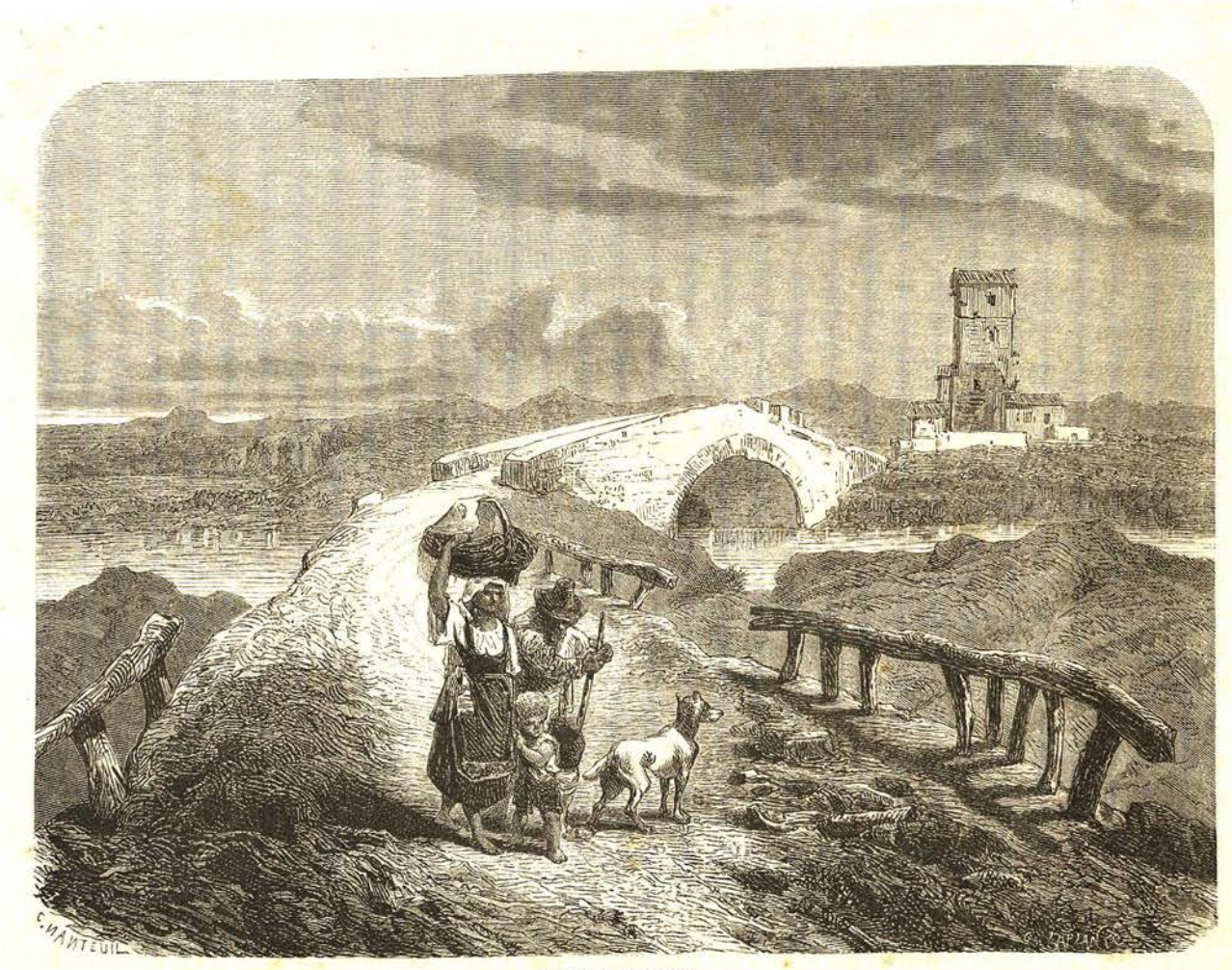
Without arms and with a single companion, Schnetz in the flower of his age used to traverse infested roads. In each *locanda* people blamed their imprudence and offered vows for their youth. The further they advanced the more sombre grew the menaces of the desert; at the descent of a close valley, behold a dead horse, then a hat and some rags in a ditch. They walked close to one another in silence, eye and ear on the watch, when from a thick hedge there spring up, at right and left of the road, four armed ruffians of most evil aspect. The two boldest leaving the others follow the artist and his companion, drawing gradually nearer, in such a way as to join them at the foot of the dell, while their accomplices, watching from a distance, cut off retreat. Impossible to go back, and they could discover neither a hut nor a shepherd within sight. Nearly at the foot of the slope our travellers, who felt themselves completely shut in, were seized with a fright that is very easy to imagine. They crossed a pool of congealed blood on the road. Almost at the same moment, passing the last of the thicket, they perceive in front of them a swollen torrent which barred the road. It was there that they waited for them; the brigands were then close by; they advanced openly and stood with a malicious smile in front of our young countrymen, who put themselves on the defensive as well as they could.

'It must have been,' added M. Schnetz, 'that our attitude imposed upon them; for not being able to meet our eyes in front, they suddenly turned and bent their backs. This situation utilised our only arms, our iron-shod boots, and we let fly together; but the monsters only made it a joke. Then profiting by their equestrian posture, we bestrode their backs and they breasted the torrent. These ruffians, would you believe it? were boats with two feet, who lay in wait for travellers to make them cross the water on their backs. We had to pay our ransom, to drop our two baiocchi, and to console them besides for the death of a mule that they had bled the evening before on the high road!'

By way of peroration, the facetious director of our Academy never failed to declare that in all his life he had never met any other sort of bandits. The reader will learn later on, when we come to inspect the Villa Medici, to what degree this optimism was amusing.



BAS-RELIEF OF THE ARCH OF TITUS.



PONTE SALARIO.

CHAPTER V.

Theatres, *Faust.*—Meeting with Francis II.—The Metastasio company at Colonna Palace: the 'Loves of Æneas.'—The Dioscuri of the cardinalate.—*Annos Petri.*—Why the Popes changed name.—Baths of Caracalla.—The Salarian bridge and its memories.—Walk at Fidenæ.—Assault of the town by Mamilius the Dictator.—Point of view at Castel Giubileo.—Foundations of the town.—Last catastrophe under Tiberius.

Basilica of St. Clement.—Antiquity of the church.—Exhumation of the former temple.—Approach and entry of St. Clement.—Interior; primitive arrangement of the Presbyterium.—Alexandrine pavement and mosaics of Turrita.—Masaccio and the Chapel of St. Catherine.—Origin of the communities.—Visit to the subterranean paintings.—Revelation of an unknown school; interpretation of symbols.—The Serpent of St. Libertinus.—Texts in Italian of the year 900.—Art sustained in the ninth century by the citizens of Rome.—Romance of St. Alexis the Pilgrim, &c.

I.

ROME is a grave country, where solemn and passionate habits banish the comic spirit into the background; between joyful Tuscany and the mad Campania, the consular city preserves the seriousness of a queen who has held the empire of the world. At the small theatre where, as at Capranica, the burlesque element intrudes, it is common and indistinct. Stentarello, the polichinello of the modern Quirites, is an overdone noodle, who thwacks his ribs without being very amusing; Patacca, a braggart citizen of the old quarter, aims at the character and falls into parody. Called by the name of Apollo, the great theatre of Tordinone presents a well-arranged saloon between lugubrious walls; its white decorations relieved with gold are a

little cold; the hangings of grey dimity in two tones which furnish the boxes, are still colder. Of these, the whole are let without exception. Nothing is more difficult for a foreigner than to find a place, unless he knows some one who sends him his key or who offers him a seat: families dispose of their box, as of every other apartment, without dealing with any one. Although in France people represent the theatres of Rome as filled with Monsignori and prelates, the truth is that you never see a cassock in them.

At the invitation of our ambassador, I saw played there the *Faust* of M. Gounod. The lover restored to youth by Mephisto had the air of an extremely old Socrates, and he raved as if he had the hemlock in his mouth. After the fatal nocturnal interview, he gave Marguerite a kiss prescribed by the *scenario*, but forbidden by the canons, for which reason the Roman police inflicted on him a fine of ten crowns. The next day he relapsed, and Marguerite must have been deeply touched by it. Then he threatened to quit Rome if they impaired the sincerity of his part. Such rigour does more harm to religion, by raising a smile at the expense of its ministers, than the sight of a kiss would give trouble to conscience. To put *Faust* on the stage, Goethe's work had to be a good deal modified: Satan, or Mephisto, is replaced by a doctor; and so that nothing might recall the livery of the devil, they required that the slashings of the pourpoint, instead of being flame-coloured, should wear the harmless hue of the meadows. The actor, Brémond, who played the part, protested against the childishness of such scruples by rounded eyebrows, a peaked beard, and by the curling back of his fingers into claws. Thus did Satan recover his compromised personality! During an interval in the performance, in which the tricoloured dancers in a ballet of adorable nonsense were immensely applauded, I had the honour of approaching the dispossessed King of Naples, and even of joining a group in which he was conversing. This tall young man, slightly pale, with an eye that burns feebly, and who with his long features resembles Philip V. of Spain, kept up with an air of timidity a conversation on grave subjects, in which he showed a discernment that struck me. He mixes in society with the *bonhommie* of a Roman prince. The course of conversation brought the interchange of a few words between us, though I had not had the honour of being presented.

I had spared myself the Metastasio theatre; it was the theatre which sought me out the evening of a Shrove Tuesday, when with a numerous party I had been dining at the French embassy. At half-past ten the company gave us a parody of the 'Loves of Dido and Æneas;' the connection of Rome and Carthage is not even yet quite antiquated on the banks of the Tiber. The singularity of the Trasteverine jargon made me lose the thread of the story every moment; the play on words was particularly obscure to me; and I did not tire of admiring our stylish young officers, who laughed more loudly than the Romans themselves, to prove that they understood without any effort. The Marquis of Rocca-Giovine had been so courteous as to seat me next to himself, and he translated for me the jokes which caused such perpetual hilarity; and so, in my turn, by way of responding to the complaisance of the husband of the Princess Julie, I applauded in my best style pieces of childishness that were chilled by translation. The dresses were not disagreeable. What would be called with us, in carnival time, 'Romans of the barrier' are still more grotesque in old Rome. The firemen's helmets set out with reliefs, the small-clothes, the silk stockings, combined with the armour of the Trophies of Marius, the scarlet caraco of Dido, prolonged at the back into a royal mantle, and its tower-shaped diadem, form hybrid products too violently accentuated.

The conversation struck me in the Roman saloons as better kept up than in our

Parisian world, which may be attributed to the church dignitaries, men of cultivated and polished intelligence, who give to conversation both substance and direction, as used to be done in our society by the wearers of the clerical bands before '89. At the house of the Princess P*** I had met a cardinal of extreme accomplishments; I was astonished not to find him at the Embassy. 'Cardinal O***,' I was told, 'could not come to-night, as Cardinal G*** is here.' On inquiring the causes of an enmity which hindered these two eminent personages from breathing the air together in the same salon, I was informed confidentially that they loved one another like Castor and Pollux, but that poverty obliged them, like the Dioscuri, to live one after the other. The style that is indispensable for a cardinal requires a tolerably heavy staff; so those who have no resources beyond their thousand a year, are obliged to put up with valets hired for a few hours only. This is why it is impossible to find certain prelates at home except at the fixed dates of their receptions; the people all gone, the master barricades himself, and if he wants a cup of tea, the prince of the church will put his kettle on the fire. Now their Eminences O*** and G*** had only for both a single establishment, in respect of livery and emblazoned carriage: a tremendous secret, so well known by all the world, that nobody was ever astonished at not meeting them together.

It was on this evening that, during an entr'acte of the 'Loves of Æneas,' I was initiated in two local superstitions relative to the sovereign-pontiffs. As they were talking of the renewed health of the Pope, some one suggested that perhaps he would attain the years of St. Peter. It was a period of five lustres, that only the Apostle has yet accomplished; hence the opinion that God will never grant to any other pope to reign for a quarter of a century: *Non videbis annos Petri.* In truth, out of the two hundred and fifty-nine pontificates, of which the average duration has been seven years and sixteen days, only four have gone beyond twenty years; those of Urban VIII., Clement XI., Pius VI., who only wanted six months to falsify the oracle, and Pius IX., who was proclaimed on the 17th of June, 1846. The other superstitious prejudice is connected with the usage adopted by all popes, of changing their names from the time of their accession. One of the Conti furnished an example of this when, in 956, he was called Octavian, and he took the name of John XI. His successors did the same, and so gradually there took root among the people, one cannot tell how, the belief that a pope who should keep his Christian name would die in the year. Thus, when after Adrian VI., Giulio de' Medici desired to style himself Julius III., his supporters in alarm compelled him to become Clement VII. Shortly afterwards, Marcel Servius, who was still young and robust and free from prejudice, insisted on destroying this particular form of prejudice. Marcel II. preserved his name; but he died at the end of three weeks, and nobody since has ventured to imitate him.

II.

One of the most considerable monuments in the world is the Baths of Antoninus Caracalla, which are situated at the extremity of the Circus Maximus, between the back of the Aventine and that of the Cœlian, in one of those stripped suburbs where fields and gardens flourish over the graves of an ancient quarter. Contained in a narrow valley, measuring their height with the elevation of the hills, these Baths are the finest ruins in

CALDARIUM OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

Rome. There remain some such considerable portions of the two chief blocks, forming two massive squares, the one in the other, between which extends the space of a vast close surrounded with porticos, that with the aid of the Thermæ of Caracalla it has been possible to trace out the destination of the analogous edifices of Titus and Diocletian.

We should have a false idea of these establishments if we were to take things literally, and see in them only a place of luxurious and very perfect baths. Assuredly the stoves occupied a notable place in them, since, according to Olympiodorus, the baths of Caracalla could supply warm baths for sixteen hundred persons at a time; but that was only a pretext of a monument, the porticos of which, according to Lampridius, were only erected between Heliogabalus and Alexander Severus. Besides the baths of different temperatures, the chambers heated by steam, and the basins and fountains, there were found in the thermæ scent-shops, stalls for articles of fashion, buffets for refreshments, kitchens and refectories, peristyles for conversation and walking in wet weather, libraries and reading-rooms, a stage for the performance of comedy, gymnasia for athletes, an arena for running and wrestling: they had there got together and administered by a numerous staff of virtuosi, artists, and slaves, all that could divert an indolent people and make it forget life. There were even picture galleries and museums of statues: it was pleasure raised to the rank of an institution and organized on the plan of an architect. For sovereigns who had to maintain a power, as absolute as it was fragile, over a corrupt population in whose breasts not even faith in their country had survived, the distribution of the public amusements on an enormous scale was a political interest of the first consequence. Thus the more the nation abases itself and grovels, the more does the ministration of pleasure increase in importance: the despots could only maintain themselves by becoming proxenetæ. Continued by Heliogabalus, the Baths of Caracalla are the most magnificent of all: several thousand citizens were able there every day to exhaust the varied cycle of the delights of mind and sense.

The exterior buildings form a perimeter of 4,200 feet. In the court thus cut off by these buildings there rose on Babylonian vaults another edifice in several stories, which was nearly 700 feet long by 450 broad. The Caldarium, a rotunda lighted from above like a greenhouse, can only be compared to the Pantheon of Agrippa, which is purer in its ornamentation, but not so bold in construction. What one cannot depict is the imposing sight, morning or evening, of these gigantic wall-fronts over foundations already plunged in shadow, their inflexed tops which supported the vaults only share with the mountain peaks the rays of the sun. The angles that remain from the body of the edifice are like belfries, spires, towers, which, thanks to internal steps, one can ascend and on the narrow platform of which you move along tiny alleys bordered with lentisks, broom, laurel mixed with yellow gilly-flowers, and stems of finocchio, an edge of flowers that marks on each side the abyss at your feet, under which there sings the sounding wind. If one is ever obliged to fathom the precipice, one is almost alarmed in presence of that circle of spectral giants. The projection to an immense distance of the shadow which descends from the slender corners, reveals still further to you the colossal size of ruins that time has made into empty husks. Some of the arches have left semi-circular bands, airy bridges over which you venture after repressing certain inclinations towards dizziness. Below, the courts and half-destroyed chambers have preserved admirable pavements of mosaic. Those of the exhedra of the gymnasiarchs are celebrated, representing the portraits of victorious athletes; we shall see them in a chamber of the

Lateran Palace. On the highest platforms you walk over other mosaics: these crests perched in the clouds were the pavement of an upper tier of galleries, porticos, and terraces.

Here they came, no doubt, in those days, to contemplate from this high Babel the splendours of Rome and the fairy domains of the masters of the world. From the Palatine, a collection of castles connected by terraces on which white statues mingled with the black cypresses, and from the Circus Maximus to the distant undulations of the Appian Way with its border of mausoleums, the eye only stays at the Temple of Jupiter, which crowns the volcanic mountains where Alba Longa has left no more than its name. There are horizons that we never try to reproduce, and of which we continue in the exile of our France to dream all our days as of a past love.

III.

Fidenæ . . . It was necessary to go back to the classic recollection of my infancy as well as of that of Rome to discover again the traces of that unlucky sister of Faleriæ, Ceninium, and Antemna, of the neighbour of Cures and Nomentum, of the ally of the Veientians, ever ready to cross the Tiber: of the Etruscan Fidenæ that Romulus besieged and which he took by a stratagem, the first instance of what became the ordinary tactics of the Romans. These tactics are simple enough: to make an ambuscade among the brushwood, to harass the besieged right up to the walls, to draw him forth in a sally, to fly before him and suffer chase up to the foot of some rising ground, where the band that is making certain of victory is all at once taken in flank by a troop that seems to spring up out of the earth. They are all scattered here and there; the enemy makes its way back in disorder to the town, and the Romans enter it pell-mell along with them. At this half-fabulous epoch the regions of Etruria, Umbria, Samnium, of the Sabines, Albani, Marsi, Equi, Hernici, Caraceni, Latini, Volsci, were subdivided in small separate states, with their Lucumons, their generals, and their autonomy. What mighty frays on how small a stage; what conquests had the Roman hamlet to make! Cære, Laurentium, Ardea, Antium, Anxur, Formiæ, Ferentinum, Præneste, Volsiniæ, Tarquiniæ, Carventum, Ecetra, Verrugo, Artena, Bolæ, Lavicum, Clusium, Norba, Privernum, Setia, Satricum, Carseolæ, Arpinum, Frusinum, Sora, Crustumerium, Tribalani, Thurium, Eretia, Gabiæ, represented so many peoples organized after the manner of the Romans, who borrowed their institutions from the Sabines and the Etruscans. These localities and many others of which the memory has become extinct preceded Rome, who colonized while she displaced them or razed them to the ground, which is still rough with the roots of that forest of cities.

It was of these things *et quibusdam* that we chatted as we came down the Via Sistina, then the Via Felice as far as the Piazza Barberini to hire a vehicle, to which was harnessed a thin jade with rough coat, such an equipage as assuredly was never seen by the good people of Fidenæ. As by the back of the Pincian, along the gardens of Sallust (a thing of yesterday), we gained the extremely ancient gateway of that Salarian road by which they used to carry salt, and by which all the barbarian invasions except that of Genseric entered Rome, we looked without too much respect upon the Aurelian walls of the Rome that we were leaving behind us, to visit a town that was thrown into ruins four hundred and twenty-three years before the birth of Christ. We crossed first

the open space where the camp of the Visigoths under Alaric had been; then, as soon as, at the back of the Pincio, we reached the rising ground where once stood Antemna, Rome suddenly vanished: the desert begins. You come upon the Teverone and its ancient bridge that Narses rebuilt after the second defeat of Totila: it was there, on this Ponte Salario, that Manlius won the surname of Torquatus for accepting the challenge of a Gaulish giant, of whose *torquis* or collar he won possession. It was to the right of this bridge that Tullus Hostilius beat the people of Veii and Fidenæ, and it was there that they put to death Metius Fuffetius, an act that led to the destruction of Alba Longa. The recent invasion, which the battle of Mentana brought to nothing, made ruins of this celebrated bridge, over which Hannibal passed. Starting from Castel Giubileo, a station on the railway from Ancona, you pass in review on the right hand a row of hollowed rocks, having in front of you on the left of the road, which winds between two pieces of rising ground, a conical hill crowned by a rustic fort with something of the look of a convent or grange. It is a little of all; the farm, which was a fort, possesses a chapel, in which during the pastoral season priests come and sing the mass for the shepherds and the women who make the hay.

There, it is said, was the citadel of Fidenæ; we quitted the vehicle at the foot of this hill, to walk to its summit. The Etruscan town straggled to the east in the narrow intermontium, and over a hill belonging to the chain which follows the line of the Tiber. We ascended in single file by a track made rough by that short and crisp grass that becomes so long in summer, but which at this moment a cross breeze blowing from the district of the Marsi bent low, making it rustle under our steps. Seven hundred and forty years before our era, under these low hills, on ground commanded by several points, Romulus was able to hide as if at the bottom of a green basket his cavalry posted in ambush, and half of his foot-soldiers as well. The soil is now absolutely bare; the maquis would speedily resume its thick tresses, were it not cut down in the blade by the nibbling sheep: at a distance all seems to be covered with a kind of russet felt, but as one actually walks among these pastures, one's feet are entangled in stunted and woody roots.

Later on, Fidenæ became the general quarter of the last Etruscan league, in which a part was taken by all the tribes of the neighbourhood who had lost their nationality. The alarm at Rome was so great that all the shops in the Forum were closed, business was suspended, the basilicas were shut, the gates were made fast, and in dread of a surprise they established a camp before the old Colline gate of Servius Tullius. Called for the second time to the office of dictator, Mamilius Æmilius, who had already fought with Veientians and Falisci before Fidenæ, came and encamped a mile off, at a spot where the Tiber protected his left, while his right was supported by the gradual slopes that Livy calls mountains; the site is so marked that from the top of the citadel we were able with our eyes to set it off on the plain. Although Mamilius had placed a force along the heights at the back of the town, to throw themselves upon the Etruscans the moment they should be broken, the struggle was long and desperate. The fate of Italy was staked for the last time on a supreme effort, and on its issue hung the independence of twenty nations, or the definite supremacy of that Rome which was already looming so powerful.

The gates of Fidenæ opened on a glacis that descended between two slopes to the vale of the Tiber. It was at the point of intersection that the heat of battle centred, kept up by the Romans with such vigour that the allies of the people of Fidenæ, not any less obstinate,

gave way step by step. They could only effect this retrograde movement very slowly, for the reason that as they fell back they had to ascend, and the consequence of the retreat was to restore to them the advantage of the ground. They threw themselves afresh down into the plain, from whence they were again thrown back by Roman valour. This go-and-come, by keeping the struggle at the same spot, must have caused a frightful butchery, up to the moment when the decimated people of the Fidenæ, taken in flank by the reserve, finally gave way. Persuaded that victory was in their grasp, the Romans forming the *Testudo* with their bucklers over their heads, advanced in close column to breach the wall, massed in a single block that resembled a dragon covered with scales, when suddenly the gates of Fidenæ opening wide leave a passage for a torrent of fire, and vomit forth with brands, with flames, and frightful cries, a second army which in the evening shadows, mingling the dust they raise with the pitchy smoke of the torches, hurl themselves upon the Romans, all blinded and scorched. In a moment the soldiers halt and give ground; the cavalry overwhelms the panic-stricken infantry that falls into confusion; the rout begins. Then Mamilius, the dictator, throwing himself into the thick of the attacking lines and turning swiftly round, from the midst of the flames shouts to his soldiers to snatch the brands and set fire to the town. 'What,' he cries, 'will you flee like bees before a little smoke?'

Then turning bridle, he is the first to make a road, and the soldiers precipitately follow with eyes shut. From that moment the Veientians in confusion roll rather than descend towards the Tiber; Sabines and Fidenates seek a refuge in the town, which the Romans enter pell-mell with them. They stab one another in the twilight, and make massacre in the streets in the glare of the burning edifices. Fidenæ is ruthlessly pillaged, and when there no longer remains anything to seize or any one to slay, they set furiously to work to demolish the walls. Then it was that this strong place was blotted out from the world; the escarped sheepfold in which we were, the two grassy hillocks, like grave mounds, that we saw at our feet, under which might be found the skeleton of the town, this is what remains of Fidenæ.

But what time can never annihilate as long as our planet survives, is the melancholy landscape of the desert over which the past has spread its poetry. All the southern outline, from the campaniles of St. John Lateran, and from the pointed belfry of Sta. Maria Maggiore to the domes of the Piazza del Popolo, is festooned with a lacework of distant buildings which, supported on the borders of pyramids of yews and the spreading pines with which the hill is fringed, cut the horizontal lines of the clouds with their black tops. Nearest to you, there emerge from shadow the square pavilions of the Villa Medici; farther off, closing the picture on the right, between two promontories the dome of St. Peter surmounts the rectilinear masses of the buildings of the Vatican. The Monte Mario makes a pendant to the basilica, and starting from its base, before and after the rock of the Nasos, where the apocryphal grave of Ovid is all open, there come in succession the tombs, the Prima Porta, the Villa of Julia; the whole development of that great way which, as Polybius informs us, was paved 219 years before our era as far as Ariminum by the censor C. Flaminius, whose name it has retained: it runs wave-like along the line of the slope. In the plain, that is green with islets of tall rushes out of which elms rise, the Tiber describing a triple curve surrounds the pedestal of the promontories with a ring of silver.

Towards the east the sight is magical. Starting from the rough hillocks, over which we plunged, divided by a yellow torrent which is raised to the dignity of river in the

Violier des histoires Romaines, and which was the Allia where the Gauls so cruelly discomfitted the Romans, across those vast undulating spaces between the Tiburtine Way and the Via Nomentana, as far as the Villa of Zenobia, as far as the ascending grounds where Ceninium spread itself out, as far as the Patulan hill which threw the morning shadows over the Villa of Mæcenas, the glance at last seems to run aground as if it had been borne on billows of the sea before the Sabine chains, where a volcanic ocean seems to slumber against the blue and rose Apennines, crowned by the snows of the season falling back behind Gennaro. Among the wild herbage of the country, where meagre flocks are folded with shepherds that never move and are clad in large grey cloaks, you would suppose yourself to be treading the Alpine soil of some plateau lost in the recesses of the mountains. The snows of the Lionese and of Cervara, forming, with the other peaks which here and there intercept them, a mixed work of silver and azure, add to the illusion. The cyclamen, the saffron, the anemones, the coltsfoot, scatter among the grass the flora of high grounds; you hear the cry of the goats and the song of the pecorari in the distance; clouds of crows, falcons, and vultures hover over these pastures, which the burning glow of the south brings into life, without succeeding in giving them gaiety. Who has not seen those green and fresh regions where it seems as if, the very day after the creation, one had ventured before all other men! Here, on the contrary, one would imagine that the ages had run their course, and that, the books of history now sealed up for ever, one was the last belated wayfarer of a race that had come to an end.

For this Etruscan Fidenæ, of which nothing remains, yesterday is so distant. It was with books and geometrical calculations, recently worked out by the perspicacious and learned Pietro Rosa, that we succeeded in recognising the site, where on coming down from the citadel we wandered long in search of some godsend, some exhumation, some verification; but the earth obstinately guarded her secrets, and treating us like children amused us with flowers. However, at the back of one of those little valleys that in France are called *combes*, Lefebvre, stirring among the more or less natural cavities that honeycomb the tufa, found some constructions that would be hard to define. Were they columbaria, nooks for the shepherds, dwellings for troglodytes, or haunts for bandits? Perhaps a little of all one after the other. In an artificial cavern, whither we followed our companion by clambering from rock to rock, our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and recognised the broken vault of a long *cloaca*. Close by are seen some foundations all interbound with roots. These material proofs of the situation of Fidenæ, seized by chance amid the underwood by the favour, perhaps, of some landslip of the day before,—were they furnished by actual knowledge? It was allowable to suspect it. Could we have made a discovery? That was an illusion allowable on a soil so rich, and as little disentangled as confused archives would be. The hope of seizing a treasure or of penetrating a mystery may reasonably attend pilgrims, and impart to them along with the enthusiasm of the archæologist some of the eager emotion of the hunter.

Although Fidenæ never again became a city, its site towards the end of the republic attracted around it a few villas, and under the empire it used to be the scene of parties of pleasure. It was upon one of these occasions that, under Tiberius, the conquered gods of ancient Etruria paid to the manes of the people of Fidenæ the honours of a bloody hecatomb. Suetonius and Tacitus have told how a freedman named Atilius, a contractor for public festivities, had constructed at Fidenæ an enormous amphitheatre of wood, whither he drew to a gladiatorial spectacle the citizens devoured by weariness,

under the rigorous and suspicious *régime* of Tiberius. There flocked to it an immense crowd from Rome; but no sooner were the people seated than the scaffolding gave way; the number of dead and wounded amounted to fifty thousand persons. This slaughter is described in the Annals with appalling reality.

After antiquities so remote the recollections of the Christian era seem quite fresh; and as they present generally in a smaller degree the fascination of the unknown, the mind that has been seduced by those far-off horizons does not return without an effort to subjects less vague and more limited. One church only of those which ascend to primitive times offers as many problems to the intelligence and as many mysteries to the imagination as the remains of the cities of the dead of Latium. In such a mood as this it will be understood that a sort of instinct brought me to a religious foundation which speedily made me forget all the rest.

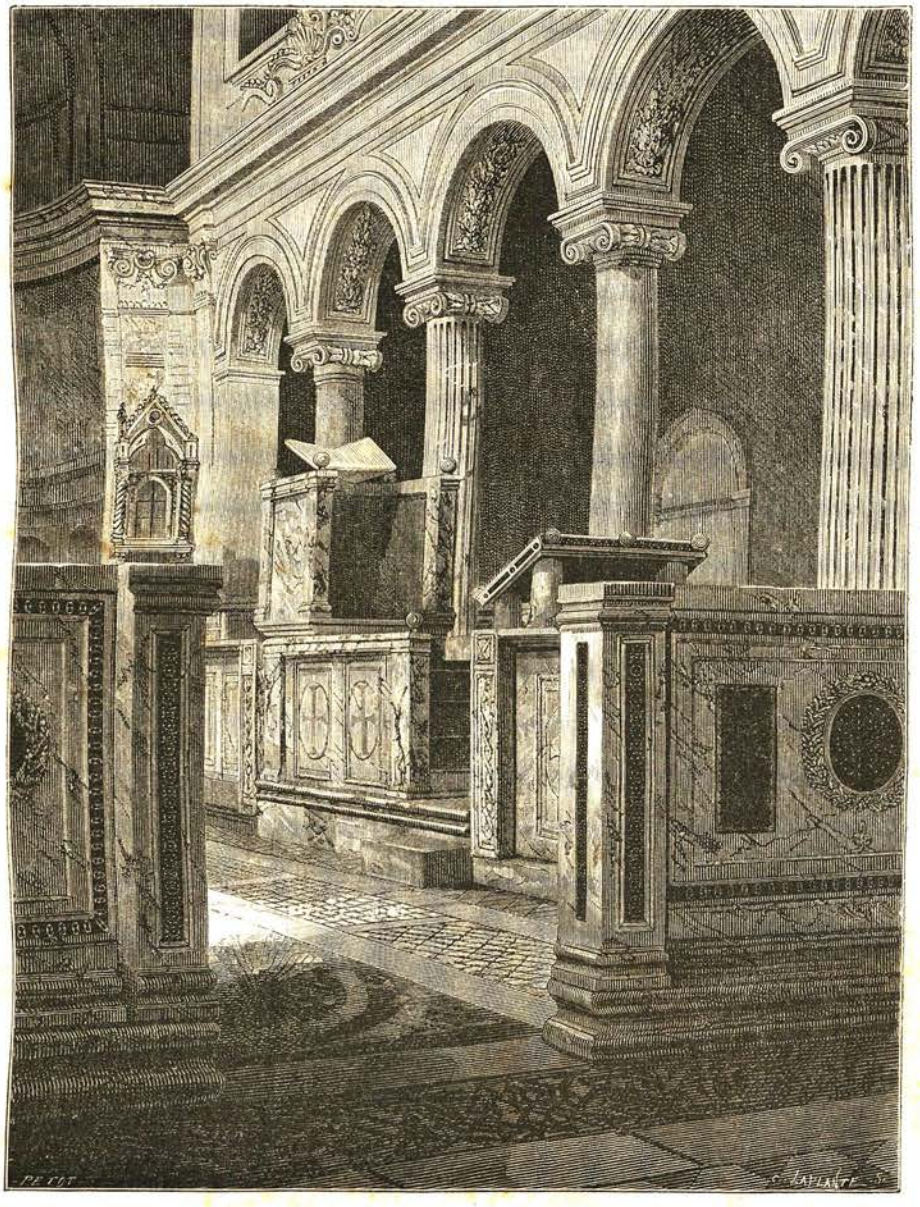
IV.

Before 1857, when people wished to give the idea of a Constantinian church arranged as in primitive times, they chose St. Clement. It was known from St. Jerome that a church was built in Rome which, from an early date, perpetuated the recollection of the successor of St. Anaclete, and that in 417 it had acquired the rank of basilica when St. Zosimus pronounced judgment in it against Celestius, who had fallen into the Pelagian heresy. St. Leo speaks of this temple in a letter to St. Flavian; it is mentioned in 499, on the occasion of the council which Symmachus presided over; St. Gregory the Great, who had delivered two homilies in it, described the last moments under the Clementine porch of St. Servulus, the paralytic. Adrian I., Leo III., in the eighth century, Leo IV. and John VIII., in the ninth, did, as we know from Anastasius, the first of them restore the roofing, the second and third enrich the church with sacred ornaments, with marbles, above all with paintings, whose loss was long deplored. The last of the four rebuilt the choir, as is shown by his monogram which is repeatedly carved on the *plutei* or balustrades.

To justify these traditions the interior of the building displayed as so many witnesses the columns of its portico in grey granite, its pillars of cipollino and of red granite which separate the three naves, and which come from the ruins of pagan temples. Ancient friezes annexed to the entablatures, and inscriptions of the era of the martyrs set in the walls, added the proofs of a charter house of stone, and when finally, convinced by such striking evidence, the visitor yielded to the impression produced by so venerable a sanctuary, a more attentive examination confirmed his convictions. He recognised the appropriation of the primitive basilicas in conformity with the ceremonial of the ancient liturgy. These were, the ante-chapel, the first inclosure, in which the sub-deacons, the minor clerks and the chanters had place; at the two sides the pulpits, with porphyry plaques and contemporary with John VIII., in the loftier of which, on the left, the deacons read the Gospel, proclaimed edicts, and denounced the excommunicated, while the other was only used for the Epistle, which was chanted by a sub-deacon; before the passage to the right, the desk, from which the *lectores* gave information of the sacred readings, and where the chanters said the *Gradual;* finally, the twisted pillar, destined for the Easter taper, a ribbon of mosaic under a Corinthian capital, bearing an ancient vase, decorated under Innocent IV. The sanctuarium appears equally decisive and

curious, separated as it is from the naves, a usage still preserved in the oriental churches. Cut off by the ancient railing from the transept, the altar or confession is covered by a ciborium, supported on slender columns of violet marble; in the circle of the apse is the presbyterium, in the centre of which the chief seat is raised by three steps,—all multiplied proofs of a very lofty antiquity.

Things were thus settled from time immemorial, when a few years ago in raising



PULPIT OF THE EPISTLE, AT ST. CLEMENT'S.

some pavement for the purpose of digging a well, the prior of the Dominicans of Ireland, to whom the convent was given by Urban VIII., discovered, buried under the present church of St. Clement, the real Constantinian basilica that had passed into a subterranean state. How could one suspect that far from depreciating the monument which had been the object of so extraordinary a misconception, this discovery would soon give it a triple value. As they removed the earth with which the crypts were filled up, they perceived by the light of their torches, the walls gradually peopling themselves with strange forms

resuscitated from the darkness. The operation is not yet completed, but it has already produced more than one series of legendary frescoes, painted between the fourth and the eleventh century. The church above was a cabinet of curiosities, while the church underground is a gallery, and the only one which could by authentic pictures fill up a gap of nearly four centuries in the history of painting.

Before enumerating the riches of either sanctuary, of the older especially, which is still little known and has never been seriously examined, let us briefly explain what happened in this consecrated spot long before Constantine, and where we shall find at the bottom of a primitive crypt a Roman house, itself supported on Etruscan foundations. During the struggle about Investitures, the Emperor Henry IV., whom Gregory VII. had excommunicated, having made himself master of Rome, where he had installed an antipope in the Lateran Palace, the legitimate pontiff, who was quartered in the Castle of St. Angelo, saw himself forced to appeal for assistance to the Duke of Calabria, who was then in Greece. The Duke Robert Guiscard, who founded the school of Salerno, and who is described to us as a lettered prince, proved in these circumstances to Pope Hildebrand as little enlightened a friend as a certain bear in a fable; for, under pretence of avenging the pontiff, Guiscard nearly utterly demolished the capital of the Pontifical States. It was particularly on the quarters of the Cœlian and the Esquiline, which had given shelter to the emperor and the Archbishop of Ravenna, thus intruded into the papacy, that the destructive rage of the Norman hordes expended itself. When Gregory VII. returned to the Lateran Palace, his eye wandered over a mass of ruins.

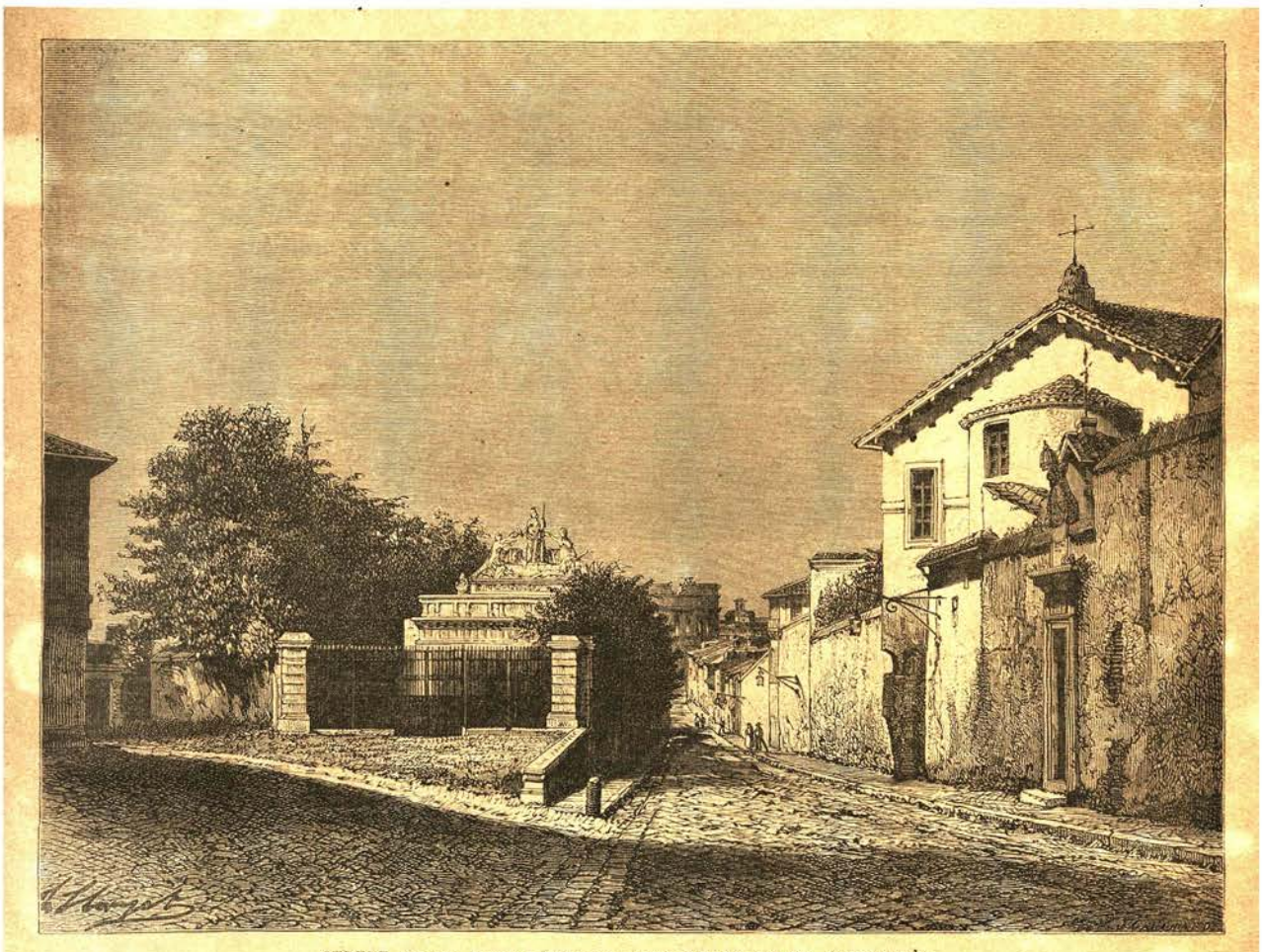
The edifice was then buried in 1084, and as the level of the soil had been greatly raised by the load of ruins, when four-and-twenty years after they wished to rebuild the church, instead of building other foundations, they completed the filling up of the hidden basilica, after taking the pains to withdraw from it the ciborium, the plaques of marble and porphyry which had separated the transept, most of the columns, and whatever else could, without destroying the edifice underground, contribute to the adornment of the new temple while perpetuating the memory of the old. The idea does honour to that Pope Pascal who was a Cluniac monk, and whose character was so amiable that Gregory VII., to whom he had been deputed by his monastery, not wishing to allow him to return to Burgundy, made him Abbot of St. Paul and then titular cardinal of St. Clement. These authenticated dates limit the presumable age of the subterranean paintings of which we are going to speak, while the exhumation of the primitive temple vindicates the antiquity of the existing decoration. Let us examine, one after the other, two sanctuaries, so emphatically curious that England and Prussia, though both Protestant countries, have been willing to contribute towards the resurrection of the ancient edifice,—a consoling sign of the spirit of our epoch.

V.

The erudition of a learned guide could be nowhere so necessary as at St. Clement's; but the abbé refused on various vain pretences to accompany me thither. I afterwards perceived that this monument tempts to the raising of a number of questions, on the subject of which prudence dissuades a man from pronouncing an opinion, and the abbé did not like even before insoluble problems to plead guilty to a doubt. My obstinate

curiosity disturbed him; and, under pretext of accustoming me to the toil of research, he left me without a mentor.

The church of St. Clement is situated between the Coliseum and the church of St. John Lateran, at the left of a long, open, and rather steep street. In this part of a quarter that has now become desert, and where trees crown the walls, as you turn from the middle of the Via San Giovanni you have on the left the railing, the sculptured frieze, and the trophies of a villa; at the extremity of a perspective of masonry a colossal fragment of the Flavian Amphitheatre, sombre in spite of the openings through which the light shines; and close to you on the right the low roofing of a gable end, with the framework of a false door that is topped by a sort of skylight arch with a small circumflex



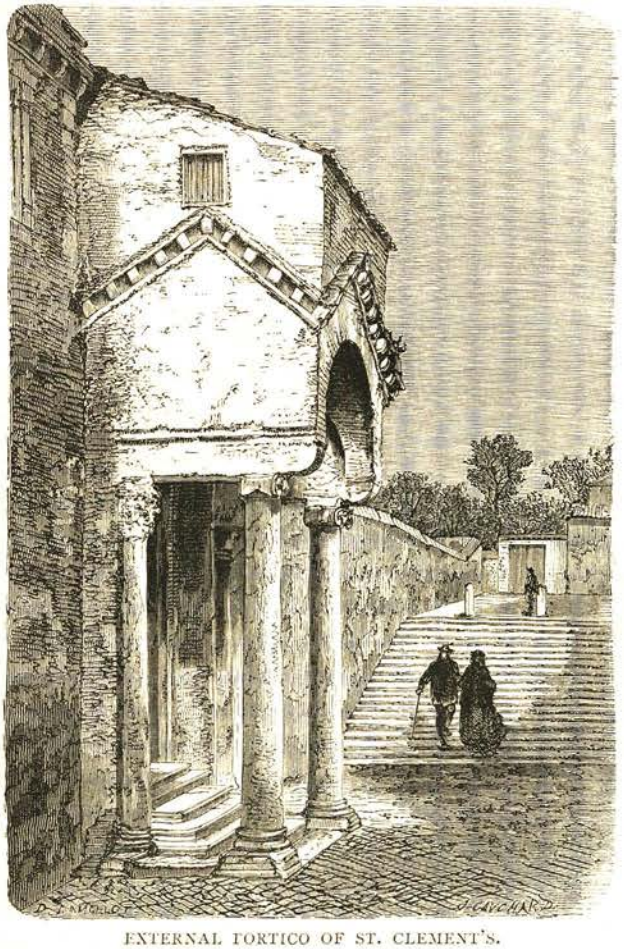
STREET OF ST. JOHN LATERAN—SIDE ENTRY OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

roof of round tiles. An iron cross on the top of the building, and a second iron cross on the hood of the small door, mark a chapel that in a quarter where the birds are singing assumes a rustic physiognomy. This roof of such homely look is the church of St. Clement.

You enter to the left of an alley of monastic rudeness by a heavy porch, poor of aspect, though with fine columns that do not match, and of such primitive simplicity that we wonder if it may not have seen Pope Liberius pass. The atrium is joined to a much lower portico, of which the arches rest on ancient columns with Ionian capitals; this arrangement is the frame to a small cloister which usually stood in front of the first basilicas, and in which catechumens as well as penitents remained. A side-door gives access to the monastery, and here you must ring to have the church opened, as it is

nearly always shut up. From the Coliseum I had not met a living soul, and the bell of the cloister tinkled long in the silence of noon without bringing any one.

The first sight of the temple, as you front the master-altar from the bottom of the narthex, is as striking as it is unexpected, and you are filled with a dazzled veneration. The homely roofs, arranged to cover the vaults, do so little to prepare one's mind for the dimensions of a rich church with three naves, that with the interest thus spontaneously awakened there mingles the magic of a supernatural vision. While the treasures of the place present the very ideal of a historical monument, various portions and their arrangement according to the primitive rites carry the mind back to the morrow of the catacombs. Even certain marks of barbarism contribute to the general effect. At what time, to level the unmatched columns of the atrium, could they have taken it into their heads, instead of shortening the shafts, to saw off the capitals in the middle? Robert Guiscard, who destroyed so well, built better, for he made the cathedral of Salerno. Although this church was beautified under Innocent III. and Innocent IV., under Eugenius IV., under Sixtus V., and more dangerously restored under Clement XI. by Stephen Fontana, who twined endive under the arches, still the works of the good times have such a preponderance that these partial discords are lost in the general harmony. The ancient barriers of the transept, with their Byzantine crosses, their plaited crowns, their untwined serpents, and their frames of glittering mosaic; the pulpits of so grave a form, the ciborium, the inscriptions, the funereal symbols of antiquity mixed with the bas-reliefs of the pagan era, that profusion of marbles of every age and every colour, would suffice to raise the value of the monument amply high enough. But it is to other riches that it owes the spontaneousness of effect. From the door of the church to the choir you tread upon the flowery gardens of a tapestry of coloured marble arranged six centuries since, that is at the best moment of the *opus Alexandrinum;* and then, behind the tabernacle above the presbyterium, which was completed the beginning of the twelfth century by Cardinal Anastasius, the semi-circle of the apse, a demi-cupola of dark gold traversed by arabesques in which mystic figures appear among the darkness of legend and of ages,—the whole of this portion of the church is one immense piece of mosaic, executed in the time of Jacopo da Turrita, that is, in the revival which crowned the thirteenth century. Displayed between these sumptuous pictures of the Alexandrine pavement and of the tribuna, the smallest objects possess a strange value, for they are not overwhelmed. Time has gilded the fresh crudities of the marbles, and cooled



EXTERNAL PORTICO OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

the too glowing warmth of the gold of the mosaic; and these elements of what would have been an incongruous splendour have gained an intensity which wraps them in charm and mystery.

Below the ornaments of the cupola, where the cross rises from a scroll rose, a frieze rich in veined marble, marked by the uncials of an inscription, separates the neo-Greek emblems from the corresponding Latin realities. On the upper course are arranged in two processions on each side of the Lamb, who has a golden nimbus and is placed in the centre, the Twelve Sheep whom he bade follow him, and who eye him with an interrogating expression. Under the entablature Christ is seen with his mother, surrounded by the twelve disciples, separated from one another by as many palms. This decoration, due to Celano, belongs to the fourteenth century. On the pendants of the vault certain apocalyptic figures with floating draperies spread forth like clouds. We recognise over Bethlehem and Jerusalem, Isaiah, Jeremiah, St. Laurence, St. Paul, St. Clement, and St. Peter; Urban VIII. introduced St. Dominic. To the right of the altar, beneath the flourishes of a pilaster, is a ravishing tabernacle of mosaic and sculpture in the Gothic style of the Pisans, a gem that Cardinal Tomasio of the Minor Brothers had executed in 1299, at the same time as the great arabesques of the semi-circle, 'to please the city of Rome and his uncle, Boniface VIII.'

In one of the chapels of St. Clement is the marble statue of St. John the Baptist, one of those living representations of asceticism and penance that no one dared approach but the supple and vigorous Donatello, with all his contempt for the traditions of antiquity. This figure is attributed to Simon, brother of that distant forerunner of Michelangelo. In the same chapel have been erected, also in the fifteenth century, two Florentine tombs of admirable quality, especially that of Cardinal Roverella. Votive inscriptions exhumed from the catacombs revive upon the walls and recall to one's mind ancient and romantic names that seem to have been gleaned from the poets. The presence of these shades gives to our meditation such unfamiliar themes, that we find pleasure in following them in the sanctuary, where we contemplate so many rare works that are still full of life because they have not been displaced; for the relics of art transported into a cabinet are like cut flowers. The good monks of Ireland, who have at St. Clement's their only paradise in this world, understand the feelings of some of their visitors in the matter; when the sacristan brother had accompanied us for some time to find an honest pride from our admiration, he left us with only a request that we would carry the key back to the convent,—a not very common mark of confidence, of which I was justly proud.

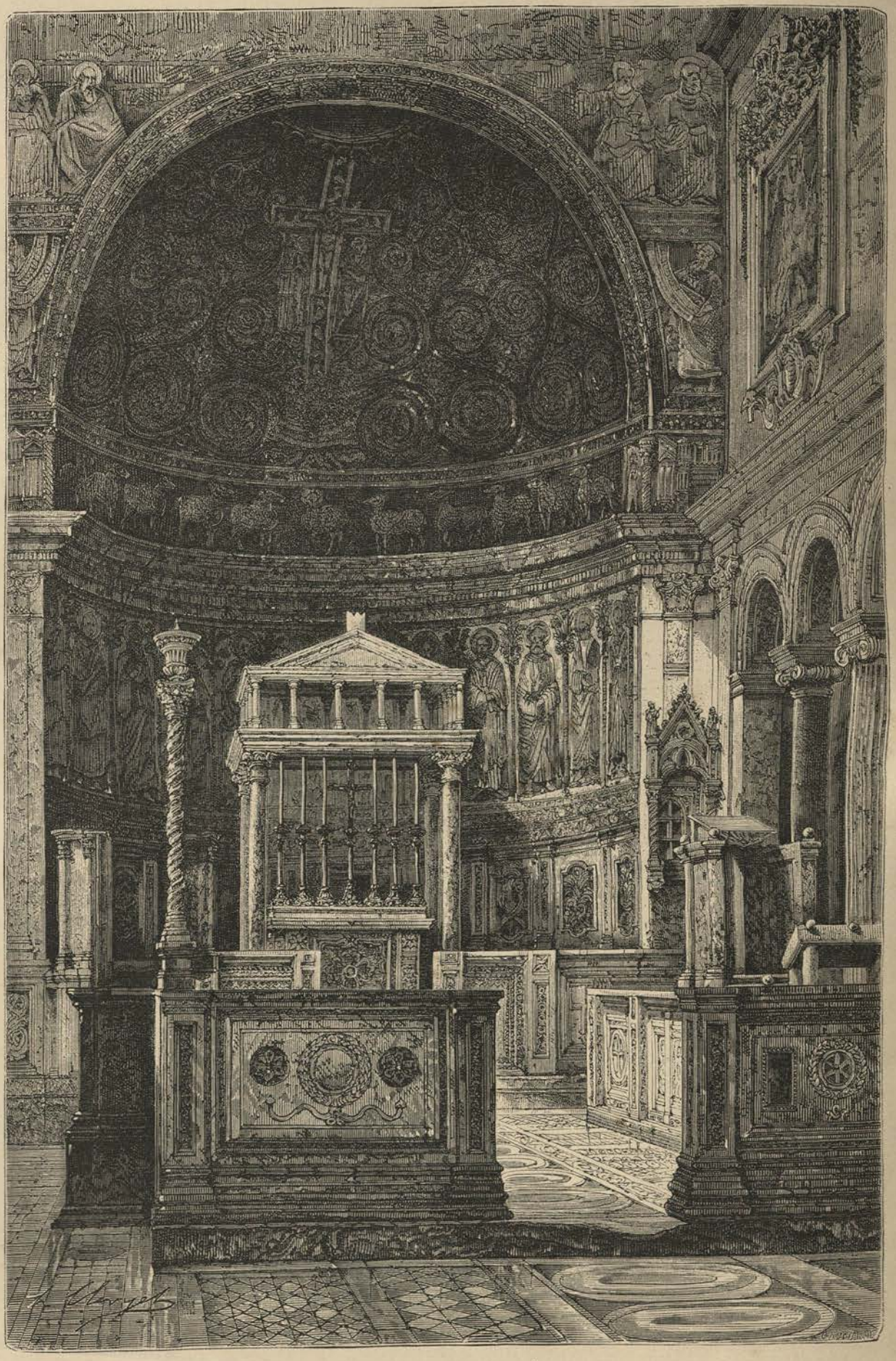
We find an undoubted pleasure in exclusive possession: these walls tell such old stories that one amuses oneself in deciphering them alone, by seeming to find confidences in them. By a common instinct my companion and I separated, to wander as we listed; at a distance I perceived her above barriers of marble that perhaps Cyril the Philosopher had touched; she passed like a shadow between the columns behind the pulpits that John VIII., in the time of Charles the Bald, freshened up with his cypher. We met for a moment at the bottom of the naves in the chapel on the left of the entrance door, which is one of the most precious monuments of the church, having been entirely painted in the first half of the fifteenth century. It is the work of that disciple of Brunelleschi and of Gentile da Fabriano, who between 1420 and 1428, when he died at the age of twenty-six, launched painting into the way of science, and gave the art such an impulse that, nearly a century afterwards, Raphael and Michelangelo still studied him. The works of Masaccio have become very rare; you appreciate his frescoes at St. Clement's

better—they are a landmark in the history of the Renaissance—if you have been accustomed to trace out a design under heavy retouchings and stupid restorations. In the fine composition of the Crucifixion, at the back of the altar, the group of holy women supporting the fainting Virgin, is all that retains delicacy of face and expression. As for what remains of the legend of St. Catherine, drawn on the side partitions, not only do the motions still show by their suppleness and their truth the skill of the young master, but two of the subjects, St. Catherine defying the Power of the Idols, and St. Catherine converting the Daughter of Maximin, have always been respected; the heroine of Alexandria preserves in them her first beauty. A figure that has been painted over again, but still remains charming in attitude and expression, is the saint on her knees at prayer, between the two portions of the wheel which would have torn her in pieces had it not miraculously broken asunder. The subjects of the opposite wall have been not only repainted, but mutilated. Some of the figures of the vault, representing the evangelists and the doctors of the Latin church, have been better preserved. The whole, in fine, is enough to give a very high idea of Tomaso Guidi, called Masaccio, whom Vasari wrongly includes under the patronage of the Medici, improperly giving him his fellow-workman, Mazzolino, for a master, and whom all the biographies represent as alive down to 1443, an assertion disproved by recent inquiry.

As we were coming out we exchanged discoveries, and we had to see the whole church over again, so as to see together what each had been able to find out alone. Such is the charm of these wanderings in a place so glorious, that its wonders make you forget the frightful ceiling of Clement XI., with its apotheosis of Chiari, a mere operatic glorification, and that the pompous affairs of Conca, Grecolini, Odazzi, Piastrini would be unperceived, if the singular objects they represent in honour of St. Clement did not by their very incongruity raise questions to which only tradition can reply.

VI.

Few legendary personages are virtually better approved by history than St. Clement the Roman. He figures as the fourth on the list of pontiffs; we know that he travelled with St. Paul, who in his Epistle to the Philippians designates him as one of his helpers, whose names are written in the book of life; his namesake of Alexandria compares him to the apostles, and Rufinus speaks of him in the same terms; the Christian annals commemorate his restraining influence from the time of the first troubles which disturbed the church of Corinth, and we have on this point decisive testimony, namely, two epistles in Greek and Latin from Clement to the faithful of Corinth, the first of which is perhaps the most ancient monument (after the Acts of the Apostles) of Christian letters in the first century. The Fathers of the third and fourth inform us that St. Clement was the first to despatch missionaries to the Gauls; our Lorraine annalists even pretend that he visited them, and St. Clement possesses his local legend in the diocese of Metz; in fine, it is believed that he was martyred at the time of the third persecution under the Emperor Trajan. But in spite of these elements of publicity, the origin of the blessed Clement has remained doubtful and, on a point which is of high importance in clearing up the history of the foundation of our basilica, three versions have been current, the most accredited of which, although accepted by history, is the only one that can be damaged with real evidence. According to Alban Butler, the orthodox theologian of Northampton,



INTERIOR OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

all the biographies attribute to Clement the Roman a Jewish origin, resting on the fact that in the first of his letters to the Corinthians he declares himself son of Jacob. Now twice have I read, not only the famous epistle, but all of St. Clement that is left to us, without finding in it any trace of such a statement, which indeed could not fail to be very perplexing. According to the same biographer, this son of Jacob must have had the name Faustinus, which is not a very Semitic designation.

The second tradition, which has always been widely believed in Rome, is that St. Clement belonged to the Flavian race, and that he had at the foot of the Cœlian, among the possessions of his family in the neighbourhood of the Vespasian amphitheatre, a palace in which after his conversion he had an oratory built. Let us observe, for this is an essential point, that many churches and the majority of the first communities were actually constituted in this way. Quite recent excavations, to which discoveries made at St. Clement's gave an impulse, disclose under each of the ancient churches the substructions of an oratory or chapel, made usually with indifferent material and fixed in the solid walls of the palace. The new convert, if he was a proprietor or great lord, received his clients or neophytes in the chapel of the house, where they met for grave discussions, and where Levites found shelter; then on his death the master bequeathed to his brethren this embryo of a church and community. All the temples of the first century which were not built over the burying-place of a martyr were, I would venture to affirm, established in this way.

Now some remains of a palace adjoin the old subterranean basilica of St. Clement and communicate with it. Even below the crypt two deeper chambers have been recently found, and in one of them they believe they recognise the primitive oratory. The masonry of the building beneath indicates a construction anterior to the second century; in some places it is mixed with large bricks, materials that were employed even before Romulus, as is shown by the ramparts of Arezzo, referred to by Vitruvius. These buildings have settled over thick stonework of an Etruscan construction, as to which one cannot be mistaken. Such circumstances show that the founder was a personage of mark, possessing a palace in which he gave himself the luxury of a chapel; and what completes the proof is that Clement I., not having died at Rome, whither his remains did not come until the ninth century, the church cannot have had his tomb for its origin. However, there is no justification for believing that Clement the Roman sprang from the Flavian house, and we may suppose that the first hagiographers confounded our hero with Clement of Alexandria, who was called Titus Flavius Clemens.

The third version of this genealogy, and the only one that is supported by writings of proved antiquity, attributes to the fourth of the popes a Roman and patrician origin. It is compatible with the preceding statements, as well as with the enormous popularity proved by the saint's legend; it would, in fact, be nearly without example, and it is a melancholy remark to make, for it applies to all time,—it would be most improbable for so much popular renown to attach itself to a poor man and a plebeian name.

VII.

It is not without an emotion above ordinary curiosity that you prepare in one of the low naves, while the guides are lighting their torches, to descend from the church where so many antiquities have entranced you, down to a monument of a yet more

venerable antiquity, in which time has displaced nothing on the evil pretence of restoring or beautifying. We are sure that the torches will light up halls in which St. Augustin, St. Sylvester, St. Gregory the Great made their voices heard; we know that for eight hundred years no eye beheld this sanctuary, in which Gregory VII. was the last to officiate.

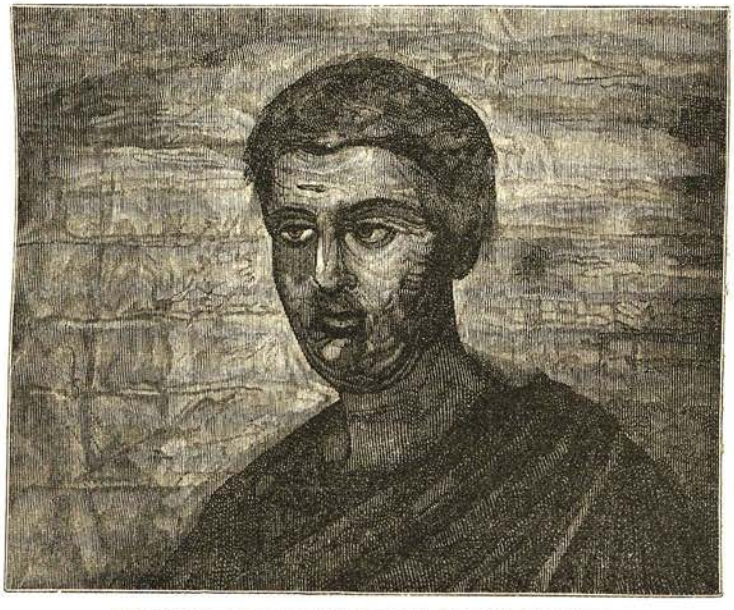
The paintings of remote times are documents of art so rarely preserved; the oldest which Roman histories mention only dates from 173 years before our era. This is the commemorative picture which, after subduing the island of Sardinia, the consul Sempronius Gracchus placed in the temple of Mater Matuta. This work, that was still to be seen in the time of Livy, represented 'the form of the island, and in it were painted likenesses of battles.' Well, even if one were to find the *ex-voto* of the consul Sempronius Gracchus, the piece would hardly be more curious or possess more importance for the history of art than the Clementine paintings so long anterior to the Renaissance.

When Pascal II. had the San Clemente rebuilt, they only left in the lower church some marble pilasters and a few columns, and these blocks still mark the separation of the naves. The rough casting of the walls, that is frequently peeled off, lets us see the irregular layers of a building formed for the most part of inferior materials, mixed with parts of much greater antiquity. As soon as the torches cease to wave in front of you, the compositions disclose themselves. We perceive that time and damp have wrought much destruction by making the pozzuolana fall away from the facings, but besides that whole pages have remained all but untouched, whatever is not destroyed has preserved the freshness of its colouring. The general appearance from this point of view is that of the mosaics of Ravenna, I would even say of the early frescoes of the Campo Santo at Pisa, if the usage of cruder colours, of ochres especially, which make deep reds and yellows, did not give to these pictures a more truly antique simplicity of aspect. As for the design, it has in general more suppleness of movement; in the less ancient portions the composition is more freely picturesque than it was under the hand of the contemporaries of Ducci and Giotti.

Let us proceed in the order of the dates, as far as possible, to a rapid analysis of these curiosities, that are too little known and that have not yet been explained. They lately found two heads of life-size, the one on a kind of island of plaster of considerable thickness, the other on a piece of very light rough cast, which permits the stones to be seen through it; these fragments are, so far, the oldest nobiliary titles of the monument. The one represents a woman, true type of the Roman matron, with black eyes, and eyebrows deeply arched under a low brow. This face, framed in a nimbus, seems to belong to the end of the fourth century, and it recalls with more art the processes used in the frescoes of the catacombs. The other reproduces them still more perceptibly; it is a man's head, with the bust draped in the Roman fashion; short hair marks off the brow, which is low, the nose is extremely aquiline, the chin salient and broad, the eyes finely cut, the mouth accentuated, and the mask joined to the shoulders by a well-set neck. This fresco is obtained by a succession of tones passed one over the other and forming flat tints, a process which characterises also the likenesses in the catacombs. The woman is, perhaps, Euodia or Eutyche, that St. Paul gives to St. Clement for helpers, or Domitilla, whom he converted. As for the man, it would be difficult to hazard any theory. Still, it may be said that in the opinion of the most competent this head, which is of a style and sweep purely Roman, can scarcely have been painted later than the year 310. The *vir togatus* permits us, therefore, to attribute to this portion of the church an origin anterior to Constantine.

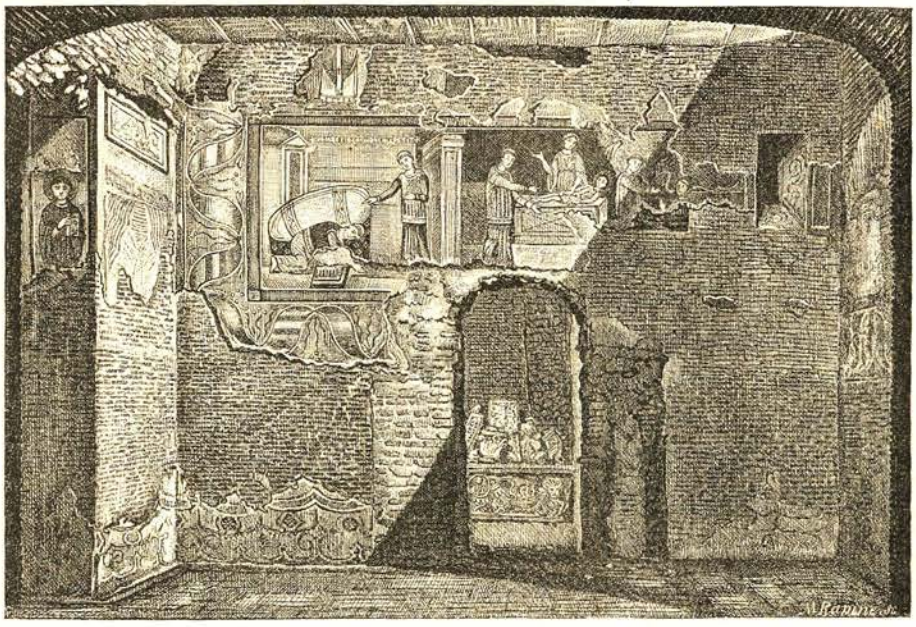
The most ancient fragments, though sadly mutilated, that we next find in the northern wing date from the eighth century, and offer three subjects taken from the legend of St. Catherine of Alexandria. This is the most ancient iconographic mention of the virgin-martyr, and it contradicts the critical historians who have maintained that she was not honoured in the West before the second Crusade. The discovery of her relics at the foot of Sinai by the Christians of Egypt, who deposited them on the summit of the mountain in the convent of St. Helen, made great stir in the time of St. Gregory III., originally from Syria. It was at this epoch, without doubt, or a little after, between 740 and 760, that they represented the life of a saint whom this event had restored to popular renown. These paintings, in which we find some hints of movement, are of a remarkable rudeness. They are more barbarous than those devoted to St. Gregory the Great, on account, no doubt, of the homilies which he pronounced in this church. There is a small subject, nearly destroyed, in which he is represented as writing to St. Augustin of Canterbury, to congratulate him on the conversion of the English. The three others are taken from the numerous writings of St. Gregory, who, describing some traits of the holy monk Libertinus, recounts how the monk charged a serpent to watch the vegetables of the monastery of Fondi, which a robber used to come and carry off every night by scaling the walls. The serpent seized with his coils the foot of the offender, and hissed loudly by way of summoning Libertinus, who unbound the captive, and authorised him in order to avoid sin to come henceforth to the house for the fruit of which he had need. This Libertinus was of such humility that, after being beaten by his superior, he presented himself before him with as much sweetness as if nothing had happened, and the abbot was so moved that he prostrated himself before the simple brother, and

FRAGMENT OF A FRESCO OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.



FRAGMENT OF A FRESCO OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

besought his forgiveness. One day as Libertinus was entering Ravenna, a woman took his horse by the bridle, and forced the monk to come and bring to life again the child that she had just lost. These legendary stories, evoked by the writings of St. Gregory, were evidently painted subsequently to his death in 604; but they may have been painted less than a century after under Gregory II., who was a Savelli, and who was, I believe, titularly of this church, for the popes gladly illustrated the canonised predecessor whose name they bore. These frescoes, in great part destroyed, are placed under the chapel of St. Catherine, and may have been executed between 715 and 730, for they recall pretty closely the Vatican manuscripts of the same epoch. I think that I can still point out the trace of an art peculiar to the West in two paintings placed side by side, which seem, if not of a different age, to have been executed at any rate by two artists of very unequal talent. A part of the wall collects, after the Christ on the Cross, some points in the life of Jesus referring to the resurrection, the redemption, and the eucharist, symbolised by the Holy Women at the Tomb, by Adam taken from Limbo, and by the Miracle of Cana.



LEGEND OF ST. LIBERTINUS: FRAGMENTS OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

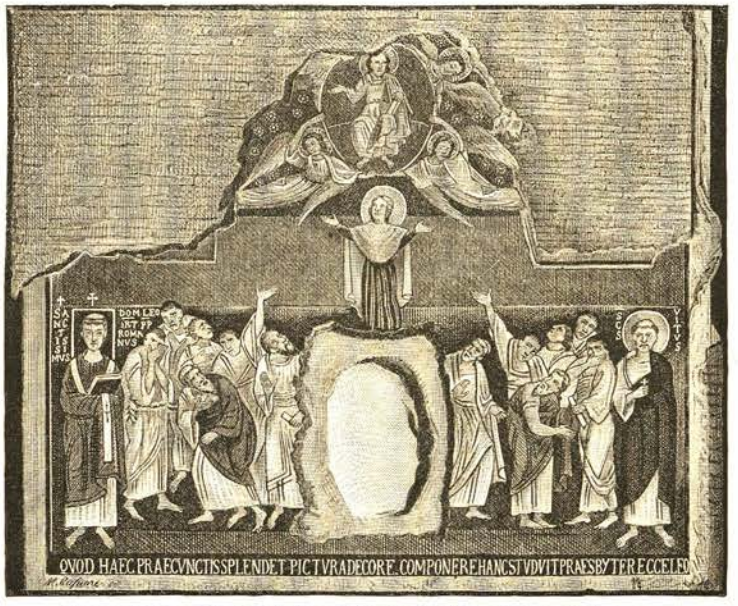
These paintings are weak, and without much movement, while the drawing of the Christ on the Cross is barbarous.

The neighbouring compartment, evidently executed to complete an exposition of doctrine, is more remarkable: it is the oldest known representation of the Assumption of the Virgin. Round the tomb the apostles express their stupefaction by their faces and by the attitudes of a movement that is as varied as it is energetic. Covered with an ample cloak, slightly lifted by her extended arms, with eyes raised to the sky, where she beholds her son seated in the midst of four angels and surrounded by an ellipsoid nimbus, the Madonna rises from the earth. The scene has a motion in it which is still far away from Byzantine immobility.

These compositions anathematise the heresies of the Pelagians and their errors touching grace, the holy sacrament, original sin, and the divinity of Christ. Close by they have introduced, armed with his Chronicle and his Poems against the deniers of grace, St. Prosper, who came from Marseilles at the invitation of St. Leo the Great to fight by the side of Augustin against the Pelagians. In order the better to show the

invention, at one of the extremities of the picture of the Assumption, they place St. Vitus, Archbishop of Vienne, who had destroyed as against the Arians certain analogous errors. He forms a counterpart to the illustrious Pope Leo IV., a Roman of old time, who resisted the Saracens, who fortified Rome, constructed the Leonine enceinte round the Vatican, and made great restorations in the church of St. Clement. The square green nimbus surrounding his head is a sign that, at the time he was painted, he was still living. Still we ought not in general to grant absolute authority to this presumption; it assists a probability without warranting certainty. Leo IV., who was canonised, wore the tiara from 847 to 885. It was he who had this fresco composed; the formal and curious inscription that informs us on this point shows us Latin prosody in decay; it contributed also to prove the age of the paintings:

QUOD HÆC PRÆ CUNCTIS SPLENDET PICTURA DECORE,
COMPONERE HANC STUDUIT PRÆSBYTER ECCE LEO.

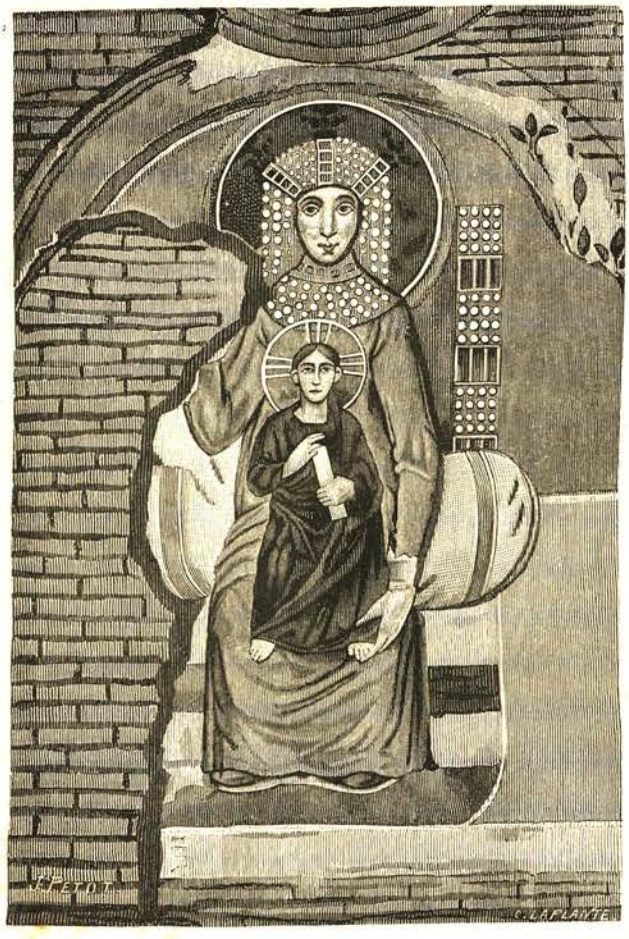


ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN: FRESCO OF THE TIME OF LEO IV.

One can have no hesitation in connecting with the same period a large fresco, of which all is obliterated save two groups of heads symmetrically arranged, in which the Reverend Father Joseph Mullooly thinks that he recognises the audience of the council that was held in this church in the fifth century by Pope Zosimus for the condemnation of Pelagius. At any rate, among the thirty-two figures of the left group you remark several women, some of them approaching beauty; above that on the right are represented scales with two dishes in equilibrium, with the words, *Stateram auget modium justum*, taken from an epistle of St. Clement. This is a very old instance of a balance with two dishes; but the baptistery of Constantia, the daughter of St. Helen, furnishes another much older, engraved at the head of an inscription.

At the beginning of the ninth century, events which led to a profound division of Rome and the Westerns from the Empire of the East also modified the condition of art. The heresy of the Iconoclasts which had come to light under Zeno had recovered favour, and it became tyrannical under Leo the Isaurian, who had it formally authorised by a council held at Constantinople. Notwithstanding the thunders of Gregory II. and his successors, the fury against images continued under Leo the Khazarian and under Leo the Armenian; those who painted them were driven from Constantinople, and were compelled to find an exile in the West, where the worship which was abominated in their own country was still held in honour. Italy welcomed these artists, whom the popes protected, and who from their states spread into the orthodox countries. These are the circumstances with which it is proper to connect the Greek, or, as we say, Byzantine influence,

and we perceive it at this moment appear in a painting of an indisputable character. At the north of the crypt is a Madonna with a diadem loaded with stones or drachms; she is posed in full face, her eyes fixed in front of her, with her son below also in full face, and with that sphinx-like immobility to which these people systematically condemned their figures. To right and left two saints, of whom we only see that the heads are equally mummified; above, in a medallion, the Christ, beardless and draped as in the primitive times, belongs to another hand, if it is not earlier. Lower than the lateral figures, two subjects from the Sacrifice of Abraham form pendants to one another; we should suppose that they were copied from one of those sculptured *olifants* sent by Saracen art to the stout folk of the Carolingian cycle. As this painting was found under another, Father Mullooly inclines to carry it back as far as the year 600; but in my own opinion it is not earlier than the second half of the eighth century, if even it does not belong to the ninth. The purely Greek style of this little chapel in the form of a niche, we shall soon see undergoing modification, because at that time those who imparted it were still open to the influence of the more free, more dramatic and living art of the Latin races; a tradition which was not entirely extinct at the end of the ninth or the beginning of the tenth century. Certain monuments, in fact, will disclose to you at that distant date the abortive attempt at renaissance; abortive because the Roman inspiration soon completed the process of its extinction, while the Greek school, remaining absolute master of the field, ended by imposing its iconography, in the symmetrical immobility of which the orientals satisfied their instinctive aversion for images. Of these last productions of a hybrid school, connected with the Roman tradition by its movement, its feeling, and its intelligence, with the school of Byzantium by its mannerism and costume, no one would ever have suspected the existence if the crypts of St. Clement did not furnish proof of such a transition.



BYZANTINE MADONNA: FRESCO OF THE NINTH CENTURY.

So far we have only seen Pope Clement in his church in an episodic state. The finding of the remains of this pontiff by St. Cyril the Philosopher, brother of St. Methodius, and the translation of the relics under Nicholas I., that is, between 858 and 869—this return of a patrician martyr to his home after seven centuries of exile gave a new impulse to the worship of the saint.

The event and its date are of extreme importance for settling the origin of our church and the age of the paintings that are left for me to describe. According to the Bollandists, Philosophus Constantinus, originally from Thessalonica, came from the Tauric

Chersonese among the Khazars, and found there the body of Clement, which he carried into the Crimea, then into Moravia, and finally brought to Rome, whither he had been summoned by Pope Nicholas I., who had the relics placed in the church for many years dedicated to St. Clement. The librarian, Anastasius, who took a part in the festivities of this translation, at which also the Bishop of Velletri was present, writes in an epistle dated Kalends of April, 874, the words that I translate literally: 'Constantinus Philosophus, a man of repute, a model of apostolic life, came to Rome under Adrian II., and restored the body of St. Clement to its abode.' Baronius, who reports these traditions, and who establishes also the identity of Philosophus with Cyril, a name assumed late *divino monitu*, adds that this priest was Bishop of the Morannes, vulgarly the Moravians, supported by an anonymous hagiographer of the Carolingian era, the manuscript of whom comes out of the library of Arundel; these facts concur in indicating the Tauric Chersonese as the spot where St. Clement perished in exile. These testimonies, supported from the writings of St. Clement of Alexandria, of St. Jerome, of St. Zosimus, as well as the ecclesiastical fathers of the East and the annalists of Bohemia, conclusively prove that Clement I. died far away from Rome, that he was not buried there, and that consequently its name, under which before this tardy translation the church of St. Clement was designated, had been kept in memory of the founder of the oratory and of the *patron of the house*.

LEGEND OF ST. CLEMENT: EPISODE OF SISINIUS (TENTH CENTURY).

It was, according to all appearance, between 900 and 940 that they set themselves to paint on the walls of the principal naves the series of illustrations of a legend suddenly become popular. These subjects, which are numerous and most interesting, are as a rule in good preservation. The first which presents itself on a thick and very broad pilaster, quite close to the master-altar, is the most important page in the series; it is the Conversion of Sisinius, the friend of Domitian.

The principal subject is that of the centre, which represents a church lighted by seven lamps, answering to the seven gifts of the Spirit of Light; the lamp which surmounts the altar on which the missal and the chalice are placed itself consists of seven flames arranged in a circular lustre. They have chosen the moment when St. Clement, who is officiating, with the pallium on his shoulder and wearing a chasuble falling to a point, turns round with extended arms to chant the *pax domini sit semper vobiscum*, and when the pagan Sisinius, drawn to the temple by a malignant curiosity, becomes blind and deaf his steps are uncertain, and a young attendant much marvelling leads him forth. The

pious wife of the courtier, Theodora, beholds what has happened with a surprise that has nothing painful in it. The deacons and bishops, placed on the other side of the altar, present the givers of the fresco, who, in elegant apparel, bear crowns. They are in stature less by a half than the chief personages of the drama; an inscription that is over the arabesques on which the picture rests has transmitted to us the names of these persons:

EGO BENO DE RAPIZA CUM MARIA UXORE MEA PRO AMORE DEI ET BEATI CLEMENTIS.

The space being too short to continue, the following characters have been placed vertically over one another under the last letter of *Clementis:* P. G. R. F. C. They offer by far the most singular method of abbreviation that I think I ever met, the initials of each syllable being included, *PinGeReFeCi.* Elsewhere the same formula in all letters, beginning by *ego Beno,* &c., ends by *fecit—Ego . . . fecit.* This is Latin in extreme decay.

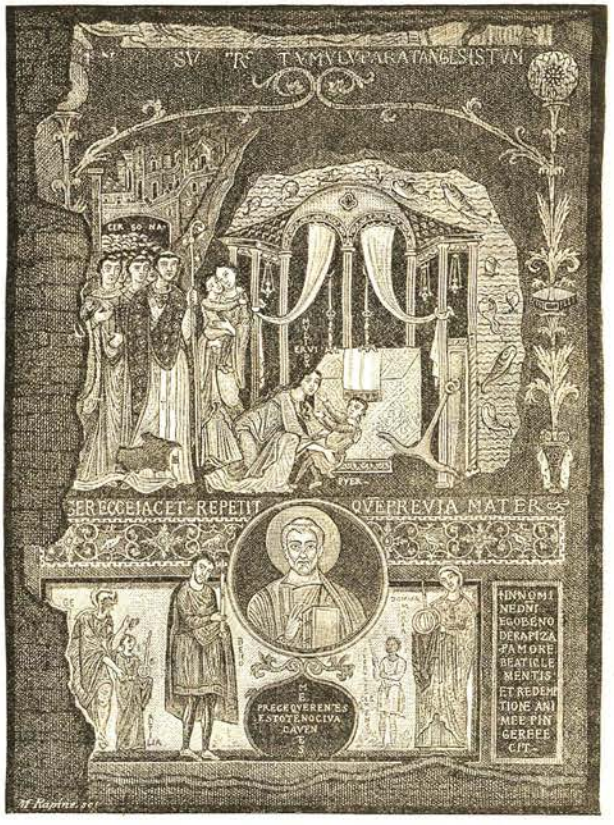
But the subject treated *en prédelle* with more negligence will bring in philological curiosities of a different sort. Sisinius having commanded his attendants to strangle Clement, they bind and drag along the shaft of a column which, thanks to a miracle, they mistake for the saint. The saint has escaped at the opposite end; he is only represented by his last words, pronounced as he crosses the portico on which the painter has written: 'DURITIAM CORDIS VESTRIS (*sic*) . . . SAXA TRAERE MERUISTI.' The two attendants of Sisinius, who struggle to draw the column, are named Cosmaris and Albertel. The first has pulled the cord on to his shoulder, the other has it under his arm; 'ALBERTEL TRAI,' says the legend, written over his head, 'Albertel draws.' *Trai* is no longer Latin, but it belongs to vulgar idiom. On the side at which the saint has fled, a person, probably of his suite, and named Colopalo, is turning round. Rushing with a stick, as with a rope he shakes the base of the shaft, he looks at an attendant, who was drawing at the other end, and casts at him some words that are figured thus: 'FALITEDERETO.' To discover the sense of this queer group of syllables, I think we must decompose it to these four words, *Fali te de reto!* and translate it by this ironical phrase, 'Cheat thyself by this delusion!' It is Italian, ill-taken from Latin forms; *de reto,* instead of *di rete,* is explicable, by a propensity of the decline to assimilate the forms of the second declension to most substantives. That the inscription is in Italian one could show by that which is placed as a pendant, and as to which no uncertainty can be maintained, but the apostrophe of Sisinius is too rude to be reproduced. In the central composition the costumes are Greek; a certain unity presides over the arrangements; the frame is filled up with indisputable art, for the intentions, without being forced, are shown in a free and natural manner, and the heads are far from being inexpressive. Those artists succeeded better in young than in old forms, in the heads of women and the figures of men, in draped personages than in those which are not so—all of them characteristic traits of Christian art. The figure of Theodora is graceful, well draped, supple, and of a handsome cast.

We shall see again, in the continuance of this legend, all the family of Beno de Rapiza, at the bottom of the representation of the miracle which took place before the submarine grave of St. Clement, when a widow finds there her child, who had been forgotten at the festivities of the previous year. Below the fresco, in a great medallion, is the pontiff, to whom Beno, his son Clement, his daughter Atila, his wife Maria, and

the grandmother of the children, bring each a taper with crowns. These are priceless studies of costume. In another medallion, arranged in the shape of a cross, is this prayer of barbarous Latinity:

ME PRECE FERENTES ESTOTE NOCIVA CAVENTES.

The upper subject, destroyed as on the previous panel, represented the construction of the tomb by an angel, as the half-preserved inscription shows. As for the principal picture, the arrival of the clergy of Kherson, with the bishop at their head, to assist at the prodigy of the child found safe and sound, the work is one of the most remarkable, as much by the architecture of the little monument on which the altar appears, the curtains of the Tabernacle having been symmetrically looped up, as by the drawing of the figures, which are reproduced in a double action. The stooping mother raises the child extending its arms to her; then, standing upright, pressing it to her breast, she leans her head tenderly against that of her son. In the second subject, the group has a movement so faithful, and the draperies are of such a style, that this charming figure recalls the sculptures of Chartres and those of Erwin of Steinbach at Strasburg. It shows to an equal extent the thought and intelligence of the West applied to the art of Byzantium, but the artists who here reach this result are three centuries before Giotto. The miraculous shrine in which the scene passes is covered with large tiles, like the churches of Ravenna; four arches, in spite of symmetry, are only equipped with three lamps, because these lights symbolize the divine virtues. The anchor that they fastened about the neck of the pontiff when he was drowned by order of Trajan is fastened to a ring in the wall; peopled by fish swimming, the waves of the sea envelop the miraculous chapel. In the shape of epilogues are added the acts and deeds of St. Cyril, who died under Nicholas I. during his stay at Rome. A fresco, of which few traces remain, placed above an excavation by which we descend into the darkness of earlier times down to the Etruscan substructions, allows us to recognise Cyril, or Constantine the Philosopher, receiving from the Emperor Michael III., called the Drunkard, the mission to go and convert the Slaves and Bulgarians. Behind the apostle is, or rather was, for few fragments remain, his brother Methodius. Close by we perceive the King Bogoris, being baptized naked in a piscina in which he is plunged up to the waist. Let us further remark two extremely curious pilasters, which might very well date from Leo IV. On one are represented St. Giles and St. Blasius, one above the other;



MIRACLE AT THE TOMB OF ST. CLEMENT (TENTH CENTURY).

the Armenian bishop, at the prayers of a weeping mother, is drawing from the throat of her child a thorn which choked it. It is for this reason that, in order to be cured of quinsy, people go to touch at the church of Santa Maria in Via Lata the relic of the throat of St. Blasius. Below is drawn a kind of devouring wolf, which is carrying off a creature and scratching it with its whiskers; this subject is separated from the basement by an ornament taken from the acanthus, and inspired from the ancient arabesques. On the

ST. BLASIUS PLUCKING A THORN FROM THE THROAT OF A CHILD: FRESCO ON A PILASTER (NINTH CENTURY).

DANIEL SPARED BY THE LIONS: PILASTER PAINTED IN THE NINTH CENTURY.

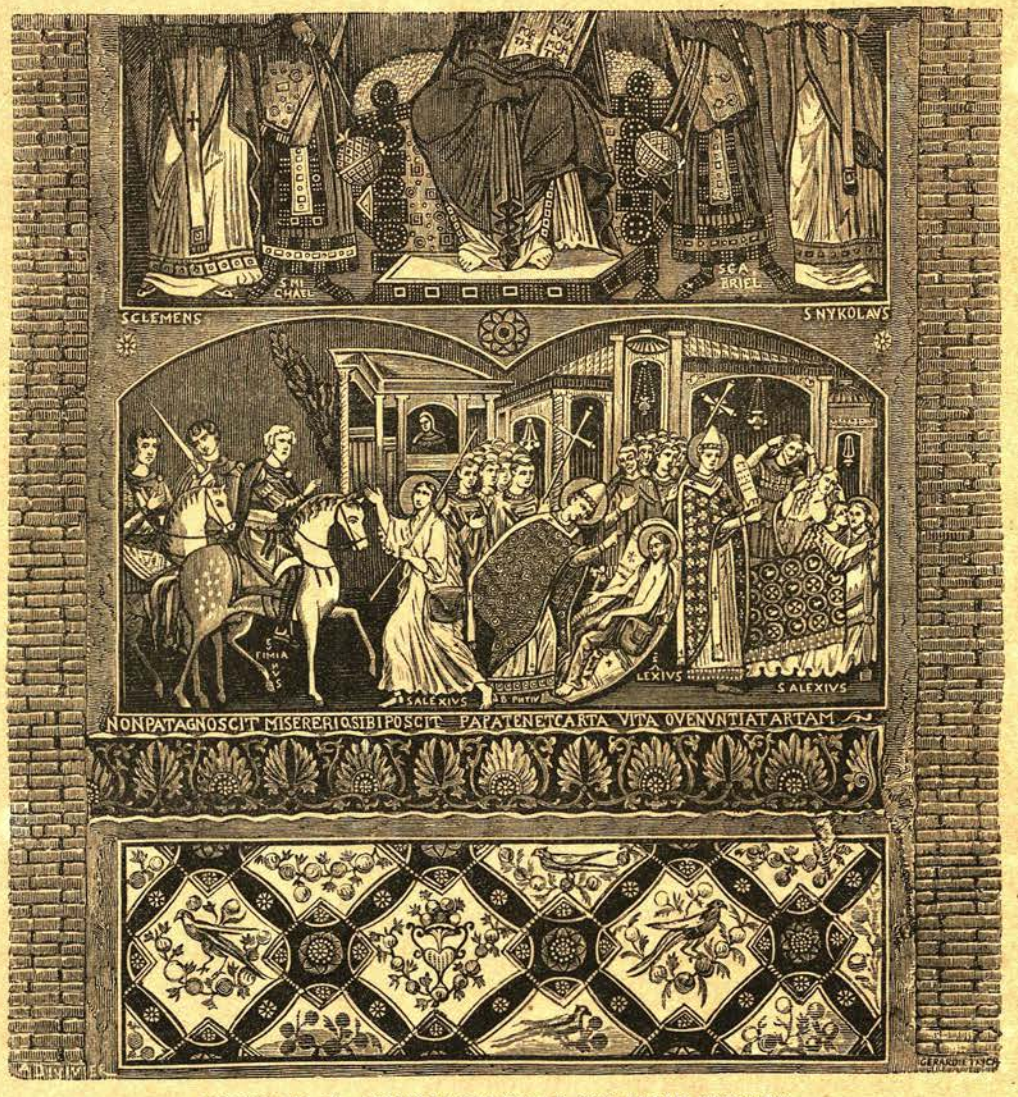
other pilaster, St. Antonine the Martyr, in the time of Diocletian, has beneath him Daniel, whose feet two lions of a heraldic make are licking, twisting themselves into the strangest posture. The prophet, who was minister to the kings of Babylon, wears the gay and half-warlike costume of the young Byzantine lords of the ninth century. A broad belt is over the surcoat; the breastplate is trimmed with ornaments; short open cuffs expose to sight long and tight sleeves, fastened at the wrist by an embroidered decoration; the buskins are elegant. In the lower compartment struggle five monsters that we might

call man-lions, three of which erect on their hind feet try to devour Daniel, and open formidable jaws. The ornament of the base is of exquisite taste, consisting of curves which meet enclosing rosettes between denticulated cinctures. What would lead one to suppose that these pilasters are earlier than the second half of the ninth century is that there is no question of St. Clement, and that St. Giles of Nismes acquired renown in Rome at the end of the seventh. Let us not omit a composition entirely Greek and of later date, Cyril and Methodius presented to Christ, the one by St. Clement, whose relics he has brought back; the other by St. Andrew, the predecessor of Methodius in the apostolate to the Scythians. The Saviour, draped in the toga, is too short by more than a third considering the size of the head; he is blessing in the Greek manner, that is, the ring finger bent under the thumb and the three others extended, a unique example of the oriental rite in the monuments of Rome, but not in the rest of the West, where we meet it from one remote time to another up to the twelfth century.

At the bottom of the church is a painting that can only be attributed to the authors of the miracles of St. Clement, already described. It is the representation of the funeral of St. Cyril, carried to the Vatican with face uncovered on a *cataletto*, covered by a rich quilt. The clerks in long dresses have torches in their hands; the incense-bearers swing their spherical censors. In front of the altar of St. Peter is the pope, who pronounces the *Pax Domini*. This pontiff, who is Nicholas I., is also drawn at the head of the procession, with a mitre on his head, or pointed tiara with single circle, and wearing a white pallium sprinkled with black crosses. At his right walks Methodius, the brother of the deceased, in deep sorrow. The two saints and the Eastern clergy wear the beard, while the Roman clergy are shaven. Behind the cross-bearer of the pope rise banners of stuff sprinkled with gold, surmounted with a Greek cross. Under the frieze, which is framed by two inscriptions, we learn that 'Maria the butcher's wife (Macellaria) for the reverence of God and the healing of her soul has had this drawn.' Here, then, in religious buildings, long before the development of the monasteries and the impulse given by Franciscans and Dominicans, here are works of art due to the munificence of the Roman citizens. We may conclude from this that throughout the events of the middle age the commune preserved a certain preponderance, and that the middle classes had gathered the spoils of the fallen patriciate. Nothing is truer: it was not before the end of the tenth century that civil discords brought Rome to ruin, sacked and destroyed property, and extinguished for two hundred years and more the intellectual lights which had begun again to shine forth.

Along the nave, perhaps to fill up an empty space, towards the same epoch, the end of the ninth or the beginning of the tenth century, they grouped into a single frontispiece the principal points in the legend of St. Alexius. They are painted in the midst of a ravishing ornamentation of rosettes and compartments decked with flowers among which birds move with a cornice half destroyed on which Christ figured, censed by the two archangels, Michael and Gabriel, who are accompanied by St. Clement and Nicholas I. The three acts of this edifying little drama pass in front of the house of the senator Eufimianus, father of the pilgrim who in his early youth quitted the paternal roof to exile himself in Palestine; the buildings of the palace occupy three-quarters of the background placed in the middle of a fresco. Under a window, from which without recognising him, his betrothed, whom he abandoned on the day of their nuptials, is regarding him, Alexius having returned to Rome, with the staff and wallet of the traveller, goes before the patrician, who arrives on horseback followed by an escort.

The pilgrim without being recognised offers his services to his father, who receives him into the number of his attendants. This figure, walking and speaking, is posed with an ingenuousness which does not exclude observation of nature; we perceive that the young man solicits humbly and entreats warmly. He separates himself from a group on which he turns his back, and which represents another situation;—the pope, followed by his clergy, and coming, warned by a voice from heaven, to release the body of a saint in the house of Eufimianus. They find at the door, resting on a mat, the poor servant who for seventeen years dwelt under a staircase in his father's palace. In the



LEGEND OF ST. ALEXIUS: FRESCO OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

hands of Alexius was folded a writing, which the pontiff unrolls and reads before the company and the sorrow-stricken kinsfolk; this third subject in the distribution of the figures is combined with the two others. The groups balance one another, and the scene is so skilfully occupied that we seem at first to have to examine only one homogeneous subject cleverly disposed. The blessed one is placed on a couch, covered by a counterpane with alternate medallions of Greek crosses and doves. The betrothed of Alexius, hastening up, presses him in her arms, while the father and mother have rent their garments and are tearing their hair.

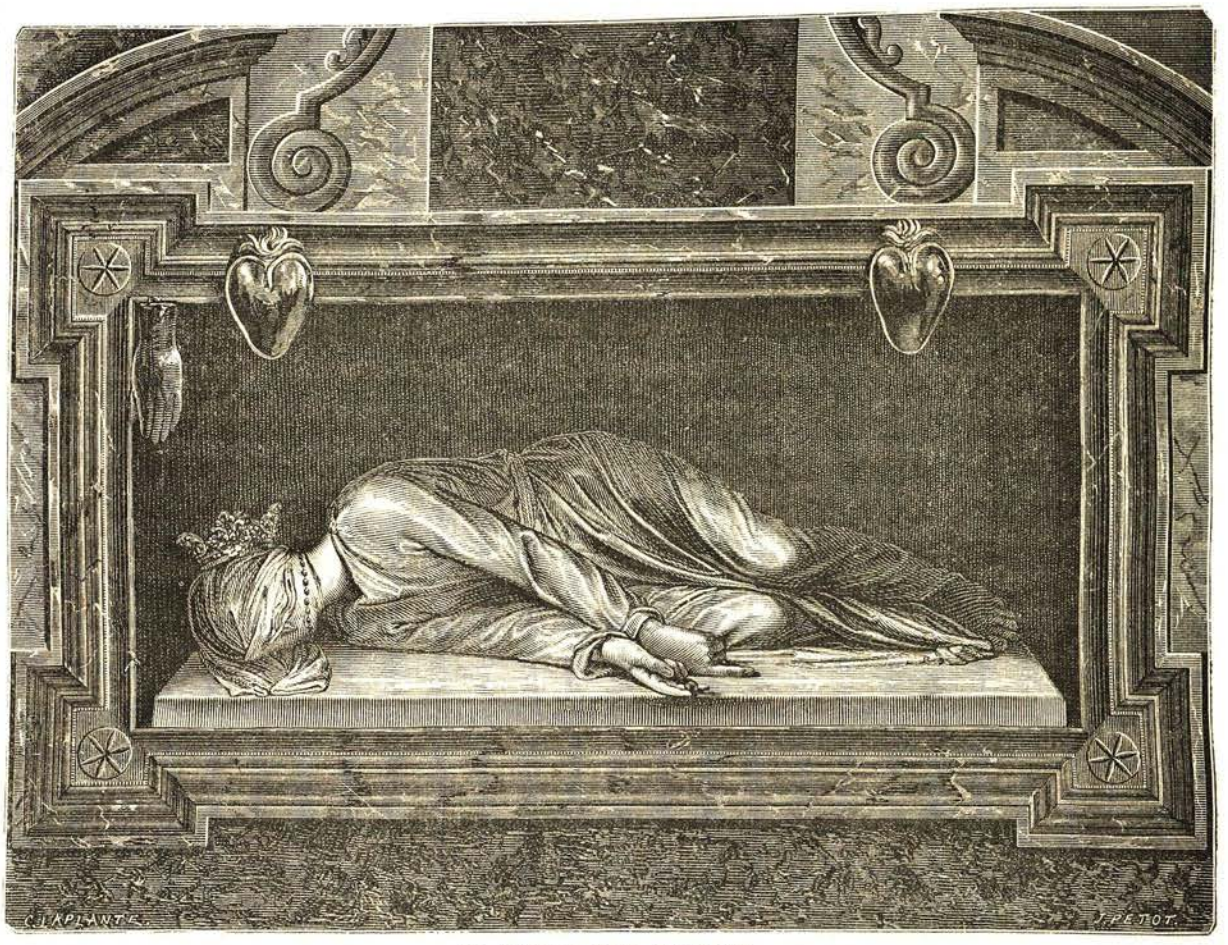
This picture fixes the date of the adventure of St. Alexius; it must have taken place

under Boniface I., who held the Roman bishopric from the year 418 to 422. The name of the pontiff is shown thus: *Boniphatius.* This curious painting, in the inscription which serves for legend, offers the most singular example of the prosodical decomposition of Latin verse, and of the transition from scanned rhythm to syllabic and rhymed rhythm. The events traced by the painter are summed up in these two hexameters:—

NON PATER AGNOSCIT, MISERERIQUE SIBI POSCIT;
PAPA TENET CARTAM, VITAMQUE NUNTIAT ARTAM.

It can escape no one that each of these verses cut in two forms two versicles of modern structure with leonine rhymes.

Thus the church of St. Clement, a museum of archæology in its upper story, a gallery of paintings unique over the whole world in its crypt underground, furnishes, besides the revelation of certain unknown schools, precious documents on the decomposition of Latinity and specimens of the Italian tongue towards the end of the age of Charles the Great. The monument so recently discovered also throws a vivid light on the origin of the first basilicas, on the rites, usages, and costume of the obscurest epochs, as well as on the antiquity of legends. Only, to exhibit the whole interest which a Roman church may stir, it was necessary to leave nothing out, for here detail is the very web of history.



ST. CECILIA, BY S. MADERNO.

CHAPTER VI.

From the Borgo to the Janiculum by the Ramparts.—A robber history.—The Pauline Fountain.—Stephen Maderno and his St. Cecilia.—Curiosities of the Church.—Origin and Decoration of Santa Maria in Trastevere.—St. Chrysogonus; High Mass *in deserto*.—The Corps of Firemen in the time of Augustus; recent discovery of a district barrack.—From the banks of the Tiber to the Monastery of Sant' Onofrio; monument, mortuary chamber, and portrait of Tasso; what he saw from his window.—Gardens.—Industrial hive of the Theatre of Marcellus.—The buried temples of San Nicolo *in Carcere*.—Remains of the Porticoes of Octavia and Quarter of the Fishwives; Alleys, Crossways.—Some Profiles of the Ghetto; look of the place.—The quasi-tragical Adventure of a Parisian.—The Tanners' Quarter.—Return to the bank of the Tiber; Points of View.—The Cloaca Maxima, and what Dionysius of Halicarnassus thought of it.—Fortuna Virilis and Temple of the Sun.—Santa Maria in Cosmedin.—Excursion round the house attributed to Cola di Rienzi.

I.

A PRETTY walk, but in a very different quarter, when for instance you have passed the morning in the libraries or museums of the Vatican, is the hilly road that you find in coming out of the Borgo by the Cavalleggeri gate, before which the Constable Bourbon delivered the assault in which he was slain. You gain the summit of the Janiculum outside the ramparts of Urban VIII., by the rustic path which plunges on to a ravine where there are some cottages surrounded by gardens, and, if you turn half round, you will be at the best point of view for appreciating as a whole both St. Peter and the buildings around it. As some enclosed property partially takes up the long crest of the hill on which Janus reigned over

Antipolis—in the time when Saturn was enthroned in the Capitol—you must, to return to the town, go up as far as the postern of St. Pancras, the old Porta Janiculensis, which was unchristened towards 1620 by a neighbouring chapel. Along this slope the walls open the city to you, on which by crossing the enceinte you come all at once. It is a happy way to approach the hill and then fall back on the Trastevere by the incline where a little before the war against Antiochus were found, according to Livy, the sarcophagus and books of the wise Numa, whom the senators burnt for showing himself wiser than they. As you follow the broken lines described by the walls, you meet at the corner of a bastion the statue of St. Andrew on a commemorative monument, and are reminded of a recent incident.

At the time of the troubles of 1848, a man in whom liberal ideas had overthrown the prejudices of a 'vain superstition,' took it into his head, for the sake of trying an essay in philosophy, to carry off from the basilica of St. Peter the head of St. Andrew, a relic contained in a golden shrine and enriched with precious stones; and after that our knave sold the metal for its weight, retailed the jewels one by one, and thrust the head of the Apostle into a corner. All succeeded according to his desires when the triumvirate disappeared, the Sovereign-Pontiff returned to Rome, and with him the ideas of order and the traditions of religion. From that moment the sacrilegious possession of the skull of St. Andrew awoke the scruples of the thief and prevented him sleeping. He thought of throwing it into the Tiber, but he feared the head would only return to the top surrounded by an aureole of light; he thought of carrying it to a church, but what if the Apostle should think of disclosing himself miraculously and denouncing the robber! After many reflections, our friend arrayed the head of St. Andrew duly in its velvet cap, and on a dark night went to bury it at the foot of the ramparts of the Janiculum; this ceremony over, the culprit concluded by reciting all the prayers he knew, and returned in some tranquillity to his house. Shortly this knave with the timid conscience began to doubt whether his sacrilege was adequately redeemed, and to fancy that the business would bring him some ill-luck, so to find with heaven some support against St. Andrew, he went and confessed to a Franciscan father, whom such an avowal plunged into strange perplexity. To inform of a crime revealed in the confessional would have been blameworthy, while to leave the head of an Apostle unhonoured in profane ground seemed monstrous. The good father therefore tried hard to induce his penitent to declare his crime by proving to him that only the Pope could relieve him from the excommunication he had incurred. 'But why,' objected the culprit, 'should you not charge yourself with restoring the relic to St. Peter? All the mischief would be repaired.'

'But the gems of the reliquary thou hast no longer; the shrine had touched the relics, and so was itself holy; I should have to give an account, and what should I answer? and to think that thou mightest die in such a state! It makes one shudder.'

The father so disturbed his quaking conscience that the robber, once more to be at peace with himself, finished by resolving to declare his crime,—a noble example of faith. So they took up the head of St. Andrew from its post on the ramparts, to restore it to the transept of St. Peter; the Pope had erected in front of the bastion a small commemorative monument, while the delinquent, condemned for form's sake, but pardoned according to use and loaded with favours, served in the interests of morality to demonstrate by his example the efficacy of the fruits of penitence.

On passing the gate of St. Pancras you begin to hear sounds of a cascade, which announce the Pauline Fountain. The ornamentation of this waterwork has for its single

purpose to accompany the inscriptive tablet, which is perhaps the most gigantic in the world. As the building is nearly on the top of the Janiculum, you will discover from a great distance this page of writing framed in marble vignettes, which are accompanied by six columns of red granite taken from the Forum of Nerva; the ostentatious style of the seventeenth century triumphs here by its size. Paul V., restoring life to the aqueducts of Trajan, and infusing Lake Bracciano into their arteries, did not mean it to enter Rome in poor guise; below the arms of the Borghese, illustrated by the tiara crowning of the attica, there rush forth brawling from three open gateways three currents, and from two neighbouring niches pretty streams. Dragons also spout forth other streams. These masses of water, so unexpected on the bare summit of a hill, and pure as the crystal of the Alps, pour down into a vast marble basin. There was once here a temple of Minerva. The Nympheum, a monument of the liberal foresight of the popes, nobly enough connects their power with the secular tradition of the emperors, by making the

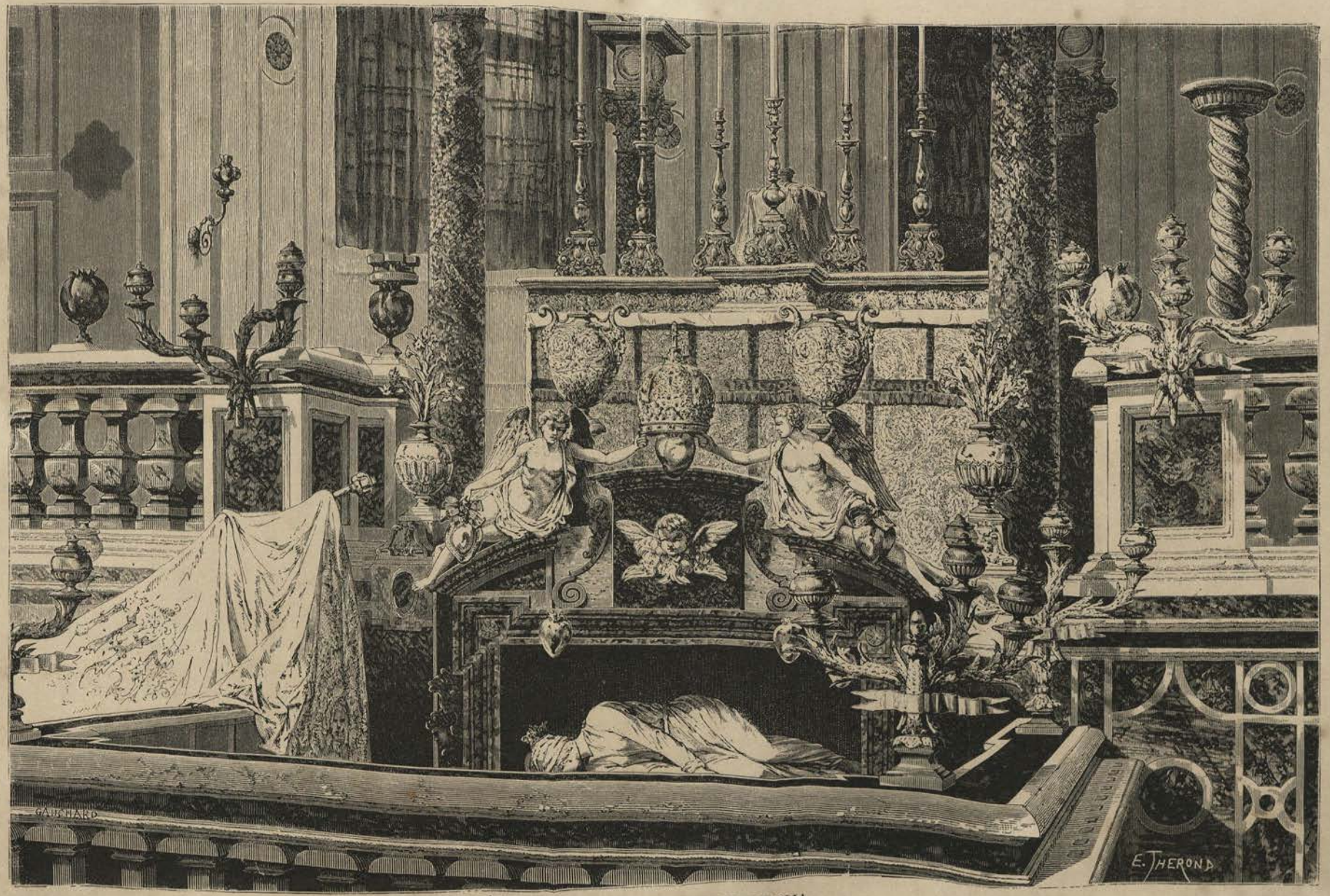
THE PAULINE FOUNTAIN.

memory of Trajan flower again among the younger buds of the Borghese. The construction does honour to Fontana as well as to the sculptor-architect, Stephen Maderno.

You find this last artist again at the foot of the Janiculum in a very different and perhaps more original work, if after turning the base of the hill towards the south, leaving to the right the convent of Franciscans in which dwelt St. Francis of Assisi, and following the suburban street in which the great St. Benedict stayed in the sixth century, you finally enter the church of St. Cecilia.

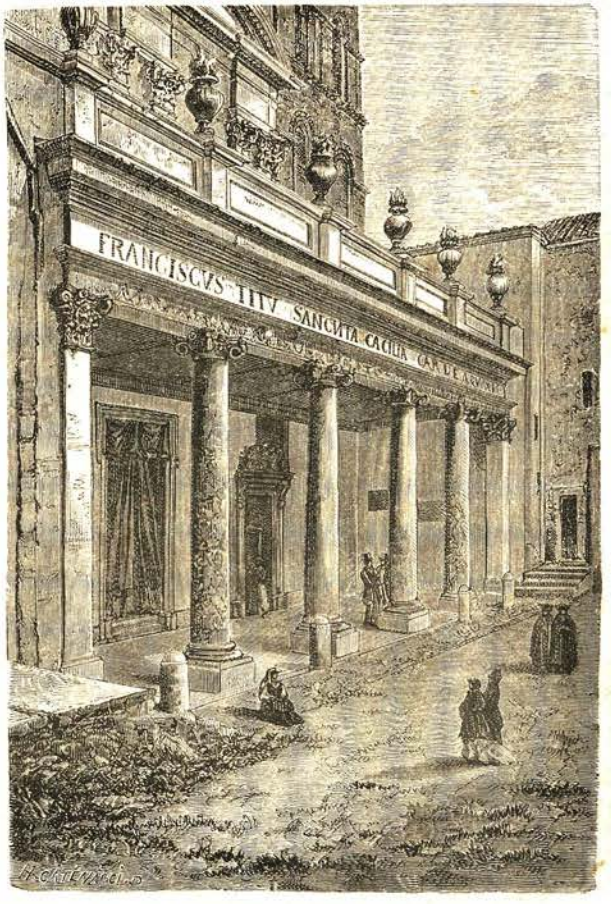
What has made the legend of the virgin martyr disputable is that her execution is imputed, under Alexander Severus who did not persecute the Christians, to one Almacus, a pretorian prefect unknown to history. Signor de Rossi has shown the error of the Bollandists on this point, and confirmed the statement of Fortunatus, who places the martyrdom of St. Cecilia under Marcus Aurelius. The place of her burial shows the family from which she sprang; but these are points to which we shall return as we proceed among the catacombs.

The church of Cecilia, which gives a title to a cardinal priest, passes as having been



ALTAR AND MONUMENT OF ST. CÆCILIA.

built by Urban I. towards the year 230, on the site of the saint's dwelling-place. They show you in one of the chapels to the right the remains of the baths of her house, and on a lower story some fragments of the primitive pavement. Pascal I. who rebuilt the temple respected, as they had done in the third century, the remains of the furnace, where we recognise the conduits for heat and water. Clement VII. presented St. Cecilia to the Benedictine Sisters; Clement VIII., in 1599, had opened the sarcophagus of their patron, the body of whom, intact and masked by the folds of a long robe, disclosed itself in an expressive and singular attitude, and this exhumation occasioned one of the finest statues that was executed the beginning of the seventeenth century. The pope being desirous that it should represent the saint in the vestments and the position in which they had surprised her, the task was confided to Stephen Maderno. The body lies supported on the right side; the head, enveloped in linen bands that conceal the features, seems lying on the ground, the legs half-bent, the arms rigid, the hands close to one another and open. This marble which is indebted to reality alone for its striking aspect, and to its natural impression for the emotion it causes, is the ornament of the master-altar, which is surmounted by a baldachin of white marble of the thirteenth century, and with ogival arcs resting on four columns of Aquitanian stone, a work that is further distinguished by charming bas-reliefs and settings of mosaic. It is the most intact of the rare monuments left at Rome by the illustrious Florentine Arnolfo. The small statues of St. Cecilia and of Pascal I. possess a great deal of character, while the Evangelists sculptured on the tympana are works already studied and expressive in their naïveté. This curious little temple rises in front of an apse of the ninth century, in which a mosaic has bequeathed to us, besides a portrait of Pascal I., the figures of St. Cecilia and her husband Valerianus, in the costume of the patricians and Roman ladies ten years after the death of Charles the Great. The saint wears a white mantle over a tunic of green, with a golden border; the robe and the peplum of Cecilia are of golden stuffs, and richly over-wrought. Flowers are scattered on their way; by their side palm-trees laden with fruit symbolize the merits of martyrdom, while over one branch is the haloed phœnix, the emblem of resurrection. The nave would be remarkable, but that in 1823, by order of Cardinal George Dona, the architect Salvi, the better to support the weight of a coffer-work ceiling already dilapidated, had the African granite columns of the building imprisoned in twenty-four square pilasters imitating wainscoting.

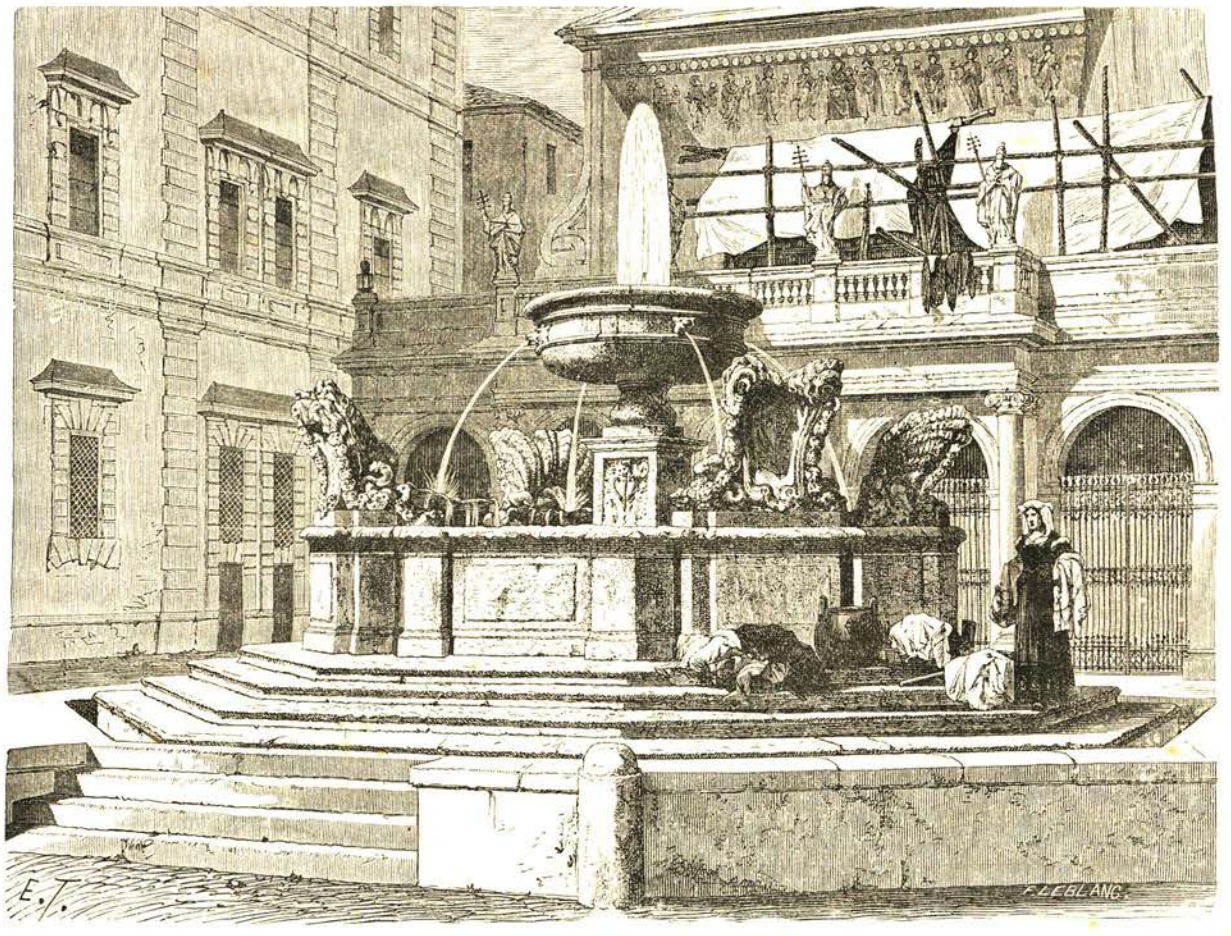


PORTICO OF SANTA CECILIA IN TRASTEVERE.

What shall I mention besides? On the right, the graceful little figure of the fifteenth century, that has been too much retouched; at each side of the doors two tombs, one of Cardinal Adam of Hereford, a vigorous conception of the fourteenth century, the other of Fortiguerra (1473), a very pure model of the old Florentine cenotaphs; finally, on the floor tombstones from 1301 to 1380 representing nuns, and which they ought to raise up. The church is in a square court, and its porch on four pillars of red granite and Aquitanian marble is adorned with a delicate frieze of mosaic, with medallions of St. Cecilia, a work of the thirteenth century and not of the ninth, as archæologists have supposed.

II.

At some distance from St. Cecilia and at the end of the Lungaretta, rises the capital church on the right bank of the Tiber, Santa Maria in Trastevere. It is contended that



PIAZZA SANTA MARIA IN TRASTEVERE.

on this spot there was erected under the first emperors a *Taberna meritoria*, a sort of hospital for the invalids of the army, and that this institution, having been abandoned at the time of Caracalla and Heliogabalus, no doubt because the number of cripples became too great, the building was conceded to the Christians by Alexander Severus, with permission to found an oratory there, a project that was realized by the pope, St. Callistus. Anterior by nearly a century to the era of Constantine, Santa Maria in Trastevere ought to be the oldest church in Rome, and perhaps in the West. What is certain is that

Pope Julius I. rebuilt this temple at an epoch when assuredly there was no other to reconstruct (349), and that before 1140 Innocent II. substituted for the monument of Pope Julius the present church, which is one of the prettiest in Rome and one of the most interesting from the point of view of art and archæology.

It gives you promise from its façade decorated by a mosaic of the twelfth century, an epoch not often represented at Rome. There is a Madonna in the Byzantine style, and around her in a line are the Wise Virgins, lamp in hand, with crowns and haloes. The Foolish Virgins, dressed in the oriental manner, and whose varied attire is very rich, also carry lamps; but instead of holding them reversed, they keep them upright, a derogation from traditional usage due to the restorations of the seventeenth century, which were executed by an ignorant worker in mosaic. Below these pictures a porch has been constructed not any too soon; the inscriptions with which it is decorated prepare one for the singular appearance of the church, which from the bottom of the naves appears so well furnished with curious objects that you suppose you are entering a museum. These naves are described by two avenues of columns of granite, with capitals of various orders, on some of which are seen the figures of Harpocrates and Jupiter Serapis. It is probable that these magnificent shafts formed part of the reconstruction of Pope Julius, for they would scarcely have left such splendid materials unused down to the time of Innocent II. We might deliver here a splendid lecture on mosaic workers; from the façade to the apse, and from the master-altar to the vessels for holy water, and from the twelfth century to the fifteenth they have left many pages, among which the predella of the choir, Scenes from the Life of the Virgin, by Pietro Cavallini, seems to me to occupy the first rank. There are even on a pilaster two mosaics of antiquity; one represents some birds and the other a seaport. The painting, too, covers an equally extended cycle, from the fresco, which is still Giottesque, to the Assumption of Domenichino, which glows among the gold of the ceiling. Let us suppress many graceful details, the anticipated attraction of a church that Bernardino Rossellini rehandled in the time of the good Nicholas V., the friend of Fra Angelico. The chapel at the bottom of the left nave contains a fresco in which Cardinal Altemps has had represented the Council of Trent, closed by Pius IV., an official painting, in which likenesses and ceremony have been sought with all conscientiousness, but in which conscience has added nothing; curiosities do not always move admiration. At the bottom of the presbyterium is set, as in the basilicas, a massive cathedra of white marble. Finally I must mention a tomb of the fourteenth century, with a bas-relief of the school of Cosimato representing the death of the Virgin; which tomb, though nearly ignored, contains the remains of a prince of the house of France, the Cardinal d'Alençon, brother of Philip the Fair.

It is one of the churches of character in which everybody can glean; the pavement of Alexandrine work contributes to its air of opulence. They have just finished decking it up afresh, but I rejoice at having seen it before it became superb. I remember that trying to go out, and having mistaken the entrance to the sacristy for a door, I observed in a passage some small tabernacles, on one of which some very charming but little-known bas-reliefs are signed OPUS MINI; for those who have studied Florence, necessary initiation for a journey to Rome, the name of Mino da Fiesole is placed under the banner of Ghiberti, between those of Fra Angelico and the La Robbia. You come out on the other side of the cross by a lateral door which joins the railing of a pretty little garden, that is made cheerful by an ossuary, furnishing an unexpected reminiscence of Lower Brittany.

It often happens that in a quarter possessing a fine old church of great renown, all the others are like it. This is what one observes in St. Chrysogonus, a few steps from Santa Maria, only here the columns are of Siennese granite, with modern Ionic capitals, on which have been carved cherubim on the ovoli. The altar is surmounted by a heavy and rich baldachin with a cupola, supported by four columns of ornamental alabaster; the bow of the tribuna rests on two shafts of porphyry. We necessitous and gloomy folk of the North, reduced as we are to grey stone, have no idea of the splendid effects of marble nor of the power of mosaic, even if it be a little too Cimabuesque and retouched in the time of Scipio Borghese, like that at San Grisogono which represents the patron of the place accompanied by St. James with the Madonna, whose draperies are worthy of the thirteenth century. The square bell-tower in the style of the time of my countryman, Callistus II., makes one regret a multitude of similar towers which have disappeared from the south of Gaul. This is half brick and half marble, and through large arched openings you see the bell moving under the blue sky.

As I was at the bottom of the nave, priests, deacons, and sub-deacons sang vespers before the illuminated altar, which lighted up the copes of sombre gold. The incense perfumed the bays where I was absolutely alone; from the point whence I contemplated this ceremony in a desert, the Alexandrine mosaic of the pavement, a carpet variegated with enamels in the brightest colours, retreated in perspective as far back as the Septum, where it received the golden rays from the tapers, and from there to the vestments of the priests, which seemed to continue and to animate that precious tissue of lacework and flowers. From the solitary piazza of San Grisogono we pass into a dull and irregular piazzetta, ambitiously called *Monte di fiore*. I scarcely suspected in crossing it that a few years after I should be brought thither again in the suite of the learned world by the least foreseen of all discoveries. This quarter had furnished some antiques to the Vatican and the Capitol. Three years ago two inquirers, MM. Gagliardi and Antonio Ciocci, obtained permission to open some excavations under this little place. At the very beginning they found almost at the surface of the soil walls that formed a square; they followed them, digging to a depth of eight mètres, and disengaged a black and white mosaic, on which were figured fish, marine monsters, tritons, and nymphs. They thought they must have exhumed a bath-chamber; but having cleared off the earth with which the walls were plastered, they deciphered inscriptions which gave very different importance to the ruins.

To understand it, we must remember that the military institution of firemen, as it exists in Paris at the present day, had for its earliest founder and may claim for patron the Emperor Augustus. Before him the duty of extinguishing the fires that were so frequent in Rome, had devolved upon public slaves quartered under the ramparts. The heir of Cæsar, gradually to raise this function, substituted for them freed men, and then struck with their usefulness he replaced the freed men by picked soldiers, and created under the name of *Vigiles* a new militia, distributed into seven cohorts, to each of them being committed the guardianship of two of the fourteen quarters or regions of Rome. By texts and by epigraphic proofs we were tolerably informed as to the posts of the first six cohorts of the Vigiles, but as to the seventh, 'not a letter cut in stone,' writes De Rossi, 'mentioned it or revealed a trace of it.'

Yet a considerable although ill-defined institution was in question. It was known that its founder had added to the primitive duties the night guard of deserted districts as well as certain functions of ædileship. The Vigiles protected property and citizens,

and as their triple mission, joined to the unpopularity of a purely imperial origin, had made them subject to the quolibets that among a corrupt people attach to the most useful functionaries, Augustus and his successors overwhelmed with graces, immunities, and high pay these cohorts, to which in the long-run people quarrelled for admission. Their barracks became palaces, they were surrounded with porticoes, they established in them baths, libraries, chambers for games, and they peopled them with statues, bas-reliefs, and columns.

Soon we shall have precise notions as to the station of the Vigiles of the seventh cohorts, the only one of which a little time ago we knew nothing, and now to-day the only one whose habitation can be thoroughly explored. On this point no uncertainty, for they have got up in this monument of the first century the stamps of Adrian, who augmented it; inscriptions mention the embellishment of Caracalla; the numerous graffiti drawn with a nail by the soldiers bear after the names the description of Vigiles and the mark of the seventh cohort. One of these scribblings, of which the style is always correct and the writing often bad, recalls that Rome was illuminated at the festivities of the adoption of Alexander Severus by Heliogabalus; another celebrates the natal day of Severus, which corresponded with the anniversary of Alexander the Great. Then to satisfy the prayers of archæologists the Holy Father, by a rescript of the 20th of February, 1867, ordered the expropriation of three little houses which were in the way of the digging. They dig with zeal but with economy, for of the treasures of Julius II. we have nothing left but his love of art. The walls mark out their own plan already. They have delivered from the darkness two fine cows of bronze, which will be followed by other monuments, until the laying bare of the whole shall at length permit us to come to a conclusion, from the establishment, as to the functions and discipline of the militia who lived in it.

III.

One of the interesting pilgrimages from the Trastevere, and from that slope of the Janiculum on which gardens look towards the city, is the monastery of Sant' Onofrio, the witness of the agony of Tasso. When, after examining the mean buildings that adjoin the Tiber, and having looked in passing at some handsome Trasteverine who comes, bright and gay, out of the obscurity of a filthy hovel, and traversed the interminable street of the Lungara, you mount to the convent of Sant' Onofrio by an old track on which the grass is high; and as you discover the arcades, the painted portico, the church with its rustic belfry placed on an escarped terrace, you are vehemently struck by the impression of things of the old time. The rustic look of primitive monasteries marks the buildings, before which one summons the heroes of religious legends, from having seen in twenty pictures the representation of these monastic fabrics; the fifteenth century appears here in full life. Thus the paintings of Domenichino, which tell to the birds of the air the life of St. Jerome, only intervene as a short episode; the eye quits them to roam over the panorama of the ancient world; then let us turn to the convent, to this green slope, to this little space where flowers among the stones of the pavement simulate mosaic. Without fastening on any particular point, the mind inhales the placid charm of this poetic nook.

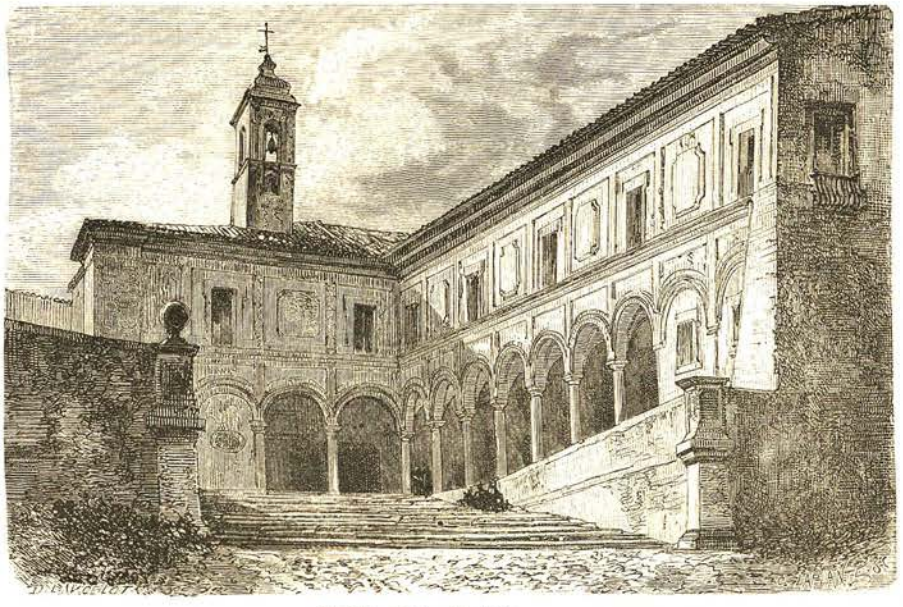
But as soon as one has set foot in the little church of Sant' Onofrio, the comic element speedily puts these romantic leanings to rout. The monument of Torquato Tasso, inaugurated in 1857 by Pius IX., does more honour to the sentiments of the Holy Father than to the talent of Giuseppe Fabrizi, to whom for want of somebody better, no doubt, they had to confide its execution. His bas-reliefs and his figure of Tasso are of a smooth, scraped, and pomaded execution, and of a taste quite extraordinarily laughable. Frizzled with little curls trimmed like a barber's wig block, with a ruff like Scaramouche's and two kinds of cantaleups adjusted under each shoulder, the poet is, as it were, *tortillé* by lyric enthusiasm; he figures as feebly a torso incongruously cut, that seems to be held in a muslin doublet. In the midst of the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, a hundred steps from the Vatican, close to the Capitol, in the inmost intimacy of a population of statues, how could anybody have lost sight and the notions of art to such an extent? A chilled bas-relief represents the funeral of the poet in 1596. The procession of his friends, the renowned men of the time, offers us not portraits, but true punchinelloes, accoutred just as they used to bundle up the paladins with us in 1818. Since the Savoyard troubadours of the Abbey of Hautecombe, I had never seen anything like it! Close to the door is the ancient burying-place, where under a modest stone has slept for more than two centuries the author of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, at the foot of a portrait of the time, which is bad enough but which may be a likeness. Some shadows of an equivocal glory keep company in Sant' Onofrio with the shadow of Tasso: Alessandro Guidi, the pastoral poet of the Queen of Sweden, who quitted pastorals to put into verse the homilies of Clement XI.; John Barclay, who, under the inspiration of the orthodox church, drew up satirical romances in Latin; then that Cardinal Mezzofante who, if the collection of words had not absorbed in him the place of ideas, and if he had not possessed fifty dialects, might have made a linguist and even a philologist. We passed with indifference before the rather cold frescoes of the master-altar by Peruzzi; those of Pinturicchio, which decorate some compartments, stirred in us only a feeble interest, either because they have undergone too many retouchings, or because the disgrace of evil company may compromise even masterpieces. The church is much tricked up and over-furnished, as is usually the case in convents. My companions and I sought far and wide, with the curiosity that expects suddenly to proclaim the find of a gem.

YOUNG WOMAN OF THE TRASTEVERE.

It is in the passages of the monastery, where one loves to adventure in the footsteps

of the poet, that the pearl is found, and like most pearls this is scarcely more valuable than if it dwelt at the bottom of the ocean. I speak of a little fresco representing the Virgin and Child, who blesses a donor at prayer. The picture is arched, and is surrounded with a frame in flowers and fruit on an enamelled ground, a rude imitation of Andrea della Robbia. The donor's portrait in profile, the infant Jesus from a soft model and of charming gesture, the fine movement, the delicate sweep, the lofty brow of the smiling Madonna, all reveals and proclaims Leonardo da Vinci, to whom this precious jewel is justly attributed. We left it to ascend to the room in which Tasso ended his sad and glorious life.

The chamber is well placed; the landscape which it commands harmonises with impressions answering to the triple poetry of misfortune, of the cloister, and of love. What Tasso looked upon in his last dreams, we see to-day just as he left it; it is a solitude of building, a desert by the hand of man, where, through cloistered gardens mingling with tiny cemeteries cut into groves, the eye descends as far as the buildings



SANT' ONOFRIO.

of the Vatican city, which is connected with the Castle of St. Angelo by a long girdle of brick. On the horizon unequal and smiling hills envelop the perspectives of the city, starting from the Monte Mario, clothed with large trees up to the Pincian, the elysian abode of the time of Sallust. Nothing is comparable to such visions under the brightness of the southern sun, when the soul feels itself carried joyfully forth into the pure air. Leaning on the window where the lover of Eleonore d'Este leaned, we beheld with rapture what he beheld with such gloom; in our chat we were less attentive to our words than struck with the more concentrated accent of the voices which testified to the accord of the impressions that we all felt silently in common. The chamber in which the last rhapsodist of the Christian epopee passed away on the eve of the day set for his triumph in the Capitol, this sanctuary is still just as he left it for the vault of Sant' Onofrio; a few pale marks on the walls show the place of things that have disappeared. Yet all has not been dispersed: certain objects have been preserved that belonged to the poet; his table, with an inkstand of wood, his great chair covered with Cordovan leather very worn, a

small German cabinet, a mirror, an autograph letter, a large bowl, a crucifix. There is found also the original of a mask in wax, moulded from nature, and the copies of which known abroad have become much effaced. The monks have placed this face on a clothed bust, an incoherence from which there springs a fantastic effect. The head is delicate, of a peculiarly spiritual beauty, and of a fascinating expression; the purity of the profile and the firmness of the mouth heighten the distinction of the poet's face. As had been the case in the church, the bad taste of contemporaries procured for us here another deception. A Neapolitan who surmounted the new tomb of Torquato with shocking frescoes took it into his head in 1864 to make small account of his chamber, and to plaster over its recollections by painting on the plastered back of a false door the picture of Tasso, done in a deceptive way so as to cause surprise to Bœotians; this piece of caricature is not even copied from the authentic head. We could not restrain ourselves from protesting against such fatuity, and the good brother who accompanied us thought he was well out of it by assuring us that the artist had painted the thing for nothing. How is it that this piece of indecency has not been scraped out already?

PORTRAIT AFTER THE MASK OF TASSO.

After crossing the cloister, under an arcade that rests on small antique columns that have seen Tasso pass, we gained the hill, to finish the evening in the gardens, which furnish a famous point of view over Rome and the country as far as the sea, with the plantations of the Janiculum for foreground. The oak at the foot of which the poet sat has thrown out a vigorous shoot, which replaces the trunk that was overthrown by a hurricane. Almost at the side, you still perceive under the grass the rows as of an amphitheatre, where the founder of the Oratorians, St. Philip Neri, who died in the same year as Tasso, gave conferences in the open air when the church of Santa Maria in Vallicella became too small for the number of his hearers. The neglected gardens of the monasteries, ill-defended against the invasion of wild flowers which increase and multiply over disused cemeteries, speak of the old time as distinctly as the ruins do; the new verdure of the secular plants restores the graces of youth to the oldest mementoes. With its orange groves, its long row of monastic buildings, its bronzed cypresses, and its white bell-towers, the garden of Sant' Onofrio awakens visions of ideal lands that we have travelled over in the romances of old days.

PORTICO OF OCTAVIA (SIDE OF THE PESCHERIA).

IV.

Let us return for a moment to the streets and cross-roads, a necessary distraction after visits to churches and convents, the examination of which, if anything of them is to remain with us, must be a genuine study. The quarters of new Rome, which are like those of the old populous cities of Rouen, of Lyon, of Arles, or of Toulouse, so far as the regions newly built over the ancient Campus Martius are less young than our Gothic cities of Gaul,—these labyrinths of habitations in decay on which each century has printed its mark, have been little explored. People have disdained, in favour of noble and academic monuments, this common folk of buildings in tatters.

Between the southern slope of the Tarpeian Rock and the Fabrician bridge, near the Piazza Montanara, where peasants stand all day chatting over their affairs, and where so many public writers scribble at the disposal of a crowd made various by costumes of marked colours, here you come upon one of the pure monuments of the best epoch, the theatre dedicated by Augustus to the young Marcellus, his nephew. It replaced an old temple to Pity, erected under the Republic, on the very spot where a young woman had suckled her mother who had been condemned to die of hunger. It was at the opening of the theatre of Marcellus that the Romans for the first time admired a tame tiger.

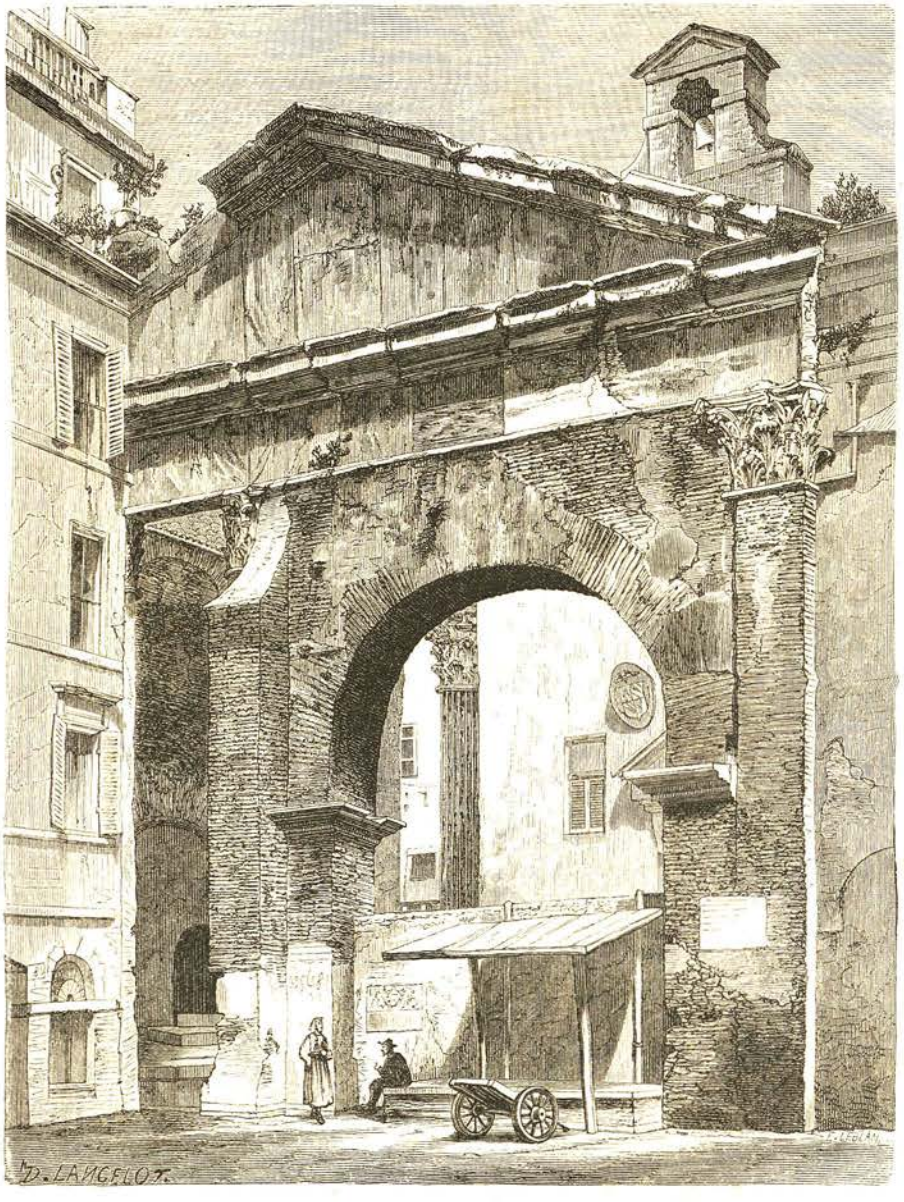
Such is the perfection of this monument that the Doric and Ionic columns of the two superimposed orders which supported the arches have been adopted by architects since as models of proportion. There remains an enormous segment of this building, of which the Pierleoni and the Savelli made a fortress in the middle age. Since then the palace of the Orsini eviscerated the theatre of Marcellus and installed itself in the interior; houses supported themselves against the high tower-shaped wall which abuts on the Piazza Montanara. On the two stories of the porticoes, as well as in the cells of that honeycomb eaten through by ants, workmen have quartered themselves and have stopped up the arches with brick, rag-stone, or old plaster. The arches of the half-buried ground-floor have been turned into black caves where Vulcan makes his anvil sound; rags hang in the windows; stove-pipes and chimneys come confusedly out of that living and swarming ruin, where the eye recognises amid soot-stained blocks fine Ionic capitals on the second story, and seeks on the lower level the crowning of the other order, supported on engaged columns that go gradually into the ground; these bits restore in the midst of the most miserable huts the grandeur of the style of the Romans. In the neighbourhood of this little Piazza Montanara, thus given to humble crafts, once was towards the middle of the Vicolo della Bufala the Carmentale gate of the first enclosure of Rome. It is said, but one is allowed to doubt, that it took its name from Carmenta, the mother of the King Evander; under King Servius, who built the wall five centuries before the birth of Virgil, people did not think of the family of the King Evander.

Close to the theatre of Marcellus, at the bottom of an alley whither chance will hardly lead you, in a conflict of masonry a little church fights its way, before which you would pass and into which you would enter without a suspicion that it contains remains of the highest antiquity. The architects have restored San Nicolo in Carcere so well, that its ancient columns and its fine urn of green porphyry, which supplies as the decoration to the altar some heads of Medusa, would no longer suffice to justify an expedition as far as the populous quarters that surround the Piazza Montanara. But the buildings of

the middle age to which San Nicolo is joined, mask the ruins of three temples, one contiguous to the other, which go back to the Roman Republic. They were erected in the Forum Olitorium or vegetable market. The fluted columns of one of these buildings were of peperino and of the Doric order, marks of a respectable antiquity; every one is agreed in thinking that they belong, the one to the end of the fifth, and the other to the sixth century of Rome. Many strangers seek, without finding these temples, which have received various hypothetical designations. Buried deep down, they must have served in the fourth century for laying the foundations of the church, while the remains of their friezes and of their upper entablatures are engaged and lost, either in the higher part of San Nicolo or among the roofs of the neighbouring houses. If, entering a small court behind the transept, you descend with a torch by a long slope to the two caves of the church, one over the other, you will find in the lower of them enormous blocks whose courses are laid in the Etruscan manner. Among these foundations you will recognise the bases of a series of columns, and will distinguish without trouble the peristyles of the three buried temples. Against one of the exterior facings of the church you perceive the continuation of the fluted columns set in the wall; climbing by a ladder on to the terrace of a neighbouring house, you reach the upper entablature of one of the temples; their modern sepulture pursues and imprisons them even in the sky.

When, doubling the round of the theatre of Marcellus, you proceed to lose yourself in the region of the Pescheria Vecchia, you discover a memento of Augustus in a colonnade, once splendid, whose imposing remains which penetrate as far as two or three blind alleys, mark off the secular cloacæ of the Israelitish Bohemia, which is so strange at Rome and deliberately sequestered as it is no longer anywhere else. Octavius, who had dedicated to the son of his sister the neighbouring theatre begun by Julius Cæsar, placed under the patronage of Octavia the new portico, in which he placed together the altars of Jupiter and Juno. These were the temples referred to by Velleius Paterculus in a passage where he informs us that to erect the portico of Octavia, Augustus pulled down the monuments that had been raised by Metellus on his return from the wars of Macedonia. Only he omits to tell us what became of the army of statues that had been brought from Greece and installed in this triumphal building by the fortunate Quintus. Their discovery would be of value, for the statues that were placed there 148 years before our era, had been ordered by Alexander the Great from Lysippus to honour the heroes who had fallen at the passage of the Granicus, the theatre of the defeat first of Darius and afterwards of Mithridates. In the time of Pliny the elder there was still to be seen in the portico the seated statue of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. On the vast circumference of the porticoes of Octavia, which were burnt under Titus, and restored first by Septimius Severus and then by Caracalla, there remain a few columns, which form the retreating perspective of an alley containing capitals engaged in buildings of brick, and an enormous entablature with a pediment, from the top of which there falls a rope line ending with the cross-bar of a street lantern. In the middle is the little church of St. Angelo in Pescheria, crowned by a covered belfry. It was from here that Cola de Rienzi, on the 19th of May, 1347, after hearing mass, came forth escorted by his adherents and the Vicar Apostolic to ascend to the Capitol, where the populace whom he had convoked conferred upon him the lordship of the Roman Republic. Situated in a poor quarter with all sorts of incoherent masonry, the ruins of antiquity are connected on every side with buildings from the seventh to the thirteenth century. Under the pediment they have described an arch, by way of replacing two

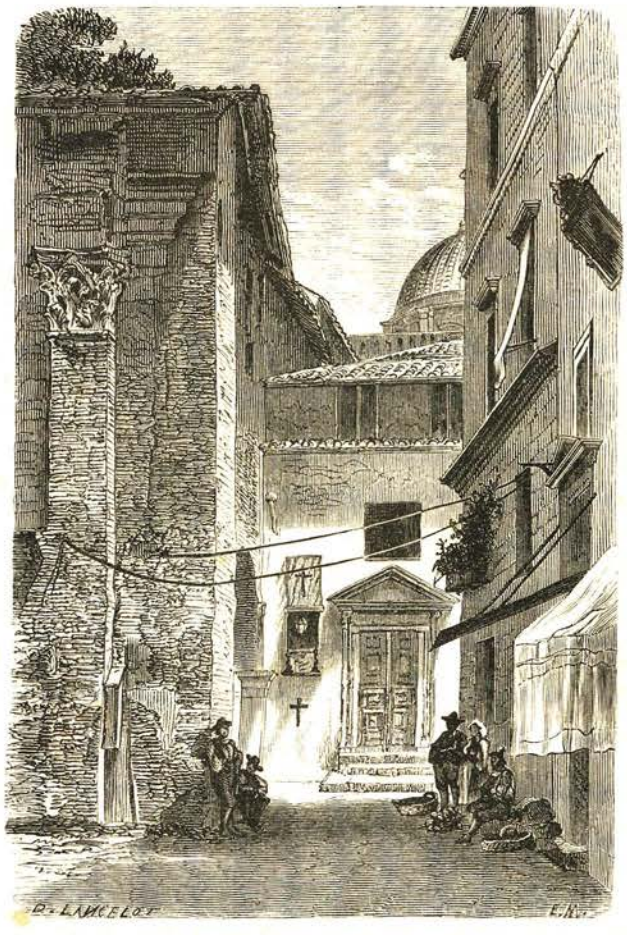
broken pillars; of the neighbouring colonnades there remain two capitals, one of them muffled in masonry, the other a fine piece crowned with acanthus, placed on a pedestal of brick; a pilaster disrobed of its surrounding of marble. The principal effect of these ruins comes of the contrast between the grandeur and the magnificence of the antique style, and the picturesque, sordid, and inveterate squalor of dens that are now given up to the fishery and Jewry installed there by the middle age.



PEDIMENT OF THE PORTICO OF OCTAVIA.

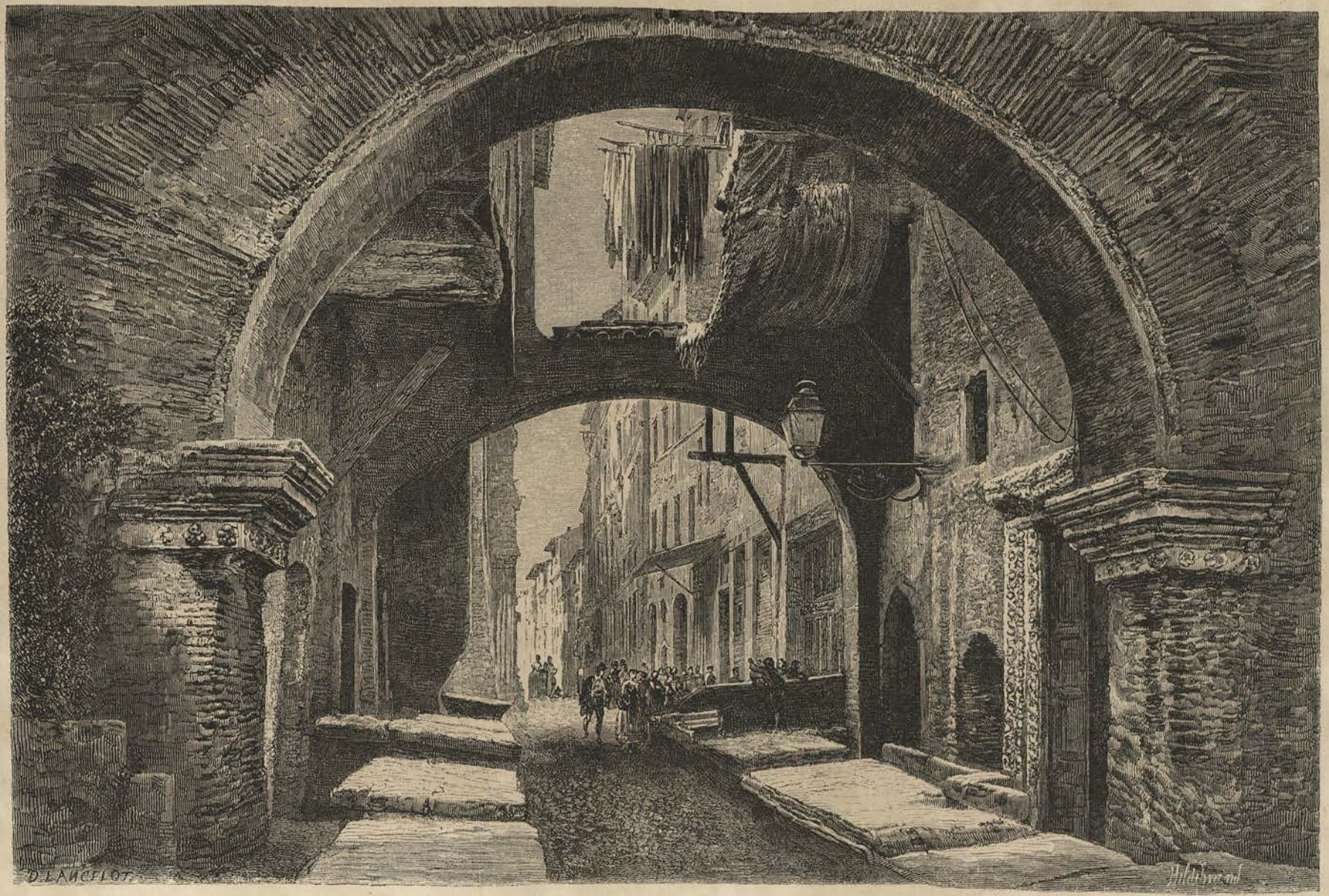
Turning the corner of the portico and passing under a low arch, you suddenly come out at the head of a deep, narrow street, the houses of which, dark of unequal height, are made yet more obscure by pent-house roofs and by clothes-lines set up, as at Smyrna, across the road in the shape of ropes on which swing garments of varied hue. These abodes exhibit a complete harlequinade of all sorts of epochs and all sorts of purposes. The majority of them have been in turn palaces, convents, oratories, houses of business in many forms, and at last they are become garrets and dens for sheltering

wretchedness. Everybody has patched up the walls for his own use, and such is the quality of the cement that a square of wall pierced, stopped, mined, torn away ten times in twelve centuries, remains solid as a rock, without there being any need to prop it. Hence, before each of these façades made up of pieces and bits, one recognises, as on an ill-scraped parchment on which various texts have followed one another, the plan and the appropriation of the previous dwellings. The small Roman bit, the remains of some *sacellum* of the lower empire, will form a kind of figured stuff with the narrow bricks of the thirteenth century and the large courses of travertine of the fifteenth. You will perceive from story to story spacious round windows stopped and replaced by tiny lattices, which are to-day in their turn condemned. Vast arches sketching their festoons in a wall pierced by a window will recall ancient porticoes. A console perched high in notched bas-reliefs, a shaft of syenite or of African granite coming out of these mosaics of masonry, will betray a whole mystery of vanished greatness. Marbles fouled with soot mingled here and there with the mud of the buildings; casting furtive glances to the bottom of the avenues, you will discover among the filth of a blind court captive colonnades and the crumbling scraps of some palace, such as those of the Governo Vecchio, whose porticoes are half concealed amid the hovels of the Pescheria. At Rome to build they never completely pulled down; erections having come from age to age to hive themselves one against the other like cells, it follows that the old quarters abandoned to the populace retrace the rank and tell the story of the life of the castes which from century to century have been quartered there. Even the doors have been re-cut or re-hung; marvellous lock fastenings, antique and complicated gratings, will close sinks; a sarcophagus will serve for a trough, a grave-stone for a basement, while dirty water will have for gutters tombs that were contemporary with Gregory VII. In this way the smallest bit of building may become a summary of history, but you must inspect it close, for too often by dint of passing from hand to hand the book has been effaced.



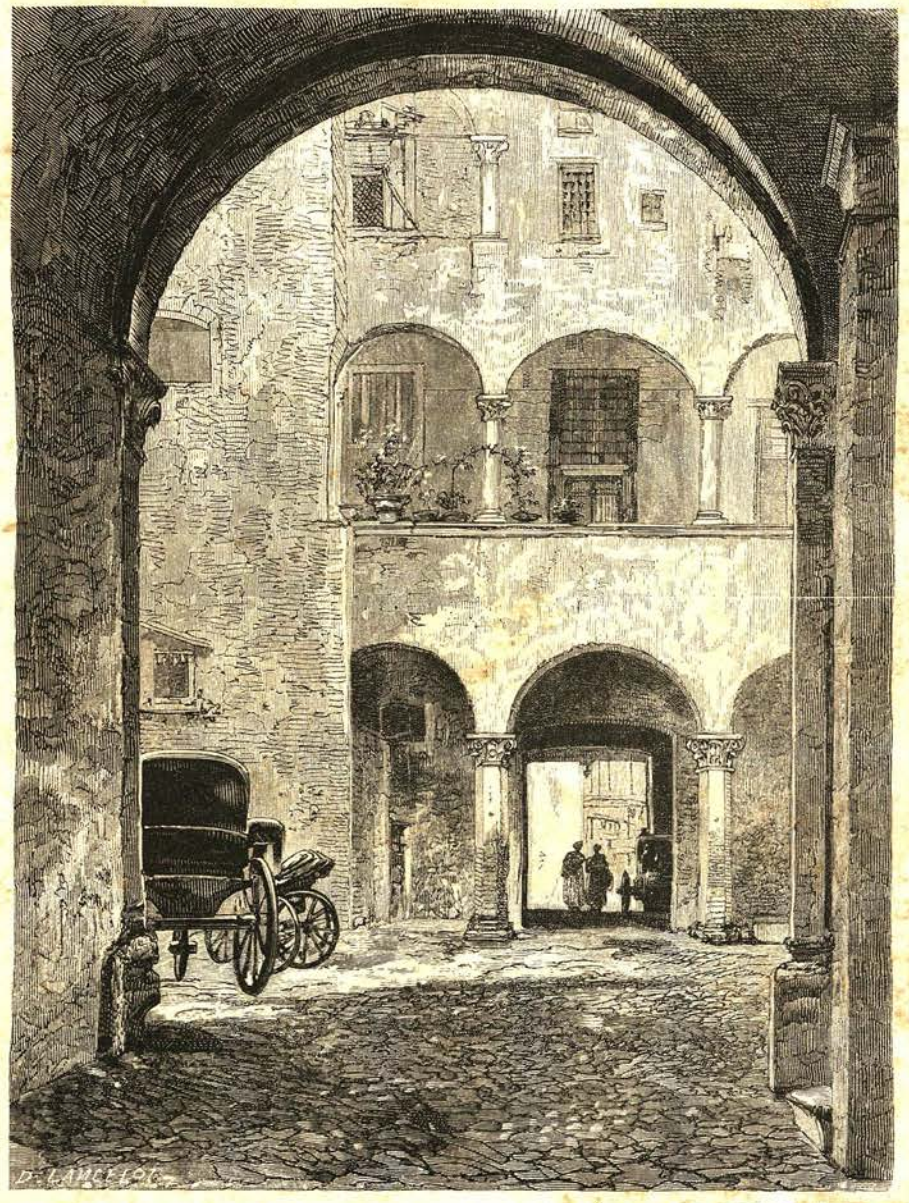
GATE OF ST. ANGELO IN PESCHERIA.

On each side of this curious street lie large flagstones of white marble, gently inclined like tombstones, which forming a double row at the foot of the houses take towards nightfall, when the street is deserted, a most lugubrious look; it seems that the graves of ancestors are arranged before the doors. These blocks of Carrara or cipollino, taken from the temples of the gods or the inferior palaces, serve as stalls for the vendors of fish. When on these tables they cut up the bronze-coloured sword-fish, sea-eels,



PESCHERIA VECCHIA.

doradoes with bluish gill, their blood mingles in violet and rose-coloured webs with threads of carmine over the delicate whiteness of the marble, composing bouquets of colour which would have given delight to a rival of Van Ostade. When this quarter, in which, as Pliny and Pausanias tell us, they had gathered together a host of masterpieces of Greek art, was burnt under Titus, the flames consumed the Cupid of Praxiteles, and Dion Cassius has commemorated the irreparable loss. It was in digging at the end of this

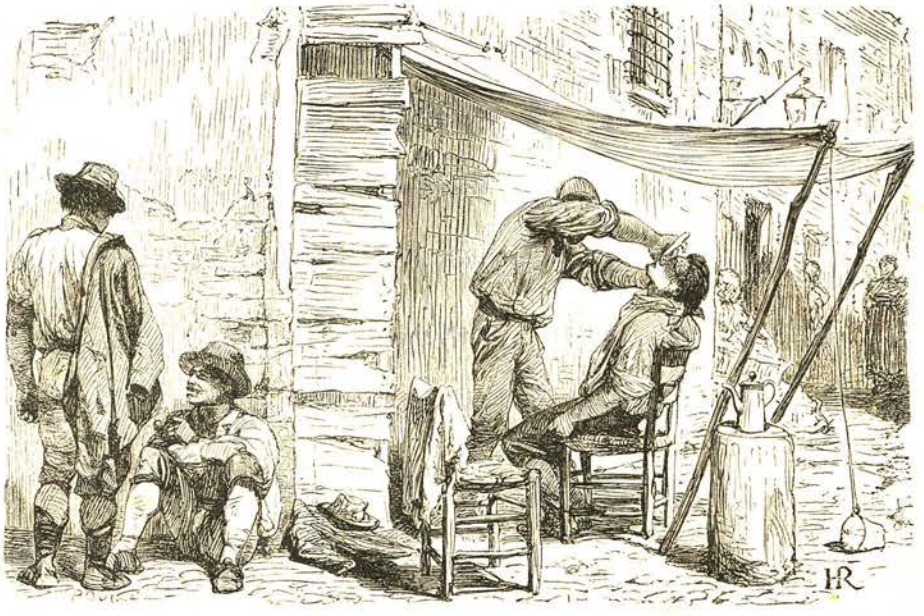


COURTYARD IN THE PALAZZO DEL GOVERNO VECCHIO (VIA DELLA PESCHERIA).

street that in the seventeenth century they exhumed the Venus de Medici at the entrance of the *rione* of the Jews, who with an amazing thoughtlessness have never thought of scratching the fruitful earth whose treasures they trample under foot.

Ever since the revolution of 1848 the Ghetto has been opened; but when the friends of equality of creed made the chains fall which at night barred the Jewish quarter, its inhabitants, raised to the civic dignity of Christians, protested energetically against such a favour. The common system which people condescended to apply to them, and which

associated them with taxation and the burdens of the city, was in fact more rigorous than the exceptional system under which they had lived since the last century. This quarter is so withdrawn from all control, these crossed proletarian races of Zingari, Moors, and all the confused dynasties of the Bohemians, those tribes whose generic title has become compromising for the Jewish sect, are to such an extent masters in their own district, that it is not always prudent, particularly for well-dressed women, to venture alone to the Ghetto with no other motive than curiosity, and especially on Sunday, when the shopkeepers of this caravansary plunder the rustics, who have no other day to lose for coming and buying provisions in the city. Let us observe that in this respect the pontifical government surpasses the Swiss Republic and free England, where religious concerns are equally regulated by the civil authority. Rome allows the Israelites to keep open shop on the Sunday, and it does not forbid Christians to make their purchases in the Ghetto on that day, nor even to go and buy cigar-ends by the pound, or be shaved by the barbers in the open air where people wait their turn with so much patience, while



BARBER IN THE OPEN AIR.

they gather from the lips of the inexhaustible Figaro the news of the quarter and of the two hemispheres. To have one's beard shaved is for the Romans the only toilette luxury over which their taste for dirt has not triumphed; thus Ticinius Mena, who in the year of Rome 454 brought from Sicily the first barbers that Rome ever saw, inaugurated the most durable of fashions. Varro informs us that nobody before Scipio Æmilianus had himself shaved every day. Previously everybody wore his beard long, and the old men long continued the practice, since contemporaries of Sulla mentioned by Aulus Gellius were astonished that a bust of Scipio Africanus represented him as beardless at a time when he was over forty. Octavianus was the first great noble who shaved himself; the humblest subjects of Pius IX. are more advanced. But let us return to the manners and customs of the Ghetto.

One morning as I was passing along the Piazza de' Cenci, to reach the bank of the Tiber, I hear cries on my left, and almost immediately a lady, rushing hastily from the Ghetto, throws around her an alarmed look and pale with fright runs up to place herself

under my protection; a ladies' maid followed her close in an even livelier state of agitation. Offering her my arm, I perceived some hags fall back grumbling into the alley, while the lady dragged me from the quarter. As she eagerly made excuses for her proceeding, and at the same time expressed her gratitude at having found me, she could hardly find breath, and her ideas only found their way to words by bits. She was like most of the intelligent women of our French society, as I found out afterwards—a Parisian shut up in the provinces. Being fastidious in her impressions, she could not endure the guides, the *cicerone* who shows you a city as if it were a menagerie; so to get a sight of the Ghetto she had come to explore it with a maid. In the principal artery of the Jewish quarter everybody lives in front of his door; the stalls let down like the mouth of an oven, the narrow doorways, the entries to these dens for old clothes, were all crowded with women, children, old men, squatting on the thresholds, or leaning against the window-jambs. This lively and ragged brood runs up in front of the prey provided by the goodness of the God of Jacob, and as there is competition, it is a question who shall first seize a customer. Madame S*** had scarcely taken ten steps before three or four hags proceeded to run by her side, vaunting their wares, old stuffs, lace from Venice, Moorish nicknacks. It is not uncommon to find the richest things from China or India in infected dens, foul with rags and dirt. The two women listened with a smile, pursuing their way; but a young clown who, in a cloak and his hat thrust over his eyes, had observed them as they were looking at the Bolognetti Palace, and had followed them at a distance, suddenly drew close, and in a jargon that Madame S*** could not seize uttered to these hags in a low voice, with ironical and sombre air, some words whose effect was terrible. What superstition, what fierce sentiments had he roused? At any rate, from being obsequious and suppliant, they suddenly pass to the state of furies; they bar the road, they shriek, they insult, and they threaten; they attract a legion of ragged ghouls, while children mingle their shrill cries with these hoarse croakings; enraged creatures issue from every shop, and the farther the strangers push on the more does this tumultuous wave swell around them. It was in front of them that the discordant concert perpetually revived, it continued at their side, everybody shouted from window to roof, and the swarm became exasperated by its own rage.

This old Roman Jewry is in truth a sinister and formidable caste; a yellow or copper-coloured race, gilded by bile for lack of sun, cynical and degraded while remaining energetic, brutalised, but their features inflamed by the eternal scars of hate. In the case of the old women, and they seem to be very numerous, for time marks them early, these brands freeze one with horror. When their crisp locks have passed from ebony or vermilion to the condition of tawny and discoloured hay; when the wind scatters in clumps the fragments of hair over seamed temples; when you see, gleaming across noses like eagles' beaks, those eyeballs of live coal kindled by fever, and twisted necks in which swells a network of black veins, convulsed by rage and shrieking; when you hear these croakings of a guttural dialect issue from a hundred toothless mouths; when you see those lean fists, those muscles straining under a parchment which is too big for them, those bare breasts, mingling their contortions with the grimaces of the rags, and when you see these living bundles of rag intoxicated with a wild fury pressing against you, fierce as jackals on your track, it is permitted especially to two poor women to feel some alarm.

Madame S*** pursued her way with an appearance of perfect calm, and her servant pressed close to her. She was quite aware that if she stopped, if she turned aside or tried to speak, if she took to flight or quickened her step, if by ill-fortune one of these

harridans should lay a hand upon her, or if some missile should strike her, she would run the risk of being torn in pieces. So she affected an impassive dignity, and traversed this long den of lions without much hope of coming to its issue. In the depths of the street the distant space was being peopled with hungry heads and her reception was making ready. Half way down on the right an alley without doors or windows presented itself. Madame S*** hurrying down fell upon a family of patriarchs, where three tawny generations, squatting on the ground, were feeding on some scraps. At sight of the stranger they all rose with fierce air, and the hostile band came flowing up at the same time. Seized with terror our countrywoman started like a roe, threw herself down another lane, and close followed by the most furious came out frozen with fright,

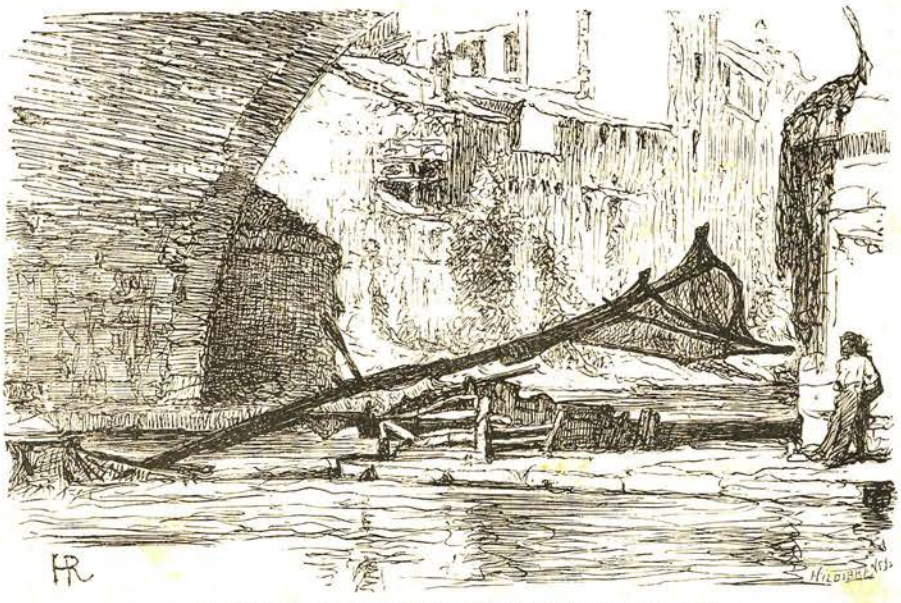
QUARTER OF THE TANNERS.

upon the Cenci Piazza. Here ended the domain of that wild Bohemia; aggression hardly dares to encroach on Christian territory. A protector had arisen, and all disappeared.

An exaggerated picture, some traveller will say. We warrant the scrupulous exactness of the story. But, it will be objected, no crime is committed in the Ghetto. What do you know of this? Who could prevent it? Where is the supervision, control, or publicity? What agents does the police send into the domain of a race living under the privileges of ostracism, in the midst of a labyrinth filled with traps, in deep cellars, the approach to which is absolutely unknown? At any rate, you will answer, nobody has ever heard tell of anything; and who is to tell? At a certain time the Duke of Tuscany insisted on priding himself that he did not have a single assassin in his territory, and he

published statistics which were the honour of his reign, the glory of humanity, the text of the philanthropic declamations of philosophers. Only when a murder took place, they put out of sight the culprit as well as the victim, proceedings were stifled, and so they avoided giving scandal to their neighbours.

Above the Ghetto and Cenci Palace, between this piazza and the Via de' Pettinavi, are the lines along the Tiber with its deserted barges, of certain streets, still more curious than those of the tribe of the Hebrews. From the bank you see retreating in perspective a mass of habitations, one leaning over the other, as if they had been driven by a blast of wind. The sight continues as far as the Ponte Sisto, under which you will hardly discover a fisherman on the watch before his *girella* stretched at the foot of an arch. Penetrating to the principal street, which is parallel to the stream, but sinuous and with a breach here and there in its line, this ragged quarter is alive with the noise of the people and with the incongruity of contrasts. There are deep lanes, showing at their mouths palaces without name, whose fifteen centuries of architecture tumble one



'A FISHERMAN ON THE WATCH BEFORE HIS GIRELLA.'

upon another; the lemon-tree and the laurel push out from clefts in the stone in the midst of filthiness and the creatures of the courtyard. These places are called the Rione della Regola, and are inhabited by tanners; the sour and pungent odour of the tan and the hides mix with the accustomed perfume of the cabbage. The people who work the leather as workmen and artisans, not a very numerous class in this part of the world, are supposed to be turbulent. The Mazzinian party has preserved here, they say, some followers, who would be well inclined, not for revolt, but to second a movement, and, in case of success to contribute some tragical episodes of the old Roman stamp. In the struggles of the free towns in Flanders, as in the time of the civil wars in Sienna, the leather-workers were famous for their restlessness.

V.

There results from the prolonged suffocation of these grimacing beauties, and this ugliness that so fascinates curiosity, an eager desire to find broad horizons and open perspectives. I turned back to get near the old Palatine Bridge that was finished by Scipio, the conqueror of Carthage, which has been restored by the popes, and which, half carried away under Clement VIII., has kept the name of Ponte Rotto. I even went further, so as to take in under several aspects two of the finest points in Rome, a spectacle that Pius IX. has given us by authorizing a foreign company to fix an iron foot bridge over the mutilated arches of the old bridge, of which he was anxious that they should respect the remains. The stream is wide and deep at each side of the Tiberine island. A quay frequently interrupted, all sorts of irregular buildings on terraces descending to the water, a few barges, monuments in the background, a couple of bridges thrown from one bank to another, brick, verdure, and marble; black chimneys over groups of little houses scattered in queer disorder—such are the banks of the Tiber. The gulls flit over the double channel, which is surrounded by buildings with round tiles on tumble down and jutting roofs. This bank is noisy, for the popular chattering at the turning of the Quattro Capi accompanies the swarming movement of the district. Those who come there in the heats of July, when everybody is under cover or asleep, find, like my friend Amédée Achard, the city dead and depopulated.

From the point at which the winding stream discloses on every side the spacious horizon, the eye embraces both banks, from the Isle of Æsculapius as far as the old Fabrician Bridge, which ends an uneven row of houses, protected by terraces festooned with laurels and orange-trees arranged in hedgerows, and cypresses rising like bell-towers; the burnt hue of this fantastic quarter seems to become a flame in the evening sun. From the middle of the Palatine Bridge you recognise to the east on the hill of Romulus the grove in which he was nourished, and the festoons of the palace of Tiberius and Caligula; then leaning towards the south, the escarpment of the Aventine Rock, where Cacus was slain by Hercules, and beneath the high convent of St. Sabina the still visible piles of the Sublician Bridge which King Ancus constructed, and where Horatius Cocles stopped the host of the Etruscans. Nearer on the same side opens out the arched vault of the Cloaca Maxima, that senior among all the public works which, after absorbing the marshes of the Velabrum, has been ever since the reign of Tarquin the principal and indestructible sewer of the quarter of which the Forum was the centre. The vaults of this construction are composed of enormous blocks, forming three concentric courses, on which the embankment rests. 'Three things,' wrote Dionysius of Halicarnassus, 'reveal the magnificence of Rome,—the aqueducts, the roads, the sewers. The extent of the last demonstrates not so much their utility, as the enormous sums that must have been expended upon them. We know from the testimony of C. Aquilius that the maintenance of the sewers cost the censors more than twelve millions.'

'The sewers are an immense work,' writes in his turn the elder Pliny; 'these excavations having been made in the mountains, they would sail with their boats in Rome suspended high as Thebes. . . . Agrippa caused to flow there seven torrents, which in their rapid course hurry along all the refuse; swollen by rain, they beat against the bottom and the walls of the Cloaca; often driven inward by the Tiber, the currents

struggle with one another in the channel, and yet the building resists. Masses of water are free between these walls without any part giving way; houses falling into ruin or destroyed by fire, and even earthquakes do their best against this vault, still the work of Tarquin remains impregnable.'

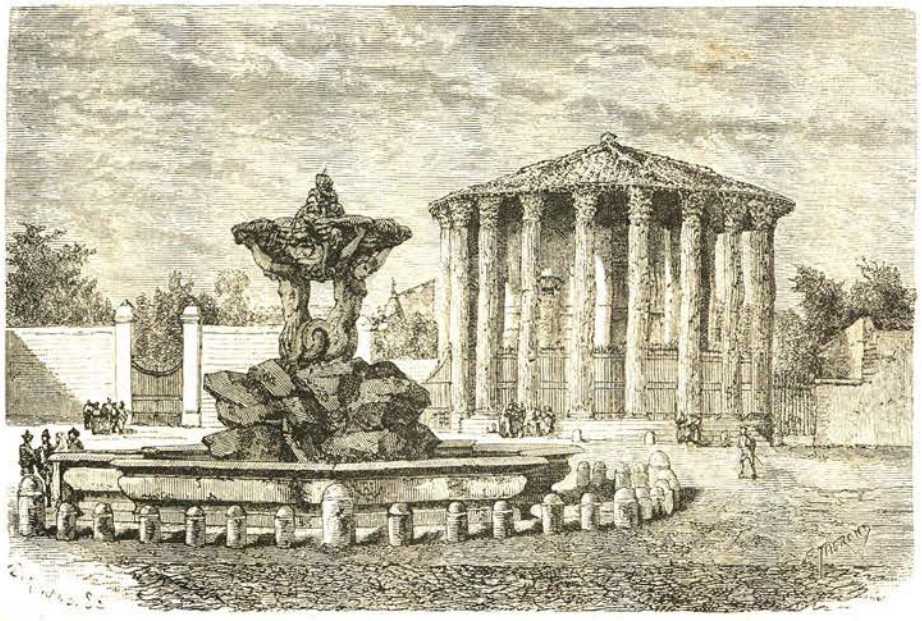
What astonished Pliny is much more surprising now, ten centuries later. 'Let us not omit,' he says, 'a fact that has been passed over by our most celebrated annalists. When Tarquin employed the people on these endless, dangerous, and detested works, a number of labourers in despair destroyed themselves. But as the Quirites fear above all things shame, the tyrant found a singular means of forcing them to live; he had the corpses of those who committed suicide exposed upon crosses to the gaze of the people and the voracity of birds of prey.'

Once upon a time, thieves, pickpockets, and other scandalous persons sought refuge near the sewers or channels at the edge of the Tiber. Festus, who edifies us as to the habits of these men of prey, calls them *canalicolæ*—'*Canalicolæ, forenses homines pauperes dicti quod circa canales fori consisterent.*' In spite of this authority I should continue to believe that our word *canaille* comes from the word *canis*, rather than find its birthplace at the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima. When, to examine a work that has so often been imitated, you ascend towards the Velabrum as far as a paper-mill installed at a distance of three hundred mètres from the Tiber, you come upon a fragment of the channel of this cloaca at the very spot where it receives the crystal of the Juturnian Fountain, which from a basin on whose brink the Dioscuri appeared to the founder of Rome, came flowing with full stream into a subterranean aqueduct. The aqueduct still exists, the water yet flows and babbles there, but the naiad no longer comes to the foot of the fraternal columns of Castor and Pollux, to mirror her comeliness in the sun.

This deserted quarter is full of old memories. Just above the Tarquinian sewer rises the little tetrastylar temple of Fortuna Virilis, which the Romans, misled by the rudeness of the materials, would fain trace back as far as Servius Tullius, but which is hardly earlier than Cæsar, and whose fluted columns with Ionic capitals still have their bases surrounded with the pavement, a score of times secular, of the Palatine Way. So the building has long consecrated by favour of a deceitful tradition the memory of a slave become king. In the year 670, Pope John III. installed the Holy Virgin in the temple of Fortuna Virilis. He erected an altar, the dedication of which, changed ten centuries later, immortalised another redemption, that of St. Mary the Egyptian. A few steps off is the graceful Rotunda of the Sun, dedicated by some modern archæologists to Vesta, a gracious monument of the age of Trajan, very inferior to the more ancient marvel of Tivoli, but still attractive in spite of having lost its architraves and its pediment. To save this pagan altar, of which the primitive institution ascends, they say, as far as Numa, it was placed by the popes under the protection of St. Mary of the Sun. This plaything in style has for pendant the basin, in the midst of which by order of Clement XI. Carlo Bizzaccheri placed high and dry upon a rock two sirens of no very dangerous beauty.

The bottom of this piazza is occupied by the porch of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. It is a common opinion that Pope Adrian I., in reconstructing this church, which was of Constantinian origin, enriched it with an ornamentation so splendid that it retained the surname, *in Cosmedin*, from κόσμος, decoration or ornament; but this designation is earlier than the year 780. Santa Maria, at the foot of the Aventine and the Palatine, at the end of the street Bocca della Verità and at the bottom of a piazza, surrounded by

ancient monuments, has been installed between the Corinthian arms of a temple of Ceres and Proserpine rebuilt by Tiberius. We can still distinguish a portion of the Cella in large blocks of travertine, as well as eight columns of the peristyle in white marble, fluted and of the composite order. Seven of them are set in the walls of the church, which itself contains two distinct kinds of construction. The small basilica, which is primitive and probably of the date of Constantine, is drawn across the ancient temple: it is narrow, deep, and divided from the lower aisle of more modern date by antique columns with various capitals. The pavement is Alexandrine work of hard stone of the richest and oldest sort; the pulpits, of the sixth century, were adorned in the thirteenth by some rows of mosaic; at the bottom of the basilica is placed the *cathedra* belonging to the first ages; it was here that Pope Gelasius II. and the anti-Pope Benedict XII. were proclaimed: the master-altar is surmounted by a ciborium, supported on four columns of granite. This church, on which the primitive times have left their mark, is a hundred steps from the school where St. Augustine professed rhetoric, and



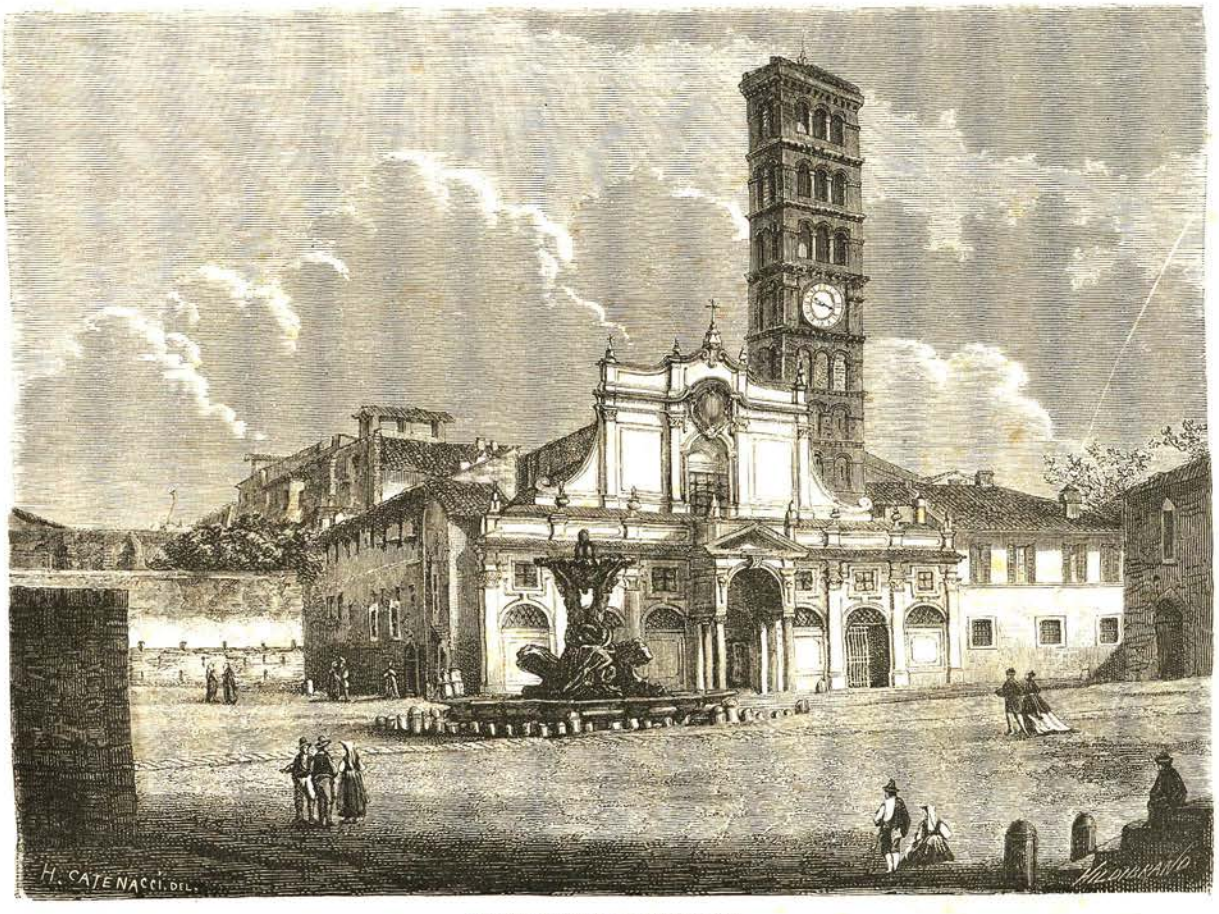
FOUNTAIN OF BIZZACCHERI, AND TEMPLE OF THE SUN OR VESTA.

the adjoining street perpetuates the recollection, for it is still called the Via della Greca, though the Bishop of Hippo taught in Latin the lessons of Homer, whose own tongue he had not studied. It is under the vast porch of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, where we find a splendid tomb of the twelfth century, that there has been fixed against a wall the colossal mask in veined marble, from four to five feet in diameter, so well known under the name of the Bocca della Verità. It is a flat or slightly concave face, with a mouth opening in a circle in the middle, as if to serve for the funnel of some tube. We possess a similar mask but not quite so large in stone, and likewise belonging to an era of decay but much worse made, at the Castle of Polignac near Puy. Only as in our France it is indispensable to appear ingenious and new; as besides we have neither the habit of running after antique objects, nor the good sense of the Romans, who are very little inclined to exaggerate the mysteries of history, the learned men of Velay have made of their mask with its circular mouth an orifice for the proclamation of oracles; an ear for listening with, after the manner of that of Syracuse; a drain for human sacrifices; and I

VIEW ON THE TIBER IN FRONT OF THE CLOACA MAXIMA.

know not what besides. At Rome they consider the Bocca della Verità as the ornament of a fountain pipe in the funnel of a drain. As for the rather sibylline title that the Mask has given to the open space in front of the church, it is less ambitious than you might suppose, the children of the neighbourhood amusing themselves by clambering on to the great lunar face and burying their fists in its round mouth. The grandmothers have fancied and repeated for centuries to these youngsters that if they put their hands into the *bocca* after telling a lie, they will never be able to draw them back again. The little folk believe, and to escape the terrible test they make up their minds to honourable confession.

Close by the side of the Temple of Fortune, some centuries of less venerable antiquity

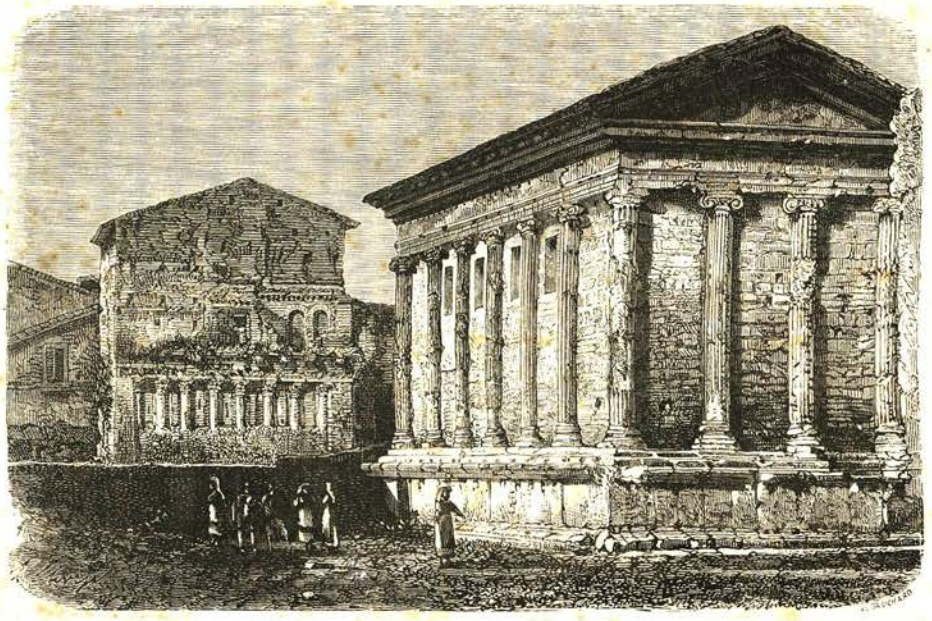


SANTA MARIA IN COSMEDIN.

have introduced the elements of an enigma that has a very different complication. Built with a collection of sculptured materials got from I know not whence, fragments covering a period between the fourth century and the thirteenth, the Loggia, surmounted with a curious erection which they call the Casa di Rienzo, would furnish the frame for a long lecture in archæology. It is the single and most strange instance of an elegant and traditional house of great antiquity in which they have utilised a medley of old fragments, while at the same time struggling to make the ornament harmonize with the style of Roman architecture. This little palace, besides the singularity of a pastiche executed in the last years of the Byzantine era, presents a historical problem difficult to solve. The people of the quarter call the building the house of Pilate, with a legend to support their name. An inveterate tradition assigns it to Colà di Rienzi, who governed the commune of

Rome; finally, an inscription in Latin rhymes placed above the ancient door, now condemned, which opens on the Vicolo della Fontanella, the foulest and most infectious sink that ever was, attests that Nicholas, son of Crescentius and Teodora, bequeathed this possession to his son David. The inscription, which passes for one of the eleventh century, did not strike us as earlier than the fourteenth. Now it is known that the tribune Crescentius, the precursor of Rienzi, was slain by order of Otto III. in 998. Otherwise, the house seems later by two hundred years than this pretended testator, Nicholas, the son of Crescentius. Finally, what completely strips this stone document of all authority is the name of Teodora attributed to the wife of the Crescentius aforesaid. This Roman lady who, to avenge her husband, gained the love of the Emperor Otto, whom she poisoned, was called Stephania. I am sorry to weaken the only account of the building that the local annalists have admitted.

It remains to weigh another theory of livelier interest. Before fixing himself at the Capitol and taking shelter in the Castle of St. Angelo, could the friend of Petrarch, Colà



HOUSE OF RIENZI AND TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS.

di Rienzi when he was notary apostolic, have lived in this house? The thing does not seem improbable. Towards the year 1340 Rienzi, his imagination inflamed with the old Rome, with the orators of the queen of the universe whose equal he claimed to be, with republican manners which he strove hard to restore with the view of rousing public spirit and suppressing feudal brigandage, Colà di Rienzi, who in preaching his crusade recalled to mind the Gracchi, the Fabricii, the Brutuses, the Scipios, this Roman of old time who appealed on behalf of freedom to inscriptions, monuments, ruins, may well have made his home at the bottom of the Velabrum in front of the camp of Porsenna, close to the Fabrician bridge, at the foot of the Tarpeian rock, before the rotunda of the Sun, at the side of the republican temple of Fortuna Virilis, and is a house that had been built out of the ruins of Roman grandeur. It was then, perhaps, that to surround the house with a twofold consecration, they spread abroad or revived the legendary notice which attributes possession of it to the family of the tribune Crescentius, and chiselled in archaic characters the inscription in verses of low rhymed Latinity, of a taste in harmony with

the usage of the fourteenth century, to corroborate the illusion. The continuity of the tradition which installs Colà di Rienzi here is a weighty indication; the evocation of Crescentius and his kin under the same roof, in this bit of Roman bric-à-brac in the midst of old Rome, adds a tolerably strong argument to probability. In the last place, the description of Casa di Pilato, which remains popular as well as the other, is not unlike one of the insults with which a tribune is wont to be stigmatized after his fall. However it may be, this house is one of the highest interest, because it combines ornamentation in such a way as to utilise entablatures, friezes, bas-reliefs, galleries, doorways, foliage, of various sources and incongruous proportions—discordances out of which they have drawn a very advantageous originality, for rich arabesques of the fourth century harmonize without any excess of incompatibility with sculptures that recall, though with greater heaviness, the manner of the Pisans. Only, what we shall probably never know is by whom and for whom this entertaining patchwork was constructed. Under the patronage of Rienzi or Rienzo, tradition has consecrated it not only to the republican memories of the middle age, but to the democratic aspirations of all times; for whenever a movement in a liberal sense breaks out, it is always before the house of Rienzi that the crowds hasten to mass themselves.

THE MARKET OF THE PIAZZA NAVONA.

CHAPTER VII.

The Piazza Navona and its market.—St. Agnes and the Fornici of the Agonal Circus.—From the Porta Pia to St. Agnes extra Muros.—Souvenirs of the prætorian camp.—Source and consecration of the *pallium*.—The baptistery of Constantia.—THE CATACOMBS.—Descent to those of St. Agnes; origin and primitive purposes.—Visit to the catacombs of Callistus; how they were discovered, and their condition under the Antonines.—Episodes, inscriptions, pictures, symbols of the first ages.—Assassination of Stephen I.—The martyr Popes, and the administration of the subterranean church.—On the Mons Sacer.—The path by which Nero fled, etc.

I.

RECONSTRUCTED by Borromini and Rainaldi on the great piazza Navona, which is blocked with booths and stalls and animated with all the hum and noise of a market, the church of St. Agnes with its cupola, accompanied by two flashing belfries, its façade adorned with composite columns and joined to the palace which it overwhelms, St. Agnes, a mass of broken lines, of sombre openings and projections whence the sun flashes back his rays, bursts upon you between two fountains, whose bubblings play accompaniments to the chatter of the market-women. Around these market-women, encamped under enormous umbrellas of yellow chintz, stirs the tide of customers, housekeepers and servants, Franciscans foraging, women from the Trastevere or the Suburra, peasant women with their traditional head-dress. As they march along with hand on hip and head laden with a basket of fruits, you would take them for canephoræ come out of Greek sculpture. Even the prolix

PIAZZA NAVONA AND CHURCH OF ST. AGNES.

ornamentation of one of these fountains is truly architectural chattering, it answers to the tumultuous babbling of the water. Out of the wide basin rises an isle of rockwork, on which the chisel has made ivy grow and lotus and burdock; there is a cavern from which rush a horse and a winged lion, who go prancing into the basin. On this artificial Naxos Innocent X. had planted an obelisk of red granite of the height of eighty-five feet. At sight of such theatrical decorations, one fancies oneself in front of a market at the opera, and one hears the ritornello of a popular chorus—say, the fishermen of the Mercato Vecchio of Naples in the *Muette de Portici.*

St. Agnes perpetuates the material proofs of a legend, for in this country they rebuild temples from age to age, which grow again with roots seventeen times secular like the new shoots of a vigorous plant. Dig below St. Agnes, so well restored to flowering life by Innocent X., and you will find in the ground the *Fornici* of the ruins of Alexander Severus, infamous places where a virgin martyr was exposed. However, one makes no sort of attempt in the case of reconstruction to connect them by any fancied imitation of style with the time of these distant memories; the more modern rockery and the iconography of the day will illustrate this story of the third century, without heed to archæology or costume, in the academic taste of Antonio Raggi, of Ferrata, and of Bernini. Of what avail these pretensions to probability, when you are on the very ground of truth herself! Thus under the cupola inscribed in a Greek cross, to enliven the lofty facings of Carrara and the columns of *cottanello*, a red-veined marble with grey streaks, you must see how they have rejoiced in it all—the Ciro Ferri, the Corbinelli, the Baciccio, the Guidi, and other Maïni! On the four altars bas-reliefs, violently forced to such an effect as may replace paintings, simulate perspectives: you see busts and arms rushing out of the frame and leaving portions buried in the marble; all that shows a decline and an ingenuity above the common. Yet these people loved the antique in their own way; look at the St. Sebastian, a pagan statue canonised by Paolino Campi: I would defy the Greek artist who brought it into the world to recognise it under its transformation. For understanding the power of an inferior art, the piazza Navona and St. Agnes are not to be despised. After you have thoroughly examined under the walls of the church St. Alexis and St. Emerentianus, St. Agnes, St. Eustace, and St. Cecilia, suffering so gallantly the elegances of martyrdom, you descend by a narrow stair into the underground passages which supported the steps of the Agonal circus: they abutted on the Fornici that are marked by the line of the corridor. Two chapels were erected there: one of the altars, it is said, rises where the saint's prison was, while the other occupies the spot where she was exposed. So that some memory of the chaste beauties of Agnes might remain, Algardo has represented her in bas-relief at the moment when, being led to martyrdom in a state of complete nakedness, she is miraculously withdrawn from sight by her hair, which all at once grows long and abounding and enwraps her in its waves. To follow St. Agnes to her tomb, it is necessary to ascend the Quirinal and leave Rome.

II.

You can scarcely ever forget the day on which for the first time you tread the Roman campagna, especially if, directing your steps towards the Mons Sacer, you have gone out by the Porta Pia which replaces the old Nomentane gate by which the Emperor

Nero, in full flight from his soldiers, who had at last revolted, made his escape from Rome followed by a slave. There still remain in the walls of Honorius some signs of their masked outlet, and in the projection of an embankment the remains of a camp occupied by the prætorians, under which the fugitive Cæsar passed so close to them that he could hear them shout, 'Long life to Galba.' It was there that in later times these troops sold the empire by auction: it was there, in the midst of this prætorian camp, that Caracalla slew his brother Geta in the arms of their mother, Julia, who was covered with blood and wounded in the hand in attempting to defend one son against the other. Built by Pius IV., the Porta Pia was designed by Michelangelo.

To penetrate into the uncultivated regions of the great historic and pastoral desert, you had not then to traverse that suburb of small houses and taverns which ends in the masquerades of the Villa Torlonia, where its owner has constructed imitative ruins. To set up counterfeit in the midst of the richest necropolis of antiquity—what clumsy competition! A little beyond on a low rising ground let us observe an *osteric* where the

'WHILE THE CONTADINI DRINK.'

peasants from the north of the Abruzzi make their last halt, when they come down from the counterforts of the Monte Corno to visit the great markets of Rome. The sluggish train of lean jades wait at the door with entire philosophy while the contadini drink; sorry brutes with ascetic profile, only developed in belly and shoes, which clatter under them in proportion to the pace, with downcast head, and teaching too late to the defunct palfrey of the four sons of Aymon how without eating one can persist in living. To seize on their travels and sketch accurately in outline and expression this race of small Sabine horses, on which the mountaineers post themselves in all manner of proud attitudes, it needs the precise pencil of my young friend Henry Regnault. The country begins to open glimpses of glorious landscape as soon as one reaches the church of St. Agnes. This church is at the corner of a monastery, and its extremely sober walls would not lead one to guess half its antiquity.

When at the prayer of his daughter, Constantine, in order to discover the body of the saint, had the catacombs of the Via Nomentana explored, they took up from

around the tomb the earth of the galleries, and the basilica imprisoned the mausoleum. One has then, in order to descend into this church, which comes after a series of caverns, to count forty steps under a vault whose walls are adorned with fragments and ancient inscriptions. The basilica has three aisles with two stories of colonnades. Its pillars of granite, of violet marble, of porta santa, taken from ancient temples; its seat of marble of the fourth century; its mosaic of the year 626, representing between Damasus and the first Honorius Agnes crowned, wearing a laticlave golden and jewelled, with white borders and a violet tunic; all contributes to the religious impression of a monument half underground. It would be deeper still if Pius IX. had not had this rich basilica restored. On an altar to the right, you may forget to seek a Head of Christ attributed to Michelangelo, and which does not even come from his school. It is to St. Agnes that on the 21st of January the abbot of the regular chapter of St. Saviour comes after mass to bless two lambs placed on the altar; a ceremony after which they are restored to a dignitary of St. John Lateran, who carries them for the papal benediction, whence they are taken away to be fed in some convent of nuns appointed by the holy father. At Easter one of these lambs is served on the pontifical table, and from their wool is woven the *pallium*. The *pallium*, which before the fourth century was an exclusive privilege of the popes, recalls the obligation of bearing on the neck like the Good Shepherd the sick and strayed sheep. As this mission proceeds from the apostle Peter, it is from his tomb, where they have been placed on the eve of the festival, that the pope takes the *pallia* for the purpose of distributing them.

ST. AGNES, AFTER THE MOSAIC OF THE CHOIR (THIRD CENTURY).

Near St. Agnes and in the domain of the community is a monument of older origin preserved in greater entirety. To see it you must, by a path strewn with fragments of marble, make for a Christian cemetery that is open to the sky, and is perhaps the oldest that was ever established. It is bounded by a thick wall of brick belonging to the sixth century, supported on an embankment of more than a hundred feet. There rises a rotunda wholly Constantinian; it was for his daughter and his sister that the son of St. Helen erected the baptistery of Constantia, as Ammianus Marcellinus attests. The great porphyry sarcophagus of St. Constantia, placed in the Vatican by the order of Pius VI., has from the fourth to the end of the eighteenth century furnished on the spot a no less formal proof. When, in 1256 he erected this baptistery into a church, Alexander IV. had deposited under the altar in the middle the body of St. Constantia and that of St. Emerentianus. They are there still. A Christian church can hardly date from an earlier epoch than this, and among the basilicas of the same date there is none in a more satisfactory state of preservation. This baptistery, in which St. Sylvester christened the two Constantias,

presents among all the edifices of the Roman decline the most ancient example of coupled columns. They are of ancient origin and reach the number of four-and-twenty; their shafts of granite support over varied capitals very curious protuberant friezes, above which rises a cupola. The vaults of the Ambulatorium which forms the circumference are decorated with mosaics on a white ground, belonging to the first half of the fourth century, a specimen that would be unique if those of St. Pudentiana had not been preserved equally, for the frieze of Santa Maria Maggiore can only belong to the end of the same century. The precious mosaics of the baptistery have for their subjects flowing designs formed by vine-shoots turned in various directions and laden with ripe bunches. Pagan genii at large, and angels latest born of the Mother of the Loves, gather the grapes from branch to branch; some interspaces are furnished with grotesque heads; some coffer-work frames rosettes connected by interlacings which form crosses. Nothing can be more interesting than this specimen of the decorative art of antiquity before its final decline. As the work has been executed by an artist who lacked the too recent inspira-

ST. AGNES EXTRA MUROS, ON THE VIA NOMENTANA.

tion of Christian feeling, these charming mosaics are only connected by their intention with the new faith, and accordingly the baptistery of St. Constantia long passed for a temple of Bacchus. Such mistakes are no longer permissible, since so many sarcophagi of the first centuries have shown us this subject of the vintage, of which the mystic sense is definitely stated by the Fathers, as well as by the following passage of the Acts of St. Eugenia; 'Now is the time of the vintage, when the rich grapes shall be severed to be pressed, after their separation from the slender vine-branches, into the heavenly cups.' The form, style, and delicate design of these compositions has for set-off another mosaic representing in an embrasure of a door the baptism of Christ; it belongs to the ninth century and is wholly rude. It is much too late, yet it is too early.

Round the little convent of St. Agnes, over a space of two or three acres on a road-side, you have the complete picture of the heroic ages of religion. The martyrs, the subterranean worship in three stories of catacombs, the symbolical inscriptions, the sacred paintings of the earliest centuries, all await you in the depths of the earth. Then

that worship which was thus spreading its roots pierces through the soil and flourishes in the open sunlight; the basilica and the baptistery spread; the very dead, raised from the depths of the crypts, come and take their sleep among the flowers of the field to the sound of bells that ring forth victory.

III.

Below the ancient Rome, along the fifteen Consular roads which radiated from the Capitol as centre, there existed in the third century, besides a score of underground cemeteries consecrated to families, twenty-six great catacombs, which answer to the number of the parishes of that time. It has been calculated that these labyrinths must measure a hundred and fifty leagues of gallery, and must contain six millions of the dead. The average width of the corridors is eighty centimètres; placed one over another, so as sometimes to form five stories, they are never dug deeper than five-and-twenty mètres, a thickness beneath which the volcanic crust ends to make way for humid clays. Nothing can be more interesting than this cradle of religion, this elysium of the martyrs of imperial tyranny, ancestors whom all Christian communions venerate. As one cannot visit so many caverns, many people are content with taking a few steps in the public catacombs of St. Sebastian which are entirely broken down, and they return in the persuasion that it is everywhere the same; hence perhaps the prejudice that these cemeteries were established in old sand quarries, *arenaria*. At St. Agnes these travellers would find, but above crypts, genuine arenaria with more spacious vaults and wide passages practicable for carriages. In these quarries are frequently cut narrow stairs or traps to descend mysteriously into real catacombs, the approaches to which were generally concealed by the sand quarries when they had ceased to be worked.

The cemetery where St. Agnes had her tomb, which, as it has been exposed, now serves as an altar for the church constructed about it, this dormitory, for such is the literal and spiritualistic meaning of the word, is situated a distance of two miles from Rome; you go down to it from the midst of a wild garden by some thirty steps. At the bottom of the cellar steps you penetrate a series of narrow corridors one after another, cut at right angles, intricate like a network of lanes, and whose complexities could certainly never have permitted any kind of working. What could they have extracted from these underground caverns? Their divisions are not made either of stone for building or of pozzalana for the preparation of cement; on the other hand, for hollowing places of burial the sand of the arenaria would have offered too little resistance, while the rock of the quarries would have been too hard to cut. The Christians must then have chosen in the intermediate section of the volcanic stratum that porous marl which was of a sufficient consistency, while it was tolerably easy to chip away; a light substance of which the fracture is soft, which does not split, and where one could work excavations without encumbering the passages with bulky heavy blocks, which would be difficult to get out.

Such is the geological constitution of the catacombs. The useless matter of which they are formed, was heaped up in the passages out of the way, or brought from the bottom of these sacred burrowings under some look-out hole, and from these the

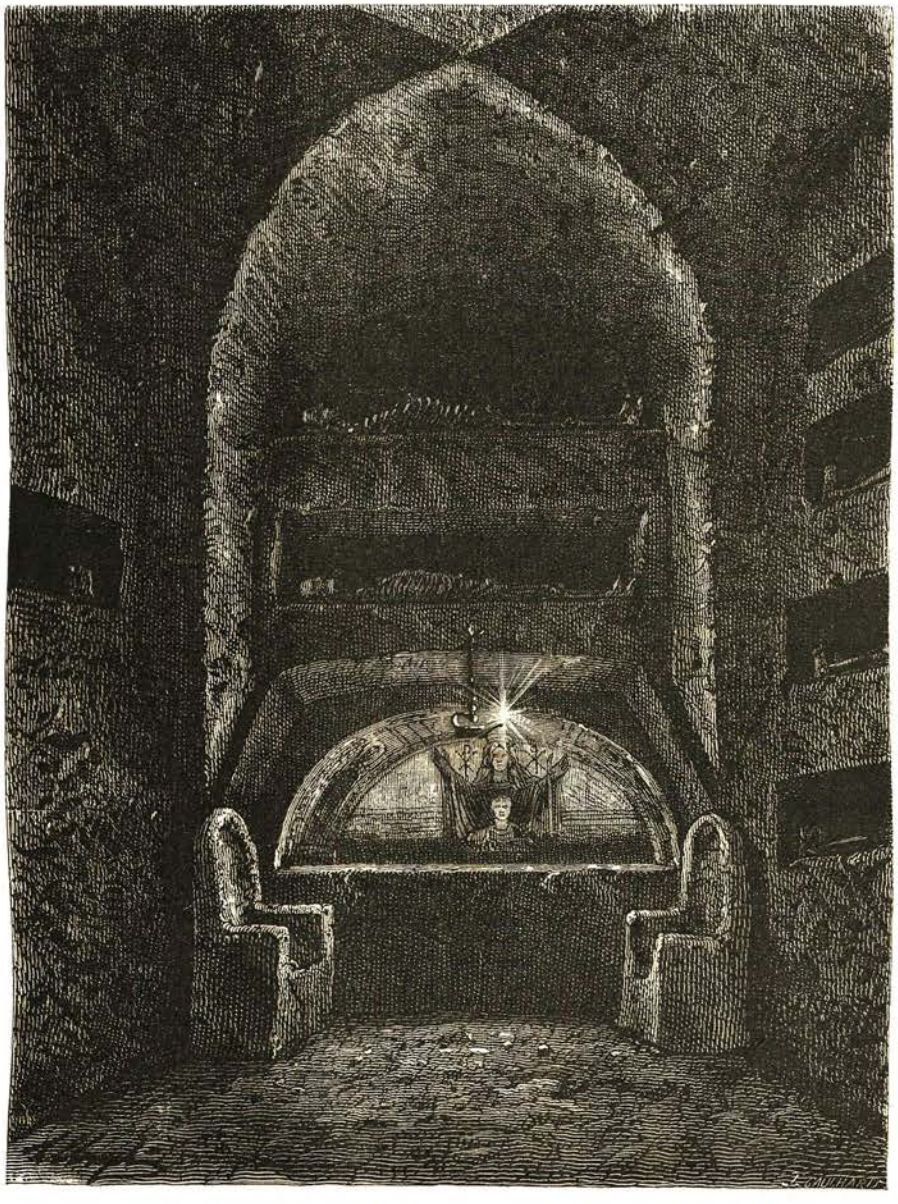
rubbish was raised by means of rope and basket, and mixed either with the sand of the quarries of the upper range or with the uncultivated ground of the surface. At any rate it is assured that the catacombs, so misunderstood at a time when Raoul Rochette affirmed that to know them it is not necessary to have seen them, could only have been established to serve as cemeteries, and to be expressly set apart for that purpose. Their use, for that matter, long preceded the Christian era; Pliny

SUBTERRANEAN GALLERIES AND LOCULI OF THE CATACOMB OF ST. AGNES.

informs us that the practice of incineration was not very ancient, and that many great families had preserved the custom of burying their dead. Sallust had under his gardens catacombs provided with *loculi;* the Dictator Sulla was the first of the Cornelian family whose body was burned.

The walls of these sepulchral galleries became in some sort chests, where they ranged the dead in superimposed rows hollowed in the tufa close to one another, so that the open burying-places among which you walk seem like cupboards from

which the drawers have been taken. The cavity worked in the wall to receive the corpse was vertically closed, either with large bricks or with thin pieces of marble. As we see with what economy they utilised space, leaving no more than the necessary room between the compartments, and taking advantage of the very smallest nooks for the burial-places of children, of which the number is prodigious, we are better instructed here than in any book as to the rapid propagation of the faith during the



SUBTERRANEAN ALTAR, TOMBS, AND CHAPEL IN THE CEMETERY OF ST. AGNES.

first centuries. The complexity of the place explains how, under the territory of the ancient city alone, they could have made five hundred and eighty kilomètres of winding ways. Pagan Rome was simply mined by the catacombs.

If I add that before the year 316 these cities of the dead, where the holy mysteries were celebrated, and where catechumens were instructed, sometimes hid as many of the living as they concealed of the dead, we can understand how at the moment when Christianity was officially proclaimed, it had rallied all the lower and middle

class, only leaving to pagan worship as the defender of ancient institutions the support of the old Roman aristocracy, which was the enemy of a dogma that while it proclaimed equality and the fraternal possession of earthly goods in common, annihilated at once both large properties and the institution of slavery, the single means of working such extensive appanages. Thus Tacitus, the mouthpiece of the most oppressive tyranny that ever was, describes the Christians as 'infamous and pestilent men, execrated for their crimes.' In yielding to the necessity of attracting the Nazarenes to his party and placing the cross upon his standard, Constantine made sure of the empire; *in hoc signo vicit.* And we may imagine how imperious this necessity must have been, when we recall that more than a century before under Septimius Severus, Tertullian affirmed that if the Christians were forced to emigrate, the Roman empire would become a desert.

Some visitors are so vividly impressed by the aspect of the catacombs, and so suffocated by the atmosphere of their narrow, low, and never-ending passages, where the air is made thick by the smoke of torches, that they beg to be allowed to make their way back. In truth, if the torches were to go out, one would be condemned to await death in this tomb of some millions of souls; if the old and bowed guide who went before us had by mischance been struck by apoplexy, probably not one of us would ever again have seen the light. The caverns of St. Agnes not being public, we had come alone to our appointment; and even supposing that a week after another guide should have brought a company, the party would most likely have directed its steps towards some different quarter. These are reflections to which people do not stoop until after the event. The tombs of martyrs and heroes often nameless draw one's attention specially; it is easy to make them out, for when the gravemakers closed them, they fastened in the cement by the side of the head an ampulla of glass in which the blood of the confessor had been collected. You still see on nearly every hand the mark and often the fragments of these vessels. When the martyrs had been drowned, burnt, or put to death without spilling of blood, there in sealing up the burial-place the workman with the point of his trowel drew in the fresh mortar a rude sketch of a palm-tree, and a certain number of these are to be seen. Occasionally we recognise the calcined bones of a martyr burnt alive, and it sometimes happens that the bones are crystallised to such a degree as to shine. Inscriptions give the name of the dead; those in Greek are usually the oldest, Greek having been the official tongue of the primitive Church. Many of the tombs are closed fast and untouched.

During the persecutions of which the rigour was not unbroken, the mysteries of worship took place in narrow oratories still subsisting in their entirety, as well as in baptisteries of which the underground spring is still flowing. The sacred celebration took place on the tomb of some illustrious martyr; hence the origin, the form, and even the name of our altars, which we still consecrate by the introduction of relics. You find also the seat (*cathedra*) of the bishops cut in the tufa with tiers of benches around it; there sat several successors of St. Peter in the first three centuries. In certain chapels two chairs, placed as far as possible apart from one another and arranged diagonally, represent confessionals. Ordinarily these churches are divided into two parts, one for men and the other for women, the latter recognisable by its double seats; during the giving of instruction to female catechumens, a second assistant deacon was appointed to supervise. In the tympana of the arches under the vault of the tomb-altar, there are visible, not sculptures, for the substance did not lend itself to

this and sculptures would have been poorly appreciated by lamplight, but paintings, the first that Christianity produced, curious documents of the primitive religion. Sometimes in walking along this sub-Roman world, so complete and so populous, we see blue hues moving on the russet walls, and the opening into the vaults of one of the light-holes that are lost in the brushwood above, and which used to bring a little air into these unknown caves so as to permit the Christian world to breathe.

If you wish to penetrate further in the study of the catacombs and its symbols, it is necessary to return to Rome, cross the whole of the city, reach the gate of St. Sebastian adjoining the Porta Capena, which was once the beginning of the Appian Way, and get introduced to the subterranean cemetery of St. Callistus, which we shall appreciate better after having seen that of St. Agnes. To finish what we have still to say, and not to scatter such a subject, let us undertake this journey, sacrificing unity of place to unity of story, dating our digression from the grounds of St. Agnes which we have not yet done exploring, and whither we shall return to continue as far as the Mons Sacer our walk on the Via Nomentana.

IV.

Forgotten for centuries, confounded even no more than twenty years back either with the cemetery of St. Sebastian or with that of Domitilla, the catacombs of Callistus were definitely discovered in 1852, by the most eminent of Roman archæologists, Signor Rossi. The discovery in a vineyard on the right of the Appian Way of an imperfect inscription of immense significance, revealed the proximity of some approach; it contained the last six letters of the name of St. Cornelius, who was known to have been buried near St. Cyprian in the cemetery of Callistus, along with several of the pontiffs. It were here then that they ought to dig, and it was by this vineyard that they entered the crypt where, close to the tomb of St. Cæcilia that was found two years later, reposed twelve martyr popes, among whom they have already recognised by their inscriptions the pontiffs Cornelius, Anterus, Fabian, Lucius, and Eutychian. St. Callistus is one of the caves which help us best to understand what after the reign of Constantine was the fate of the catacombs, the brilliant period of which answers to the years included between the reign of Theodosius and the invasion of the barbarians. Pope Damasus and his successors decorate them and organize stations in them; light-holes are made above the monuments made illustrious by saints; they wall up corridors that had no interest and which only added to the complications of the labyrinth; they allow new *loculi* to be hollowed out for the burial of pious families under the protection of the blessed patrons of the ages of trial. It was then that the faithful of the fourth century described this place as the Jerusalem of the martyrs of the Lord. Believers came thither from all the extremities of the world; Prudentius gives an account of these pilgrimages, which have left some curious graffiti.

This catacomb was constructed long before the epoch at which Pope Callistus I., sprung, they say, from the Domitian family, but who had directed a bank in the Forum, bequeathed his name to a cemetery lying under his vines; some *loculi* are closed with bricks, the stamping on which dates from Marcus Aurelius; everything shows that this cemetery of pagan origin was created by the Metelli on their vast territories, which

extended as far as the mole of Cæcilia Metella. The Cæcilii having become Christians, they provided burial in their galleries for some pontiffs near an illustrious martyr of their family, St. Cæcilia, who in her interrogatory declared that she was noble and of senatorial stock. M. Rossi, in his endeavours to clear up these obscure points, has shown that Septimius Severus ceded to the Christians the property of the old cemetery of the Cæcilii, which must consequently be the earliest in date of the possessions of the Church. This fact explains why a series of popes, beginning with Zephyrinus, were buried there rather than at the Vatican. Inscriptions inform us that at the beginning of the reign of Alexander Severus, St. Callistus used his credit with the prince to have these galleries enlarged; it was soon necessary to seek a shelter here, for the persecutions recommenced and the distinction of a patrician origin could not save Callistus from martyrdom.

The catacombs were frequently opened, and the roomy stairs to be found in them may well have been earlier than Constantine. In fact the Christians who in those ages of wisdom and humility never left anything undone to live in peace with the civil authorities, obtained by their submission long truces, or at any rate peace for their dead. The inscriptions alone will reveal something of those annals which were lost at the time when the late and violent persecution of Diocletian destroyed the archives of the church. It was then that to preserve the tombs of the martyrs, the believers filled with earth several galleries, which are now being cleared out, and where every day they find the funeral inscriptions of a number of saints inscribed in the martyrologists, and whose existence had been freely denied by Tillemont.

As at St. Agnes, it is from the midst of an uncultivated garden that by the corner of a ruined country box you descend into that legendary spot where the most modern restorations date from between 366 and 420. Halfway down the descent, along which the steps and the face of the wall are stocked with vegetation, as soon as you have lost sight of the city and its hills, the torches are kindled and each visitor, flambeau in hand, penetrates into this labyrinth of sanctuary very much as the subterranean processions used to go. Armed with torches, the guides who precede you plunge deeper and deeper into the sombre corridors, where the black smoke of the resin seems to throw them into stifling and funereal perspectives. For very nervous persons the sensation of fright is not less invincible here than it is at St. Agnes, and we frequently see women and old men so overwhelmed that they stop and pray to be taken back to the light of the sun. You are among not less than three stories of sepulchre one over another; skeletons are under your feet as over your head; they elbow you right and left; men by hundreds of thousands have prayed and sung in these galleries, and now they sleep in them the sleep of death.

It is near the burial-places of St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, and St. Eusebius, who died in 311, that one of the inscriptions of Damasus in six verses engraved upon a tablet of marble, informs us that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were long concealed in these catacombs. Christians from the East had furtively carried them away from the graves of the Vatican, and placed them in the underground refuge with a view to carrying them back to their country; but the Roman clergy perceived the robbery and hindered their design. Since then, under Heliogabalus who wished to enlarge the circus of Nero, they kept the Apostles at St. Callistus. 'They were the children of the East who sent them to us,' writes Damasus, 'but Rome was bound to defend Roman citizens as her own.'

In the second and third centuries the little underground basilica of St. Callistus and the chambers which surround it were the metropolis of the Holy See, and the centre of the pontifical administration. They still show there the little cell which served as working-room for these spiritual masters of the Christian world, reduced to this curious appanage unknown to the sun. They had as guardians, as soldiers, and as legates, mendicants posted from distance to distance who kept watch along the Appian Way. When St. Cæcilia wanted to send her husband Valerianus to be baptized to Pope St. Urban, who was concealed in this cemetery; 'Go,' she said, 'as far as the third mile on the Appian Way; there you will find some poor people who beg alms of the passers-by. I have always helped them, and they possess the secret; thou wilt

VALERIANUS AND CÆCILIA, MOSAIC OF THE NINTH CENTURY, AT ST. CÆCILIA.

salute them, saying to them, "Cæcilia has sent me to you that you may lead me to the holy old man, Urban, because she has charged me with a secret mission for him."'

The site of the tomb of St. Cæcilia is still marked at St. Callistus, as well as the spot where St. Lucina reposed. Around the loculus of St. Cæcilia, tombs and a multitude of inscriptions placed on the walls by enthusiastic pilgrims announce that famous personage, before in a crypt adjoining the papal room one has recognised the likeness of the saint and that of Urban who buried her. In a cellar I observed a Christian sarcophagus, made in imitation of pagan barrels and of very rude art; it is only of the fourth century, and Christianity had not then produced sculptors. In other sarcophagi and under glasses were found two bodies whole, one still being dressed in its shroud. Further off under a common inscription are united with two other

confessors, St. Dionysius and St. Zoe, St. Heliodora and St. Procopius. Birds and flowers, as well as a peacock, emblems of the joys of paradise and immortal life, are painted in the Arcosolium above the tomb. As at St. Agnes, it happens that *putcoli* plunging from story to story allow us to discern from the very deepest crypt, as if one were at the bottom of a well, a circle of blue sky framed in transparent foliage with the stars shining in it and forming in the darkness an illusive appearance of night. Sometimes, too, a circumstance of which certain critics have made use, you stumble against the remains of pagan sculpture and inscriptions, but always near these *lucernaria* through which such fragments rolled with masses of sand and ruin. The two hostile creeds really co-existed the one upon the other. Under Constantine the strata tended to intermingle, and it was then that at certain points they raised for the Agapai above the catacombs certain square chapels, several of which, still standing, are reduced to their four bare walls. It was under one of these edifices, transformed into a cellar, that M. Rossi found the steps for the descent into the catacombs of Callistus. At what epoch did they cease to frequent, and at last even to know the situation of these underground abodes? I am scarcely less ignorant of it than the authors by whom I might have allowed myself to be edified on the point. The signs of the perpetuity of the pilgrimages after the ninth century are clear to me from the examination of a little Byzantine Madonna that I saw above a tomb. It is known that in the twelfth century the pilgrims of Einsiedeln visited them, and I lately acquired the proof of this by going to establish in the celebrated convent of the canton of Schweitz the real age of the Regionarium; but, what is more surprising, in the fifteenth century an archbishop of Bourges placed in the cemetery of St. Callistus two inscriptions, which I recognised. This subterranean Vatican of the primitive church abounds in interesting epitaphs; I contented myself with translating as we passed, by the flickering light of the torches, and hastily; for you must follow the guide who holds the thread of your days.

THE FIFTH OF THE KALENDS OF NOVEMBER.
HERE WAS LAID TO SLEEP
GORGONIUS, WHOM ALL LOVED AND WHO HATED NONE.

This inscription, like many others, is in Greek; the following are in Latin, but without any date, which is a sign of great antiquity:—

TOO SOON HAST THOU FALLEN
CONSTANTIA! ADMIRABLE FOR BEAUTY
AND FOR HER CHARMS, SHE LIVED
XVIII YEARS, VI MONTHS, XVI DAYS.
CONSTANTIA, IN PEACE.

There are some which retrace the memories of the persecutions; such is that of one Marius, a young officer under Adrian, '*who lived long enough, for he spent his life and his blood for Christ.*' His friends laid him there with much wailing and many fears. This one, which comes from St. Agnes, and which is composed in Latin with Greek letters, has a very different significance:—

HERE GORDIANUS
MESSENGER FROM GAUL, SLAIN FOR THE FAITH,
WITH ALL HIS FAMILY.
THEY REST IN PEACE.
THEOPHILA, THEIR SERVANT, HAD THIS DONE.

The poor envoy from Gaul, put to death on foreign soil with all his family; the servant, left alone and far from her land, raising a monument to her master and adorning it with a palm—here is a touching episode in the inner life of our forefathers. The workmen of the catacombs, or grave-makers, formed not a corporation but a minor order of the clergy. An inscription has been found at St. Callistus with these words:—

DIOGENES THE GRAVEDIGGER, IN PEACE
LAID HERE
THE EIGHTH BEFORE THE KAL. OF OCTOBER.

This is placed above the delineation of the deceased. His tunic comes down to his knees, and he is shod with sandals. On his left shoulder is a piece of fur or stuff; on his right shoulder as well as above the knees are traced small crosses; in one hand he holds a mattock, and in the other a lamp hung by a small chain; around him are the tools of his business. The characteristic of most of the inscriptions is tender and consolatory thought; affection sighs its regrets, and faith breathes in hope. There is nothing pompous, nothing to recall the dignities of this world; much cheerfulness, much simplicity, much sweetness.

TO ADEODATA, MERITORIOUS VIRGIN,
WHO RESTS HERE IN PEACE, HER CHRIST HAVING WILLED IT SO.

The virtues praised among the deceased are always amiable virtues; *friend of the poor, tender and blameless soul, lamb of the Lord.* A widower recalls fifteen years of union *sine lesione animi;* he was father of seven children, *but his wife has four of them with her with the Lord.*

MAY THY SOUL BE REFRESHED
IN SUPREME BLISS,
O KALEMIRA!

Certain names show how recent the conversions were. Two sons address this prayer over the tomb of their mother:

LORD, MAY THE SOUL OF OUR MOTHER, VENUS,
NOT BE LEFT IN DARKNESS.

People frequently commend themselves to the prayers of the dead, and place their dear ones departed under the protection of some saint who happens to be their neighbour:

LADY BASILIA,
I COMMEND TO THEE THE INNOCENCE OF MY VERY DEAR SON GEMELLUS.
FAREWELL, SWEETEST CHILD;
WHEN THOU SHALT IN BLISS ENTER THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST,
FORGET NOT THY MOTHER, AND FROM SON BECOME GUARDIAN.

A husband has added with his hand to the inscription of his wife; *Pray for thy husband*, CELSIANUS. Some widows are described as *viduæ Dei*, matrons who had consecrated their widowhood to the Lord. On the pavement of one of the chapels we read the words:

PAULUS EXORCISTA DEPOSITUS MARTYRIES.

On this subject let us remark that the funeral inscriptions suffice to reconstruct all the degrees of the clerical hierarchy, bishops, priests, deacons, sub-deacons, acolytes, exorcisers, readers, grave-makers, &c. Calvin was far from supposing it when he cried, 'What is the monument of Christian antiquity that ever spoke of your exorcists!' We come also among the adepts upon notable distinctions; catechumens, neophytes, faithful, newly illuminated, &c. Some very fine inscriptions from the historical point of view are those of Pope St. Damasus, who disclosed to us the names of many pontiffs of the second century buried in the little underground basilica. He had likewise recognised the situation of the sarcophagus in which Pope Urban I. with his own hands laid the remains of St. Cecilia, whom Pascal II. found in perfect preservation in the ninth century when he had her transferred. She was still intact in the sixteenth century, when from her body Stephen Maderno executed a figure of her, of which the reader finds a drawing at the head of our sixth chapter. The largest of the inscriptions of Damasus is due to M. Rossi, who having collected a hundred and fifty broken bits, succeeded in piecing them together. It retraces the memories of a heresy which made blood flow, and the marble on which the story is graven had served already, for on the *verso* of the page of Luna we may read an inscription in honour of the Cæsars. In a sort of gallery close to the upper part of the catacomb, another inscription encrusted on the wall and recovered by Baronius, who had borrowed it from the 'Annals of the Martyrs,' retraces one of the moving scenes of which our cemetery of Callistus was the theatre: 'While St. Stephen (pope under Valerian) was celebrating there the sacrifice of the mass, soldiers came up before the altar, where the fearless priest, continuing the mysteries, had his head struck off.' You may to this day touch the spot where the episcopal seat of Stephen I. stood, and tread the spongy turf which drank up his blood before the altar where he officiated sixteen hundred and fourteen years ago.

It seemed to me that at St. Callistus the paintings were more numerous as well as more important than at St. Agnes. You come upon the Anchor, which symbolizes hope and figures the cross; the Dove flying away with the olive-branch in his mouth, emblem of the Christian soul that quits this world in peace; the Ship at the foot of a beacon; the Fish, ΙΧΘΥΣ, whose Greek name recalls that of Christ and furnishes the initials of the

formula, Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ; Bread, symbol of the Eucharist; the Rabbit gnawing, symbol of the destruction of the body. The Tortoise and the Dormouse signify that the sleep of death will be followed by an awakening; the Children in the Furnace remind the confessor that he must brave torment; Daniel given to the Lions is the patron of martyrs; Jonas is the emblem of regeneration by faith. In a group these signs become the elements of a hieroglyphic tongue, of which only the initiated can penetrate the meaning. Thus the Anchor and Fish, hope in Christ; a Fish carrying Bread is Jesus giving himself in the Eucharist; a Tree covered with Birds pecking its fruit, is the phalanx of the chosen on the tree of life in the heavenly garden. The parables and the Bible supply a number of transparent allegories, such as the Sower, the Fisherman making a draught of Souls, the Good Shepherd bringing back the lost sheep, the Reaper, the Vine-dresser, the Raising of Lazarus, and so forth. Noah in the Ark meant the Christian saved and received into alliance; Moses striking the Rock symbolizes baptism, as well as the doctrine which Christ has made to flow out on to the world, to bring back life to it. Above Moses we sometimes read the name of St. Peter, the Moses of the new law. In a vault distributed into compartments, a number of these subjects make a frame to Orpheus, who draws a crowd of animals and even turtles to

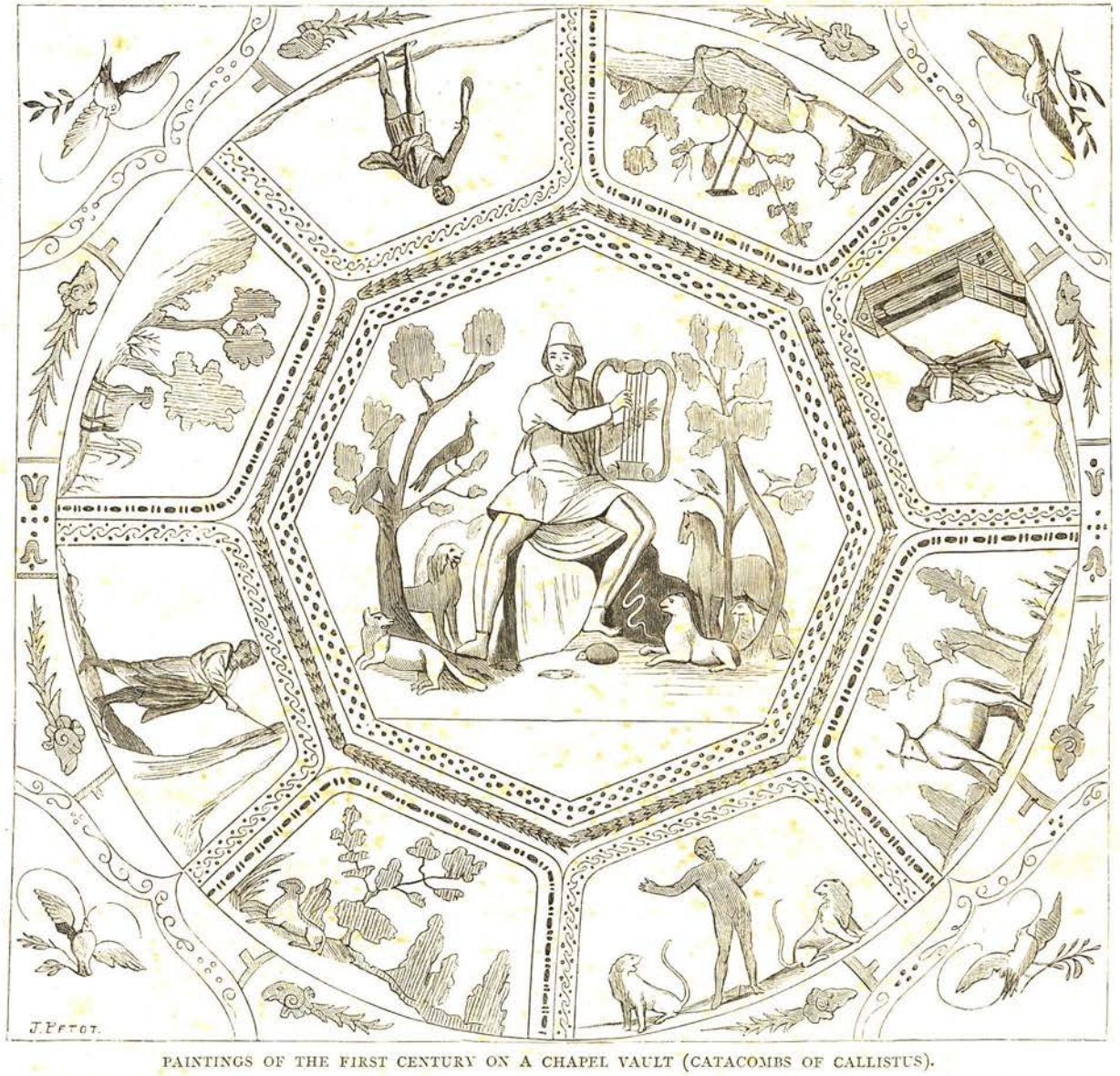
THE CHILDREN IN THE FURNACE. PRAYER. JONAH AND THE WHALE.

himself. This curious vault, which Bosio first sketched, goes back, according to D'Agincourt, to the end of the first century.

In another painting, Jesus dispatches his disciples to preach to the nations, who are represented by sheep. Observe how they will receive the divine word. One of them feels itself drawn towards the apostle; another moves away; this listens attentively, but with misgiving; the last, which would fain conciliate both God and the world, while listening lowers its head to browse at the same time. In the first centuries we see Christ under the form of the Good Shepherd and sometimes seated in the midst of the Twelve; but this face, so young, Apollo-like, beardless, and smiling, is destitute of all iconographic character, while Peter and Paul belong to a confirmed type and spring from a traditional portrait. The representation of the Virgin with her Son is frequent. The Christ is sometimes symbolized in Orpheus. Still, if we except Psyche (the soul elevated to mystic love), the images drawn from paganism are rare. Besides the ever-green ivy which accompanies many epitaphs, we notice the pine-apple, a fruit which passed for incorruptible by a tradition that ascends to the ages of paganism.

The cemetery of Callistus makes us acquainted with the works of embellishment executed in the catacombs down to the pontificate of Pascal I. Starting from

St. Damasus, described as the Virgin Doctor of the virgin church by St. Jerome, who was his secretary, and who remembered wandering in the catacombs in his childhood. This pope, who prevented the raising in the senate of a pagan altar of Victory, and who obtained from Valentinian in 370 a decree forbidding members of the clergy from receiving donations or testamentary bequests—Damasus, who regretted the purity of the old days of trial, wished to be buried, not in the cemeteries, even of Cæcilia and of Callistus, for which his humility disinclined him, but in a small outside chapel near one of the light-holes. The four walls of this chapel still stand.



PAINTINGS OF THE FIRST CENTURY ON A CHAPEL VAULT (CATACOMBS OF CALLISTUS).

The trace of ancient events, especially the pilgrimages of the Byzantine era, makes these catacombs singularly alive: the walls are laden with memories, and lost confidences, and the ideas once traced by the pilgrims, such as the butterflies which are emblems of souls, as soon as ever the flame of the torch draws near, once more resume their old life and reality. You may revive conversations that have been suspended ever since the reign of Charles the Great, and by these unpublished reminiscences ascend again to the era of the Cæsars. To experience here the impression of which great historic mementoes bring the charm to us, it is enough to know what was accomplished by these conclaves

of martyrs on every side of us, generations of indefatigable and sovereign victims, oppressed as slaves, dictating to the world laws which it follows still, and from the episcopal seat hidden in these caverns following one another for three centuries, to defend the same dogmas at the price of their lives, and to affirm it by their death.

There is nothing stranger than what we might call the Decretals of the Catacombs. St. Linus and St. Anacletus, the first legislators, having been martyred, Clement, ordained priest like them by St. Peter, destined like them also to be a martyr, restores order in the growing church of Corinth, and establishes bishoprics in Gaul, of which his missionaries first began the conquest. Disposing of Rome four centuries beforehand, Evaristus his successor divides the quarters into parishes as they will be one day, and sets up the ecclesiastical department of Rome: he was slain under Adrian. The epistles of St. Sixtus, which are still admired, spread the light even to the extremities of Asia, while the pontiff whom they obey dwells in the darkness, and will only leave it to go before his murderers. After the martyr Telesphorus, who established the nocturnal Christmas mass, St. Hyginus, who strove for unity against the first heresiarchs, fixes rank and precedence in his ecclesiastical court, which was to accompany him in regular order to his dungeon and before his judges. Harassed on every side, the first Pius will adjourn the proscriptions of Marcus Aurelius; he will cause unity to prevail against the neo-platonism of Valentinus, who was for fusing St. John with Hesiod; and against the utopias of Marcion, who was for mingling with evangelical ideas the theogonies of Persia and India. Anicetus, whom his discussions with St. Polycarp on the date of Easter made famous: St. Soter, a theologian who fought against the Montanists, are all honoured in the martyrologist: St. Eleutherius, put to death under Lucius Commodus, had from the depth of his catacomb brought under the faith of Christ one of the kings of Britain. St. Victor, who assembled a general council under the oppression of Caracalla, and who condemned Theodore of Byzantium for opposing the divinity of Christ, sealed his affirmation with his blood. Zephyrinus, who passed through five persecutions and was only slain in the sixth under Heliogabalus, had to sustain at once the Christians, menaced and wavering; the discipline of the clergy, which was attacked by innovators; and lastly, dogma against the opinions of Theodotus the leather-dresser, as well as against Praxeas, who did not admit the Trinity. St. Callistus who was the first, above the pontifical catacomb which had grown into a city of 174,000 souls, to dare to build churches in the face of heaven, was massacred in the streets. One of the Fabians had governed for fourteen years and organized Christianity. Decius slays the descendant of three dictators; St. Cornelius, who withstood Gallus, and brought to nought Novatian, the first of the anti-popes, perished in a dungeon; Stephen, martyred under Valerian, assembled three councils, and one on the shores of Africa; Sixtus II. marched to his doom at the head of his clergy, who suffered death with him; Dionysius had enough political influence and enough money to treat, after the capture of Cæsarea, for the ransom of the captives of Cappadocia, a circumstance that did not protect the negotiator from being put to death under Claudius II. Still under these first popes, gathered from all the corners of the world to defend the faith, authority rooted itself and shot its rays afar; even in the centre of oppression that hierarchy established itself, which was to subordinate all the other patriarchates to the tomb of St. Peter.

All nations and all classes had been represented on the curule chair of the apostle of Bethsaida. The consular stock of the Helvidii, the Calpurnii, the Fabii, had furnished pontiffs; and so had the imperial houses. Athens had sent Anacletus, Hyginus,

Sixtus II.; Telesphorus was Greek; Anicetus, Syrian; Evaristus from Bethlehem, Eleutherius from Nicopolis, Caius from Dalmatia, Eusebius from Calabria, Soter from Campania, Victor from the regions of Africa. They all made their way to Rome, the home of the persecutions; apostles of freedom of conscience, they showed that men spread their beliefs by dying for them; and it was by them that Christianity gave for the first time to the wonder-stricken world the spectacle of force conquered and made powerless. From every land they brought a supreme protest before the metropolitan see, already so revered that the humility of the confessors now and again constrained the clerks to impose on some saint the twofold glory of spiritual sovereignty and of martyrdom. The last to cement the Christian edifice with his blood was Caius, a kinsman of Diocletian. From the depth of an unknown retreat he governed in the shadow the radiant empire of souls. Diocletian had Caius slaughtered, the twenty-eighth successor of St. Peter, the twenty-fourth of the pontiffs slain in tortures. It was necessary that they should thus for a space of three centuries demonstrate their faith in human fraternity and their assurance of a better life, that so the world might be enlightened, and the empire might fall to pieces under their efforts.

The work of these twenty-eight popes is incomprehensible, if it was not providential; without oppressing any, always persecuted, always perishing, they had so seated their kingdom, and so undermined the ground, that from the moment when Constantine threw himself into their arms, the City of the Cæsars belonged to the Church. Instantly, in fact, overthrowing with equal authority the Donatists, the Arians, and the altars of the high places, St. Sylvester gives for supreme law to the spiritual universe a programme formulated in another senate that he convokes, that he peoples with all the bishops of the world, and that he himself presides over. Everybody has already named the great council and the symbol of Nicæa. The prolonged miracle of the regeneration obtained by these means and at this price was prepared in the catacombs, and all that issued thence still endures. By dint of fighting unarmed, these legendary popes purchased with their blood the only dynasty that has succeeded in traversing eighteen centuries of revolution. The emotion or the disdain stirred by such a work achieved in such a place, must depend upon the impulse given to our first studies. If for some the catacombs remain dumb, we must recall that our theological instruction is weak; it is there neither an affair of opinion, nor a question of philosophy.

V.

Without making them the object of special labour, we can hardly speak of all the catacombs of Rome; still it is proper to mention, besides the Jewish cemeteries, of which the one recently discovered is earlier than St. Peter, that of Priscilla, to which its name was given by the wife of the senator Pudens or Pudentius, who is supposed to have lodged in his house the prince of the apostles. These hypogea of Priscilla, already known in the time of Baronius, were among the most curious of all for their paintings, belonging to the primitive ages; but they have torn the most interesting pages from them to enrich the museum of the Lateran, where we shall find them.

Let us retrace our steps towards St. Agnes, to continue the road of Nomentum, as far as the pasture lands, where from a famous point you embrace the whole region. It is only above this basilica, and even above the Teverone, that the inhabited suburb

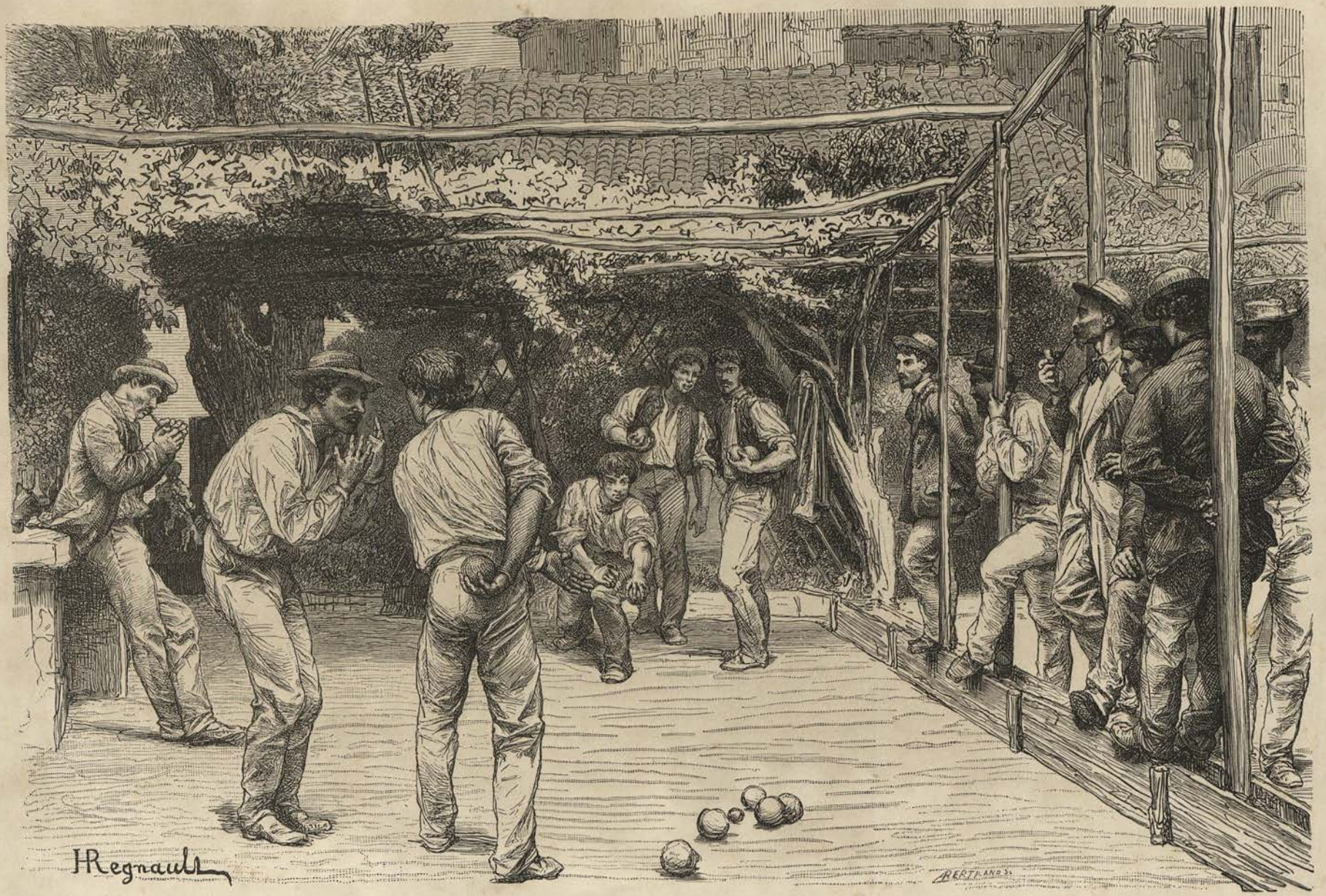
comes to an end and the poetry of the fields begins. Soon we roam among the windings of the stream, which in our days is no longer called Anio after leaving the mountains; you cross it by a bridge thrown over it by Belisarius, and topped by Nicholas V. with a pretty little castle with dove-tail battlements. A sort of mural basket over this rural stream, the Nomentane bridge contributes with a massive tomb, in which the shepherds have hollowed out a hut for themselves, to give colour to a landscape of tranquil simplicity. Then you leave the road to climb, through the grass, a slope which is that Mons Sacer of such great renown, whither the Roman plebs withdrew, still oppressed and starved by the patriciate two hundred and sixty years after the foundation of the city, so swift-footed is tyranny in aristocratic republics. Every one is familiar with the story and the apologue of Menenius Agrippa, and the creation of the tribunes, and the second secession of the people fifty years after the first, when the death of Virginia had raised them in revolt against the despotism of the decemvirs. If from this special mole-heap you had not on every side an admirable point of view, you might believe yourself on a plain, the site being only a little scarped towards the east, where you break down upon the sinuosities of the Teverone. The enormous space which divides the Sabine Hills and the chain of the Monte Cavo from the edge of the sea has scattered over it a few chaplets of hills, and has been encumbered by the hardened streams of the lava launched at various times over a number of leagues by the volcanic craters of the mountains. If one were to spread, one over the other, in the middle of an arena, sheets of molten lead which should spread themselves out before becoming solid, and should jut out in capes more or less depressed, one would give, on a microscopic scale, a plan in relief of the campagna of Rome, which is more vast than one can describe, more supremely lovely than one can imagine, and of a colour that escapes the devices of painting.

Nothing is so mysterious as these uncultivated and bare Thebaids, where the mind, little by little, takes on the imprint of the poetic horror which is born of the sight of places abandoned by men. The air is penetrating and keen, and every outline stands out in it as on the tops of mountains where the air is rarefied; the torrents of sunlight which stamp the remote backgrounds draw forth in relief, or leave in blue shadow, some rock or ruin which makes a rent here or there in the green carpet. In the distance a song, a curl of ascending smoke, reveal shepherds and scattered flocks. We receive an indescribable impression of virgin earth on this burial-ground of a civilization; it seems as if one had before one's feet the hanging peaks of lofty mountains torn from their tops and extended horizontally. All over this Pyrenean pasture-land thus brought low, entries of places underground look like caverns and suggest dreams of a subterranean world. Each hillock is a mask of Roman size. Rows of tombs following the depressions of the soil make landmarks along the roads that led to the universal capital: immense lines of aqueducts, vertebrated skeletons, prolong over the prairies the shadows of their arches—the sombre filling of these austere landscapes that the light only intoxicates without making cheerful. One might pass these days of emotion while imagining that one was thinikng of nothing, to such an extent does one breathe in the soul of the ancient world. Like the Great Desert, the Roman campagna is eternally unknown; no one crosses it without searching for something, and each year is witness of some discovery. What a splendid basin and inexhaustible treasure is that vast region which, from Rome to the snow-clad Sabine Hills, is unfolded between the Soracte which Horace sang and the foot of the mountains of which the foot was once marked by a temple of Jupiter, and which bore Alba Longa on their slope!

The country is only a mausoleum. It is almost with wonder that you see living on these slumbering fields oxen with enormous horns, and buffaloes whose cry sounds like a trumpet, and farm tracks, and peasant women riding towards the mountains of cobalt and rose, the harmonious framework of the glowing plains. Long did my eyes follow one of these rustic couples, trotting conjugally along, leg here, leg there, only making one with their beast, showing forth a bust well planted in the midst of a quantity of tackle, arranged on the croup of the horses with involuntary art. Turning to the left of the Mons Sacer they had quitted the road by a track which wound up the slope of a hill and which they soon abandoned. This path traced in the grass, narrow and sinuous, goes to a squarish hillock, which would seem artificial, even if one did not see embankments and ancient vaults; close to, on the right, you guess from a distance that there is the low arched entry of some underground place. Everything in the campagna, even to a bridle-path, takes the mysterious air of a monument; that white road whose mazes are cut out as on the background of some primitive fresco, and which visibly comes to an end at a cluster of deserted ruins, already wound along when Nero came there to end with his life the flight from the Nomentane gate. Near at hand was the villa of Phaon, his freedman, where he found his last shelter. As they passed before the black vault, which is still to be seen, and which furnishes an approach to a sand-quarry, Phaon advised his terror-stricken master to hide himself there. 'No,' cried the emperor; 'no, I will never enter a grave alive.' So he went to Phaon's house, where, wearied and hotly chased as he was, he drank a little brackish water and found strength enough to make an end. Suetonius has described his route and fixed the spot with perfect precision.

At the present day, the sons of the plebeians to whom Menenius gave his lesson, no longer go to the Mons Sacer; on this side of the Teverone they stay to empty flasks under the green arbours of the rural tavern, and they furnish employment both for their idleness and their passions by quarrelling over points at a game of bowls.

PONTE NOMENTANO.



PLAYERS AT BOWLS.

ROMANS PLAYING AT MORA.

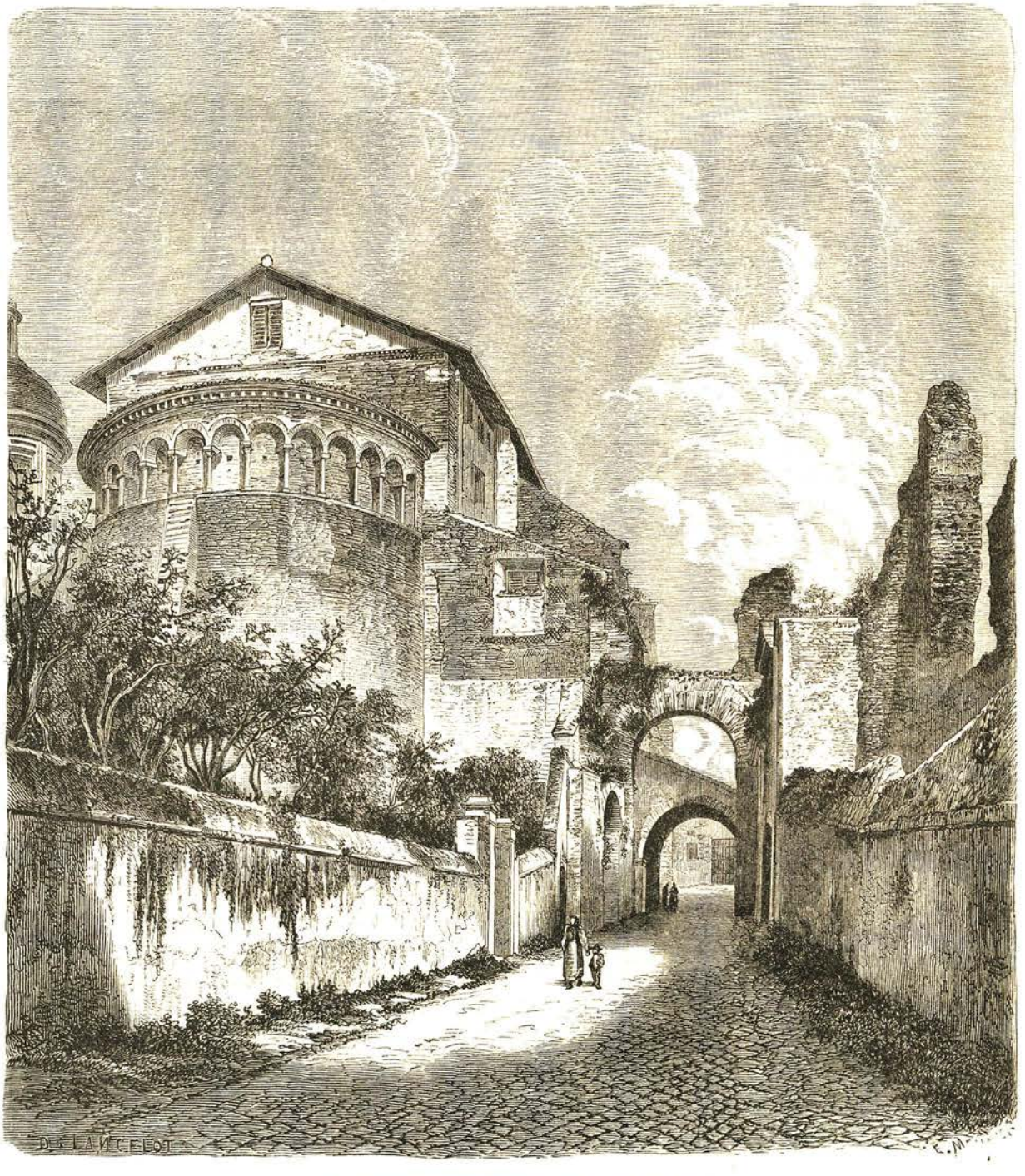
CHAPTER VIII.

Morning walk on the Cœlian.—Street of St. John and St. Paul, its flying arches and the Arch of Dolabella.—Gate of the Trinitarians; John of Matha and the Mathurins.—Santa Maria in Domnica.—The game of *mora*.—*Funzione* of S. Stefano Rotondo; melodrama of martyrs.—From the foot of the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock.—The Academy of St. Luke and its Museum.—The celebrities: Wicar, Thorwaldsen, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, &c.—Descent into the Tullianum.—Extracts from the registers of the Mamertine prison, from Manlius to St. Peter: Perseus, Jugurtha, Lentulus, Vercingetorix, Sejanus, &c.—Tombs of Bibulus and the Claudians.—Capitoline approach under the Loggia of the Tabularium.—The Senatorial Palace: corridors and offices; view from the windows.—The pretended palaces of Michelangelo.—His realistic bust.—Brutus and Leo X.—Pinacotheca.—Destiny of the sarcophagus of Agrippa.—Statues, bas-reliefs, curiosities.—Historical portraits of the Capitoline Museum.—The Gabinetto.—An infirmary on the pavement.—Public benevolence and charitable establishments.—School of Fine Arts and Conservatory of Music at the hospital of St. Michael.—Innocent III. and San Spirito.—Curious inscription at the Lungara.

I.

THE Cœlian being a melancholy desert, it is best to go there alone, so as to gain an impression in harmony with the look of the place. That is what I did at the end of December on a violently windy day, utilising hours that were too early for the Capitoline museum, to which I meant to ascend. This slope was once called *Querquetulanus*, because it was covered with oaks before the time of Tarquin, who quartered there the Etruscans of Cœles Vibenna, who bequeathed the name of Tuscan to the district adjoining the Forum. Tullus Hostilius allotted it to the fugitives from Alba

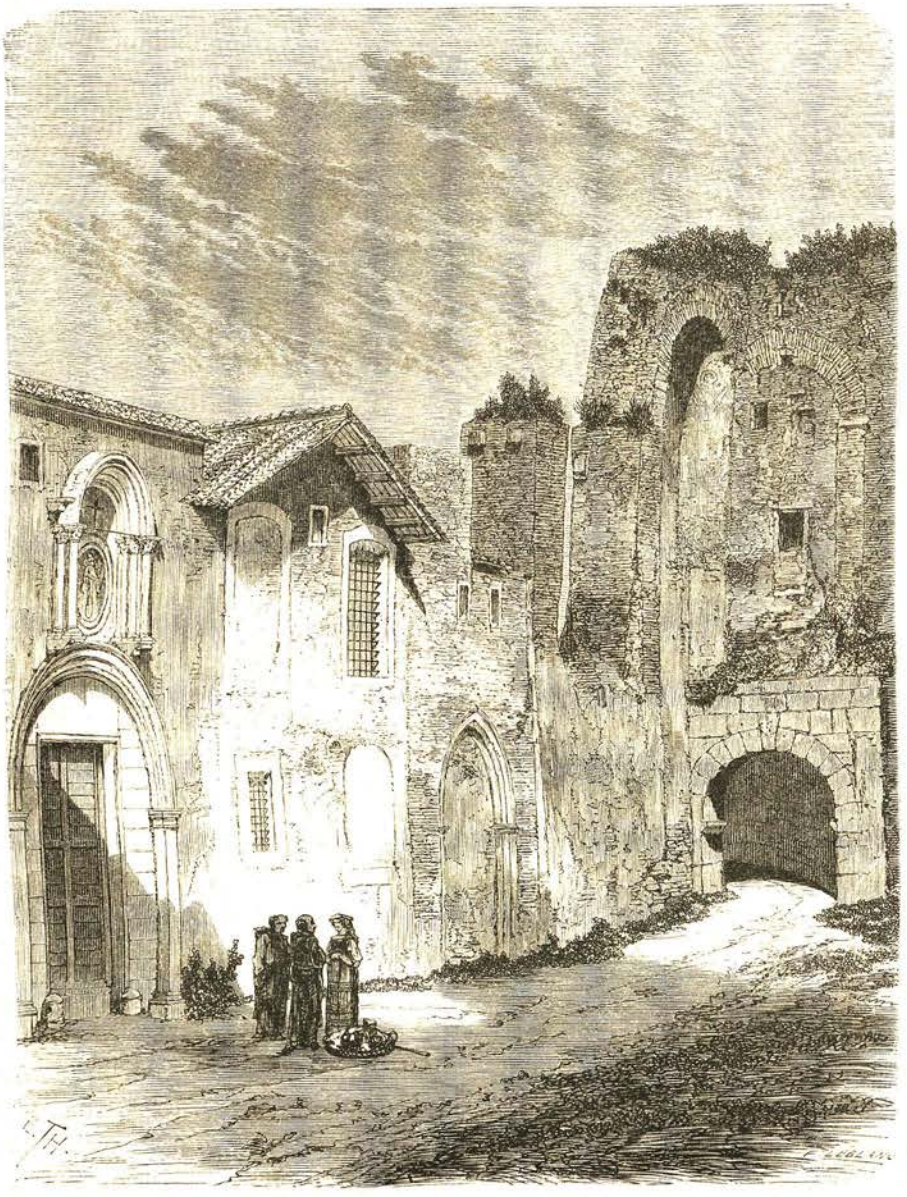
Longa. The Cœlian subsequently formed a settlement which, after being rebuilt by Tiberius, was ten centuries after so completely destroyed by Robert Guiscard that the hill has remained nearly uninhabited ever since. To ascend this slope, you leave on the right the monastery of rich and substantial aspect that marks the site of the house of the Anician



STREET AND APSE OF SAN-GIOVANNI-E-PAOLO.

family; and it was here that Gregory the Great was born. The street, which runs along trees planted chequerwise, is commanded on the left by the lofty apse of the conventual church of St. John and St. Paul, which has belonged ever since Clement XIV. to the Passionist fathers. The tower-shaped chevet is crowned with a rounded diadem of arches cut in festoons and supported on little columns. Sometimes along the line of this road,

ancient pavement varies the chess-board pattern of the modern; the wall on the right, which separates various gardens from the street, twenty times secular, is contemporary with Nero. This wall, mixed with *opus reticularium* of brick and peperino, shows against its thick and hollow sides the traces of a row of small habitations. To uphold the embankment and support the Redemptorist convent, which is on the edge of the street, they have thrown from one side to the other a series of flying arches under which you pass, and

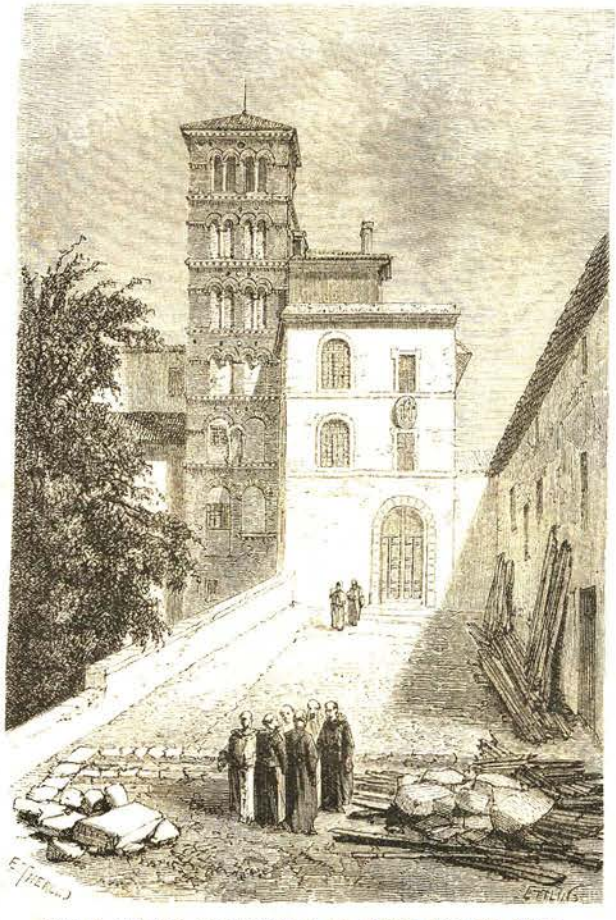


ARCH OF DOLABELLA AND GATE OF THE OLD CONVENT OF THE TRINITARIANS.

forming a perspective at the back of which, set fast among buildings and cut down, rises the arch of Dolabella, erected by that consul and his colleague Silanus, the Flamen Martialis, in the year 10 of our era, and on which Nero was shortly afterwards to support his aqueduct. One ascends so far to see two churches; but if you do not saunter with conscientious idleness, you will run the risk of missing the remains of the old convent of St. John of Matha, the founder under Innocent III. of the Trinitarians for the redemption of prisoners. He was of Provence; his first house was established near Meaux, and his

name of Matha gave the French Trinitarians the title of Mathurins. There only remains of the cloisters of the Cœlian a gate, of which the mouldings are very fine, for the date especially so, surmounted by a curious mosaic of the end of the thirteenth century. It is the work of James Cosimato and his son, and represents what is a curiously advanced idea for that age, our Lord calling to him a white man and a negro.

Quite close and on the same side, you arrive in the piazza where Leo X. had placed a small boat of marble, which has given a surname to the church, Sta. Maria della Navicella, more commonly described as *in Domnica*, because it replaced the house of a noble lady, St. Cyriaca. This temple, supported on ancient columns of granite and porphyry, was restored by Leo X. from the plans of Raphael. The frieze above the architraves of the nave, although it is attributed to P. del Vaga and Giulio Romano, might well have been designed and even partially executed by Giovanni d'Udine. The mosaic of the choir, from the year 817 to 824, is all the more interesting, as the paintings of the ninth century are not very common in Rome. This plateau, transformed into a monastic Thebaid, contained vacant spaces even under the Cæsars, for inscriptions found between the Navicella and San Stefano Rotondo reveal the site of the *castra peregrina*, where they quartered the foreign legions. There was a barrack there, in which, according to Ammianus Marcellinus, a Teutonic chief called Khodonhomer, taken prisoner by Julian near Strasburg in 359, was incarcerated and died. In this *campus Martialis*, where the equestrian games were celebrated when the Tiber overflowed the plain, they show (at the Villa Mattei), besides the fragment of an obelisk, some pedestals consecrated to Caracalla and Maximinus by the fifth cohort of Vigiles. There has been found there also a double Hermes, with the joined heads of Socrates and Seneca; was the latter of them a stranger to such an association? It was on the Cœlian, too, that the Mamurra dwelt, who was prefect of Cæsar's workmen in the Gauls, and who was branded by Catullus as having stolen all that Gallia Barbata possessed; he was the first, according to Cornelius Nepos, to have the walls of his house faced with marble of Luna.



ENTRY OF THE CONVENT OF ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL.

Leaving the Villa Mattei, I lost no more time in listening to the wind whistling in the cypresses, for a popular tide began to swell. It was the feast of St. Stephen, and to find the church I had only to follow the crowd along a battered street which footsteps had already made slippery; a true mountain pilgrimage *intra muros*. As this strange temple is only open once a year, the day of the *funzione*, taverns and stalls where they sell small

INTERIOR OF SANTA MARIA IN DOMNICA.

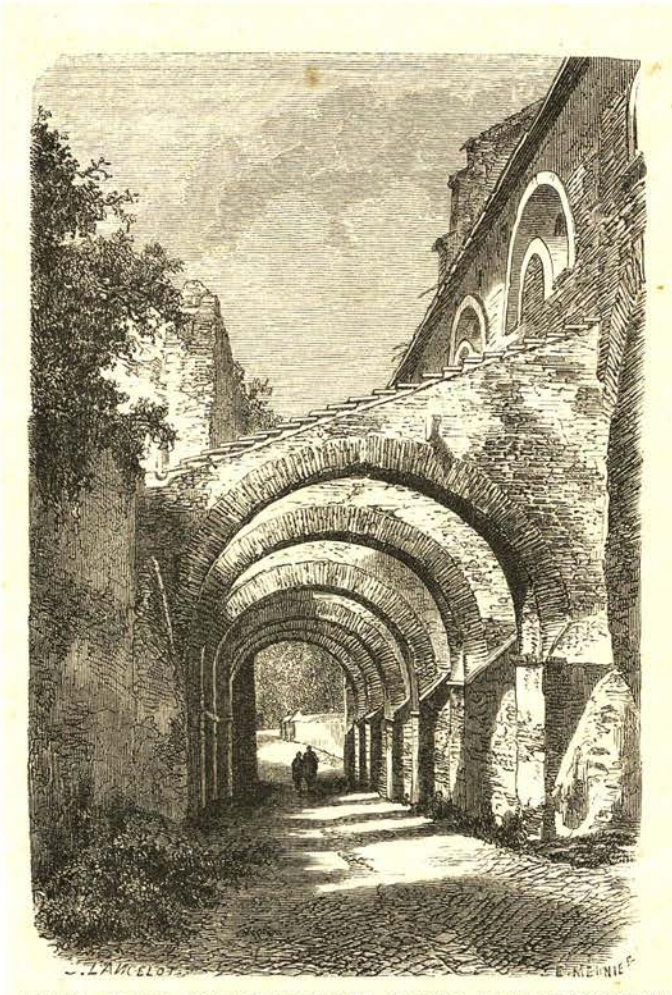
tapers are improvised at the approaches to the monument. Holiday-makers of the Rione Toscano, coachmen, pilgrims from the country, all stop there to see the stream of people returning and to gather a few baiocchi from them upon occasion. You would sometimes imagine that these good folk are quarrelling and must be going to cut one another's throats; they are playing at *mora*, a word which while expressing the idea of delay or check, describes a game that keeps the adversaries constantly on the alert and excites them to excess. It consists in presenting very suddenly to your partner your right hand, keeping one or two fingers shut, and in crying at the same moment the number of fingers extended. The adversary, who is obliged to seize your intention with magic rapidity, has at the same moment to imitate his comrade, and to pronounce the same number as rapidly as he. The left hand serves to mark the points gained. The precipitate haste, the tensity of mind required, the rapidity of the turns, make both players cry their words in jerks; the faces of the players become glowing and contracted, while their voices, breathless and hoarse, accent with a guttural dryness the numbers

SAN STEFANO ROTONDO.

cried monosyllabically—*Du' !—Quattr' !—Un' !—Tre' !—Cinq' !* Animated by this trifling, which not seldom degenerates into a downright quarrel, so easy and so doubtful is a mistake, the Romans unconsciously assume postures and expressions of ferocious beauty. At the street corners I was never weary of looking at them. It is said that their ancestors played at mora while besieging Syracuse, and they even talk of a Greek bas-relief where the petulant Ajax is beaten by the sage Ulysses in presence of the aged Nestor.

The church of San Stefano Rotondo has given singular embarrassment to a certain school distinctly bent on upholding the position that the Christians of the Empire built nothing. How many theories have not been hazarded as to the primitive destination of this rotunda! It is extremely spacious, and a double colonnade surrounded it previously to Nicholas V.; its roofing comes sloping on to an architrave which covers fifty-six columns, as well in marble as in granite, with Ionic and Corinthian capitals. The unequal dimensions of the shafts, certain disproportions between their diameters and

those of the heads, the rude design of some of the ornaments, a number of incised crosses in the heart of the acanthuses,—all denote a Christian temple constructed of bits and pieces on a circular ground-plan at the end of the fifth century. It is said, in fact, that it was inaugurated towards 465 by Pope Simplicius, who as a native of Tivoli might, before the Sibylline temple, have acquired a fancy for monuments of round form. This is surrounded by a perfect necklace of altars; one of them still preserves a mosaic of the seventh century. Let us also not forget to mention a very fine Bishop lying on a sarcophagus by Lorenzetto. But this is not the principal curiosity of San Stefano Rotondo, nor what makes it so popular. In old times, when spectacles were rare, the spiritual and temporal pastors of a people that were degenerate in their passion for theatres, in order to attract the populace, whose mind it was necessary to stir, had invested most of the churches with ceremonies and display of a peculiar character. At St. Peter, the regal pomps of the sovereign church; at the Ara Cœli, the pastoral of the Nativity; at St. Stephen the Round, they represent with all its terrors the melodrama of martyrdom, and this is quite naturally the spectacle which the populace prefer.



ARCHES OF SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO, AS SEEN WHEN DESCENDING FROM THE CŒLIA.

The famous day is the 26th of December. Never in my life had I been mixed up in such a crowd of nurses and cookmaids. This is saying that warriors were not wanting, nor the Franciscans, nor the white monks; for the curiosities which soldiers have, religious orders have also: the children of discipline are amused by the same diversions. From morning to night they make a queue in the court in the midst of the carriages and under the porch, where innocent youngsters scale the Byzantine *cathedra* of marble, from which St. Gregory the Great in old days pronounced the homily of St. Stephen. Then begins in the church, as before a museum, the interminable walk round the circle. You ought to hear the exclamations of the Trasteverini and of the peasant women come down from the mountains! Let us come to the objects of this keen curiosity. Formed by a double row of columns, this church was primitively open to daylight; Nicholas V., in 1452, had the exterior ring walled up where the pillars, remaining engaged in the masonry, emerge in the state of pilasters. Between each of these compartments, Pomerancio and Tempesta, in the second half of the sixteenth century, painted the fresco of the Tortures of the Martyrs under the Jews, under the emperors, and under the Vandal kings. The horrors of the charnel-house or the amphitheatre, the most hideous inventions of cannibalism, the ferocities of human butchery interpreted in a nightmare; that is what the

good people come for here, and that is what is shown with all the imagination that can make the delirium of reality more terrible.

These ghastly visions pursued me while I returned down from the Cœlian to the Coliseum, where such scenes were played *ad vivum*. The throng and stunning noise of the crowd had wearied me; I only went as far as the foot of the Capitol, and before ascending it, I made a halt at the Academy of St. Luke.

II.

Rome, which gave birth to few eminent artists, hardly produces a greater number who are worthy of attention. This is no reason for supposing that routine precepts are not taught there to youth. They have there also a School of Fine Arts, and in this school the museum of painting, in the formation of which the didactic spirit has been singularly wanting. The institution is due to Sixtus V. When organizing the Academy of Painters, towards the year 1588, he installed it in a house near the church of St. Martina, which itself became a benefice of the school. Accordingly its directors did their best to have the temple rebuilt by Peter of Cortona, who placed a cupola on the top of it, and they lost no time in dedicating it to their patron, the evangelist St. Luke. It was to provide for the expenses of this insignificant construction that they sold to the Florentines their fine collection of portraits, representing the illustrious painters, gifts of the great men, their masters. To enter the gallery, you have to ring at a modest door on the left of the Via Bonella, and once entered, you find yourself in full pasture-ground, before some cows that Berghem has brought to graze among the ruins. A fine shipwreck of Tempesta, a landscape of Salvator Rosa, a few country pieces of Blömen, instantly give you the key of the modern note and of simple nature.

I wish I could give some sketch of this museum, of the impression it makes, of the entertainment or use that one may find there, without believing myself obliged to mention this or that, under penalty of appearing incomplete. For those who have gone through it, I only offer a souvenir, and for other people only reasons for visiting it. As for detail, there is a catalogue. The principal attraction of this collection comes of its diversity; it possesses something of every school, and the most thorough, rather than the largest, examples of each school, a rare circumstance in a gallery created with a view to teaching. We see there a quantity of those miniature room-pictures, painted from age to age in the taste of a passing hour, and which might serve to illustrate the annals of fashion; from time to time a great name, a Vandyke or a Poussin, either mistaken or compromised, as Titian is, by a parody of the St. Jerome in the Desert. This master furnishes with less risk a pattern for the Venus with the Jewels, a reposing figure of a sweet and luminous model, surrounded by treasures, while at her feet are cast a sceptre and a diadem, with the legend, *Omnia Vanitas*. The picture has been rehandled, but it preserves both value and charm. Let us notice an apocryphal Memling, a Portrait of Baciccio, which represents, and here is a mistake of the books, Clement IX. and not Innocent XI.; some views of the Roman Campagna, by Salvator and by Van Blömen; a Joseph Vernet, with a rather chilly Sunrise; pretty rustic scenes by Locatelli; a sea-piece, falsely attributed to Claude Lorraine; a Paul Veronese, very like, but heavy; a curious representation of the Forum, by Panini; a singular historical picture of George Harlowe, an English painter,

representing Campeggio giving the Cardinal's hat to Wolsey; a charming sea-piece of Fidanza; and, close by, a Bassano *di primo cartello*, the Birth of Christ announced to the Shepherds by an Angel. The Iris of Guido Head inspired by Guido Reni, the Vestal buried Alive, the Cupid and Psyche of Leopardi, the Apollo condemning Marsyas of Tofanelli, the Hebe giving Drink to the Eagle of Jupiter, and the Innocent kissing a Lamb, by Durantini, as well as some sketches of Camuccini, of Rati, of Cadès, give singular views of modern art in Rome.

The sanctuary of the place is dedicated to Raphael on account of two important paintings; the one which represents a robust and beautiful child, naked, in the style of Farnesini, is a piece of fresco detached from one of the rooms of the Vatican, and which once belonged to Wicar, the benefactor of the museum at Lille; the other picture has been made common by engraving, and the painters have placed a copy of it in their church. It is the St. Luke painting the Madonna, who descends from heaven to pose for him; behind the evangelist a pupil, probably Raphael, looks and draws in inspiration; a charming head, painted with much suppleness. But in its flat and monotonous yellow drapery, how common is the St. Luke, and how clumsy from head to foot! The Madonna and Child, awkwardly banished to the corner of the picture, just under the border, have the common profile. If we must leave to the debit of Raphael this doubtful and apparently too late canvas, at any rate let us reduce it to as low a point as possible by saying that Giulio Romano, and others after him, have repainted the Child as well as the Virgin, and let us not fear to say that the St. Luke must have been repainted by everybody. To give some relief to this picture they have surrounded it with a number of suspicious companions; Christ and the Pharisee, a Titian worth ten crowns; an Ariadne of the same painter,—very shame having forbidden them to see more than a copy in this, they lay upon Poussin the blame of having done it; a Galatea, from which they have relieved Carlo Maratto, at the expense of Giulio Romano; three other little Titians that Titian never saw; finally, not far from a great piece of Guido (*Bacco e Arianna*, a pretty decorative painting, rather glassy, but laughing, bright, and pearly), the Susanna, or rather one of the Susannas of Veronese, still living, but a great deal too much plastered over. The Sextus Tarquinius with Lucretia, a work of charming colour, and sprung of the Bolognese decline and due to Castagni, never fails to produce its effect. We have no faith either in a Marriage of St. Catherine, which is a trifle Gothic and attributed to Veronese, or in a Diana in the Bath of Titian, any more than in a Bonifazio, or in the Family of Paul III., which is not even a copy from the prince of the Venetians. We shall see with quite another eye the little canvas with a portico and a staircase over white constructions, the whole of a tender and transparent effect, in which the light becomes actually musical: it is a Canaletto that has not rusted, and is the freshest existing.

FRAGMENT OF RAPHAEL.

Perpetuated by copies, the Gallery of the Illustrious has lost its value, so far as the ancient part of it goes, since the original portraits figure at the Uffizi at Florence. But besides the authentic heads, they imagined others to fill up the blanks; these have remained, and it is not without some mirth that we pass in review the theatrical mien and the costumes attributed by the contemporaries of *Corinne* to artists who lived before Sixtus V. The genuine portraits, in which the first-born of the present century have handed themselves down to the admiration of posterity, are not less strange; the majority of them betray in their accoutrements, which have become superannuated and comical, the 'good taste' of their day as well as their personal pretensions. John Baptist Wicar has the dress and posture of a strolling player; Thorwaldsen has disguised himself as the Hamlet of 1825; by a happy inspiration Angelica Kauffmann has presented a lively and simple apparition of herself, and one which will not *date*. One of the gems of the gallery is the portrait of the handsome Madame Vigée-Lebrun, whom I knew when she was nearly a hundred years old, at Louveciennes, where she died. A grey dress, a cloud of white muslin, serving at once for kerchief round the neck and coiffure for the head, constitute her négligé. This celebrated artist, who had exhausted all the triumphs that fame and beauty can confer, had cut on her gravestone the simple words, '*At last I rest.*'

MADAME VIGÉE-LEBRUN, BY HERSELF.

In going through the incongruous elements of these collections, one could not but be surprised that professors should have shown themselves so little exclusive, and that masters so liberal, should have produced such weak disciples. For it must be confessed, in the hall of the entresol, where the works of the academicians, with those of the laureates in their competition, are exposed as if in the pillory, you will be struck with compassion. In the middle of these sorry things, the Cain of M. Schnetz, a good exercise, stands out full of life, and condemns without appeal the crowd of conventional faces and positions. In short, you may amuse yourself by lounging among the cosmopolites of the galleries of St. Luke, as one does in the cabinet of a capricious amateur. It is a refuge for the days when some sudden shower drives you from the Coliseum, the Palatine, or the Forum.

Turn the street to begin the ascent of the Capitol; at the corner of the Via del Marforio, under the small church of San Giuseppe, a monument of an entirely different sort will arrest you on your way.

III.

Every country implants in one's memory certain names which, periodically recurring in the sombre pages of history, end by acquiring a sinister value. Such is the kind of notoriety conferred by the Roman annals on two dungeons, one over the other, which, by way of recalling their founders, bear the denominations of the Mamertine prison, in

memory of the King Ancus Martius (issue of Mars, whom the Oscans called Mamercus), and of the Tullian prison, because the king, Servius Tullius, they say, had the deeper of the two dug out under the first. Varro half a century before our era recalled the origin of the Tullianum, whose situation he specifies exactly; he insists that to construct these dungeons where so much illustrious blood was spilled, the kings, Ancus and Servius, made use of a quarry out of which the founders of Rome had extracted the materials of their earliest buildings. These caves of detention, the oldest in the world, are seen in the nakedness of primitive construction, and in the simplicity proper for the circumstances which their name is enough to make remarkable.

The Mamertine prison, properly so called, into which you descend at the present day by the church of St. Joseph, due to the corporation of the carpenters, is in the shape of a trapezium twenty feet long by about sixteen broad; the masonry consists of enormous blocks of volcanic stone or reddish peperino, cubed and arranged in the Etruscan way; the vault, which is semi-cylindrical (though irregular, the sides of the square being unequal), is formed of immense quarters. This chamber, where you recognise the traces of a window that has been long condemned, had no door; previously bound tight, the prisoners were plunged through a round hole into the Mamertine by means of a rope. The communication between the prison of Ancus and the Tullianum was by a round hole, pierced in a flat vault which separates the two dungeons; the lictors or executioners descended with ladders into the caverns, either to chain the prisoners to the walls or to slay the victims at the bottom of the Tullianum, in such a way that those who were kept in the upper prison, after being for a moment lighted up by torches, heard the cries of those below. The bleeding and mutilated corpses were then brought up before the captives, who saw them swinging in space; then they threw them from the top of the stairs of the Gemoniæ, whence they were publicly dragged by hooks through the Forum Velabrum, as far as the Sublician bridge, where the Tiber became their grave. The compartment below that cavern of slaughter, which in the time of Hannibal was already eighteen palms below the level of the Forum, the Tullianum, is smaller in dimensions than the Mamertine. This cave, nearly circular in form, is of volcanic peperino and deeply smoke-stained; the layers of stone are rather disjointed; the lateral walls have scarcely any height at all, as the vault falls extremely low. As in the other chamber, there are no traces of a door to be discovered: one of the sides is walled by the pure rock, as also it is in the Mamertine story. At the present day, the Tullianum contains for its furniture a modest altar, the shaft of a column, and a tin cup fastened by a chain by the side of a fountain, which flows clear and without reflection over a blackish earth where there has been much blood to drink. An inscription traced upon the wall of the Mamertine prison informs us that in the year 22 of our era Rufinus and Cocceius Nerva, the consuls, made some repairs. This is one thousand eight hundred and fifty years since, and is, I believe the only modern restoration of the monument.

Some antiquarians pretend, not without probability, that long before the creation of Rome, in the unknown ages when the Etruscans occupied the city and hill of Saturn, the Tullianum was already built with the single object of collecting into a vast cistern the waters of a spring that rises in the darkness. But they add, when Tarquinius Priscus had consecrated the summit of the mountain to Jupiter, the situation of this nympheum nearly below the temple at once destined it to become a dependency of that. The Lucumos of Tarquiniæ were sprung of the Etruscan stock which permitted human sacrifices, and the crypt of the temple dedicated to their gods must have been a slaughter-house. Josephus

demonstrates the duration of these customs. 'It is a pious usage,' writes the Jewish historian, 'to put to death in the Mamertine prisons the chiefs of the conquered nations, while the triumphant conqueror sacrifices on the Capitol to Jupiter.' For at the same time Pliny the Elder saw buried alive in the Forum Boarium, with the design of winning the favour of the gods, a man and a young woman born in Gaul, with which they were then at war; and this pious atrocity seems quite natural to Pliny.

It is not without a certain sensation that, by the flaming glare of a torch, you contemplate a spot thus little dealt with by time, which of all the monuments of the primitive ages of Rome, has only entirely respected a dungeon and a sewer. The time which for the unhappy travelled very slowly in the depths of the Tullianum, flies rapidly as one mentally traverses in a few instants so long a succession of ages, evoking so many great shades in their last home. This prison was exactly as we see it to-day four or five centuries before the Cæsars, in the time of the Decemvirs, when Appius Claudius, pursued by the hate of a people devoted to the passion for justice even to ferocity, after the heroic parricide of Virginius slew himself in this prison. Who has not thought, as he meditates on the ingratitude of nations towards saviours crucified in all lands, of the lot of Manlius Capitolinus, reduced to appeal in vain for his defence against the envious Camillus, to thirty enemies slain with his own hand, to his eight civic crowns, to his thirty-two military awards, and to the scars that adorned his breast? He was plunged into the frightful Tullianum. As soon as Rome extended her conquests, the prison built by Ancus becomes the last dwelling of the conquered kings of the universe. Perseus who adorned the ovation of Paulus Æmilius wept under the vault of the Tullianum, and they took him from it to imprison him at Alba, where he starved himself to death. Then arrives in this hostelry of slaughter, before Syphax king of Numidia, Jugurtha, who carried on so long a campaign, and whom Marius and Sulla together would never have conquered, if the treason of the king of Mauritania had not delivered him to the Republic; as he came down from the Capitol where he had figured in the triumphal car of Marius, Jugurtha, like an actor whose part is over, was stripped and cast into the Tullianum. 'By the gods!' he exclaimed, as they entered his name on the jailer's scroll, 'how cold your stoves are!' For death to come to him, six days of inanition were enough.

It was in the Tullianum that they strangled Cethegus, Gabinius, Statilius, and Ceparius, those hardy accomplices of Catilina, after Cicero had dragged Lentulus to the prison, whom he caused to be put to death first, proceeding in his own person to that swift transaction. Cicero scarcely foresaw that to punish him for thinking that he had saved his country, an exceptional law would come, confiscating his property and driving him into exile. Aristobulus and Tigranes, after the triumph of Pompeius, were incarcerated according to custom in the Mamertine prisons.

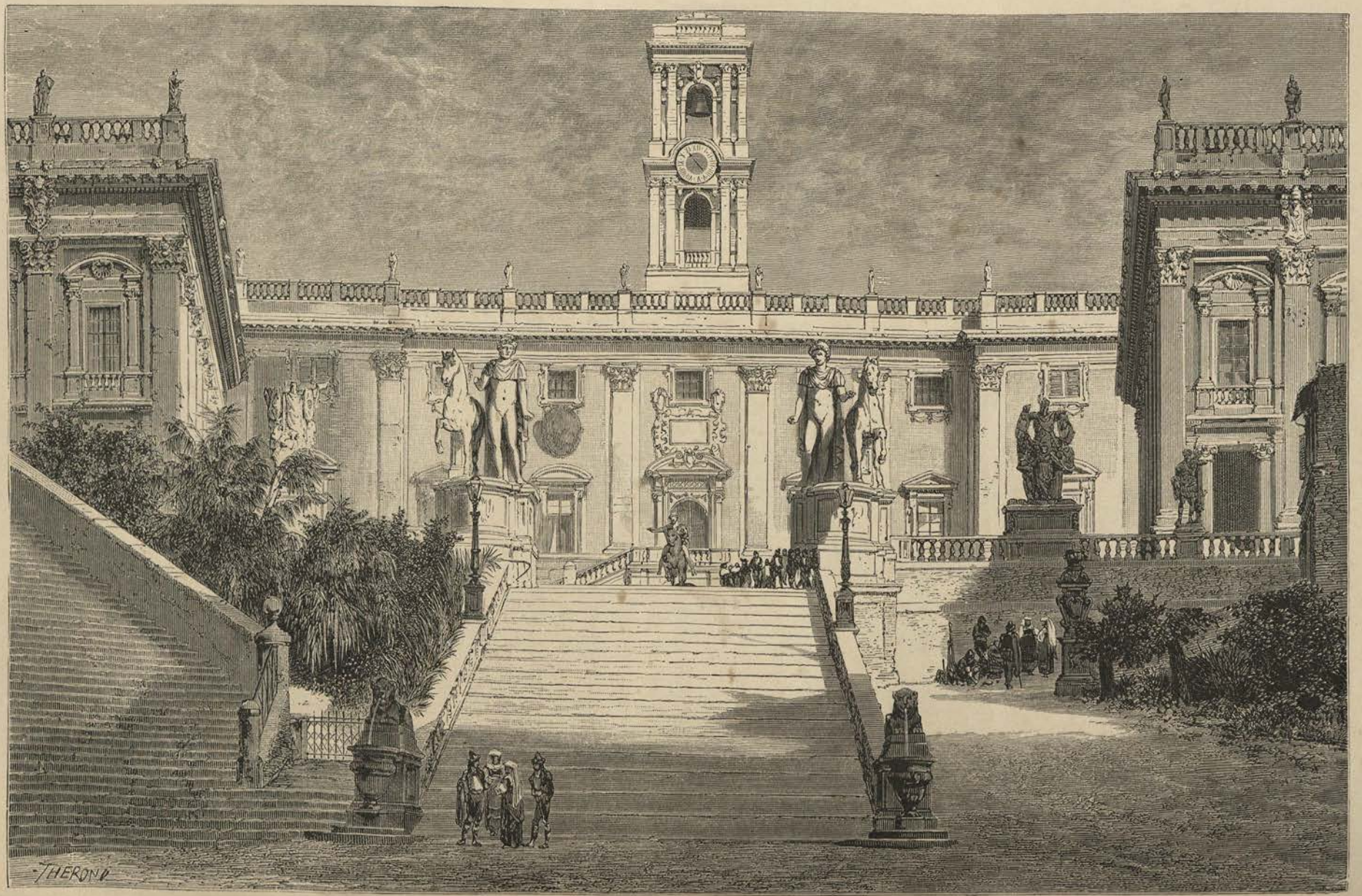
After all, these Romans were a cruel people, and these great men had small souls. The valiant fair-haired warrior of the Gauls, Vercingetorix, who confronted Julius Cæsar with an enemy worthy of him, who harassed him, who beat him even, who repulsed the stranger from his country, executed prodigies of military skill and energy; Vercingetorix, the noble defeated of the siege of Alesia, offered himself up as a holocaust to appease the proconsul and gain safety for his people. Clad in his richest armour, he rides forth alone from the city on his war horse, and hastening at full gallop up to the tent where the great Julius held his court, he throws himself on the ground before him and casts at his feet his javelin, his helmet, and his sword. Cæsar impassive, stern, dumb, made a sign for him to be carried away by the lictors, and he was transported to the Mamertine cage to await the

ceremony of the triumph. It was put off for six years; Vercingetorix figured in it, and then Cæsar had him slain under the vault of the Tullianum. It has devoured people of every sort, this famous jail, and even criminals. Sejanus was put to death in it, as well as his daughters; the pattern of favourites, he conspired against his benefactor. It is true that this good master was Tiberius, but the minister was not even as good as his sovereign. In the year 70 of our era, after the heroic revolt of Judea, in which, according to Josephus who organized the resistance in the holy city, there perished no less than eleven hundred thousand Israelites, Simon son of Joras, whom we also call Simon of Goria, one of the principal chiefs of the struggle against foreign dominion, was dragged to Rome, was fastened to the triumphal car of Titus, was beaten with rods along the road by an unusual rigour that looked like a reprisal for the flagellation of Christ, and then finally the warrior of Israel, the last prince of Judah who smote with the sword, perished by the knife in the Tullianum. He was, they say, penetrated with the Holy Scriptures; as he saw in the mirror of prophecy the last events of Jerusalem, he might have given himself to strange meditations in the depth of his dungeon. Six years before the remnant of Israel had entered there, another Simon, Simon the Fisher, and Saul the converted philosopher of Damascus, had borne into these caves their last fetters. It is in memory of this captivity that the Tullianum has become a chapel under the designation of San Pietro in Carcere. It is said that St. Peter was bound to the pillar at the side of the altar. The tin bowl placed near the subterranean spring is for the use of the faithful who care to drink water which quenched the thirst of the Apostle and baptized his jailers, Processus and Martinianus.

As you reflect that at the dawn of the Republic these prisons already belonged to an earlier régime, that for five and twenty centuries so many illustrious victims have wept, raged, prayed, groaned in this cave with its soil kneaded with blood, you are profoundly moved at the contemplation of what has been looked upon by kings of Asia, by consuls, by enemies of Rome, by saints; by seeing them exactly as these men left them, by breathing in the atmosphere in which they lived, and by saying to yourself as you touched the walls, that there perhaps where your hand lies, the first of the popes rested his head, which had been touched by the hand of Christ.

IV.

A few steps further off, in the Via del Marforio, you enter one of the old quarters inhabited by the people. The street is narrow and low, and filthy shops wed themselves to the muddy hue of the gutter. This quarter made no part of the city at the epoch when the inhabitants of Rome were Romans, that is to say, under the Republic; it was outside of the Porta Ratumena. Examine the bottom of the houses, the door-frames and the sills; try to decipher the palimpsests of the walls; you will find from step to step the traces of the tombs which filled in the edges of the road. The most remarkable is of great severity of style; it is that of Publicius Bibulus, ædile of the people, long before they spoke of Calpurnius Bibulus, who had quarrels with Cæsar, and who is not to be confounded with Publicius. This monument of travertine, adorned with a fine cornice and four pilasters, which from the middle narrow pyramidally, was composed of two orders; but the lower story is buried, a thing to be regretted, inasmuch as this tomb is hardly less ancient than that of the Scipios. A little further the haughty race of the



FAÇADE OF THE SENATORIAL PALACE ON THE CAPITOL; MUSEUM, PALACE OF THE CONSERVATORS; THE DIOSCURI, ETC.

Claudii had burial-places that have not disappeared: in the tomb of two heroes of this *nobilissima gens Claudia* two butchers have established their stall.

If we turn back as far as the corner of the street at the foot of the Capitoline slope, we shall seek the trace of the Gemoniæ; then the old embankment, supporting on a scarped gallery the Senatorial Palace, will reveal to us the remains of the Tabularium. They are composed of seven archways which face the Forum, and which, in the time of Michelangelo, in order to sustain the buildings which they were preparing to erect on the hill, were all masked, with the exception of one only; from the Via Sacra you perceive it to the right high on the side of the lofty wall whose lower courses date from the Dictator Furius Camillus, and are of large stones placed over one another in the Etruscan way—*substructum saxo quadrato*, says Livy.

They approached the Tabularium on the side which in our days furnishes an approach to the offices of the Commune and of the lower jurisdictions of the city. Forming before it reaches the Intermontium a more acute angle, the road at that time followed as far as the sixth arch the portico or gallery of the Tabularium; there sloping to the left, it finished its ascent of the Capitoline slope under a vault by broad inner steps which were called the *Scala triumphalis*. Suppress in your mind the arches that serve as props, built of brick, and the enclosures of the galleries; all remains standing. The arches have their crests and the vaults are entire; those of the scala, whose first step is of the original date, as well as those that have fallen, are constructed of *opus incertum*. It is under this loggia, which was contemporary with Sulla, and by which since Marius all the celebrities of Rome have passed, that they have set up a splendid cornice of the Temple of Concord with its frieze and the whole architrave. When on leaving the Tabularium you mount the staircase of the palace, you come upon doors pierced in the tufa and walled up since the time of Vespasian, who reconstructed the upper part of the burnt monument. Nothing surprised me so much as to find along the corridors all that is most common, consequently all that is most unexpected; figures of the bureau, copyists, clerks, attorneys, going hither and thither with their bundles of paper, vulgarly busy, and reproducing alike in dress and physiognomy the worthy tribe of municipal scribblery. On the upper story I slipped into various rooms. After so many months spent far away from the atmosphere of offices, I fancied that I had found again, in presence of all these portfolios, the red tape and parchment so supreme in my native land. An official invited me to enter as I was looking for a window, to embrace from such an elevation the sight of old Rome; he eagerly opened one of the lattices that seem from below so small and are in reality enormous, and, joining to this Roman good-nature a friendly familiarity that is Roman too, our official came and leaned on his elbows beside me.

Why am I not installed in this office to spend glorious days here in contemplation without doing anything? From the top of a castle that twenty-two centuries in succession have exalted, the luminous horizon was bounded in front and to the left by the Alban hills and the chain of the Gennaro; near, and forming an unequal round of temples and churches, the Aventine at the extreme right, the Esquiline at the left, and between them the Cœlian, the Palatine, opened by the palaces of the Cæsars, by the Coliseum, by the basilica of Constantine, by the Arch of Titus, and Nero's house, perspectives of ruin extending to the very azure and poetising all the fields. At my feet spread out the Forum, solitary in the middle of a populous quarter. One can hardly measure from any other point the perimeter of the temples and basilicas, and the line of the half-encumbered roads.

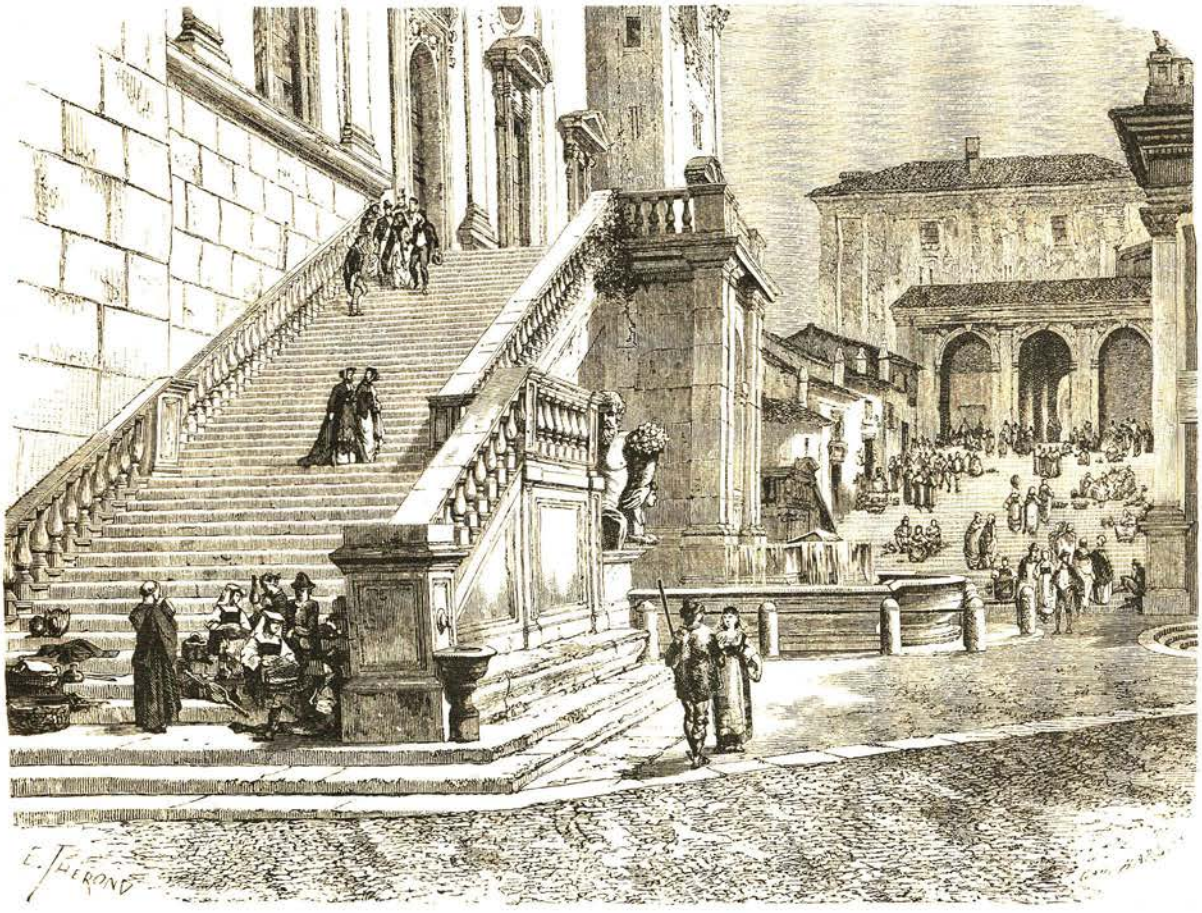
On the side opposite to the portico of the Tabularium, the Senatorial Palace, planted on that ancient base, has its chief frontage in the midst of the Intermontium. Cut down steep on one side on to the Forum, which it masks, this piece of architecture on the other side bounds a space, standing in the middle of which you have on your right the Protomotheca, founded by Pius VII., and the palace of the Conservators or civil magistrates, who are presided over at Rome by a chief with the title of Senator, and styled in the rest of the Roman *comarca* prior or gonfalonier. The left side is occupied by the museum of the Capitol. A little behind rises the church of the Ara Cœli, where the Temple of Jupiter used to be, a pendant to the Tarpeian rock, which was crowned of old by the Acropolis. The enceinte of the small central space has for boundary marks balustrades guarded by lions, and some steps, above which rise the colossal figures of Castor and Pollux, adjoining those celebrated trophies which have retained the name of Marius, but which belong to the age of Trajan.

ONE OF THE TROPHIES, CALLED OF MARIUS, AT THE CAPITOL.

Between the steps and the principal palace rises the single equestrian bronze bequeathed to us by Roman antiquity. Yet this only owed its preservation during the middle ages to a mistake; the pseudonym of Constantine protected Marcus Aurelius. In the fifth century, Totila is said to have carried off this statue, which was then gilded, and he was proceeding to put it on shipboard when Belisarius recovered it. In the time of Sylvester II. the pretended Constantine edified the faithful in the Forum Boarium; Pope Scolari (Clement III.) transported it to the front of the Lateran palace, the old abode of Constantine. The Marcus Aurelius stayed there until the time when, under Paul III., Michelangelo had it brought on to the Capitoline piazza, at the very spot where Arnold of Brescia had been burnt in 1155; near the steps at the foot of which, two centuries after, Rienzi, on his flight from the Capitol, came to his end under the knife of an artisan. When Andrea Verocchio, the best jeweller in Florence, came to Rome, the Marcus Aurelius made so vivid an impression upon him that he was emboldened by that revelation of equestrian sculpture to execute the Bartolommeo Colleone of the Piazzetta Zanipolo at Venice, a truly incomparable masterpiece. The illustrious pupil of Ghirlandajo and Verocchio, Leonardo da Vinci, was likewise inspired by the Marcus Aurelius, and also, according to Paolo Jove, by the horses of the Dioscuri, when he offered to the admiration of the people of Milan his model of the equestrian figure of Francis Sforza, which, when exposed to view in 1493, seemed superior to the Donatello of Padua (*Gattamelato*) and even to the Verocchio of Venice. The revolution of 1499 hindered the execution of this masterpiece: nothing is left of the

sculptures of the great Leonardo, and it is only from the testimony of Ludovico Dolce that we know to what a point this artist, the only one of the three greatest contemporary painters whose school maintained itself without degeneracy, was '*stupendissimo in far cavalli.*'

Although the Capitoline hill makes a noble decoration, it is not merely for the sake of admiring the palaces of the Senators, of the Conservators, and of the Museum, that one has to ascend to this platform, in the middle of which, leaning on his great charger, Marcus Aurelius seems hardly a better horseman than befits a philosopher to be. These buildings, of the epoch of complete decadence, though they have been much praised because they were believed to be the work of Michelangelo, were only erected

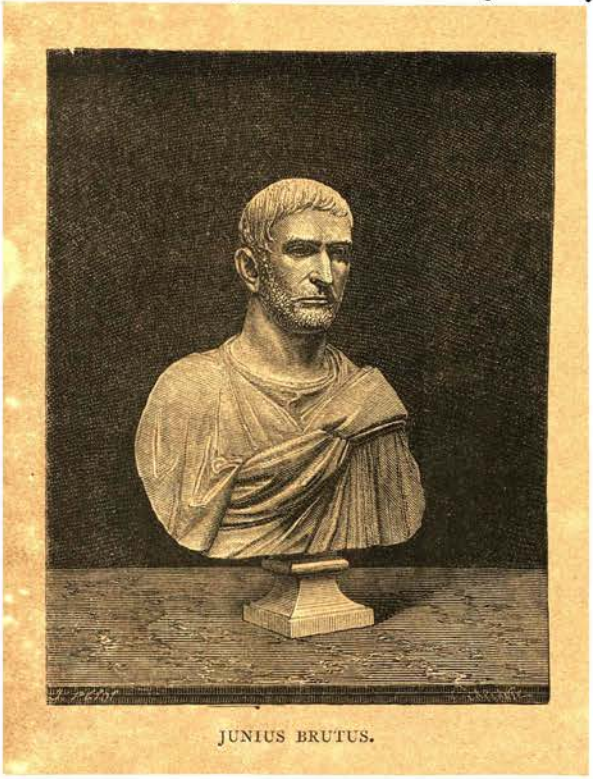


STEPS OF THE SENATORIAL PALACE: TARPEIAN STAIRCASE.

under Innocent X. and Alexander VII. by an architect who made his patrons believe that he was executing the designs of the late master. Thus, without feeling any obligation to make a halt before all these pilasters, let us enter the senatorial palace, and salute the she-wolf, under whom they have fitted or restored her two foster children, Romulus and Remus. Cast with the iron coin exacted as penalty for offences, she was placed 296 years before our era at the foot of the fig-tree of Rumia.

At the very first we are attracted by the singularity of another bronze, the bust of Michelangelo in his old age, from a marble sculpture from life by one of his pupils. It is surely the most extraordinarily constructed head, the most gnarled skull, the most violent, the most diabolic outline. No other portrait has reached this stupefying reality

As a pendant to it there rises another still more striking figure, Junius Brutus, founder of the Republic. His short, flat hair, his brow with its acute angles, his frowning eyebrows, under which there shine out in the tawny glow of the bronze black eyeballs on an enamelled crystal; the severe shape of a very aquiline nose, the broad chin, the iron lips, the firm set lines of a jaw that stands out under a short bristling beard—all impresses upon this physiognomy, which has a beauty incompatible with grace, a really terrible character. This example of a traditional portrait shows, by vague reminiscences of the Etruscans, how well the primitive type was respected. The personality will not be novel for one who has stopped before the picture of Lethière: Brutus sacrificing his Sons, and having them put to death in his presence. The painter copied this pitiless head, of which he could not exasperate the expression. Under the Terror, the section of Marat had sent to each of the departments the cast of the bust of this political executioner, commended to the admiration of our earliest years by the declamations of the pedagogue.



JUNIUS BRUTUS.

Frescoes of a feeble epoch describe over again on the walls some of the most renowned of the legendary facts of the history of the world, and which in this fallen municipality are no more than local anecdotes—a combination of greatness and fall that touches one. Among the busts that adorn these apartments I read the name of Scipio Africanus. They have placed him there to be a spectator for ever of his own exploits, described by Annibal Carraci on a frieze which surmounts tapestries designed by Rubens. The Fleming and the man of Bologna have scarcely any interest here; the one recites and the other exclaims; conventional art with both of them.

I have not to speak of a number of works which made no impression upon me, good or bad, but I cannot pass over in silence the effigy of a personage whose exterior is hardly in keeping with the ideas of renascent beauty and artistic elegance that his name stands for. The colossal seated statue of Leo X., executed in his own time, and after nature as we cannot doubt, would be regarded in our time as the work of an intrepid realist; the expression, the gesture, the puffy obesity of the pontiff, give him the look of a great infant of sixty years of age who has not been weaned. If we look at the profile of this strange mask, the nose, the projecting lower lip, the obliterated chin, and three other folds which continue it, give a succession of six festoons by way of border of the circle of a moon; the eyes stare out of their orbits like those of batrachians; the thick lips make us guess a thick tongue; it seems as if the blood could hardly have circulated in such a mountain of flesh, that such a thing could neither have thought nor acted. Yet he was a revengeful and formidable sovereign, and he had too a lofty and tender heart, for did he not kiss the hand of the dead Raphael and leave a tear upon it? No one would have dared to carve a caricature of Leo X., nor would anybody have wished it; and if the statue in the senatorial palace had passed for a malicious representation, it would never have been placed in the Capitol. Everything shows then that this work of Giacomo del

Duca had the authority of a striking resemblance, and after that this servile copy of the original becomes a precious document for helping us to appreciate the charms of style, by the aid of which in his portrait in the Pitti gallery, Raphael, without altering either the resemblance or the cut, contrived to spiritualise so grotesque a figure.

In the Palace of the Conservators, which you find on your left in leaving the municipal building, they formed at a time of decline, under Benedict XIV., a gallery of paintings of mediocre composition; many from Bologna of an inferior sort, copies, poor things made for the garret, and here and there a wandering star. The repetition by Poussin of the Triumph of Flora, in which all the tones have lost their harmony and become violent; two graceful pieces of Garofalo; an admirable portrait of Gian Bellini, by himself; &c. Let us omit of set purpose Giorgione and Francesco Francia, represented by an apocryphal series, and let us mention the most important piece in the gallery—the Death of the Virgin, by Cola dell' Amatrice, a work in which the minute execution of the primitive schools nevertheless attains to a high dramatic effect. The palace of the Lateran alone possesses a canvas of this rare master. It is in the staircase of the museum that another curiosity is to be found, the bas-relief of Curtius on his horse plunging into the gulf. The wildness of this Etruscan design proves it to be of high antiquity. A third visit to this gallery, which usually people do not take the trouble to see a second time, enlightened me as to the inanity of a Titian, of two landscapes of Claude, of a Perugino, and of a portrait that Michelangelo can never have painted. A small picture of Salvator, glowing and bizarre, representing a witch, as well as a repetition of a carrying off of Europa inferior to the Veronese of the palace of the Doges, but to which the painter has added the head of a bull who espies the scene with jealous eye, struck me at my second exploration. The company of mediocre works is so hurtful to good ones that I had not remarked the Persic Sibyl of Guerchino, a portrait of his wife; nor the Saint Petronilla, said to be his master-piece, which has been copied in mosaic for the basilica of St. Peter. This collection has no catalogue, whence it follows that the ciceroni have fine scope for baptizing the pictures. The greatest names fill the columns of the guide books, but when you come before the subjects you find endless mistakes; it seems as if you had fallen into an assembly of the valets of good houses, lavishing upon one another the titles of their masters.

Descending from the museum you enter a court decorated as they all are by antique fragments. I remarked among them a group energetically cast, representing a horse devoured by a lion; the important restoration of this piece corroded by damp is attributed to Michelangelo. The philologists scarcely fail in deciphering beneath the modern facsimile of the column of Duilius, the inscription in primitive and archaic Latin so often published, which recalled the great naval victory of the year 492 of Rome over the Carthaginians. Under the portico of the palace, between a statue of Augustus and that of Julius Cæsar, which is so poor in execution that the monument may seem apocryphal, there must not be omitted on the left side of the court a large square urn, which during the middle age served as a standard for the measuring of grain. On one of the sides of this hollowed marble the municipality has had carved the arms of the city supported by two heralds, and underneath, the escutcheons of the three conservators who at that time held the office of sheriff. On the frieze they have cut in uncial letters of the fourteenth century this very exact indication: RVGITELLA DE GRANO. But if you pass to the opposite side of this cube, you there read the following inscription in fine characters of the first century:—

OSSA
AGRIPPINÆ M. AGRIPPÆ
DIVI AVG. NEPTIS VXORIS
GERMANICI CÆSARIS
MATRIS C. CÆSARIS AVG.
GERMANICI PRINCIPIS.

Thus this standard of measure held the bones of the grand-daughter of Augustus, the daughter of Julia and of Vipsanius Agrippa, the great ædile who transformed Rome; of that chaste heroine who was the wife of Germanicus, who braved the hate of Tiberius, and whom destiny made the maternal grandmother of Nero. Her remains must have been brought back at the beginning of the reign of Claudius, for she died in the isle of Pandataria, consumed by the weariness of widowhood and exile.

V.

On the summit of the Capitol, where stood a statue of Apollo thirty cubits high that Lucullus had brought from Apollonia Pontica, on the sacred hill where the great captains had their triumph and the pontiffs their metropolis, an asylum has been opened on Christian earth for the ancient society of Rome. It was Clement XII. who convoked this assembly of patricians in marble, and who installed them at home in the palace that fronts the Conservators. These galleries constitute a veritable Olympus, a court, an academy; the divinities dismissed from the temples, a succession of imperial families, the philosophers, the writers, the poets of Italy and Greece, dwell side by side in this refuge of pagan glories. Their appearance is almost familiar; from chamber to chamber you are greeted by known figures. Nothing would be more sterile than to verify all these statues; we should wander in the midst of them as we should in a salon; and the best plan is only to frequent the Capitol after one has become accustomed to live under the preoccupation of the events and the principal actors in them. Then we come from time to time to salute them in their own home, in order to add more distinct personalities to our recollections.

The real concierge of the palace is the statue of the Ocean; it awaits you lying at the bottom of a small court, against a wall coated by the damp with a light green moss. The Romans have an affection for this colossus which they call Marforio, and which has given its name to one of the neighbouring streets. It was found in the Forum of Augustus, or of Mars, Marte-Foro, and hence according to some the name of Marforio; but this etymology is barely satisfactory. We decipher in this court a number of inscriptions of prætorian soldiers; we find in it sarcophagi, statues, bas-reliefs; but what I observed there particularly were the ornamented fragments of the temple of Concord, cut with marvellous art. An amateur will scarcely omit to look at the fine tomb from which the Portland vase was taken. The staircase has for its decoration those plaques of marble which were taken from the Temple of Romulus, and which preserve for us a plan of Rome engraved under Septimius Severus. In a saloon that was arranged ten years ago for works in metal, you will find with interest, marked with an undeniable Greek inscription, the strange and noble bronze that Mithridates gave to the gymnasium of the Eupatorists; and close by the side of it, near the charming group of Diana Triformis, an

ancient tripod and Roman balance, a candelabrum of bronze from the imperial palace, and adorned with portraits of the family of Septimius. There are also graduated weights and measures of ancient Rome; an admirable Hercules in gilded bronze; the Greek Child holding a comic mask, by which Raphael was more than once inspired; and the Ariadne, the ideal of fascinating beauty. A mistake has given a name to the chamber of the Gladiator. The warrior mortally wounded, that for so many years has been admired in the Capitol under the designation of the Dying Gladiator, does not in truth represent a gladiator at all, but a Gaulish chieftain. The collar or torques leaves no doubt on this subject. One may compare this type with the combatants of the battle of Telamone, fought with the Gauls 355 years before our era by Attilius Regulus, who was killed there. The figures of this curious sarcophagus recalled, by their type and their curling hair, this dying warrior who offers us in his anguish-stricken features the heroes of our race.

Enriched by Benedict XIV., by Clement XIV., by Pius VI., Pius VII., and Leo XII.,

THE WOUNDED GAUL.

this museum has been nearly doubled by Pius IX. Besides the variety of marbles and subjects, it represents a number of sculptures on pieces of furniture. One bas-relief, which transmits to us the Roman foot divided into sixteen toes; another reproduces a print of Cybele with the symbols of her worship; a sarcophagus retraces the doctrine of the neo-platonists as to the formation and destruction of man. Above is the celebrated mosaic of the Doves, imitated from that of Pergamus which Pliny admired so, and which was found at the villa of Adrian. You will see also stiles in ivory, for writing on waxen tablets; an Amphora for wine, adorned with a female bacchanal; and the famous vase of Pentelican marble found near the mole of Cæcilia Metella, placed upon a fine cylindrical altar on which are represented the Twelve Gods. One cannot forget the admirable Faun in antique red from Adrian's villa: this stone of deep cinnabar of such fine grain, of a tender and flat polish, is no longer to be found, and we know not whence the ancients procured it. This room possesses a charter of bronze, the decree of the senate conferring the imperial power on Vespasian: Rienzi had it placed at St. John Lateran, where he had commented

on it before the assembled populace. An altar to Isis, and a mystic cistus from the monuments of Egypt and Palmyra, a ravishing bust of Alexander, and an old reproduction of the Faun of Praxiteles; some Etruscan fragments, and a quantity of works from Greece, including even archaic pasticci, initiate the visitor into a multitude of forms, schools, practices. It is in a chamber of this museum that the Antinoüs is to be found, the ideal of sensual beauty. There the bust of the murderer of Cæsar, Marcus Brutus, a fine, spiritual, marked, and sombre head, strangely recalling the features of Armand Carrel; also that statue, so naturally posed and so well draped, of a Roman lady, in which without valid reason people have pretended to recognise, now Agrippina, and now Domitia. We will only cite, by way of enumeration, the figures of Flora, the Amazon, and the infant Hercules whose club is heavy.

FAUN AFTER PRAXITELES.

The inhabitants of Olympus are no more than the lares of this palace; in proportion as the great personages of antiquity are resuscitated by the excavations, our popes send them to recruit the lofty society of the Capitol. How, in the midst of so noble a population, can we help believing with the contemporaries of Apuleius, with St. Augustin himself, that the spectres of marble are tenanted by souls? Etiquette has formed two distinct salons: in one of them the writers and philosophers of Rome give hospitality to those of Greece; and this areopagus forms an assembly in which more than eighty celebrities shine. There you visit Socrates, Seneca, Agrippa, Diogenes, Theophrastus, Apuleius, the architect Posidonius, Demosthenes, Sophocles, Cato, Thucydides, Antisthenes, Terence, Apollonius of Tyana, Aspasia and Pericles, Archytas, Sappho, Periander . . . . we cannot cite all of them. In the middle sits Marcellus the victor of Syracuse; while on the walls are bas-reliefs: among them a Sacrifice to Hygieia, marked by Callimachus.

THE AMAZON.

The other salon is consecrated to the august. In this chamber are gathered together, from Marius whose flat head is so little Roman, to Decentius Magnus, that brother of Magnentius, whose ephemeral reign came to so tragic an end on the banks of the

Yonne, the various imperial families, who must marvel that they can no longer play at mutual slaughter. Marius is the mortal to whom flattery has decreed most statues; the ædiles set up one of him in each street of the city, and his ugliness apparently disarmed envy. For all that, Sulla threw them down. Nero's eyes are treated in a way which enables us to understand that blinking which Pliny describes, and the fact that his visual organ was excessively weak; so he conceived the idea of having a flat emerald cut and polished, through which during the games of the circus he used to watch the contests of the gladiators.

There are in this hall some unique portraits; women, girls, brothers of emperors, that are only found here. It is a collection of inestimable value which by familiarising us with these faces, brings antiquity as close to us as the era of the House of Valois is in our eyes. Yet by the side of authentic figures, such as those of the first Cæsars, and of princesses such as Messalina, who belies by the beauty of her physiognomy the ugliness of her repute, or as the first Agrippina, widow of Germanicus, with her hair so strangely

MARIUS.

MESSALINA.

AGRIPPINA, DAUGHTER OF DRUSUS.

dressed, there has slipped into this chosen assembly more than one unknown, by favour of a hypothetical name. Lavater would have raised lively objections to an Alcibiades with a meanly bourgeois physiognomy. The Cicero that they show there is not the true Cicero. How accept those Democrituses of barbarian mien, who were only perhaps upstart freedmen? For that matter, the designations change from time to time under certain influences; for instance, the bust of Ctesiphon, which has been chosen by the Germans to represent the conqueror of Varus, namely, Arminius. The portraits at the Capitol give occasion to a physiological observation; in proportion as in following the march of ages we enter those epochs of ruin, in which contest and intrigue excite the passions and corrupt manners, the faces become seamed and wrinkled. In the first century of imperial Rome we meet irregular heads full of life, with a mark of distinct personality.

It does not take very long to come down from a mountain whose summit is not more than fifty mètres above the level of the sea. Lost in the alleys that wind between the

Tiber and the Monte Caprino, which, before the time of Manlius, the goats had already deserted, I went along full of infatuation at my relations with the celebrities of the Capitol, when I encountered full front, thinking I was coming out on some passage, a gallery of ancient beggar women, exhibited with all the symmetry of a hospital ward. Rome offers these unexpected contrasts at every step. It is at the hospital of La Consolazione, belonging to the sick of the weaker sex, where a dormitory opens on to a piazza in direct continuation of a long street; pierced at the extremity, the doors are wide as those of a church. It was fine weather and they had thrown them entirely open, so that, from the back of their beds the patients seemed as if they were taking a part in the life outside. These pensioners continue their residence in the midst of the streets, with the advantage of having a roof over their heads, a very happily devised arrangement for driving nostalgia away from gossips accustomed from age to age to live on the public causeway. It is even to the duration of these habits that we may best attribute the miserable, unfurnished, squalid look, and the more than neglected housekeeping in the homes of the common people; they are mere niches to sleep in, where nobody is ever received, and where they never settle down, all the relations of life being carried on outside, as in old days they used to be carried on at the Forum. For a foreigner coming from the cloistered regions of the North, nothing is more curious than thus to rub skirts in the street with the inmates of a hospital; than to see the line of the houses continued right and left by a perspective of truckle-beds, and nurses and dying attending to their business without a thought of the passer-by. A cart or a horse left to themselves by an absent driver could have gone down this dormitory without any hindrance.

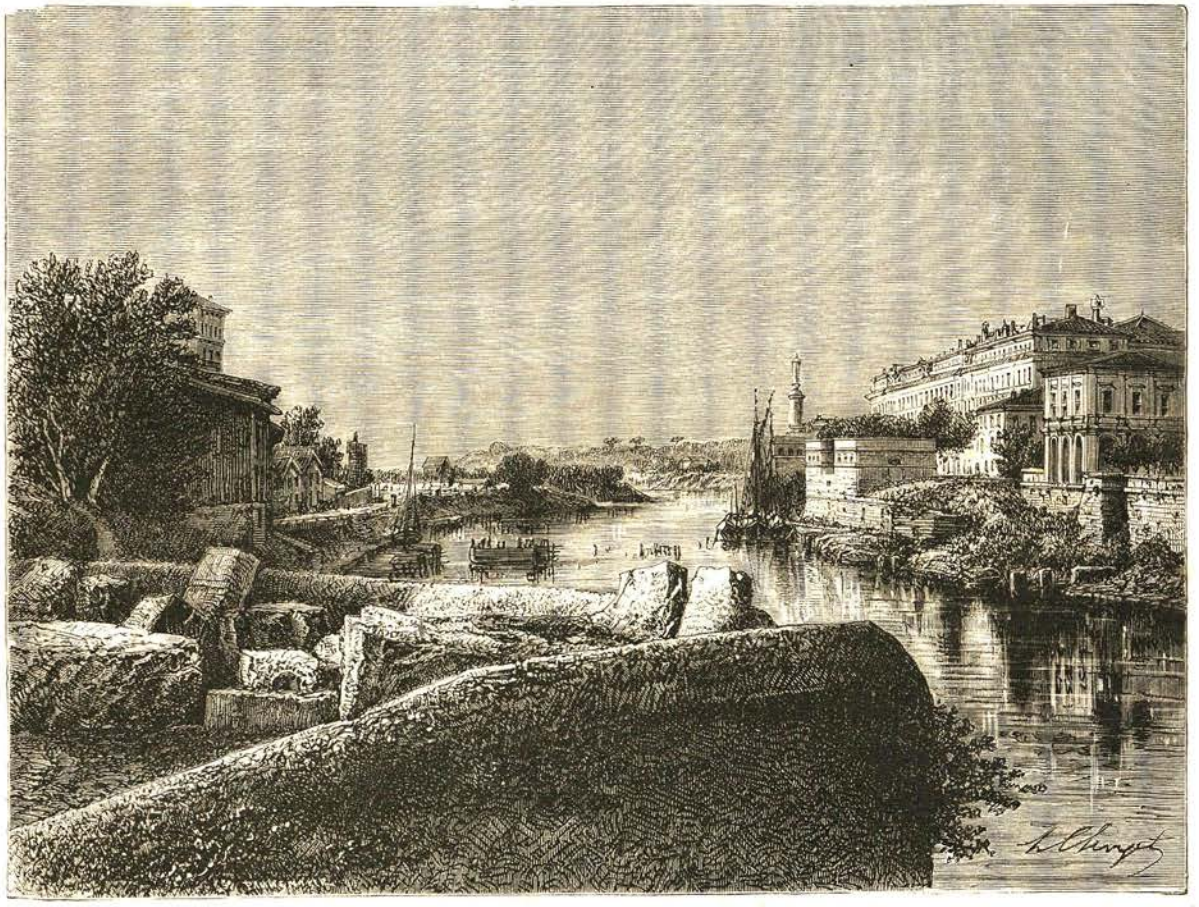
ROMAN LADY, TAKEN FOR THE FIRST AGRIPPINA.

This encounter put it into my head to explore the charitable establishments of Rome, and to inform myself about the benevolent institutions of a State which is ruled by a sovereign priest who goes down on his knees before the poor to wash their feet. The object of such a study struck me as a touchstone, from the point of view of evangelical sentiment, as well as of pontifical administration.

VI.

Two Catholic countries, Italy and France, possess the distinction of having preceded other nations in the foundation of hospitals. Our first bishops opened refuges; the crusades multiplied throughout Gaul the hospices with which some provinces were

already endowed: but Rome was the first to organize and develop genuinely special institutions. Rome has long applied most of those perfections, reputed modern, of which the honour is claimed by democracies where we go in search of what they learnt from the Eternal City. It does not enter into our plan to institute an elaborate study of the nineteen hospitals of Rome, that overbounding hospitality which relieves the sick poor from the necessity of seeking protection and attendance, and which saves them from being refused at the gate if they are foreigners or friendless, a piece of administrative barbarity which still remains the shame of the whole of France. Only, before paying a visit to San Spirito, the most considerable of them, I will make a note of the foundations most characteristic of the country, with their dates; for this information will astonish more than one reader.



THE HOSPITAL OF ST. MICHAEL.

As you enter Rome by the Porta Portese, situated at the southern extremity of the Janiculum, you leave to the right the Tiber and the vast hospital of St. Michael, which occupies at Ripa Grande, a port constructed by Innocent XII., part of the site of the Prata Mutia. It is here that legend places the camp of Porsenna and the royal tent where Mutius Scævola thrust his hand into the flame. St. Michael is a reformatory for young prisoners, combined with a conservatory of industrial craft and the fine arts, while they also receive into it the poor, the aged, the infirm, of both sexes. Four hundred assisted children are collected there, formed by the most skilful masters, and kept until the age of twenty-one, when the lads, provided with a position, go away with full purses, and the

girls receive a dower of a hundred crowns. One of the branches of the instruction here testifies to an elevated and liberal spirit; if special vocation invites any of these abandoned and indigent orphans to somewhat higher destiny than an ordinary trade the best painters, celebrated composers, and renowned singers, will come and teach the disinherited little ones of St. Michael. The most famous names of Italy have given lessons there since the reign of Innocent XI., Clement XI., and Pius VI., who developed the institution founded by Odescalchi in 1689. It was from St. Michael that the illustrious engravers Mercuri and Calamatta came. Now speak to our municipal councillors of organizing in the hospitals, for the profit of the deserted children, a school to turn them into artists, and you will speedily see how the prudery of solid good sense will receive you. As far as regards the reformatory section, let me give place to an administrator, whose authority will seem conclusive. Charged by our Government, in 1839, with the task of reporting on Italian prisons, an inspector-general whom we can hardly suspect, for he belonged to the Israelitish religion, wrote in his report thus: 'The reformatory is part of Rome where Clement XI. had constructed, in 1703, after the designs of Charles Fontana, an enormous house of correction for young prisoners. The correctional system is Christian and Catholic; it had its birth with the monasteries, and a pope baptized it at the moment when he introduced it into the world. America did not discover it nor perfect it, but borrowed it from Ghent, which had taken it from Milan and Rome. Yes, it was from Rome that the movement started which manifests itself to-day in the two worlds; it was Rome who established the first cellular house, and who applied simultaneously absolute isolation and partial isolation. It was a pope who, with his own hand, drew up the first regulations of a house of correction.' And M. Cerfbeer logically concluded that if this reformation 'was to be consistent with its origin, it must be essentially Christian in order to be salutary.'

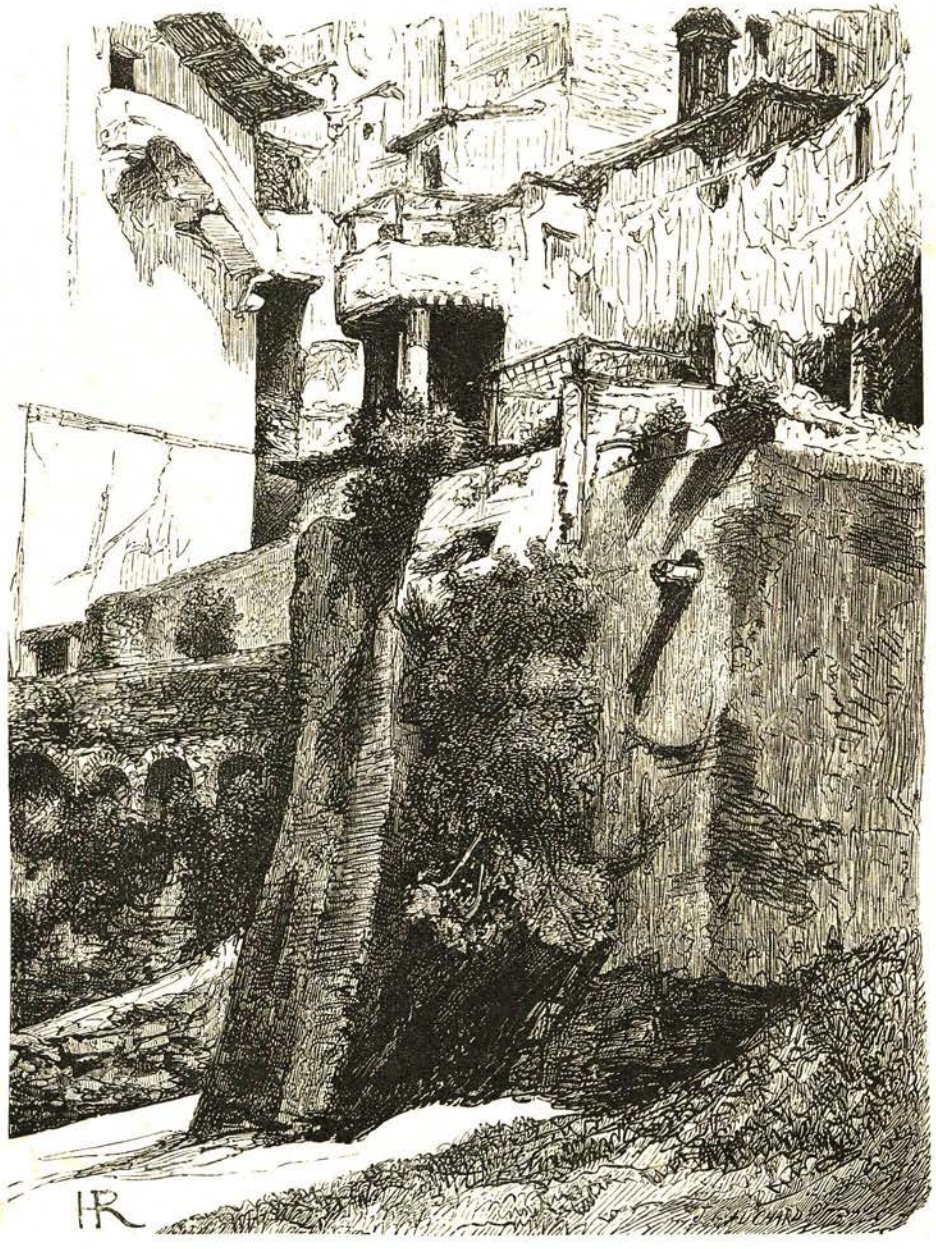
Let us come to other miseries to which society is held bound to give assistance. Ever since 1770, long before Vienna, which passes for having taken the initiative, Rome established a lying-in hospital for indigent women, the hospital of St. Roch at Ripetta, where all women near their term are received without even any inquiry as to their name; they may even, if necessities of situation demand it, present themselves veiled before the Prioress and make their home in the hospital long previous to their delivery.

Under the influence of a beneficent empress, Paris has at last just created two convalescent asylums for patients prematurely discharged from the hospital. With what good reason have people applauded this charitable novelty, of which the English had already given an example in 1791. La Trinita de' Pellegrini, at Rome, has the same object. Now this St. Philip Neri founded in 1551, and since then Sixtus V., Innocent XII., and the last three bearers of the name of Pius, have developed the work, which goes on with regularity. When a patient comes out of the San Spirito or the San Salvatore (females), the conveyance devoted by each hospital to the purpose takes them to the home for convalescents. But though the churching of women may be put off, there are workmen without work and without advances, exposed to absolute want while they seek a situation. This necessity has been foreseen, and there exists a great agency, working with an almonry which has its office at the Vatican, and where are enrolled for the public works the names of unemployed labourers, who have distributed to them either payment in advance or secret relief. This service is hierarchically organized; the sub-officers who direct it are, with the exception of the inspectors, chosen among the workmen; and

nothing can be more paternal than the foresight which has presided over these arrangements. In Paris and in London there exist hideous dens, the haunts of nocturnal prowlers, where for a trifling payment they gain a night's shelter; these sinks of abject vice have been stigmatized not by moralists but by romance writers, and the English men of letters have driven the State to institute a certain supervision. So great an evil and so great a peril for the society against which these agglomerations are a standing conspiracy, was anticipated in Rome as far back as the seventeenth century, when Marc' Antonio Odelcaschi opened night refuges for the unsheltered poor. He used to seek them in the winter evenings through the street and take them in his own carriage to the hospice prepared for them, in which he succeeded in placing sometimes as many as six hundred. Their rags and their shoes were repaired; they found bed, fire, soup, and spiritual instruction. Things still go on so at Santa Gallicana in the Trastevere, a hospital devoted to diseases of the skin, and where the poor are received up to half-past eight. It contains two hundred and twenty-four beds in five dormitories, of which one, furnished with eleven beds, is set apart for poor clerics. Received by the almoners, these homeless people are kept so long as they are without a domicile; they are catechized, they are preached to, they have edifying stories read to them, and in this way the collection of a multitude that might easily become morally gangrened, ends in the purification of the most unfortunate of classes. Father Galizzi, a hundred and fifty years ago established an analogous home for women. As we see, the least rich quarter is that in which charity most abounds; as you approach the Ponte Sisto, and from there pass in review the dens heaped one over another by the hands of wretchedness, in the ruins of buildings whose age is beyond finding, you feel with horror the terrible evils which must lurk among those strange coverts, sometimes picturesque as the buildings of old Cairo. It is further off, at La Lungara, that we find the hospital for the insane, St. Mary of Pity. This fine establishment dates from 1548, and is therefore the senior of all institutions of this kind in Europe.

It remained to extend public benevolence to the poor who will not, if they are ill, leave their children, wife, or mother, and who, surrounded by the attention of the family, are not left in want either of physic or physician. Innocent XII. instituted for them the Apostolic Almonry, by which he divided the entire city into eleven Visits or sections. Each of them embraces several of the fifty-four parishes of Rome, and directed by an ecclesiastical visitor, has its own physician, surgeon, and apothecaries. To receive assistance, it is enough to give notice to the neighbouring curé, whence a ticket transmitted to the dispensary of the quarter sets the doctor instantly to work. Such establishments give a very high idea, not only of the generosity of the government to the poor, but of the liberal charity of Roman society. This liberality is enormous, and it has not, as with us, the stimulant of *réclames;* the patrimony of the poor still rises to upwards of four million francs of annual revenue. And I leave aside institutions such as the Commission of Relief which, being directed, under the presidency of a cardinal, by members chosen for six years and divided into twelve districts, distributes among the necessitous, in order to lighten the miseries of the shamefast, linen, bedding, furniture, tools, to the amount of more than sixty thousand crowns a year, furnished by the Apostolic Chamber. Pawnbroking establishments were started in the fifteenth century by Father Barnabas of Terni, with a view of rescuing small dealings from the clutch of Jewish usurers; a savings-bank has been established; finally the lottery which Benedict XIII. abolished, and which his successor found himself forced to restore, to hinder the

people from taking their money to the neighbouring states; the lottery in which lots were augmented by eighty per cent., and the profits of which by a brief of Benedict XIV. had to be exclusively spent for the benefit of the poor, expends in alms 4,500 crowns a year, and 3,500 crowns for dowering orphans—an extenuating circumstance in connection with the institution, especially if the regulations are conscientiously followed.



NEST OF HOUSES ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER (TRASTEVERE).

I have reserved what concerns the ordinary object of charitable establishments, the treatment of the patients and the administration of the numerous hospitals. The most considerable is that of the San Spirito, which contains also a refuge for foundlings, a very old creation of the evangelical charity of the popes, for it goes back as far as the twelfth century, four hundred and fifty years before anything of the same kind was thought of in France under the influence of St. Vincent de Paul, who had seen the establishment in Rome, and that in Florence, which had been established in the fifteenth century.

It was in 1198 that, as he was walking on the banks of the Tiber, Innocent III. came upon a fisherman who had just brought up in his net three dead infants. Keenly moved, the Holy Father immediately had established on a barge contiguous to the hospital of San Spirito, which he had just instituted, a movable turning box lined with a mattress, in which they might at any hour place abandoned children; at the same time he forbade, under severe penalties, all inquiry as to who placed them there. The children are kept at San Spirito till they are old enough to be sent to the asylum at Viterbo, where they are taught a trade. At seventeen they receive enough to live upon for a year. The girls are the object of a still more paternal solicitude. We cannot either too much admire, or too warmly praise, or be too much struck, as we recognise that Rome has constantly directed the Christian world in the path of charity; if religion has truth for its basis, that was bound to be so, and the thing being so, to state it becomes a duty.

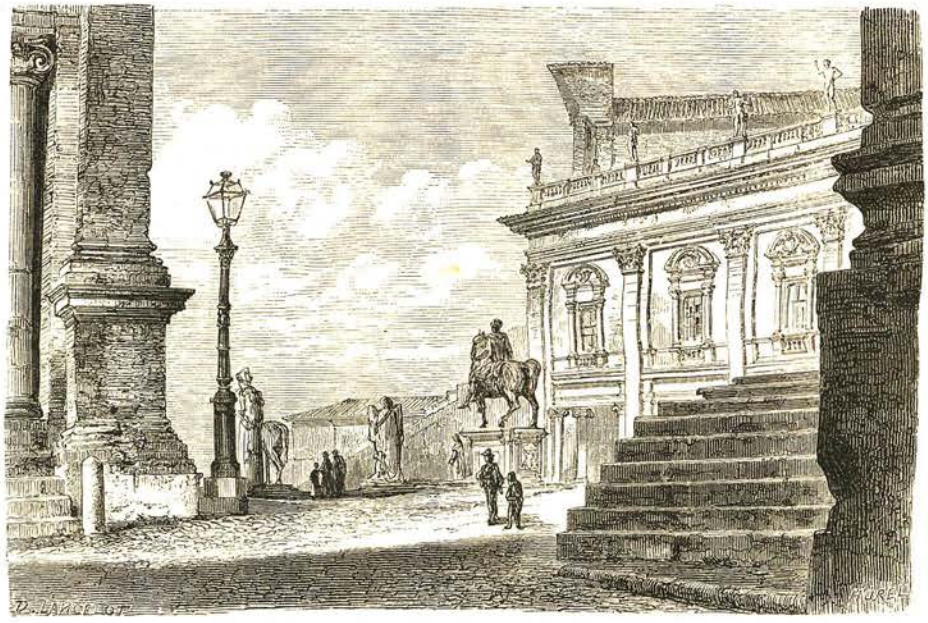
On the banks of the Tiber adjoining the Vatican, in the place where the Gauls and Germans who were brought by Vitellius perished of fever, and sought according to Tacitus in the waters of the stream a disastrous relief from the summer heats,—here is the hospital of San Spirito. I have no intention of describing this vast establishment. It is situated on the abrupt corner which separates the Vatican hill from the northern extremity of the Janiculum, where it occupies a triangle as large as a small town. Marchione of Arezzo, Bacio Pintelli, San Gallo, perhaps even Palladio, worked successively at this charitable construction. To establish it, Innocent III. chose a site already consecrated by a Saxon king, who in 717 set up there a hospitium for his countrymen, and hence the name of San Spirito in Sassia, which the house still bears. The bull of foundation bears date 1198.

The buildings completed, the pope brought from France to undertake the administration Guy of Montpellier, with some brothers of the hospitallers of the Holy Ghost founded by him. This choice of a French order to baptize and manage the pontifical foundation is a testimony to the development at that distant time of our charitable institutions. Completed and enlarged by the sovereign pontiffs, the hospital of the San Spirito has at its disposal 1,600 beds for fever and other patients, divided into twelve wards and separated in classes corresponding to the nature of the disorder. One of these wards, built by Pintelli, is 380 feet long by nearly 50 feet high; such is the breadth of this nave, that six rows of beds allow passage between them by five long avenues. With San Spirito are connected an anatomy theatre, a clinical school, an enormous medical library, a historical collection of surgical instruments, a dispensary, and an admirably arranged dissecting room. Let us observe that the anatomical studies of which the analysis of the human body is the base received due honour here under the intelligent authority of the spiritual sovereigns, while in Protestant countries the prejudices of a narrow religiosity have placed and still place obstacles in the way of labours of the highest utility to mankind.

It is proper to bring out the universal and liberally catholic character of the institution. Whilst in other kingdoms a patient has to satisfy a host of conditions to be, not admitted, but admissible, into a hospital, at San Spirito whoever suffers is received and tended, whatever the position, the country, the age, or the creed of the patient. Is not Rome then after all the spiritual father-land of all nations? The service is admirably organized; the establishment is directed by two professors, four physicians, and two surgeons, each having assistants compelled to reside in the hospital, while the number of permanent attendants exceed one hundred and fifty. The mortality at San Spirito is

only from nine to ten per cent., and in point of salubrity no hospital is better off. Ornament mingles with utility. These magnificent wards are decorated with paintings; thrice a week there are performances on the great organ in the refectory; various brotherhoods and pious laymen come bringing to the sick a few permitted comforts, as well as the amusement of their conversation. St. Camille of Lellis was one of the most assiduous attendants in the spiritual clinic. Such institutions of charity truly recall that Roman greatness of which they are an evangelical transformation.

One of the practices in which the intelligent civilization of Italy and of Rome especially seems to me to make its best mark, is that which from time immemorial multiplies on the walls of buildings interesting and instructive inscriptions; the past ages thus still speak for ever, and remote descendants listen to the voice of their ancestors. To supply a monograph of San Spirito, it would be enough to walk round it and copy its history from the marble. These lapidary archives, although they may sometimes have been abused



PIAZZA OF THE CAPITOL GALLERY OF ANTIQUES.

by personal vanity, endow the city with a soul and spiritual life which help to attach newcomers to the fatherland of us all.

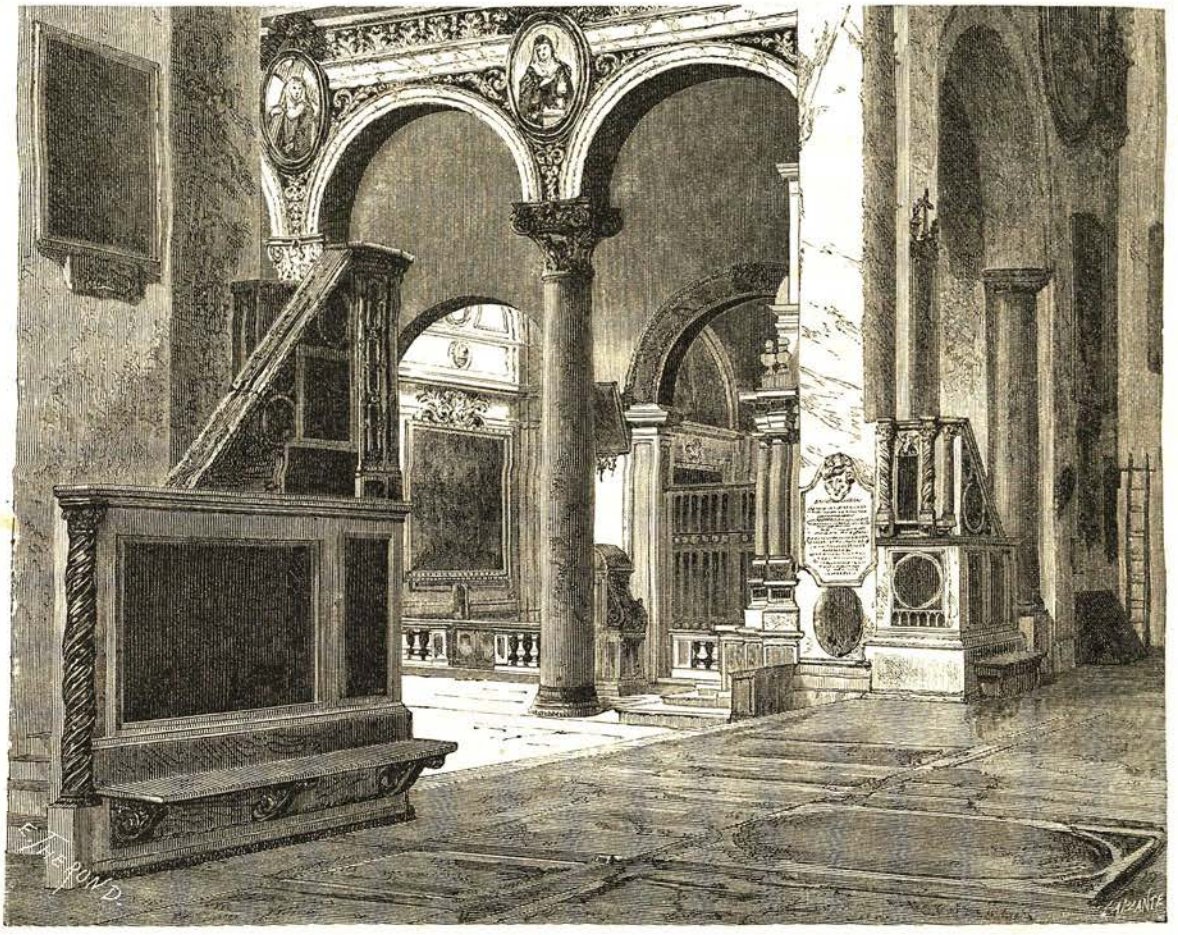
As I left the hospital, following the extremity of the everlasting Via Lungara, which begins at La Farnesina and ends at San Spirito, I stopped to make out against the chapel wall situated in the line of the street, one of those inscriptions which has escaped travellers, and which is as curious as it is little known:—

D. O. M.

BERNARDINO PASSERIO
JULII II LEONIS X ET CLEMENTIS
VII PONTTT MAXXX AURIFICI
AC GEMMARIO PRESTANTISS°
QUI CUM IN SACRO BELLO PRO
PATRIA IN PROX^a JANIC. PARTE

HOSTIUM PLUREIS PUGNANS
OCCIDISSET ATQUE ADVERSO
MILITI VEXILLUM ABSTULISSET FOR-
TITER OCCUBUIT PER N. MAÏ ∞ DXXVII
V. A. XXXVII. M. VI. D. XI.
JACOBUS ET OCTAVIANUS PASSERII
FRATRES PATRI AMANTISS° POSUERE.

This inscription adds a flower to the basket of the jewellers of the Italian middle age, those artisans of genius who from the stalls of the Ponte Vecchio arose as painters, sculptors, architects, poets, and engineers; the jeweller Orgagna, who made bridges, fortresses, and paintings, was also soldier upon occasion. This Bernard Passerius or Passier, the jeweller of three popes, who during the assault of Rome in 1527 came and fought valiantly for the country at the foot of the Janiculum behind the church of the San Spirito, up to which the Leonine wall then extended, perished about a thousand yards from the breach in which the Constable Bourbon fell, in the same age, the same day assuredly, and the same hour probably; for the assault at this decisive point was short and terrible. He was some artist of heart and talent, and the humble familiar of two great sovereigns, but his heroic end for a holy cause has not saved his name from oblivion.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN ARA CŒLI.

CHAPTER IX.

Tarpeian Rock.—Jupiter and Santa Maria in Ara Cœli.—The Bambino.—Appearance and costumes at Christmas; the Pifferari, etc.—Church of the Capitol.—Antiquity of family chapels.—St. Bernardin of Sienna and the frescoes of Pinturicchio.—Legends of the island of the Tiber.—Esculapius and St. Bartholomew.—Roman medicine in the time of Cato.—Apostolic miniature.—Crèche on the summit of a tower.—Raphael and the fable of Psyche at the Farnesina.—Galatea and her cortége.—The Corsini gallery.—Ercole Grandi and his namesake.—L'Ortolano: his adventure and his portrait.—Public library of the palace.—Mission of the Roman princes; results of nepotism.—Visit to the Villa Pamphili Doria.—Assault of our troops at the gate of San Pancrazio.

I.

ALTHOUGH the Capitoline promontory, looking on the Tiber and the Palatine, is nearly to its top scaled by houses of tolerable height, the Tarpeian rock has not disappeared; to see it quite close you have to go by the lane of Torre de' Specchi, in front of a religious house, which depends upon St. Francesca Romana. There, under the escarped terraces of the hill, opens an irregular court, encumbered with old buildings, sheds, pent-houses, which seem to carry on their roofs the little gardens of this point of lugubrious memory. The rock, of which the citadel followed the outlines, is porous and of a dark shade, being a tufa like that of the Tullianum. It bounds abruptly on the plateau the garden of the old Caffarelli Palace,

whence the eye can measure above plenty of other ruins, the ruins of a precipice so deep that by jumping down one would be perfectly sure to break one's bones. It was there that in old times ingratitude and envy used to launch into eternity the great men who had done too much for their country, and genius that was too embarrassing for the ruling mediocrity. The anfractuosities of this aerial cemetery of glory are scented with yellow violets and rose-coloured gillyflowers.

Seen from a slight distance the rock by no means discloses its size, because it is masked; but in entering at the back of the Hospital della Consolazione, in a lane which comes out upon the Via Bocca della Verita, you measure better the real height of the Tarpeian rock, with one or two cavities in it, and veined with sewers of an indefinite age. One of the houses perched upon this rock was inhabited a few years ago by the lamented Ampère, whence he used to contemplate the historic horizons of ancient Rome. Although the grounds of the Velabrum and the neighbouring quarters have since the time of Sulla been raised by forty-two feet, the Tarpeian rock is less changed in appearance than might be supposed. In his description of the siege of the citadel by the partisans of Vitellius, who wished to recover it from the soldiers of Sabinus, and who set fire to it, Tacitus represents the besiegers as climbing 'the hundred steps which separate the sacred wood of refuge from the Tarpeian rock,' and he adds that the soldiers mounted to the fortress 'by the roofs of houses, which owing to a long peace, had been built close to the walls, so high that they reached the level of the Capitol.' If this description dated from yesterday we should think it exaggerated.

It seems that at this epoch the destruction of the Capitol did not spare the cedar-wood statue of Jupiter, which Pliny saw, and which from the year 661 preserved the citadel, since the audacity of the Gauls and the Germans waxed greater from the superstitious conviction that the gods were abandoning Rome. 'In other times,' said their Druids, 'we took it, but Jupiter was still standing. Now he delivers to us the impious who have ruined his temple, and the sovereignty of the world is about to pass to the transalpine nations.' Then to put an end to these prophecies Vespasian made haste to have the temple as well as the Castrum rebuilt, under the direction of Lucius Vestinus, on the same spot and the same plan. On a bright day, the eleventh before the calends of July, the enclosure was marked out with fillets and garlands, and they introduced within it soldiers with auspicious names, bearing green branches agreeable to the divinities. Pontiffs, senators, magistrates, plebeians, harnessed themselves to the cables of the first stone, which was enormous; into the foundations they cast medals of gold and silver and metal which the fire had never mastered. Only they gave greater height to the walls of the temple, because the old one was too crushed in its proportions.

To find the immortally consecrated site of the building let us gain the other summit of the Capitol.

II.

This mound of about sixty mètres is loftier in glory than the Himalaya. The kings of gods and men have come one after another to it, ever since the days of the fabled Saturn, who dwelt in it and planted a people there. Romulus there opened a refuge; Tarpeia, the daughter of his lieutenant, gave her name to the rock; the first Tarquin

there dug up the head which the name of the Capitol commemorates; the second installed Jupiter there. Camillus, after the retreat of the Gauls, restored the citadel, and surrounded it with walls flanked by square dungeons; Sulla rebuilt in Parian marble the temple of the sacred hill; Vespasian did over again on a larger scale the work of Sulla; Domitian enriched his father's building, and had modelled in massive gold a

FRONTAGE OF SANTA MARIA IN ARA CŒLI.

statue of the god. It was here that the pontiffs used to sacrifice, and here the triumphant generals used to ascend. The era of polytheism coming to an end, when the temple had given way to a church dedicated to the Virgin Mother, they took for its embellishment, even from imperial palaces, granite columns from Egypt, precious capitals, bas-reliefs from Greece, and they heaped up mosaic and gold work, finally consummating the task of three centuries. Michelangelo erected, to ascend to this new Capitol, a flight of one hundred and sixty stairs of white marble, made of blocks torn away from the palaces, the

THE SCALA CŒLI, THE GREAT STEPS OF SANTA MARIA OF THE CAPITOL.

baths, the basilicas of the Julii, and the generations trod upon the histories of the heroic ages engraved on these steps in Greek and Latin characters. For what imposing rites and august mysteries is the soul prepared, as one climbs by the celestial staircase (*Scala Cœli*), that Olympian height of the two Romes eternally consecrated *Diis majoribus* when Jupiter 2,620 years ago already succeeded Saturn! Now listen to what was given me to see there one Christmas feast.

A whole population was going up; the sun shed his rays over the bare front, the same sun who had seen thus coming up Æmilius Paulus, the Scipios, Marius, Cæsar, and the long procession of the Emperors. Thus the steps of the Ara Cœli were ascended in their turn by this Roman people which inherits an immortal name. Where find hierophants to answer to such memories?

The crowd flocked round two Capuchins who, in front of a small theatre arranged as a chapel, exhibited paper cuttings of a landscape peopled with little figures of wax covered with tinsel. Before this childish vision of nature, St. Joseph, the Madonna with the shepherds, and a consul representing Rome, came to adore the Bambino, a doll of painted wood clad with regal magnificence, for it receives gifts and legacies, and wears precious stones worth from two to three hundred thousand crowns. That is what they admire on the top of the Capitol. What they hear there, is it the voice of the oracles that ruled the destinies of the world?

Against a pillar of the church,—a block of granite brought in the time of Augustus from the kingdoms of Cleopatra,—on a table covered with red serge is perched up a little girl between six and seven years old, with hair still blonde. She gesticulates before the company of the faithful, and her little voice is strained in declamation; she preaches a homily on the birth of the Child-god; her attitude, her utterance, that art of imitation so natural to the Italians, constitute a perfect aping of the preacher. Exclamations, invectives, oratorical transitions, pathetic bits, nothing is wanting. Sometimes the little amateur stops short; then her kinsfolk whose honour is at stake, encourage and stimulate her. A motley crowd—people of the world, peasants, townspeople, soldiers, priests, young monks, scholars of all colours—listen with entire gravity to the eulogy of the infant Jesus pronounced by children. This crèche in a puppet-show with wax figures and all sorts of gewgaws, these preachers a single lustre old, lisping on a trestle in a nest of Capuchins—there is the Capitol on the day of a solemnity. By the side of such practices, with what majesty do we invest the ancient annals of the Capitol, of their supreme pontiffs, of their sacrifices; and those curule dignities loftier than thrones, ascending to the temple of Jupiter to adjure or question their immortal gods!

Let us picture Rome invaded by a plague, besieged by Gauls, menaced by Hannibal. It is needful to turn aside the wrath of heaven, declared by a crowd of portents. As the land is in danger, consuls would not be enough to appease Jupiter, the best and the mightiest; a dictator is necessary. They name a dictator. Then, escorted by the Flamen Dialis, by the augurs, by the Fetiales, followed by his master of the horse, by tribunes, by ædiles, by the senate, and accompanied by the whole population, this absolute sovereign ascends to the Capitol; he crosses the threshold of Jupiter, and to put an end to the public calamities, he accomplishes in person an infallible ceremony. Directing his course towards the side of the monument, 'which looks to the temple of Pallas,' the dictator, to whom they have given a hammer, plants in the wall with profound solemnity a large nail. After this, the disasters of fate being conjured away, the supreme chief resigns a power which had only been conferred upon him 'for fixing the nail.'

Now does not the infatuation for the virtues of the Bambino and for all the bambineries of the crèche, seem quite as justifiable as all this? Between opposing superstitions, where are we to place the wisdom of a true religious sentiment? Such reflections, which with us will seem natural, would not be understood beyond the Alps, where you run some risk, if you show any of this perplexity, of passing not only for a free-thinker, which would be no more than the suspicion of a weakness, but for a depraved person. For throughout Christmas week each church has its day of pious diversion, of cradles, and of infantine preaching. The workmen take holiday; people run from one parish to another; the city is in a most joyful bustle. Rome is probably the only place in the world in the present day where the birth and resurrection of Christ are occasions of national rejoicing.

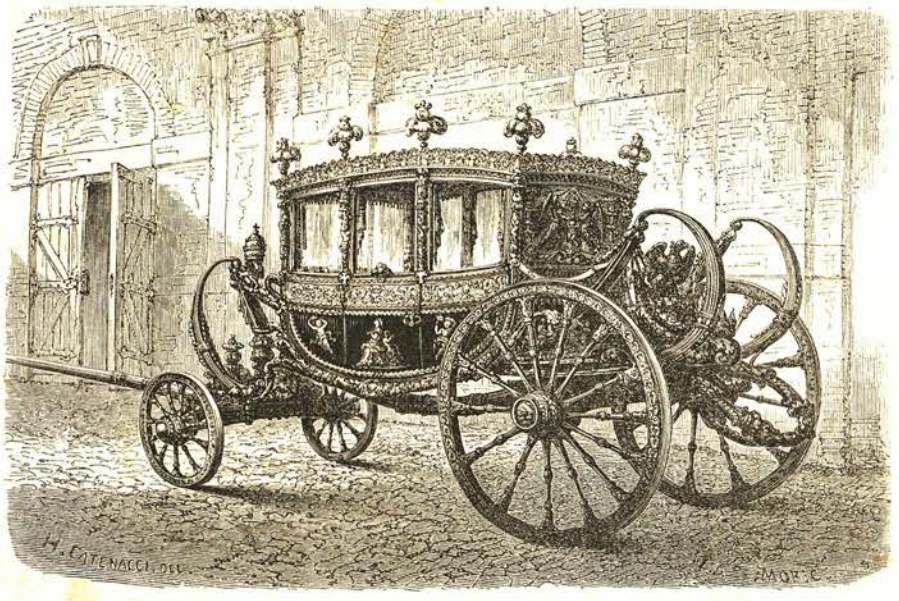
THE BAMBINO.

III.

The signal is given by the shepherds, who at the approach of winter come down from the Abruzzi and other mountains, in memory of those who quitted their flocks in Palestine to follow a star to the stable where the Son of David was newly born. During Advent and until after Christmas the pifferari play on the hautboy, on the hurdy-gurdy, and the bagpipes, and dance saltarellas before the Madonnas in the streets, a form of popular worship which replaces the open-air altars of paganism. Everybody knows the costume of these musicians; it is found even in the frescoes and the mosaics of the fourteenth century. Christmas finished, the Carnival will bring mandolines and gay singers, who carry on nocturnal serenades; there are among these pipers some so clever and with such true instruments, that in the hands of a virtuoso they produce the effect of a violin. The heats of the violent season reduce these birds to silence; but in the evenings of September, choirs of song rise out of the silent obscurity of the streets.

This digression brings us back to the best fêted saint in the Capitoline Church, to the Bambino, for whom the pifferari form a procession when he makes his visits in a gala-coach, which was acquired by the Franciscans in a singular enough manner. In 1848,

the people having set to work to burn the pope's carriages, one of the triumvirs bethought him, in order to save the finest, of making a present of it to the Bambino. On his return Pius IX. had some scruples about taking back what had been offered to God. The Bambino, cut from a block of cedar by a monk of the sixteenth century, is transported in his royal equipage to the bed of the sick, who send for him when medicine has no power. Only he is not moved while the exhibition of the crèche lasts, and when the first day of the year comes, it is the sick who set off to convey him their homage. At the feast of the Epiphany, when the shepherds of the cradle have taken off their dress only to be decked up in the livery of the Magian kings, towards four o'clock the Bambino is taken in procession to the church of Santa Maria in Ara Cœli by a dignitary, who then, coming out with the mitre on his brow and advancing on to the platform, of which the steps are crammed with a compact crowd, elevates above his head the Bambino, all covered with gold and precious stones, and shows it to the kneeling populace. The bishop next turns to the left part of the parapet, a terrace from which the temple of Jupiter used to

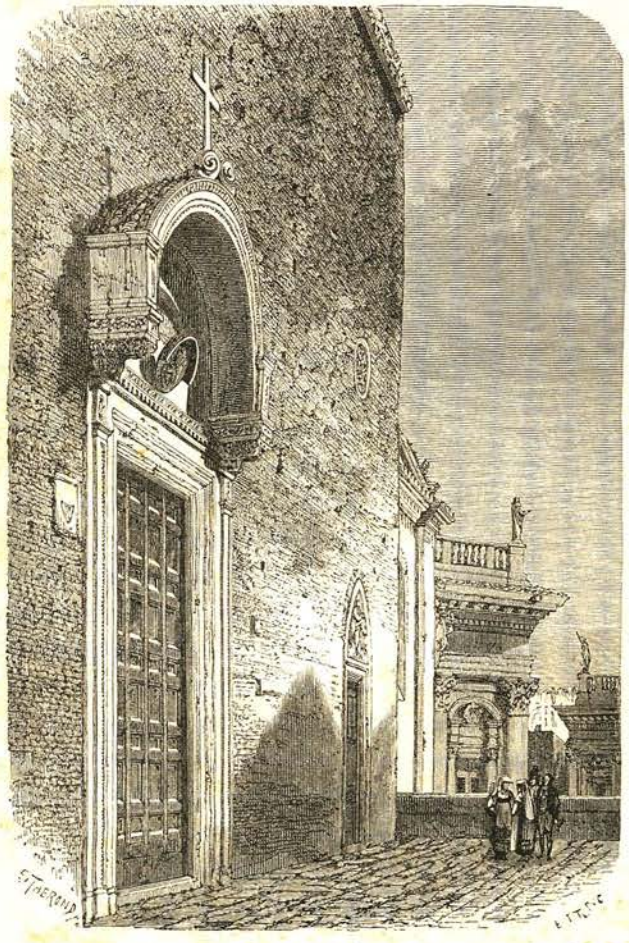


HOLIDAY CARRIAGE OF THE HOLY FATHER, THE EQUIPAGE OF THE BAMBINO.

command the Intermontium, and again shows the sacred puppet to the mass of people on the place of the Capitol round the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, whose rather astonished air seems on such a day tolerably easy to explain. The ceremony is not edifying for us from the north, yet the faith of the spectators gives it a certain interest. What augments its effect is the singularity of the façade at the foot of which the *funzione* is performed. On the top of the immense staircase of antique marbles, where inscriptions may be deciphered, this lofty side of brick wall with its three small doors has an austerity which is all the more striking, as the masonry of the eleventh century seems perched over rich architecture and over masses of green trees and flowering bindweed. Such, since the loss of its mosaics, is the façade of the temple which succeeds to the sanctuary of Jupiter Capitolinus; it has the poverty of the mendicant orders, and its brown hue recalls their livery.

For all this, the popular instinct associates the church with the greatness of the place; hence its popularity. The humblest workman of the Suburra will tell you that the

nineteen columns of Egyptian granite dividing the three aisles come from the temple of Jupiter; but this assertion is belied by Plutarch, who says they were of pentelican marble, for he had seen them. Livy informs us that Jupiter, like the modern Madonna, was hung over with votive offerings; the year 178 before our era, 'the censor Lepidus had scraped, whitened, and repolished the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, as well as its colonnades, and they profited by the occasion to clear the pillars of the mass of trophies and votive shields which obstructed them, as well as the peristyle, which was encumbered with a whole population of statues.' They were probably figures of wood or of stone of Albano, and a few perhaps of bronze, brought home from the wars; for works in marble were still rare, and it was not until the year 572 of Rome that the first gilded statue ever seen was inaugurated; the decemvir Acilius Glabrio had dedicated one to his father.



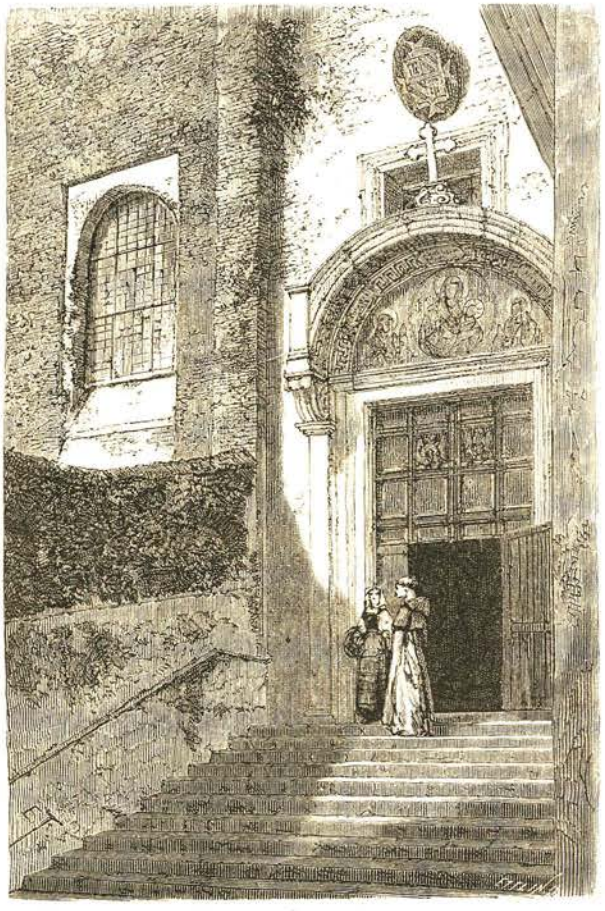
PRINCIPAL DOOR OF THE ARA CŒLI.

All shows that to build up the bric-à-brac of antiquity called the Ara Cœli at a distant and undeterminate period, for the first known dedication dates from the year 595, they dug among a quantity of ruins, which makes this church strangely furnished, hybrid, and curious. Different in module, the columns do not present three capitals that are alike; one of them, above the third column to the left as you enter by the great nave, bears on the abacus this equivocal inscription, though the characters seem ancient enough: E CVBICVLO AVG. Gilded with gold taken from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto, the church is richly paved, but the borderings, in *opus Alexandrinum*, are reduced to patches by the profusion of sculptured tombstones; those of the fourteenth century, which abound in relief, are so numerous, that in going through the church one is caught at every step. These reclining figures, which replace under your eyes in the churches the society that once frequented them, render them more animated. The Temple of the Ara Cœli is a veritable museum. It would take too long to enumerate all; but we cannot pass over, towards the top of the lower aisle on the right, the tombs of the Savelli from 1260 to 1306. That of Pope Honorius IV. and the monument raised to his father present a small model of the frontage of a Pisan church, in the style of San Miniato; adorned with rosettes and bands of mosaic, the little temple is of marble, and is an authentic work of Arnolfo. This Pope Honorius, who reposes among his kinsfolk, is a fine figure that the trumpets of the last day will not awake without trouble, in such deep slumber is it plunged. The tiara of 1290, by its rudimentary shape, adds still further to the verisimilitude of this repose, for it is like a cotton night-cap. There reposes, too, the first pope of the house of Savelli, Honorius III., who, in 1216, succeeded

ISLAND OF THE TIBER, ST. BARTHOLOMEW, AND THE QUATTRO CAPI BRIDGE.

Innocent III.; this chapel belonged to the family. The great houses of Rome thus possessed Sacella and churches of which they had the patronage. How far we must go back to find the origin of this custom! Long before the Christian era, in the metropolis of the world that was become a city of temples, each patrician family had its privileged gods, whom it already honoured with a building for its own glorification, and where after triumphs it deposited bas-reliefs, the arms that had been won, vases beyond price, statues, spoils from Greece, and the images of ancestors. Other times and another worship have permitted the same manners to survive.

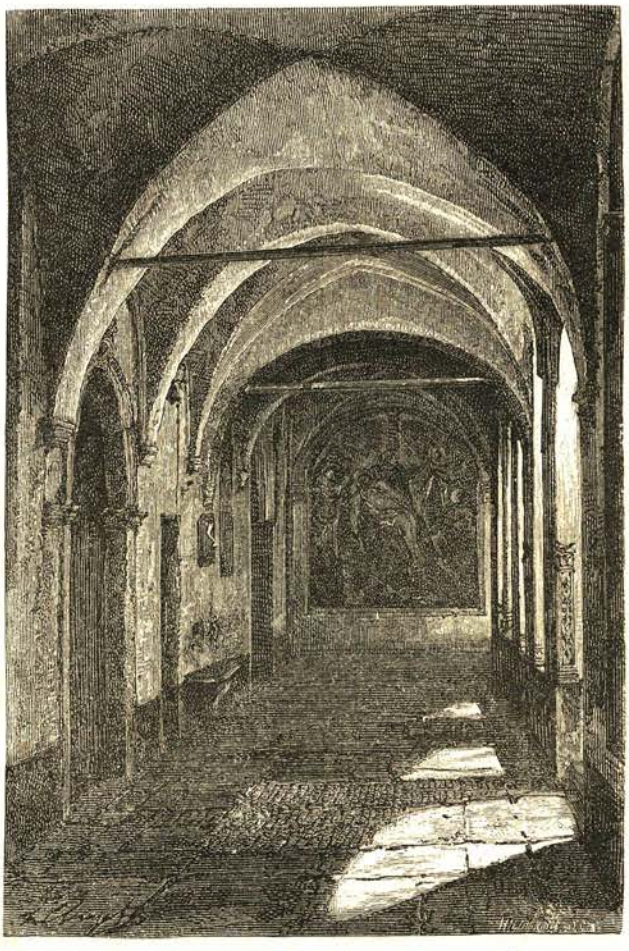
Let us not forget near the pulpits, which are of the twelfth century, and which are remarkable, a tombstone set against the wall, which must oblige the Queen Catherine of Bosnia to sleep standing, widow of that King Stephen whom Mahomet II. had flayed alive; nor, in a chapel to the left, the mausoleum of Philip of Valla, a Florentine monument of rare delicacy. The two weeping genii who bear the scutcheons, the reclining statue, the arabesques of the lower part, are treated with a master-hand. At the bottom of the nave close to the door, the chapel of the Bufalini, at the invitation of St. Bernardin of Sienna, was decorated by Pinturicchio with frescoes which ought to be fixed upon as among the finest inspirations of this genius: the death of the saint, who has had himself laid out in a bier, where he expires in the midst of his religious comrades, is a most skilful composition. This master already attained a style without sacrificing sentiment: it is enough to enable us to recognise him, merely to raise our eyes to the evangelists who are painted on the four compartments of the vault. Camuccini has restored both with talent and discre-



ENTRANCE TO THE CONVENT OF THE ARA CŒLI.

cretion these precious paintings, at which one of the most illustrious artists of a great epoch had worked with love and humility, though knowing well that they would be ill-lighted. Yet one ends by making them out by favour of the brightness of morning, and I have sometimes found an opportunity on my way to the hospitable library of the minor brothers of St. Francis, installed in the convent, which seems to hold itself nicely balanced at the back of the Capitoline slope. You enter by a charming doorway, which admits you to the church as well. I recall wide corridors with ogival vaults tinted with pale gleams of light, along which one would summon the shade of a St. Bruno; as well as a cloister in two tiers, austere, of fine style, which has an air of a Thebaid, three paces away from the Capitol and its museums. The convent, at the time of the jubilee of 1450, when St. Bernardin of Sienna was canonised, received in general chapter three thousand brethren from the houses founded by this blessed patron.

I was doomed in this spot, where it is maintained that Augustus, upon the revelation of an oracle, raised an altar to 'the unknown God born of a virgin'—I was doomed here to see nothing but puerilities, such as the cradle, the Bambino, and infantine preachers. One morning, as I was present at low mass, when two persons were to communicate, as the priest took the holy sacrament out of the tabernacle, and so long as the host was exposed to the sight of the faithful, a good lady who had brought her dog to worship, held its head reverentially hidden under her shawl. The holy ciborium restored to the tabernacle, without discontinuing her prayers she restored her dog to liberty. Surely a great respect for holy things, and a great tolerance too! In Paris, a peevish sacristan, or a Swiss dressed like a colonel, would have hastened to expel the cur with all the solemnity of an exorcism and the violence of an affair of police.



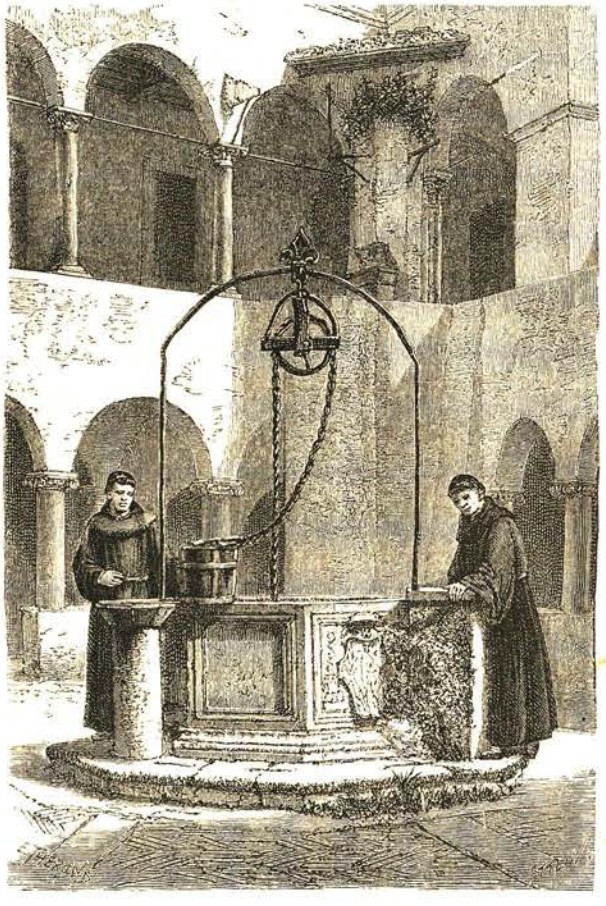
'WIDE CORRIDORS WITH OGIVAL VAULTS.'

IV.

The Tiber, which is rapid, large, and deep, divides into two arms in the midst of Rome, and thus leaves an isle which is tolerably populous; you reach it by a bridge of stone, built by Fabricius, under the Republic; you leave it by the Ponte Cestio, that Valentinian, Valens, and Gratian constructed, to come out upon the right bank, where is that Trasteverine quarter which Ancus Martius fortified against the Etruscans. In the present day the bridge of Fabricius is called Quattro Capi, because they have kept at the extremity of its parapet a couple of Hermes with four faces, which in old days held the balusters of bronze. As for the foot-bridge of Gratian, it is now the bridge of St. Bartholomew, a title borrowed from the adjoining church, of which we shall say a few words, after observing that Rome possesses four ancient bridges, the oldest of which, the Ponte Rotto, was finished under the censorship of Scipio Africanus, and that this city furnished the model of all the stone bridges constructed in the ancient world. St. Bartholomew replaces, at what may be called the stern of the island, a temple to Æsculapius, erected in the year 401 of Rome, an age already respectable; but the isle itself is a historical monument of a more remote century. Its formation, according to a legend mixed up with history, would go back to the expulsion of the Tarquins.

The heats of summer and its glorious nights had ripened the harvests of Tarquinius Superbus, when he was driven out; his vast fields comprised all the space that after-

wards became the Campus Martius, and where is now the city of the popes. After the despot was banished, the people gathered the harvest from his lands and bound it in sheaves, and then with a sudden horror of the heritage of an impure race, they cast them into the Tiber, whose waters were then low. The sheaves thus became heaped together in the middle of the stream on a sand-bank, where they sprouted, and where, packed one upon another, they formed an obstacle to the current which enveloped the cumulus with mud, on which vegetation fastened and which has since been surrounded by a rampart of stone. Some time after, when fevers were depopulating the city, the senate, in obedience to a sibylline oracle, sent presents to the temple of Epidaurus, and the priests of the god handed to the ten deputies from Rome, charged to bring back Æsculapius, a live lizard that had come out of the sanctuary, to the possession of which health and healing belonged.

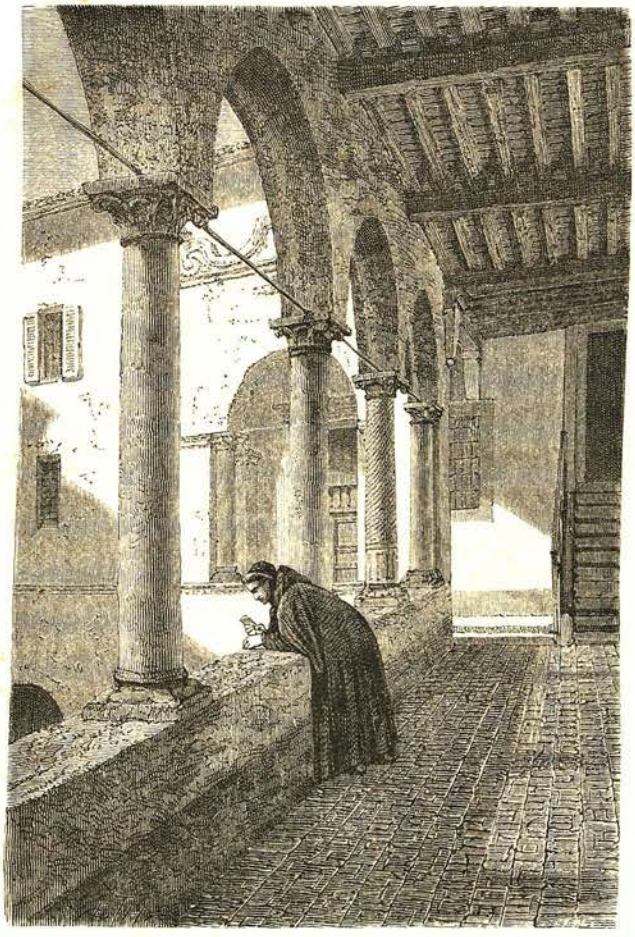


WELL OF THE CONVENT OF THE ARA CŒLI.

On the return from the Peloponnesus, the ships of the Romans ascended the Tiber as far as the promontory of our islet, where it proceeded to moor. As they were preparing to disembark the serpent, attracted by the smell of the earth, it slipped away like a thread of water from the fingers that held it, and glided among the rushes, where it disappeared from sight. The spot was therefore consecrated to Æsculapius, and they built a temple to him on it; moreover, to recall this event and the embassy, consolidating the ground at that end of the island by massive facings of travertine, they gave them the form of the stern of a vessel, which is still preserved, and they sculptured on it a lizard, which the flowing of the water has not yet defaced. Some pretend even that a hospital was erected there at the same time, but there is nothing to support this assertion. However, it is the case that for two or three centuries this sanctuary of Æsculapius has been flanked by two hospices dedicated to St. Bartholomew, to whom his martyrdom in Armenia in the year 71 procures the honour of being the patron of lepers; we know that the apostle of Lycaonia and of India was flayed alive.

The foundation of a hospital in the Island of the Tiber in times half fabulous, close to the Temple of Æsculapius, is rendered very improbable by this reflection, that we can barely conceive the idea of a sanitary establishment without the assistance of medicine. Now the Romans for a very long time admitted no other panacea than the clemency of the gods; Rome had existed for five centuries and a half, when a skilful man from Peloponnesus, Archagathus, son of Lycanias, came and established himself there to practise medicine. Cassius Hemina informs us that they gave him the right of citizenship

with quarters in the Acilian street, but as he employed the knife and fire to wounds, the people conceived an aversion both for surgery and surgeon. Although Dionysius of Halicarnassus mentions at the time of the 82nd olympiad a plague which threw the Roman practitioners into despair, it is more rational to conjecture with Pliny that in the first centuries medical science ranked among the Greek arts which were disdained by Roman gravity. He adds, that for nearly six hundred years the whole physic of the Romans consisted of the use of cabbages, and that Cato knew no other specific. Pompeius prepared an advance in this experimental science by having translated the books of medicine which were found in the palace of Mithridates, and by protecting an asclepiad of a school opposed to that of Hippocrates; he was a Bithynian, and undertook to cure *tuto, celeriter et jucunde.* What could be more attractive? It was among the formularies of Mithridates, who had infallible remedies against all poisons, that they found a composition of an universal antidote, which acted as a preventive for the whole day, on condition that it was taken fasting:—Take two dry nuts, two figs, twenty leaves of rue, and pound the whole with a grain of salt.



UPPER GALLERY OF THE CLOISTER OF THE ARA CŒLI.

In the time of the same Pliny, to cure the jaundice (*morbus regius*), already very common at Rome, they used to make the patients drink an infusion of asses' dung in wine. To make the voice powerful and clear, singers used to eat leeks with oil, and Nero discovered that the best came from Lariccia. In the age of Trajan, Charmis of Marseilles obtained a great reputation by applying lotions, douches, cold immersions, for a number of infirmities, and hence our system of water cure. It was from the Gauls that they got their good receipts, their best dishes, their most comfortable customs; and to prove it by a magnificent example, let us remember that our ancestors in the time of Cæsar taught the Romans how to make mattresses.

It has been asked whether the granite columns which separate the aisles of St. Bartholomew of the Island were not a portion preserved from the Temple of Æsculapius. They are small, which diminishes the improbability; but their too cylindrical proportions seem more recent. Two of these pillars are of the marble called onion-peel; cippolino, and even granite, under the republic before the dictatorship of Sulla, were not in frequent use. It is a church of the early lustra after the year 1000. It has for its gem, and probably for its very reason of being, a large and fine urn of porphyry, on which rests the master-altar and in which are collected the relics of the four martyrs, Bartholomew, Paulinus, Exuperantius, and Marcel, which the Emperor

Otto III. is supposed to have brought to Rome. This church during the last week in December receives also preachers fresh from the nurse, and offers amid a childish setting the spectacle of the Nativity. But its cradle and even that of the Ara Cœli are nothing compared with the one which chance discovered to me on the top of a dungeon. This is the most original, the most popular, and the least known by strangers, for it has never been described by any one.

The Sunday after Christmas, as I was wandering in the Trastevere, I espied in a poor and narrow alley near the corner of the street which leads to San Grisogono, a large, dilapidated, and open gate in a block of extremely black houses. A dungeon planted back arose from the roofs; the crowd out for its Sunday holiday was pressing in, and I followed it. I recognised one of those brick towers raised to defend the town in the times when the barbarians inaugurated the middle age by ruins; dungeons absorbed afterwards by the feudal barons, who quartered themselves there to carry on war against the pope and to harass the citizens. The family who had appropriated this, surrounded it in the fourteenth century by a house whose massive pillars encroach upon the parts of the wall which shut in the Loggia. Compromised by hovels grouped at the sides of a court of the shape of a trapezium, these pieces of architecture have a strange effect, decked out as they are with rags and tatters. The impression is still more lively, when we know that this sink was inhabited by the divine Agnese Colonna whom Petrarch sang. It was from this palace on the 8th of April, 1341, that the senator Ursus Anguillara, the husband of this celebrated beauty, came forth to ascend the Capitol to crown the poet. I was, then, at the foot of the dungeon and in the forgotten enclosure of the Anguillara, one of those old names which matched with the Orsini, the Colonna, the Gaetani—an almost extinguished celebrity that the fine book of Gregorovius on the Roman middle age has just restored to light.

Under a paved slope, suspended like the arch of a bridge, and which from the bottom of the court reaches as high as the first story, a glass-blower has set up with his furnace a complete apparatus for moulding bottles; it is he who has spread a fine gauze of soot over this pile of wall and roof. The flying skirts of the Trasteverine women who climbed the approach to the dungeon in front of me, the white frocks of the monks, the tunics of the soldiers, the many-coloured aprons and bright sleeves of the stout matrons of Albano, with their hair dressed in silver filigree, came out all the better for these smoky tints: they all went to the mysterious tower like the procession in some legend of enchantment. In the interior are narrow dilapidated staircases, on which the people going up pressed hilariously against those wanting to come down. After many efforts, as with the notion that I should come out upon a platform, I took the last steps of the escarped belvedere, they ended at the entry of a low cavern, with holes in it here and there, and outside of which I perceived the horizons of a fantastical landscape. This grotto, constructed on the top of a tower, contains valleys and lakes that mirror banks animated by miniature villages, beyond which the eye of the spectator sees retreating to the horizon the Palatine, the Aventine, the Cœlian, the Janiculum, the monuments and the mountains of the real Roman Campagna. The cattle of the size of mice, the huts of this Cosmos built for inmates seven inches high, lend to the real distances gigantic proportions; perceived at the end of a lawn of green cloth where shepherds adore the miraculous star, the Colosseo gives terrible justification for its name. Under light softened by rose-coloured transparencies in the centre of the grotto, slumbered the infant Jesus in rose-coloured wax, surrounded by his kinsfolk and his ordinary court, composed of kings and

shepherds. The spectators were moved with fervour and dumb with admiration. Happily there were only at the cradle young monks, fine lasses from the country, old soldiers, children, and myself. Transported with delight in all simplicity, we passed from one rustic house to another; and from the peaks to the plain, we followed little boats on the rivers of glass; we saw before their doors artizans at work putting hoops round little barrels that a tear of St. Peter would have filled, or drawing threads through tiny sandals that Queen Mab might have put on.

KEEP OF THE ANGUILLARA.

It is maintained, and I should not be much surprised if it were true, that the blameless Francis of Assisi is the inventor of these diversions. At any rate the cradle *sull' antica torre degli Anguillara* is one of the oldest; the poets of the people have consecrated sonnets and odes to it. The sight of so many masterpieces, of so many splendours with which Rome is filled, never prejudices among primitive natures the instincts of curiosity; I understand it all the better, as I myself found an incontestable

charm in this amusement of recalling the earliest impressions of infancy, as I admired a population of puppets in fantastic landscapes, called forth under a cavern of cork, by magicians who have no quarrel at the school of fine arts.

V.

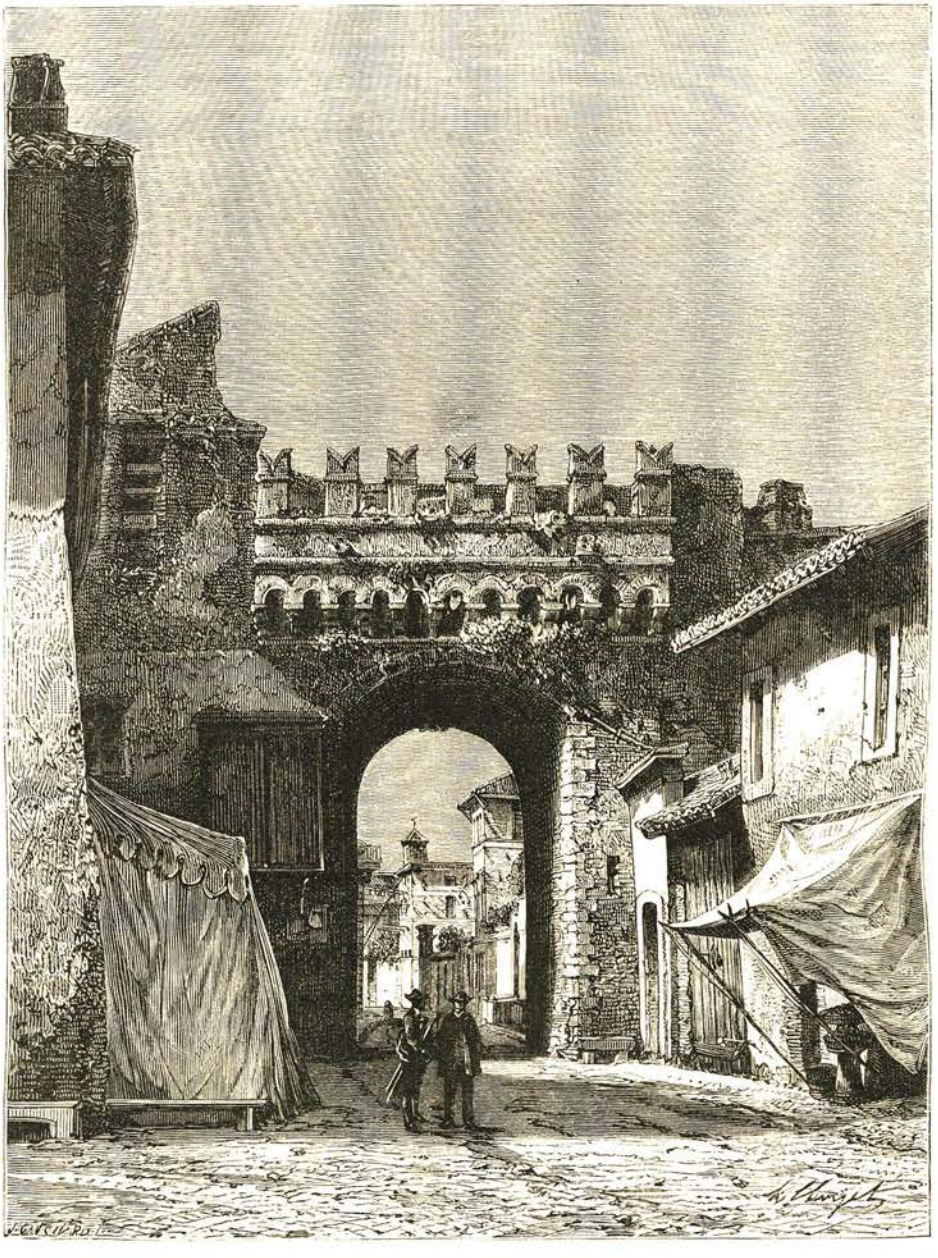
It is before the not very interesting church of St. Eustace, and in the street of the Caprettari that the end of the Christmas festival takes place, concluding with the rejoicings of the Epiphany, or the day of the kings. These small spaces, irregular, long, choked, contrived in the midst of a labyrinth of alleys between the Pantheon and the piazza Navona, are the theatre of a popular diversion which opens on the 5th of January, and is prolonged throughout the entire octave. The mise-en-scène is of a gothic simplicity. Round the piazza booths are set up in the open air, where they sell an immense number of dancing-jacks, punchinellos from Naples, and grotesques of every sort; earthenware bells with a sweet ring, little drums, steel trumpets, Bambini of coloured plaster, and so on; they present too fried pinocchi and confetti, and things fried in oil, the equivocal incense offering of the solemnity.

At the third hour after the vinti-quattro, the crowd collects at the approaches of St. Eustace; everybody is provided with noisy instruments, and until after midnight this assembly, which includes every class as well as every age, moves and tosses about with immense tumult in the narrow space; all try, along the illuminated street where they are trampling and elbowing one and other, who shall produce the most formidable uproar. They whistle, they howl, they imitate by means of calls the cries of savage beasts, they stamp and bellow, they push and are pushed; the tumult is diabolical, the image of violence is on every side, but there is no temper; brawls are uncommon, and it would be to fail in the etiquette of this feast of unreason to get up a quarrel. At the end of two hours of their orgies for the ear, deafened, giddy, and as if intoxicated, you are seized with convulsive laughter; you cry and shout without knowing why, and sometimes even without knowing it. All this goes on before that famous university which Leo X. installed in a palace begun by Michelangelo; and while the Romans deliver themselves to this debauch of riot, to this delirium without a name, the gleaming of the torches brings out over their heads, on the front of a window over the great gate of the palace, this versicle from the psalmist: *Initium Sapientiæ Timor Domini.* It is actually this old inscription which gives the university of Rome a grave and noble name, the college Della Sapienza.

VI.

I had been present at so many church ceremonies, at so many civic festivals, that I was impatient to discover at the villa of the Farnese the divinities of Olympus, those finished models of the perfect form, so prodigal of attractions for initiating mortals into the science of the beautiful. It was then with a certain satisfaction that, remaining in the tranquil region of the Trastevere, in order to gain the perpective of the Lungara, I passed under the choked archway and dovetail battlements which in the middle age travestied the Porta Settimiana, which got its name from the father of Geta, which was restored by Alexander VI., and then condemned under Urban VI. to be no more than an ornament of the quarter.

In the Farnesina palace that Peruzzi built for a friend of Raphael, for the banker Agostino Chigi who survived him by only a few days, we come upon that pagan Renaissance which so dazzled the Valois. Described as a villa, although it is in the city nearly in the front of the Corsini palace, but because it is in a garden, the Farnesina has a very gloomy aspect from the outside. The purity of the lines and pinnacles impresses an eternal youth on the edifice, which for all that has a dilapidated kind of physiognomy;



LA PORTA SETTIMIANA IN THE TRASTEVERE.

the neglected aspect of the uncultivated grounds contributes to the same impression. 'Tis the entry of a paradise lost, and has the melancholy of all deserted spots made beautiful by the sensation of felicity that we have only to regret. As soon as you pass the staircase to enter the most unfurnished-looking rooms that were ever seen, we triumph rapidly enough over the chill which centuries of abandonment have spread over them; for twelve great subjects designed and begun by Raphael, and then executed by the eagles of his school, fill the roof of the vast hall which serves for vestibule. And

what an adorable subject have these great men exhibited! It is the romance of Psyche, which Apuleius recounted with that elegant scepticism, that picked imagery, and those delicacies of feeling relieved by wit, which mark the beginning of ages of decline. They no longer believe in greatness, and the gods are obliged to turn themselves into good folks like the rest of us, if they would gain a licence to continue to live; tender secrets replace mysteries, and it was in the sacred woods that mysticism chose its last asylum. The African poet of Madaura travelled through Greece and visited the East; he had stayed in Rome at a time when the travels of Adrian had brought into fashion a taste for running about the world; as from people to people he touched upon incongruous theogonies, at the same time that the aspirations of the Christian myth were beginning to soften the spirit, he was seized with that slightly mocking doubt which is the philosophy of the people who have seen much, and which in the soul of a poet is preserved from dryness by the attractions of nature and the freshness of his creations. It is thus that Apuleius introduces the gods upon the scene, in the romance of those two childhoods in which he has symbolized desire and ideal—matter and spirit; this love shut within the shadow of curiosity is continued by the struggle, it ends by invading Olympus, by subjugating the councils of the immortals, and the court of Jupiter consecrates the dogma of the supremacy of the soul, of pure and infinite love. Inspired by the fables of Miletus, the symbolical poem of an epoch, in which it marks the definite term of epopee, this book, or rather this episode, Psyche,—such is the subject that Raphael adopted. In choosing this theme, the painter of Madonnas remembers that in passing from the school of the Neo-platonists into the catacombs, the myth of Psyche had become the symbol of the human soul regenerated by sacrifice and trial.

Let us not fail to observe how far our painters of the time of Leo X. were marked out for such an enterprise. Ideas in their time ascended the current which Apuleius had descended; the two inspirations must meet midway. In fact, just as the thinkers of the time of the Antonines bequeathed paganism to the service of poets, in like manner the artists of the Renaissance revived paganism only for the profit of poetry and the arts. To open such reflections is to define the character of that history of Psyche, which is so well translated at the Farnese palace. That these subjects and the allegorical figures of the friezes have been touched up and refreshed in part under the pencil of Carlo Maratti, which for that matter is both skilful and respectful,—these are accidents that we cannot dispute; but the conception was so full of life and freedom, that this illustration of the fable of Apuleius has preserved nearly all its striking qualities. In a small picture, where Cupid presents his bride to the Graces, the back of one of the three sisters is a miracle of execution, and accordingly this figure has been attributed to Raphael alone. She is so beautiful and her companions are so full of charm that the artist, vanquished by himself, renounced the idea of placing Psyche in the same frame, and Love points out to the Graces an absent rival.

Two great compositions divide the ceiling; the Marriage of Psyche, the piece which has suffered most from retouching, and the Assembly of the Gods, where the figure of Mercury, that of Cupid, and the head of Venus, are of exquisite line. The accessory subjects, distributed above the friezes by triangular coffer work framed by thick garlands of flowers, plants, and fruit, upon an azure sky, are perhaps superior to the two large pictures. The incidents of this drama of sentiment have a grace that is so favourable to painting. Venus, irritated that a mortal should dare to love her son, shows her to him with contempt, hinting to him to plunge her into an unworthy passion. Disobeyed,

abandoned even by Juno and Ceres, the goddess with adorable airs goes to complain to Jupiter. Vain intrigues; sustained by three Genii or Virtues, Psyche, astonished and smiling, traverses the air with the gifts of Proserpine, that with ingenuous mien she will present to the angry Venus. Finally, by the command of Jupiter, Psyche, brought back by Mercury, will come to unite herself with Cupid, after the irresistible infant shall have pleaded his cause upon the knees of the master of the gods. This vigorous and free piece reminds one of certain freaks of the audacious naturalism which delights Michelangelo.

This decoration is in the taste of our time, yet Greece would have admired it. The simple and rich disposition of so enormous a painting completes that feast for the eyes which is helped by a series of little Cupids, charged with showing how their patron mocks all those gods whom men have compounded of their own weaknesses. Sprightly, insolent with life and beauty, they make, across the empyrean, a plaything of the immortals as well as of their attributes, and they tease with impunity the most ferocious beasts. One of these sprites covers himself in playful naughtiness with the buckler of Minerva; another, the prettiest of them, bestrides Cerberus, brandishing the trident of Pluto. For is not love stronger than death itself?

Other objects of admiration are arranged in the neighbouring saloon. It is there that Galatea sails in a shell drawn by dolphins; there is placed that famous fresco of Raphael which has been so often copied, and which Richomme, an unfaithful interpreter, has made popular with us in an engraving where, like a grammarian, he has corrected the master. The Farnese, when they possessed this villa, understood well the worth of such a gem; to throw it into relief they left the stage empty on the panels right and left, which were confined to the office of bounding the gulf in which Galatea sports. These spaces contribute further to concentrate interest on the work of Raphael; they tranquillise the eye without soliciting attention, and the giant Cyclops who contemplates his rebel from a distance, hardly disturbs the quiet more than a rock would do.

Sebastian del Piombo, to whom they attribute the Polyphemus, does himself more honour with the small frescoes of the slumbering Admetus from whom his daughter is plucking the golden tress that makes him invincible, and with the Fall of Icarus. The merit of this painter, whose tone is generally too violent, is that he harmonizes here by a certain softness with the key of Raphael. His Juno on a car drawn by two peacocks, which is placed above the Galatea, is not too entirely eclipsed by so formidable a proximity. The painting is supple and blonde; the movement of the figure, the beauty of the head and neck, the line of the shoulder and the arm have an elegance that is particularly rare with this master, whom his passion for Michelangelo made hard and sombre. Among his works at Rome, I only found here the graces of a Madonna that I had admired, and that few persons go in search of, at Venice in the church of St. John Chrysostom, near the Rialto.

VII.

We have described as confronting the Farnesina villa, the ancient palace of the Riari, that rich line of the sister of Sixtus IV., the first pontiff who formally by political alliances and large appanages erected his family into a dynasty. Enlarged and decorated anew under Clement XII., whose name it has retained, this mansion when they acquired it, had

witnessed the death of Queen Christina of Sweden. One must visit this palace, its splendid library, its apartments so rich in souvenirs and objects of art, and especially its vast gallery of paintings which fill nine saloons, and which teach one to conceive how deeply the eye can be offended and the spirit thrown into discomfort by an agglomeration of mediocre pieces where there is no invention or originality, and which, turning upon monotonous subjects, follow one another like so many third-hand imitations. Nowhere can you perceive to better effect the dangers of evil companionship for true masterpieces. There are some, even a considerable number, in the Corsini palace, but the dulled eye discerns no greatness, and the attention loses its hold and is lost.

It is then a worthy task to point out not those false Madonnas of Andrea del Sarto which are at the best by Puligo, nor that Holy Family of Fra Bartolommeo, so retouched that it might well be signed Legion; nor that portrait of Julius II., of which assuredly Raphael never superintended the copy; nor those false Vandykes, nor those little pictures attributed to Michelangelo; nor so many other apocryphal pieces; but some of the works of the highest merit which honour these vast galleries which the Corsini princes have insisted upon overfilling. We have noted what comes out of the common, and nothing makes one so severe as having to glean among tares. I will remark three Heads of Christ, spiritless in different ways, but yet not without beauty, by Carlo Dolci, Guido, and Guerchino: the last has the palm in an academic competition which owes to this a part of its interest;—an Interior of a Butcher's Shop by D. Teniers, of a degree of reality that would make Chardin and Ribera grow pale—a prodigious piece, if it had not been retouched.

In the fourth saloon are found, among twelve small subjects, the originals by Jacques Callot of a charming and famous series, that engraving has spread far and wide, the Miseries of War. The painting is extremely smooth, a little cold in tone, a little over-finished, but of clear design and delicate nicety of touch. By the side of a Hare by Albert Dürer, painted so that you can nearly count the hairs, is found a small and exquisite piece, the Judgment of Paris by Giulio Romano. His master never did better; he would perhaps have had less accent. Benedetto Lutti left here a good portrait of Cardinal Corsini (Clement XII.). If a pitiable copy of the pretended Fornarina of the Uffizi could be attributed to Sanzio, Raphael would be extremely inferior to Lutti, that almost posthumous offshoot of the Florentine school. Let us not quit this room without mentioning two precious monuments: a silver cup, a gem of Greek art, round which a clever designer has figured in bas-relief Orestes judged by the Areopagus, an admirable piece of a very fine epoch; secondly, an Etruscan seat of marble, very massive, on the open back of which two processions are carved one above the other, the one of mounted warriors, the other of a wild boar-hunt. Round the base are carved various scenes. All this is extremely skilful, from the point of view of the carving, of attitude, and of movement, and very curious for the history of costume; the cavaliers recall the art that was contemporary with Phidias. Only we must not suppose out of deference for the authors who have spoken of this *Cathedra*, that it ever served for a curule chair as they pretend; no curule chair was ever made of marble, for that would have needed an elephant to carry.

The adjoining apartment, which was the bedroom of Christina of Sweden, is lighted by two windows that open on to a small garden; the alcove is figured by the abutment of an arch, taking its supports from an architrave borne by two fluted columns, stuccoed and painted, with gilded Corinthian capitals. Between these pillars expired on the 19th of April, 1689, that famous woman, who had the nature of an artist, and genius without

an object, a creature of fancy, straying so marvellously out of a royal line as to be an enigma for all time. On the arched ceiling of this room small frescoes of the sixteenth century succeed one another, representing the stories of the Bible. The walls are adorned with some interesting pieces, among them three studies painted from nature by Guido Reni, for his famous Christ on the Cross in the Museum of Bologna: the heads which served for St. John, for the Magdalen, and for the principal figure, are very superior to the too ambitious interpretation of the picture itself. Let us recount besides a Holy Family of Rosso, a soft painter and yet sufficiently firm; also an exquisite little bronze of the Florentine school, the St. Sebastian.

A small saloon devoted to portraits, contains some precious canvasses, which have unluckily for the most part been retouched. They set down to Titian the Sons of Charles V., Ferdinand and Philip; the two children, standing and clad in grey, make a group of a delicate and subtle harmony. Rubens is represented by two fine studies of bearded models; Holbein and Rembrandt by good portraits; the Cardinal Farnese of Titian is a most magisterial piece; Monsignor Ghiberti, painted by Giulio Romano, is one of the firmest and most living portraits in the world. I was astonished to find among the princes Corsini, a family of Florentine origin, and set down to Bronzini, a portrait of the Duke Ferdinand de' Medici classed in this way: 'Portrait of Cardinal Bibbiena.' The picture no more recalls Bronzini, than the son of Cosmo I. is like Cardinal Bibbiena, so well known by the portrait of Raphael.

Going on we come to a triptych of which the panels represent, one the Descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles, and the other the Assumption. They give one pleasure, but the central subject, a Last Judgment of Fra Angelico, is one of the purest visions of this mystical master. He has given the Christ the traditional gesture transmitted by Orgagna to Michelangelo who brutalised it; the figures of the angels, of St. Augustin, the Portrait of Nicholas V., raised into glory among the blessed by a grateful friendship, are all adorable miniatures. This little panel is one of the most important works of the holy artist that Rome has got, and it may give a complete idea of the feeling of that unique painter to those who have never lived at Florence. From Fiesole to Rubens the contrast is violent; his St. Sebastian, from whose body the pitying angels are withdrawing the arrows, is a mannered work which has decidedly faded. Near this a Virgin with easy and amiable expression, of which Murillo has made such constant use, lifts to her knee a child whose head is too ample by a good third. To understand the science and design of this cherub of Spain, it is necessary to see how he fares in the company of the Italians.

We have spoken elsewhere of a fresco of Polydore of Caravaggio, which, on the façade of the Camuccini palace, pourtrays the tragedy of the Children of Niobe; the cartoons of this great work are in the Corsini palace, in a saloon where I will also point out a fine painting of a namesake and kinsman, Ercole Grandi of Ferrara, who lived to 1531, while the better-known author of the pictures of San Petronio at Bologna died in 1513. Like the last, the other and nearly anonymous Grandi was one of the most delicate masters of that school at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Since recent inquiries have revealed this artist, it has been necessary to restore to him various pieces attributed either to his kinsman or to F. Francia, whose feeling and manner he made his own even better than Lorenzo Costa, his actual master. This painter figures in no biography; he executed some works, since destroyed, at the Cathedral of Bologna, where his rivals stole his drawings in the very church, which discouraged him so that he

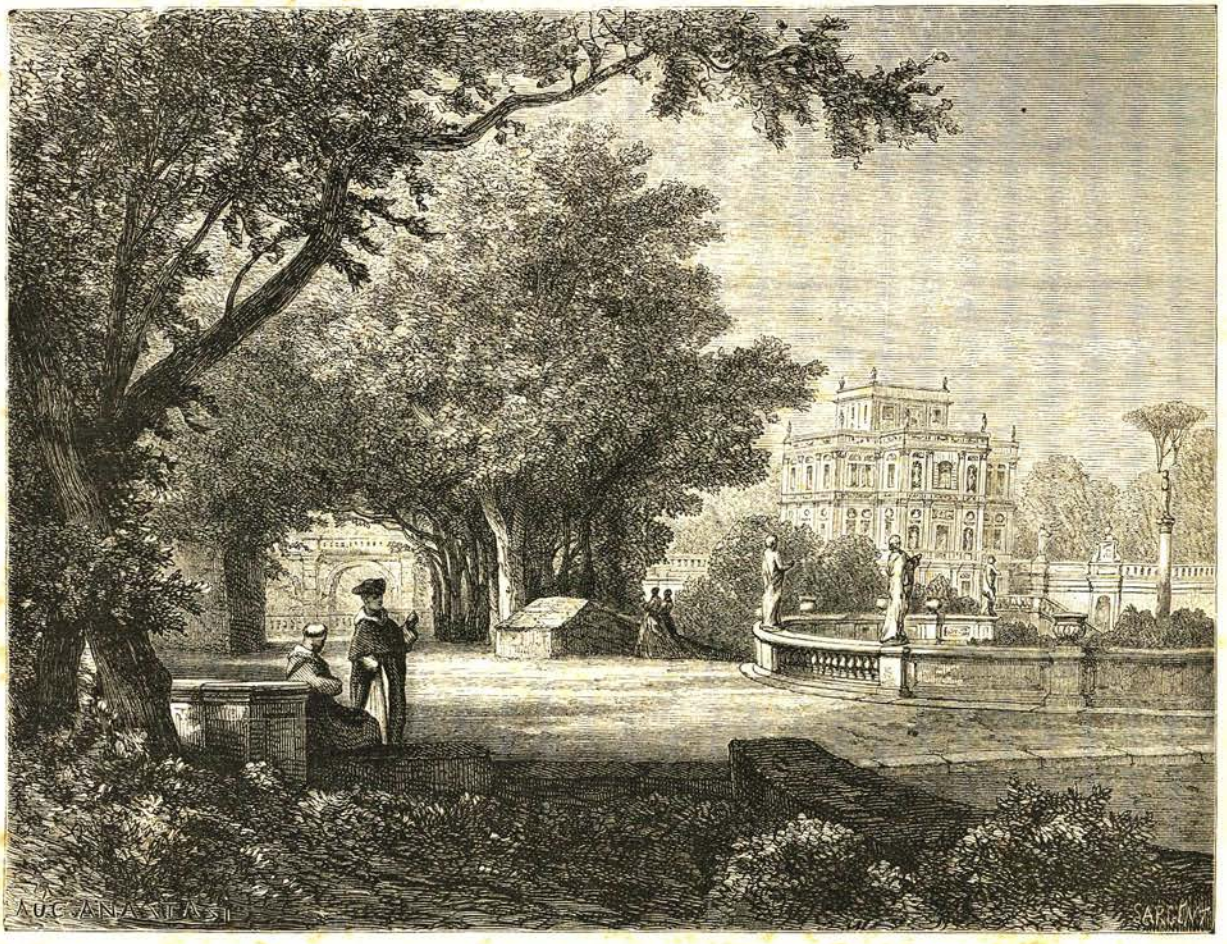
returned to Ferrara. The painting of the Corsini palace represents St. George over throwing a very ludicrous imp in the midst of a feudal landscape, arranged so as to introduce a crenellated castle with postern and drawbridge; in the background St. Margaret is on her knees. This form of the *ex voto* is original: the George and the Margaret, chatelains symbolized in front of their battlements, found an ingenious interpreter with a spirit at once proud and tender. The paladin in his armour is planted gracefully on his palfrey; the rural background is singular and of a luminous calm; the style, with a greater charm, recalls the small equestrian archangels of Raphael; the depth and brilliance of the Venetian colouring heighten the charm of the painting. The error of the common attribution of it is all the more flagrant as the initials of the painter are inscribed on the horse of St. George. A picture of the Nativity, ascribed to Garofalo, will furnish material for another correction; it belongs to Ortolano, a very rare master, of whom the note is sadder, the execution closer, and who also studied under Lorenzo Costa, where he had for a comrade Garofalo, with whom he has been frequently confounded. Ortolano was saved from the gallows by the Duke of Ferrara, after the assassination of a rival in love, a recollection that left to the artist a weight of remorse that made the rest of his life sombre to him. This may be observed from his portrait in the museum of the Louvre, painted by himself, somewhat smaller than life, with a brown cape on his shoulder and a pink in his hand. The daisy recalls the worthy and candid Garofalo, but that pale head, with dark and restless eye, and vividly coloured, is the portrait of Ortolano.

When Domenichino had finished the Chase of Diana, of the Borghese Palace, he copied over again one of the naked nymphs who surround the goddess, then dipping her in the springs of Siloe, he placed behind her on trunks of trees, two grey-beard heads, and thus the attendant of Diana became the Chaste Susannah of the Corsini Palace. Let us point out, in conclusion, a magnificent Interior of a Sheepfold, by Teniers, a work *di primo cartello*, if it had only been less retouched; next passing disdainfully before two apocryphal Poussins, let us admire with disgust the horrible Prometheus of Salvator Rosa, gnawed by the vulture who tears his bowels; and then let us look with more complacency at four charming landscapes of his young days, where calm and dreamy nature looks on at hordes fighting. I would not speak of the Virgin, of Carlo Cignani, to whom an angel, the symbol of her presentiments, offers the instruments of the future fate of her son still unborn, if Paul Delaroche had not been inspired by the subject, which he has enlarged by graver and more formal intention. With the anacreontic tastes of Cignani, an angel is Cupid, who would play as well with roses as with nails and the crown of thorns.

Perhaps we should have discovered more gems in these ample galleries, if we had not been compelled to fish for pearls in troubled water; the Corsini princes would have been all the better advised if they had been content with the choice works, as their palace, so superior to a merely rich residence, is an exceptional place, a real institution. From a respect for luxury and the beautiful, that is very common among these noble families, founded and constantly illustrated by intelligence, not by the brutalities of war, and continued in their original traditions of cultivation, the distinguishing characteristic of the Roman princes, the Corsini have consecrated their reception rooms to the splendours of art, and the whole of the first story of the gorgeous palace of Clement XII. to the various collections. The show-rooms are even more numerous and more spacious than the galleries; ancient Florentine brocades displayed as hangings, historical furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, boudoirs furnished in *vernis Martin*, testify to

true luxury of ancient date. In the immense concert-room, seven lustres of Venetian crystal with many-coloured flower-work extend over the head of the visitor the brightness of some arbour with a foliage of diamonds. But the marvel of the Corsini palace is its rich and imposing library, possessing precious manuscripts, and where, in an enormous room given up to engravings, are found the engraved and, very often, complete works of the rarest masters. Every day of the week, except Wednesday, these collections are placed at the disposal of the public; young men and scholars may work in this establishment, which is better warmed in winter than most private houses, and which is attended by a staff directed by a librarian, who is appointed by Prince Corsini with the approbation of the Pope.

These rich domains and princely appanages, in the city as well as in the provinces,



VIEW OF THE VILLA PAMPHILI-DORIA.

these enormous fiefs granted by the sovereign pontiffs to their nephews, have been of advantage, not only to the arts, but to civilization, to the public security, to education, and to the life of cities. When people declaim against the nepotism of these sovereigns, they forget that the burdens and the charges undertaken by the pontifical families were the troublesome conditions of donations and investitures. A personage thus provided for, found himself under an obligation to establish a church, a convent, a hospital, farms, or colleges, and to place all his luxury, his books, and his garden, at the disposition of the people. He was obliged to pay for a staff of attendants, to undertake for a whole district of the city the expense of ædileship, to have agents for the discharge of police duties, and to pay even the surgeons and apothecaries for all his retainers. On his country estates the lord had to construct or maintain roads, to make water-channels or

dykes, to clear wood, and rebuild chapels, if any were wanted for the celebration of worship. Let us remark, that in a city that was poor, and that was day by day becoming poorer, full of horrible dens and vague properties, the donations were then the only means of setting up a protective administration. Powerful but responsible, with feudal engagements towards the pope and his successors, these lordships formed so many rich administrative divisions. People had in them, in what is peculiarly the land of hierarchies, hereditary governors, and no prescription has so far liberated them. Let us remember, that when they left Avignon, the sovereign pontiffs found at Rome no more than 17,000 souls scattered over their city; and it was with the assistance of kinsmen, to whom they bequeathed their pious designs along with their treasure, that the popes set all in order again. Such is the weight of the obligations that still weigh by hereditary titles on a number of appanages, that in 1848 some impoverished owners, being no longer able to meet them, hoped that the revolution would relieve them of their feudal tenure, leaving them as simple owners in their estates.

As one looked in these palaces upon the galleries, the ceilings of masters, the Venetian mirrors with their enwreathed cupids by Mario de' Fiori, one stays for a moment on the threshold of an apartment which is of a simpler, graver richness, where fauteuils are placed in a circle under a royal canopy with the pontifical arms; it is the chamber of the pope. Many people have been tempted to smile before this apparent proof of the pretentious vanity of the proprietor, but it is a mistake. This canopy, this figured throne, these cushions, are the demonstrations of vassalage; the holy father is at home in the palace of the heirs of his predecessors, he is the fixed ancestor of all the branches of the pontifical family; his chair at their hearths recalls and consecrates the delegation of so many appanages which are held from him. Generally the fauteuil on which the holy father has sat, on the occasion of any solemn reception, is not used again; and lest any profane person should come and install himself in it, it is turned to the wall.

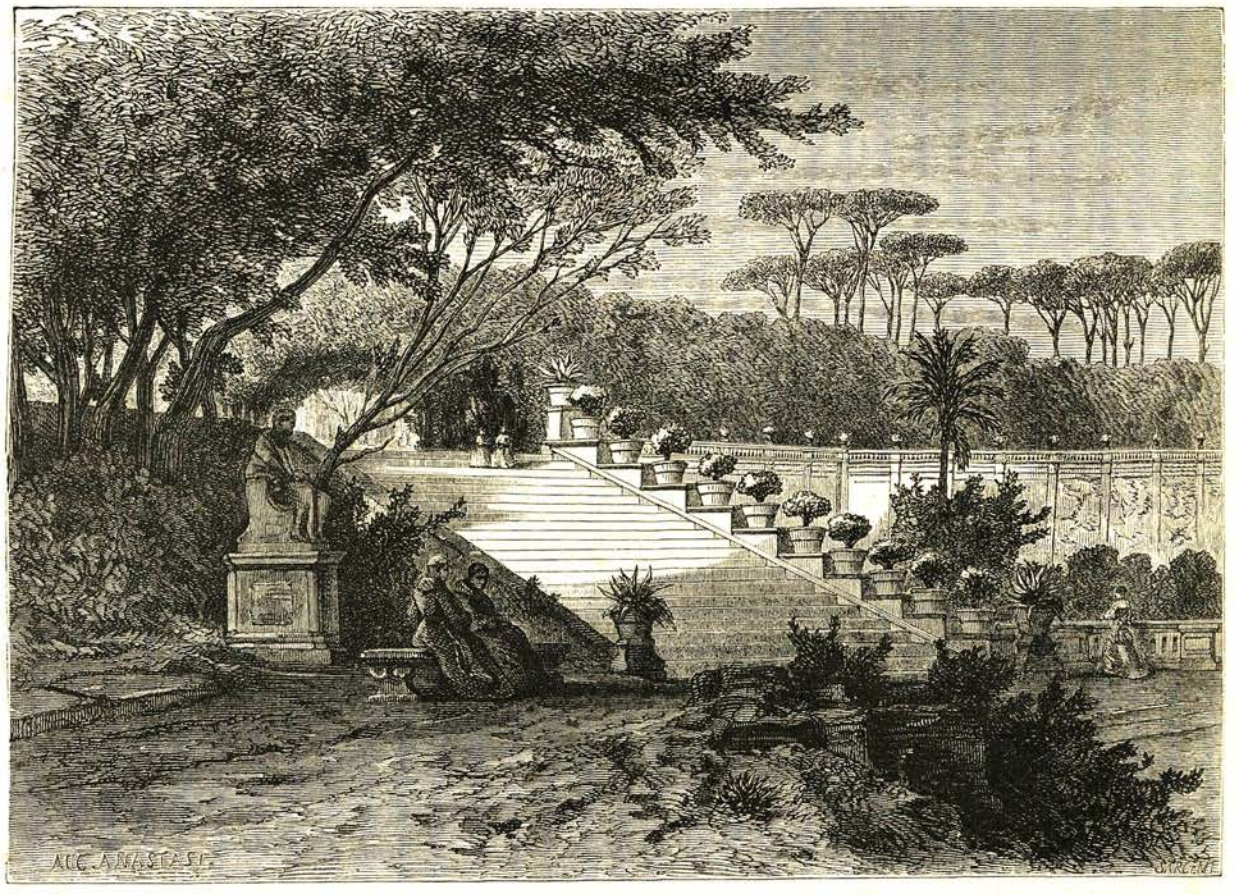
VIII.

To see again for a few moments green fields and fresh waters after one has been so busy exploring a city, to end under the shade of trees a day where one has summoned up all the visions of mythology in company with Raphael, and laboriously scanned the frames of a gallery, is a temptation that a man hardly resists, especially if you remember that the Farnese and the palace of the Corsini are not far from one of those fairy works where the mind is so ready to call up the divinities of woods and fountains.

You know, reader, that in the Roman Campagna the small properties described elsewhere as orchards, meadows, lodges, are called vineyards; hence so many bas-reliefs and statues found *among the vines*. A garden is a very different thing. This term often means enormous spaces, comprising groves, meadows, hills, ponds, and rivers, with ruins and scattered monuments; such are the Pamphili gardens on the site of those of Galba. Under the rampart of Rome, a few yards from the gate of St. Pancras, of warlike memory, they present the close dales, the woody shades, the plantations of genuinely rural solitude. As the approach to the domain is at the back of the plateau which bounds Rome on this side, you no sooner enter the park than the city disappears from the horizon, except towards the north, where at the extremity of a valley shut in between hills rises solitary

the enormous mass of St. Peter, flanked by the Vatican, and framed on every side by meadows, fields, and gentle slopes, like a colossal Chartreuse lost in the midst of a Thebaid. Between the rose-hued Soracte and the Monte Mario, the dome rises into the clouds supported by masses of trees and bounded by the Leonine city, which winds across the slope, its lands of brick running from distance to distance by keeps of the ninth century.

The ruins of a villa restored in the manner of a triumphal arch, furnish an approach at present to those groves of oak, of planes, of great spreading pines. At the back of these wooded plains, long avenues spread out unseen by the day, aisles in which the birds sing, and dividing a slope at the end of which the plain extends far out of sight, a kind of



GARDENS OF THE PAMPHILI VILLA.

solid ocean which the other ocean made level in old times. This shady labyrinth, which goes up and down by turns, will show you the snows of the Apennines through the breaks in the trees; to perspectives of verdure will succeed perspectives of water. Under the cool freshness of the waters and the tall trees the grass gets a fineness and brightness which recall the Alps; in the dawn of spring, the anemones, violets, periwinkles, primroses, and cyclamen, display their mosaic on the turf. Further off the walls of the embankment are crowned with camellias; the arabesques of the parterres of the flower beds, the enamel of their compartments, which frame bas-reliefs and statues, cause the surprises of art to come upon the poem of nature.

You recognise, from having seen it in pictures, a certain semicircle of architecture reflected with its garlands of trees in a sheet of water; the rest is unforeseen and causes new sensations; you believe you walk in a dream. The gardens of Rome were assuredly

thus in the time of Virgil and the poets of the Empire. Tasso lost himself in such spots, before painting the Eden in which the paladin Rinaldo forgot his glory at the feet of Armida. These Pamphili gardens, their silence, their mystery, the prodigality which has gathered together the plants of every climate, the melancholy and distant points of view which appeal beyond eye and thought,—all cradles you in the reminiscences of an ideal existence, which you seem to have lived and to be regretting. Even if you were to stray there surrounded by all that you love, you would still have aspirations for what cannot be attained; and if you had about you the most joyous of your friends, though there should be only one wanting, he who never returns, you would feel deserted in this Thessalian vale of the Pamphili Villa.

It was by the flowery slopes of this paradise that the soldiers of Oudinot, at the time of the capture of Rome in 1849, rushing from the head-quarters of our army, established at the entrance of the plain at the Contucci villa, mounted for the final assaults at the end of the month of June. Supported on the right by the slope which preserved them from the fire of the ramparts, they went up these ways chequered all along by pools and little cascades, whilst above their heads the wall was breached. Towards the Porta San Pancrazio, which was destroyed then and has since been rebuilt by Pius IX., the rampart was opened by artillery, and emerging from the cover our soldiers rushed in. But they had not foreseen the obstacle of the walls of Aurelian which arrested them, and from which they were driven back with considerable loss to the Pamphili Gardens. Three other breaches had to be made on the road of the Porta Portese, and it was by the largest of them, which is recognisable from the two others by the lighter shade of the bricks, that Colonel Espinasse entered, the same who eleven years later become general, minister, and senator, gave his life in Italy like the youngest soldier. The eternal city was once more taken by the Gauls.

Many Frenchmen were left under the lily and asphodel of the Pamphili Villa; Prince Philip Andrew Doria has consecrated in the park a magnificent burial-place to the warriors who sleep under the spreading wings of the pines. On tablets of white marble figure the names of the soldiers who fell at the gates of Rome which they had never seen; their epitaphs would be perhaps less touching if they were better.

GARDENS OF THE PAMPHILI VILLA.

ST. JOHN OF THE FLORENTINES.—TRASTEVERINE BANK.—SLOPE OF THE JANICULUM.—HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

CHAPTER X.

Santa Maria sopra Minerva; epitaph of Fra Angelico by Nicholas V.—Statue of Leo X.; his portrait by a prisoner of Chillon.—Francis I. and Charles V. at the feet of the Pope.—Pre-Raphaelite rarities: Cosimato, Filippino Lippi and Sermonetta; Benozzo of Forli, Verrocchio, Mino da Fiesole, &c.—The architecture of the Jesuits and the sepulchral shrine of St. Ignatius at the church Del Gesù.—Souvenir of the time of Sulla.—Chapel of the novitiate.—Stephen Monnot (*Bisontinus*).—How Bernini conceived St. Theresa in ecstasy.—Visits to Domenico Zampieri on a rainy day,—to St. Sylvester of the Quirinal,—to St. Andrew della Valle,—to St. Charles in Catinari.—Tomb of the Father Ventura.—Origin of the word Theatin.—The first printing press at Rome.—Daniel of Volterra and Horace Vernet, apropos of Holophernes.—How the Massimi descend from Fabius Maximus.—Rubens at Santa Maria in Vallicella.—Origin of oratorio.—The managing Father of the Philippines.—Halt at St. John of the Florentines.—Instruction in the Roman College.—Collections of Father Kircher and of Cardinal Zelada:—caricature of an Assyrian soldier in campaign;—Greek and Etruscan curiosities, &c.—Primitive coins and their symbols.—What became of the sword of the Constable of Bourbon.—Porta Maggiore.—First public bake-houses; the manufacture of bread under Tiberius.—Minerva Medica.—The nympheum of Severus; Amphitheatre Castrense.—Rustic point of view on the Sette Sale.—Botanical lesson by a gardener.—The baths of Titus.—Nero's house.—First painters of Rome (Etruscan period); First decline (Greek school).—St. Martin ai Monti.—The ancient basilica of Constantine at the Vatican.

I.

THERE are in Italy a dozen churches which, like Santa Croce and Santa Maria Novella of Florence, like the dome of Sienna, like St. Clement and Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, are for architecture, painting, and sculpture, true museums by the aid of which one might unfold all the annals of modern art. Such is the church of the Dominicans, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, so called because it replaces a temple erected by Pompeius to the Virgin of paganism. This monument ought to be most frequently visited, for it is close to the Pantheon, in the centre of the city and at the side of the enormous hotel where most Frenchmen stay; yet for all that, whether it is that down to the end of their visit they always keep it for the morrow, or that having gone over it at once, before getting accustomed to distinguish beauties below the

surface it covers, they pass it over lightly, I observe that they often go away without retaining any distinct souvenir of so many rare and interesting works. You might make a volume out of the Minerva; I may be forgiven for limiting myself to a few pages. Nothing is so unexpected as the first aspect of its three ogival aisles supported on pillars without either capitals or bases, like huge trunks reflected in the polished marble pavement. The vaults and walls lighted dimly from above are of a bluish green, and shining like the moist walls of a marine grotto covered with lotus, seaweed, and scolopendra. The monks in 1855 had the temple covered with a kind of stucco, imitating with an excessive brightness the tint and veining of green porphyry. The date of the building is about the end of the fourteenth century; the nave is wide and fairly high; the choir, more modern and recently harmonized with the ogival style, is of fine proportion; a series of chapels very highly decorated cluster in the rather narrow side-aisles. But as you enter, you are so struck with the green and lustrous colour of a nave that doubles itself under your feet in a mirror of polished marble, that the church under its skylight seems dark and empty; to commence to make it out, one must acclimatize one's eyes. As often happens to people who pry, one of the first monuments that I proceeded to discover was one of those most hidden. On a tombstone set up in a deep chapel in the left transept, is represented in relief a monk, an ascetic with hollow cheeks, with delicate and angular features, with a large arched brow which gives accent to a pensive expression, while the slender and knotty fingers indicate at once manual activity and the sentiment of the ideal. It is the only known portrait of the angel of Florentine painting, of the blessed John of Fiesole, the painter of souls and the heaven of which he had had glimpses. Who does not now admire this holy artist? The President de Brosses, Dupaty, Beyle, have never even pronounced his name. I insisted on keeping the epitaph of the patron of religious artists, composed by his venerable friend Nicholas V., who died the same year:

HIC JACET VENER. PICTO. FR. JO. DE FLO. ORDIS PDICATO?

Non mihi sit laudi quod eram velut alter Apelles,
Sed quod lucra tuis omnia, Christe, dabam:
Altera nam terris opera extant, altera cœlo.
Urbs me Johannem Flos tulit Etruriæ. MCCCCLV.

Close to this, under the arches of a modern altar, is the cenotaph of St. Catherine of Sienna. Crossing the nave, down to the other side by the sight of some Florentine monuments, I reached in front of the chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, two tombs of the finest of all epochs, which leave the spectator doubtful between the manner of Julian of Maiano and that of Rossellini. Here also is a modern bust worthy of mention; the portrait by Tenerani of the late Marchesina Spada, the sister of M. Komar, whom we used to meet not long ago in Parisian society. Not only is this marble treated by a skilful hand, but the expression of the face is at once living and of a singular softness. Let us pause before the small mosaics, a charming work of Cosimato's, which crown the mausoleum of a French bishop, whom his patron is presenting to the Madonna. The bishop is William Durand, *Episcopus Mimatensis*, says the inscription.

The cenotaph of Cardinal Orsini also goes back to the end of the fourteenth century. The monuments of that age are superior to those of the following century by their collected gravity; the last slumber is profound then; later on death becomes a triumph, first for its victim, and next for the artist charged with commemorating him; the hero

continues to act, to live, to command. We may associate with this school the mausoleums of the two Medici who are not at Florence; Leo X. and Clement VII. Of the two statues in sitting posture and confronting one another, attended in the air by figures of saints singularly twisted and tormented, the best is that of Pope Leo, which seems to have inspired François Bonivard, the prisoner of Chillon, with that other Portrait recently published at Geneva: '. . . . savant en lettres grecques et latines et davantage bon musicien . . . . à la reste, bel personnage de corps, mais de visaige fort laid et difforme; car il l'avoit gros plutôt en enflure que par chair ni graisse; et d'un œil ne voyoit goutte, de l'autre bien peu, sinon par le bénéfice d'une lunette de béryl appelée en italien un *ochial;* mais, avec iceluy, il y voyoit plus loin que homme de sa cour.' The author of the *Advis et Devis* might, when he was prior of St. Victor, have seen Pope Leo X. close.

Very different from his uncle, Clement VII. was slender, with large regular features, and a certain expression of fine impassibility which lends itself to sculpture. Yet his statue by Bacio Biggio is inferior to that of Leo X. by Raphael of Montelupo. The Clement VII. is stiff; it is the classical interpretation of a figure arranged after a common model. The arrangement of these monuments is attributed to Antonio of San Gallo; it must have been after the death of this artist, that Bandinelli cut the allegorical statues with which it is adorned, and which are not good. The Italians attribute these works to Pintelli, who departed thirty years before the accession of Leo X., but in these quarters they do not look so close. For that matter the tombs were not made in a day, for the bas-reliefs with which they are surmounted seem to be of the end of the sixteenth century. One represents the reception of Leo X. by King Francis of Valois, and the other shows Charles V. received in the same way by Clement VII.

Nothing can be more unlike these bas-reliefs than the four great tormented saints of Bacio Bandinelli, who received from his master in this very temple, at the entrance to the choir, one of those counsels in action which he did not often lavish, and which were still more rarely followed. The Christ presenting the Cross is one of the rare figures of Michelangelo where grace dissembles force, and where that herculean gift which the master abused, disappears under the satin of a rich and soft execution; but we must know that he began in his youth this marble which he continued in 1520, and into which Federigo Frizzi, entrusted with its completion, introduced at the expense of vigour the supplenesses of a timid polish.

Ligorio designed the superb statue of the severe Paul IV., which is placed in the chapel of Thomas Aquinas, where Florentine art has drawn some noble pages. It was there that Filippino Lippi painted above the altar that charming picture in compartments, in which are represented, near the Virgin, St. Thomas and Cardinal Oliviero Caraffa; it was here that he distributed the groups of that Assumption, where the apostles figure in such fine movement. On the right side, the Auto da Fé, which represents the burning of the books condemned by St. Dominic, presents the characters before buildings of an exquisitely ordered architecture, which allow us to see in the distance the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which is in the piazza of the Capitol. There is also in the foreground a marvellous portrait of the general of the Dominicans. The sibyls and angels of the vault are the only fresco remains of Raffaellino del Garbo, the single pupil of Filippino. Alas, how these specimens make us regret what time has destroyed!

At the time when Buonarotti, grown old, was opposing to the teaching of his youth the sad examples of his decline, the adepts of the grand manner still succeeded from time to

TOMB OF CARDINAL FERRICI, AT THE MINERVA.

time, if they happened to forget themselves, in dreaming some glorious and scientific conceptions, without borrowing them from the exaggerations of the school. Such are two adorable and too little observed figures, by an artist whose renown is mediocre, only because his works are too scarce: the St. Agatha and the St. Lucy of Sermonetta, a pupil of Perino del Vaga.

Going back in tradition as far as the most brilliant master of the ecstatic school, we find in the chapel of the Annunciation Benozzo Gozzoli, the smiling and animated disciple of Fra Angelico. His picture of the Annunciation, on a golden ground, is one of those in which he has revealed with most grace the secret of producing a peculiar kind of penetrative emotion, which is the great beauty of these primitive works. A cardinal presents orphans to the Madonna; an angel is near her; the Eternal Father appears in the heavens. The head of the seraph and the expression and attitude of the Virgin are visions truly celestial. To measure the progress made by this respectful and timid art, it is enough to turn one's eyes to the great crucifix, covered with Giottesque painting, placed in one of the chapels of the right transept. We have there the three epochs of Florentine art; and it is hardly further from the almost Byzantine attempts of the fourteenth century to the soft brilliance of the artists whose faith Savonarola had tempered, than it is from the principles of these last to the theories of Michelangelo and Raphael. But with what swiftness did this revolution proceed! When Benozzo Gozzoli finished, Sanzio was just on the point of being born, and Michelangelo was beginning to grow tall.

In the neighbouring chapel, consecrated to the Aldobrandini, and where Clement VIII. has his mausoleum, surrounded by those of his father and his mother preserved by the Virtues and the Patron Saints, we observe very different intentions in the statuary: the appeal to astonishment, the majestic exhibited as a spectacle. All these figures, with the exception of the statue of the pope, are the work, estimable but with too much an air of the virtuoso about them, of a compatriot who worked at Rome at the end of the sixteenth century. The *Cordieri* of the Italian catalogues is Honorat Cordier, a native of St. Mihiel, and it is worth remarking, that this village of Lorraine towards that time furnished two soldiers to the service of Michelangelo; the other is Ligier-Richier, who, in the church of his native place has cut in a block of white stone thirteen figures grouped at the tomb of Christ; a heavy work, but in which the expressive and anguish-stricken face of the Virgin is worthy of praise. From the tomb of Francesco Torna, towards the door of the church, to the feeble monument of Clement VIII. we may measure how much sculpture had lost in a single century; it was a pupil of Donatello, Andrea Verrocchio, who carved that fine figure which sleeps the slumber of this life, and reveals, by the pensive and happy colour of the features, the dimly seen awakening in some other sphere. The urn and its ornamentation betray the old jeweller, a true masterpiece.

Here we must stop, under penalty of falling into mere making of lists, and we must omit a quantity of works of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. All styles are represented in this assemblage; close to the entrance is an exquisite Florentine tomb of the end of the fifteenth century; in the vestibule of the sacristy we will follow the march of taste, by looking at the burial-place of an architect who died in the early years of the following century. We will compare one and the other with the graceful monument which in a cloister of rare richness, presents to us at the side of the tomb of Cardinal Agnense, and of that of Cardinal Ferrici, who died in 1478, a Virgin between two angels, an exquisite and well-preserved bas-relief, probably due to Benedetto da Maiano. Do not forget in the chapel where slumbers standing the ever-blessed brother Angelico, five remarkable tomb-

stones of the end of the fourteenth century, which they ought to re-erect, and over two of which they have been guilty of the barbarism of placing confessionals. It would be good, in a survey embracing five centuries, not to disdain in the Altieri chapel, so rich in African marbles, the pictures of Baciccio, of Carlo Maratti, and, a little further off, those of Venusti. In fact what seems cold or secondary when treated isolatedly, recovers its interest when it becomes by due comparisons a document in the history of human thought. This reflection is applicable to a group of buildings which we shall pass in review, and which, without being possessed of a superior renown, owe to some works of merit or to the effect of contrast a very lively attractiveness. We must not impose too rigid rules upon ourselves in the choice of our relations with works of art.

II.

The church del Gesù, erected by Giacomo della Porta in 1575, after the designs of Vignola, with a magnificence worthy of the fortune of the order, furnished the model of that sumptuous style which declaims the glories of God in the taste of the fine world, and which, being imported among us by the Company, is called the architecture of the Jesuits. When it presents itself under Lewis XIV. and Lewis XV., deteriorated by the enervation of the profiles and the abused inflation of the volutes, and impoverished by the dryness of the ornamentation, then this style assumes a really incomprehensible ugliness. Those who have imitated it did not perceive this; under the prestige of the church del Gesù and of the mighty memories of Rome, before the skeleton of their own construction they saw in a dream the splendour which they thought they were reproducing. In Vignola's conception the monument has a grandeur that is imposing; the profiles are firm, the vaults have a certain spaciousness; generously distributed, the light kindles artificial bouquets in marvels of painting and decoration; and the solidity of the structure and its massive elegance bear without confusion a costume that is overwhelming in its richness. Such is even the splendour of the pilasters in yellow of Verona, of the facings, of the coffer-work in rose and white marble, that these materials go harmoniously with formidable masses of gilding, without being overwhelmed by them.

It is at the tomb of St. Ignatius that the Order have displayed their most dazzling magnificence. To form this shrine they referred only to themselves, and confided the work to one of their own number, to that father Andrea Pozzi, who at the end of the seventeenth century practised with talent the professions of architect and painter. Before this chapel, which is without depth, and where all is fully displayed, my mind by an involuntary turn saw flowing the stream of gold which this must have cost: the altar, a luminous centre, is placed in a sarcophagus of gilded bronze, where very delicate bas-reliefs of marble and gold are mixed with arabesques, in which precious stones, set in shape of flowers, sparkle on every side; some groups accompany to right and left the statue of the saint, which commands the altar, and the picture in which he is represented. The statue is of silver. The general disposition of the chapel is defined by four enormous columns entirely encrusted with lapis-lazuli, with bases and capitals of vermeil; the pedestals and cornices are of antique green. From the centre of the pediment stands boldly forth a group in white marble of the Holy Trinity, from which there disengage themselves some tolerably fine Angels by Bernardino Ludovisi, supporting in the air a

globe of about four feet in diameter, of lapis-lazuli; it is the greatest block of such precious stone that has ever been wrought. The master-altar and its tribuna, the pilasters, the friezes, the façade, a rich and classic model of that decline in science which with us has lost its licence and its Latin,—are all worth looking at. In France, there is hardly a town of any size in which during the last two centuries they did not set up a pale and hardly recognisable imitation of the church del Gesù: it is interesting to go back to the original model and to seize its spirit, by seeing how it interprets the poem of the Church triumphant.

We might call up on this spot such memories as would make this shining edifice put on the air of a mausoleum. The Dictator Sulla on his return to Rome after the battle of the Colline gate, convoked the Senate at the temple of Bellona near the Villa Publica, where he had got together, with a considerable number of proscripts, six thousand Samnite and Lucanian prisoners. As he was delivering that famous harangue, in which he vowed he would pardon none, they commenced the massacre of the captives. The slaughter of six thousand human creatures (Livy, Appian, and St. Augustin say eight thousand), the frightful butchery filled the air with horrible cries. The senators heard them, and turned away panic-struck, Sulla saying to them calmly, 'Listen to my words, not to empty noises outside.' On this site of the temple of Bellona rises in our time the church of the Gesù, which must not be confounded with the church of the Jesuits on the Quirinal.

The latter, which was designed by Bernini in the shape of an elliptical rotunda, and in which also marbles are displayed with ample prodigality, serves for the novices of the order. I only entered it to resume acquaintance with William Courtois, a painter of Franche Comté, and brother of the Burgundian much better known. This artist has left here a remarkable composition, the Crucifixion of St. Peter. It is a sort of compromise between the school of Bologna and the precursors of Vanloo, but the colour is glowing, and the composition has a brilliant look.

Tolerably near, continuing the street on the side of the Porta Pia, you come upon the convent and little church of Santa Maria della Vittoria, which is indebted for its surname to victories over the Turks, illustrated by the flags of Lepanto, and where we are stopped by an anecdote as well as one of the four masterpieces of Bernini. The monks of this convent found one day a statue in their enclosures which scandalized and embarrassed them. They submitted their scruples to Cardinal Scipio Borghese, who accepted the compromising marble, and for price of the concession, had the façade of the church built for them by Soria. Not everybody knows as he looks in the Louvre at the reposing figure of the Hermaphrodite, that the equivocal Eros was bartered for a portico for a temple of the Virgin. Besides the frescoes of Domenichino and large bas-reliefs of Peter Stephen Monnot, a sculptor of Besançon, who signed them in 1699 with the mark of his native country, works marked by all the faults of the time, but indicating a consummate workman, one does well to go in search of the Ecstasy of St. Theresa. Nowhere in fact has Bernini violated the religious style with a more unceremonious gallantry.

III.

Often in going through collections engraved after the masters, I have wondered whence came four medallions of Domenichino, which are the flower of his work—the Judith,

the David dancing before the Ark, the Queen of Sheba sharing the throne of Solomon, and especially the Swoon of Esther, when one day a shower having surprised me in coming down from the Quirinal, I took shelter in a church of rather mean appearance, where in a chapel to the left I recognised, as one might discover some imprisoned rays of the sun, voluminous and sweet originals of these four charming frescoes. They embellish the pendentives of the cupola of St. Sylvester, where is seen the most enormous and best piece of Scipione Gaetano. This last nephew of the masters strained himself to attain the supreme effort of his style, and accordingly he has produced a fine piece; but we feel that he has done it specially, and the triumph of a strained will is the defect of the work. As for the small frescoes of the Bandini chapel it would be hard to cite more harmonious compositions; the drawing of the figures, which attains true nobleness from having no ambition beyond grace, borrows a victorious charm from the smiling and pearly harmony of the colouring. Such light and such freshness have rarely been attained in fresco, not even by Zampieri, so clever in shading tones. A certain perfume of aristocratic devotion adds to the attraction of these pictures, without making them insipid.

The great people of modern Rome have made a fine use of their treasures. This oratory of Cardinal Bandini is one of the three thousand chapels which the pontifical families and the cardinals have had decorated; the people and the guilds of artisans taxed themselves for the birth of a noble work and for the glorification of the genius which honoured their century. Our age of progress has changed all that. In this pretty church Paul V. and Gregory XIV. erected on each side of the door tombs to cardinals who were their friends, in which the transition from the style of the sixteenth to that of the seventeenth century is very marked. At the back of the second chapel to the left, you ought to look for a fine picture of the Virgin surrounded by various saints, a rather precious piece of Mariotto Albertinelli, and the only painting of this pupil of Fra Bartolommeo that Rome possesses. Let us also remark the burial-places of two persons of great dissimilarity, alike in character and in fortune; one is Cardinal Bentivoglio; the other, a monument of the mild charity of Pius VII., is Cardinal Maury, one of the few personages of our country who did not draw from his treason an unclouded popularity nor a fortune exempt from reverse.

The medallions of St. Sylvester having given me favourable leanings towards the Bolognese, I was bent on improving them; that bright colouring had cheered my sight; the weather continued frightful, so the opportunity seemed a good one for making a campaign in the territory of Domenichino, and I went down to St. Andrew of the Valley, its façade full of sweeping architectural floridnesses, a large and very rich church where Zampieri painted the Evangelists on the pendentives of the cupola. These figures might make one think that the imitator of the Caracci ventured this time to raise his eyes to Michelangelo; for the rest, we find here the serenely bright colouring which goes so well with the architecture. The effect of these qualities is still more perceptible in the vault of the choir and on the apse, where the same artist has distributed in compartments elegantly marked out by garlands of arabesques, his figures of the Virtues and various points in the legends of St. Peter and St. Andrew. Whatever the merits of the personages and the compositions, qualities that are hardly to be disputed, it happened to me to forget the actors for the scene, and Domenichino will often occasion these distractions to people with a passion for a certain interpretation of nature. In the subject which represents St. John pointing out the Saviour to Simon and Andrew, the landscape has a charm and invention that are admirable; the Crucifixion of St. Andrew

rises from architecture that forms a splendid decoration. The Florentines of the famous epoch had not so much style; nor Veronese so much purity.

But what we ought to see, and what cannot be looked at without amazement is the enormous cupola of the dome, which is fifty mètres round, and which Lanfranc, the malignant rival of Domenichino, has painted with a verve that may be called practical dexterity exercised with fury. People ought to come here to study the scientific means of throwing a swarm of figures into vertical perspective, under the concavity of a hemisphere, and of making them fly across the clouds of a boundless sky, with all the foreshortenings of a bird's-eye view seen from earth. Let us not pass Sant' Andrea della Valle without recalling the Florentine tombs of Pius II. and Pius III., interesting remains of the primitive basilica of St. Peter, and banished from the new one in consequence of the reckless passion for symmetry which has in recent ages presided over construction in the noble style. They have set these admirable monuments in the walls of the nave, with their pure and graceful statuettes. The bas-relief which crowns the mausoleum of the more illustrious of the two Siennese, the reclining statue of Æneas Sylvius, and above, between St. Peter and St. Paul, the Madonna presenting the departed pontiff to her son—these are the subjects that animate such a construction as Tuscany has almost alone had the art of arranging. I have only to mention in the Strozzi chapel two wonderful flambeaux in carved bronze of the sixteenth century: you must seek them out, for the place is rather sombre and their tint does not bring them into any relief, consequently they pass for the most part unperceived. In the middle of the nave, a stone covers the remains of a celebrated contemporary, Father Ventura, who sleeps at the foot of that pulpit of St. Andrew from which his voice thundered for eleven consecutive years. He died at Versailles in 1861. The general of the Theatins reposes in his own land, for the church belongs to the Order. On his stone they have cut the simple epitaph:—

DEFUNCTUS ADHUC LOQUITUR.

The Theatins and Domenichino Zampieri, for whom I had taken a fancy that day, made me think of the church of San Carlo in the quarter of the crockery dealers, called for this reason, in Catinari, St. Charles *among the dishes*. It is the mother-church of the Barnabites, who built it in honour of St. Charles Borromeo, with the magnificence befitting a saint of noble family and princely fortune. Vespignani, the great architect of the day, he who lately disfigured San Lorenzo extra muros, has faced San Carlo with marbles, with stucco, with gold. They have also spread out there paintings of which we will not say a word: it is not the shade of the Hamerani buried here who shall reproach me with speech on the matter; the coins that can never be forgotten and the superb medals which they engraved are in a very different style. The four great pendentives of the cupola, the work of Domenichino, the four cardinal Virtues surrounded by emblematic animals, have the same brilliance as his other works, and more fame because they are more ambitiously placed; but these bounding and turgid Virtues remind one of the highly fed Magdalens of Guido Reni. It is possible that the low-minded jealousies and persecutions of which the good Zampieri was the butt for his rivals and even for his masters, which was a bitterer trial, may have helped to interest posterity in his favour. When we think that at such a time in the midst of the mediocrities who were precipitating the destinies of art, the adversaries of this artist and their clique all but succeeded in scraping and destroying the frescoes of Domenichino at Sant' Andrea della Valle, during his lifetime

and when he had just completed them; it is intelligible how such wrong may have stirred honest hearts. It was this reminiscence which in spite of persistent rain helped to make me tramp from St. Sylvester to St. Andrew, and from St. Andrew to St. Charles, which is not very far off. The convent of St. Charles, it may be worth adding, served for a residence for the illustrious Cardinal Lambruschini, even after he had put on the purple and had to perform the highest duties of state.

Perhaps it would not be unseasonable as we leave the church of the Theatins, to recall why this name was given to one of our orders. Voltaire took away its name with us from the quay of the Theatins. The order of the Theatins was founded under Clement VII. by John Peter Caraffa, bishop of Chieti, a town situated in the Abruzzi, this side of the entrance to the kingdom of Naples, and which was called in antiquity Theate. It has transmitted this name to the order which took its birth within its walls.

In the middle of these regions and of this review of minor churches, you are not sorry to find without going too far round, a diversion before some of the palaces. The most interesting is situated between St. Andrew of the Valley and San Pantaleone; I came across it on my road towards Santa Maria in Vallicella, which is much further off. The Massimi palace may be placed in the number of those pure gems of architecture, which show that caprice and gracefulness when compatible with correctness may admit a certain irregularity. Balthazar Peruzzi, who before undergoing Roman influence had passed his younger years by the edifices of Sienna and Florence, seems sometimes to continue the work of the ancients instead of imitating it; I should have seen without too much amazement Atticus or Mæcenas come out from the portico of this Massimi palace. The architect showed intelligence by lodging thus princes who claimed to be sprung from the Fabii. The site was confined and not regular, and it was better to lose none of it, than to cut it to right angles: Peruzzi accepting the form of the ground designed a rather narrow and very inflated façade, where the windows, their entablatures, the friezes, the cornices, are of a smiling severity. All this rests upon a portico of six Doric columns intercepting enframed coffer-work. We see from the street a fore-court with a loggia, which makes one long to enter the house itself; bas-reliefs of stucco, Greek statues, and among them a copy of the Discobolus of Myron, a pretty fountain, antique sarcophagi fixed above the doorways, give to the court, which is surrounded by arcades with extremely simple Doric pillars, that chaste look, that exquisite and modest richness, which reminds one of the harmonious age of Augustus—the charm of the works in which the artist only made himself accessible to minds of true delicacy, as if all the rest did not exist.

The decorators of the group of Raphael illustrated the antiquity which they revived and made intelligible; when you have examined the edifices inspired by that revival, you feel better initiated in the æsthetic of the ancients, and seize with greater ease its variety, its number, and its smiling fertility and originality. At the back of the Massimi palace, the posterior block, opening upon a little piazza by which hardly any one passes, contains frescoes of Daniel of Volterra representing the history of Judith. They are much injured and little known, by the common people I mean, for Horace Vernet copied from them, or almost copied, his figure of Holophernes. By way of frieze the master has pourtrayed a Battle worthy of all admiration, as well for intelligence of composition as for its assimilation of ancient art. It was on the second story of this palace that in 1584 St. Philip of Neri resuscitated Paolino Massimi; it was in the block backing upon the second court, that in 1467 Sweynheim and Pannartz sent forth from their presses the first volume that

Roman typography produced, the 'Civitas Dei' of St. Augustin. These Massimi had the art of assisting their heraldic pretensions by a good deal of wit. The emperor having come to take possession at Milan of the crown of iron, was complimented by a prince of this house, of whom he asked if it was really established that the Massimi descended from Fabius Maximus. 'All that I can say,' answered the prince in a modest tone, 'is that it has been believed at Rome for two thousand years.' Not far from here, in the Vicolo dell' Aquila, let us notice another anonymous palace, whose outlines possess an extreme delicacy and grace, and which is given by some judges to Raphael. The style is too primitive and too delicate; I would willingly attribute it to Julian of San Gallo.

To understand the weariness that may come to the eyes from the pure architecture drawn by the line, it is only necessary to come and yawn in front of the monuments of *correct* France; Rome, which contains everything, leaves nothing to be desired on this point; two centuries before us she had built churches like St. Waast of Arras, St. Sulpice and St. Geneviève of Paris. Santa Maria in Vallicella, which Philip of Neri had rebuilt by Martin Longhi and Giovanni Matteo through the liberality of Gregory XIII., shows how far the influence of the basilica of St. Peter had made taste poor and style dry. It is an amplification of that triumphant rococo which from Rome, where it formed itself, took its flight over the universe. The paintings suit the edifice, and the incontestable merit of the frescoes of Peter of Cortona by no means prevents them from being overpowering. You must throw off the indifference with which you are overcome, to observe a fine Christ of Scipione Gaetano, and a soft and delicate picture of Baroccio, the Presentation in the Temple. Those who go to the Vallicella intend also to see on the master-altar three rather singular pictures of P. P. Rubens. That of the centre, a medallion of the Virgin in the midst of a swarm of little angels, is a treat after the Flemish manner; but the Saints of the right and left frames, draped, posed, carefully drawn, almost Venetian, belong to those hybrid works where, following style, the master leaves himself, to become what is called Rubens in Italy. In a chapel belonging to this church the Philippines have kept up, since the time of their founder, the practice of summoning the faithful to sermons which are preceded and followed by pieces of sacred music, performed by an orchestra and singers. The vogue of these spiritual concerts, to which the best masters have contributed their compositions, has won the name of *oratorio* for a kind of work which was first performed among the fathers of the oratory. The Convent of the Philippines possesses a very fine library, in which also they preserve some unpublished works of Baronius. I only entered this establishment once, accompanying one of our artists who was anxious to buy an old tapestry, which the society was willing to part with for a very moderate price, so it was said. But as soon as we came into the presence of the father manager, whose ascetic leanness I have still before my eyes, he gradually raised his pretensions so high, that in spite of the efforts of a young frater who pleaded for us, it became necessary to give up an acquisition that was too visibly desired. As we parted in mutual dissatisfaction, I lost an opportunity of seeing the famous Bible of Alcuin which is there; the young artist recompensed me by a too expressive sketch of our little scene.

It will be meritorious to continue these halts up to St. John of the Florentines. The distance is not long; you have only to reach the Via Giulia and follow it to the height of the wire foot bridge, in which the chevet of St. John would reflect itself, if only the yellow stream were less turbulent. The edifice is more severe, that is to say, has a less ornate look, lines reign without interruption, the classical barrenness is displayed with all the

courage of indigence erected into a principle. On our academic grounds they would take St. John, which dates from 1590, for a monument of the time of Lewis XVI., and they would give the Vallicella to the youth of Madame de Pompadour. Still more if they found there the rich astragals, the sumptuous display and dazzling harmonies of the Chartreuse of Naples! But no, here are the compassed and correct themes of Pomerancio, the elegant and sage interpretations of Alessandro Allori; and the St. Jerome of Passignano, and Lanfranc who paints on a vault a Christ dancing; and the subject of St. Cosmo and St. Damianus, a picture warmed by a polar ray, in which Salvator Rosa betrays by the abuse of composition the mechanical tranquillity of his transports. The study of the buildings which consummated in the West the corruption of taste, would be incomplete if we left out St. Ignatius, one of the flowers of the company of Jesus. I went in one Sunday with some friends, while waiting for the hour for visiting the curious collections of the Roman College, which does not open its gallery to strangers in the forenoon. We meant to examine the great bas-relief of our old sculptor Le Gros, where St. Lewis of Gonzaga raised in glory introduces into the midst of the declamations of that period the graces of an expression so strikingly youthful in its limpid innocence. One must also see with what bustle and cleverness Father Pozzi has disposed in his fresco in the great nave, the ceremonial of the Triumphant Entry into Heaven of the great St. Ignatius, the patron of the order and one of its three founders. You should pass also before the mausoleum of Gregory XV., and before so many other flamboyant tombs, as all the rest of the church is flamboyant. It was erected in 1630 by Cardinal Ludovici, in that pompous and twisted style, which won for the illustrious company the honour of baptizing the most worldly and least pure religious architecture of the time of decline. Before the third chapel on the right used to be at the end the convent infirmary; it was here, before the construction of St. Ignatius, that they placed the bed in which St. Louis of Gonzaga gave up his last breath.

THE FATHER MANAGER OF THE PHILIPPINES.

IV.

We left these gilded roofs to enter the Roman College, an imposing and vast erection of Ammanati, which contains many wonders, without speaking of its treasures of erudition. The fathers of the church are only really known, commented upon, and explained as

classics in the Roman College, where, at the end of a long series of probations, the eagles of the Company of Jesus are summoned to profess the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, sacred eloquence, philosophy, liturgy, the canon law, dogmatic theology, physical sciences, and mathematics. Hence there issues a swarm of doctors and masters.

Founded in 1582 by Gregory XIII., the Roman College, that source of light for the Church, is the stronghold of orthodoxy. This unique establishment, which is attended by a thousand scholars, may be specially described as Catholic, that is to say, universal; for there may be acquired, without external succour, the sum of human knowledge. A large cabinet for physics, a renowned astronomical observatory, pictures, statues, one of the most remarkable and precious libraries in Rome, provide the means of study and application. Numismatics even may be followed there in the collection of Etruscan, Sabine, Latin, Oscan, and Roman coins of the primitive ages, collected by the learned librarian of the Vatican, the Cardinal Zelada, who lived through the whole of the eighteenth century.

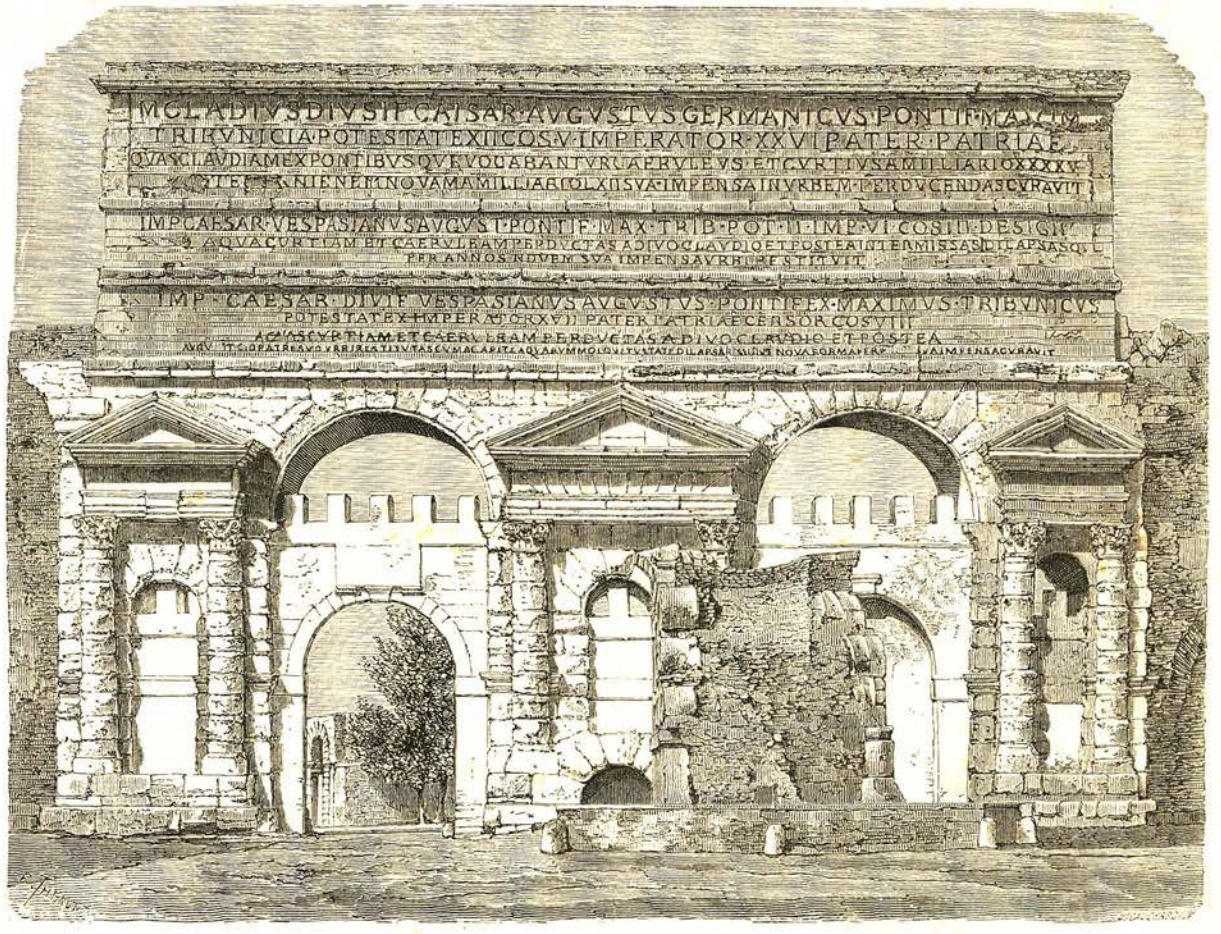
Finally, and here is the principal interest of the house for the curious, it possesses what is without dispute the strangest and the most instructive historical museum that exists. The elements of it were collected in the seventeenth century by one of the most learned fathers of the order, the Reverend Athanasius Kircher, who joined to universal knowledge a great deal of originality, and a candid credulity, which is not the least singular trait in a man who knew so much and had seen so many things. He professed in turn the Oriental languages, philosophy, and mathematics at the Roman College. He was one of those precursors whom vulgar barbarism is willing to take for madmen. He was among the first to study Coptic; he was the first to interpret hieroglyphics, a hundred years before the Utopians of the last century; he explained a host of facts by magnetism, and applied it to the treatment of certain disorders. It was he who invented the magic lantern. It would be curious in the present day to analyse the *Magneticum Naturæ Regnum*, which this learned German published in 1667, as well as his theories on music and on universal writing. The work on hieroglyphics is ingeniously entitled *Œdipus Ægyptiacus.*

As space would fail me to give a description of the bronzes, the marbles, the terra-cotta, in a word all the curiosities collected by Father Kircher, let me attempt to make up for this by recalling the enormous knowledge and strange character of the collector. Independent and original as he was, and guided as he was by science, was he not sure to abandon commonplace researches to attach himself to objects that others, especially at that time, would no doubt have disdained, and of which he alone could appreciate the meaning and the value? Since his death the Jesuits have continued the collection; to visit it with an expert guide would be to make a unique course of archæology applied to manners and customs; but it is difficult to examine it in detail and to study it fruitfully. The museum is not classed nor regularly divided; catalogues are wanted. It is forbidden to take the slightest sketch, and even to jot down the smallest pencil note in one's note-book.

This prohibition prevented me from resisting the desire of surreptitiously copying an extremely ancient little bronze, that was found in the Island of Sardinia, and which represents a foot-soldier of the kingdom of Assyria in full equipment for his campaign; nothing can be more comic or singular than this emaciated figure marching with chest thrust forward, obstructed but resolute. Having on his head a helmet decorated with two horns projecting horizontally from the front, the warrior holds in front of him his

round buckler with his two hands, which are already embarrassed, the right by a bow, the left by three short javelins; above the robe, tight and short, is adjusted a set of crossed straps in front; their object is to support on each side of the back two kinds of hooks, in which fit nearly perpendicularly the poles of a long litter, ending in a chariot or barrow on two wheels, bearing a square caisson screwed on the axle. It is in this that the soldier puts his baggage: the barrow, the truck, and the wheels, all balance upon his back and overtop his head. You can figure the oddness of this horned soldier, under the weight of such an equipment.

We must glean by chance in these three apartments, in which my friends and I fluttered about, driven by cosmopolitan hordes. We endeavoured to precede them


TRIBVNICIA POTESTATE XII COS V IMPERATOR XXVI PATER PATRIAE
IMP CAESAR VESPASIANVS AVGVSTVS PONTIF MAX TRIB POT II IMP VI COS III DESIGN
IMP CAESAR DIVIF VESPASIANVS AVGVSTVS PONTIFEX MAXIMVS TRIBVNICVS

PORTA MAGGIORE.

before a very fine Roman seat, of which the arms are formed by long shoulders of horses of most harmonious curves, from which rise heads exquisitely carved; these subjects go with Bacchic figures. This piece, of the seventh century, is hardly less rare than a large vase, evidently of Athenian origin, which is crowned with small figures designed with an ideal purity. They represent three scenes from the expedition of the Argonauts, sketched in a spirit which does not preclude that comic and familiar element, which is so precious an indication of custom. In one of these subjects a pugilist is taking exercise by hitting into a large sack, full of tow or sand, hanging from a post; close by a Silenus caricatures him, by thwacking his own paunch. One would like to exhaust all the surprises occasioned by the collection of bronzes, assuredly the most incongruous possible. The age of many of these little figures, which make one think of the times

of Evander, is perilous to determine; in the sarcophagi so many Etruscan personages have been found with Trajan's coin in their pockets!

Your prelude opens with Columbarii, in which urns are arranged with really remarkable collections of bas-reliefs and of the epigraphy of the earliest Christian times. The numismatic treasures are well arranged. The medal-case of Cardinal Zelada, containing types originating in the half-fabulous tribes whom the Romans destroyed, goes back as far as the primitive period when trade was carried on by ingots of bronze. Then came the large square coins which look like tiles, and on which is the imprint of some symbolical creature. On the oldest Etruscan coins figures a wheel, the conveyance of Fortune. In the districts of Latium these blocks of coin bore the emblems of the gods: a thunderbolt designates Jupiter, a shell recalls Venus, the tortoise recalls Mercury. Some very ancient ases, bearing an open hand, are arranged according to size and weight; their relative values are fixed by a row of points marked in relief. As soon as the human face appears, an art that is skilful, simple, large, rich, with deep reliefs and finished shapes, discloses itself even in the imprints which are most elementary in process. Who had transmitted to these half-savage tribes the divine inspiration, that was interpreted elsewhere by the rivals of Phidias and by the medallists of Syracuse?

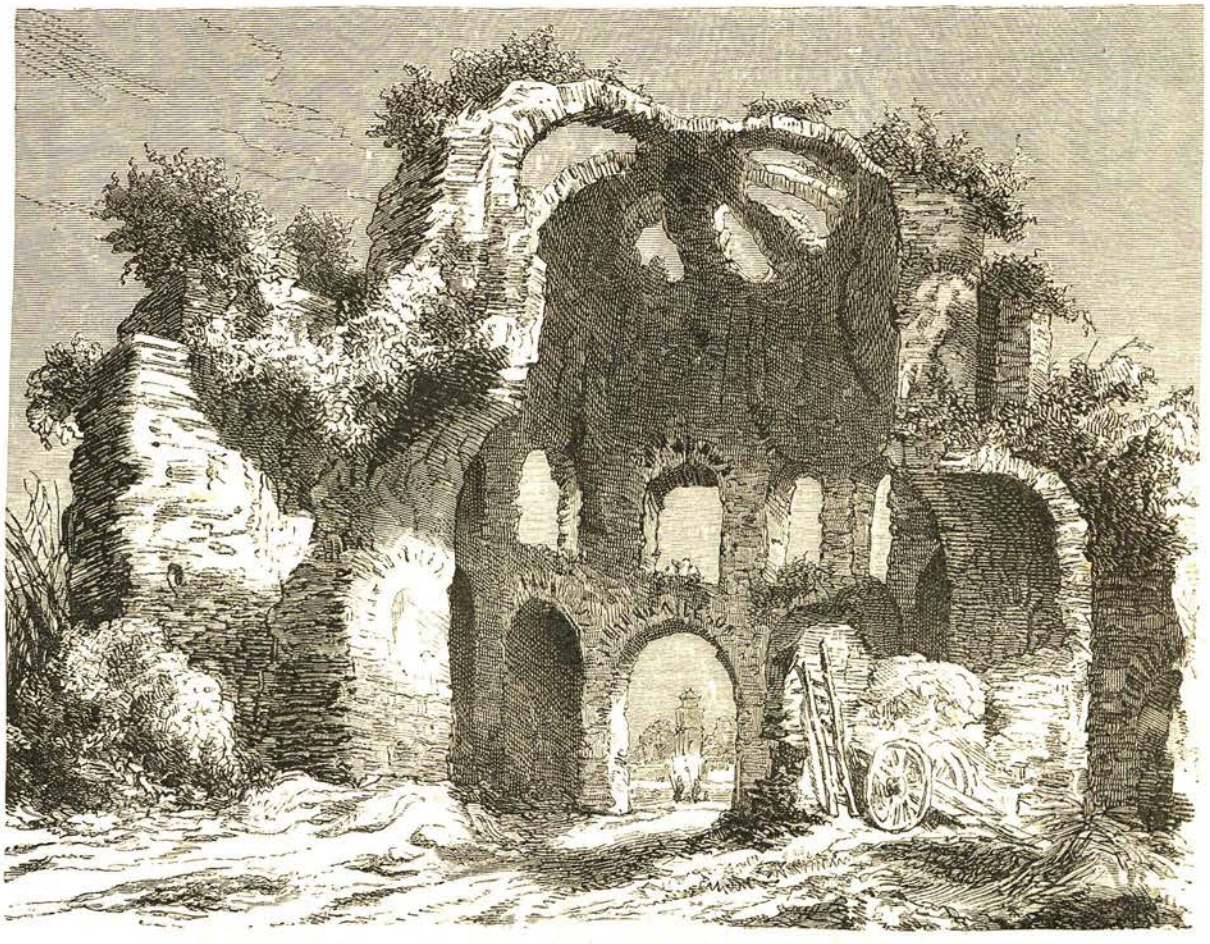
V.

The day following that on which in consequence of rain I had followed the frescoes of Domenichino from church to church, and sown the seeds of an attack of jaundice, the weather was no better, and I was still only in that state of vague discomfort when you suppose you can shake off the evil by means of forced exercise. Weary of the mire of the city, and disposed to play the truant by one of those high winds which delight sea-gulls and scholars, I reached the Nomentane gate, and making the circuit of the old Prætorian camp, I continued along the walls of the Aurelian enclosure, which cut the desert in two. It was on my return by way of the Prænestine gate that, with my hat over my eyes and my chest thrown forward to make way against the wind, I traversed for the first time the oriental slope of the Esquiline, those spaces planted with garden and ruin which were a city, and which are now not even a suburb, and where a few market gardeners have been able to bring a necropolis into cultivation, without robbing it of its expression.

The pilgrimage began by the triumphal gate which is set in the aqueduct of Claudius, at the point where the road to Præneste branched off from the Via Labicana. A large framework of wall, under which are two wide arches, having at their sides three small gates, crowned with pediments resting on columns; there in all its simplicity is the Porta Nevia, better known as Porta Maggiore. Its austere and solid character, and the roughness of the outlines, give full effect to the façade which three emperors left unfinished, without ordering it to be roughcast: the Romans concerned themselves before all else with utility, with just and practical appropriateness. This façade is reduced to what may be called a speaking ornamentation; three inscriptions placed one over another, cut in handsome capitals on that white page, describe from two thousand years ago the consolidation of the monument as well as of the aqueducts by Claudius, the son of Drusus, by Vespasian, and by Titus. The middle age reduced the

dimensions of the porticoes by inscribing in them smaller arches, surmounted by crenellated copings of extremely unhappy effect.

On the exterior side of the gate is the tomb of Marcius Virgilius Eurysaces, baker and provision dealer; some freedman of Greek origin, whose fortune goes back to the last years of the Roman republic. The little shrine rests on a base formed of cylinders standing one against the other, like sacks of corn in a row; the bas-reliefs of the frieze represent the processes of the bakery in the time of Marius or of Cæsar. Pliny tells us that before the war of Perseus the public bakeries did not exist; each family prepared its own bread, and in those remote times they used to sprinkle chopped parsley on the



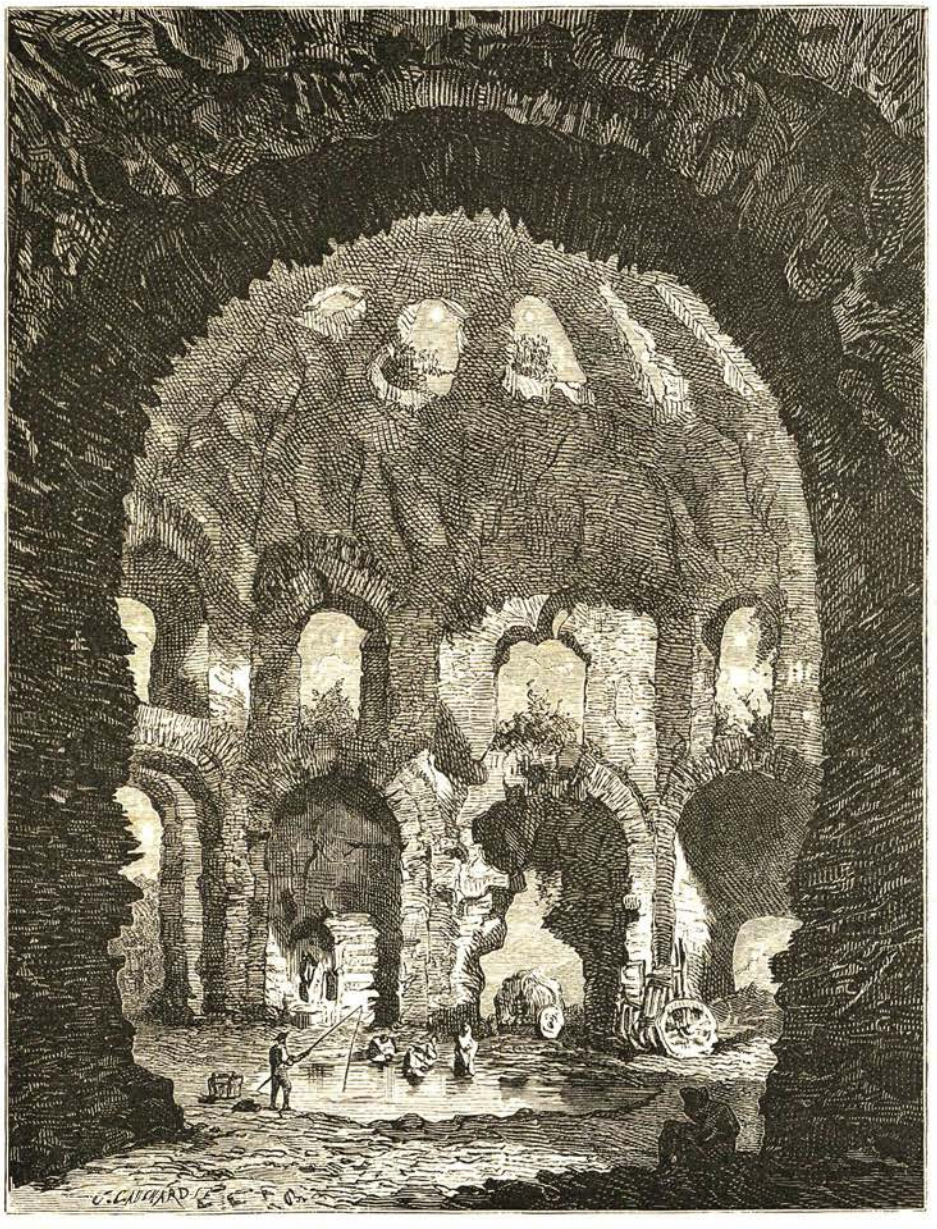
ANCIENT CASINO, CALLED MINERVA MEDICA.

lower side of the loaf, while the upper crust was washed with yolk of egg and sprinkled with small comfits of poppy-seed.

Out of the Porta Maggiore, set with antique pavement, and parallel with the aqueducts, of which Aurelian and Honorius made a rampart, the old Prænestine road begins. Five or six aqueducts cross one another in this plateau, and their great arches rise against the sky, and are continued in the background by other ruins. After seeking to trace out among these winding channels the Aqua Julia brought by Agrippa, the Aqua Tepula introduced by Cn. Cepio in the year 627 of Rome, the Aniene Vecchia brought in 482 by Manius Dentatus; the Aqua Marcia, the purest of all, which to descend from the mountains used to traverse a distance of sixty miles; and the Neronian waters, which the successor of Claudius turned aside to throw them on his palaces,—I retreated before

a shower of rain, as well as before a vision that was truly deplorable in the midst of such ruins: it was their parody, the ruins of a railway-station.

The old Via Labicana, the Via Porta Maggiore, and the nameless alleys that lead into the various properties, are marked by enclosures stuffed with old bricks, with pieces of marble, with mutilated inscriptions; only one comes across no roof under which one may take shelter in a storm. The streets at the lower end of the gardens are carpeted



INTERIOR OF THE MINERVA MEDICA.

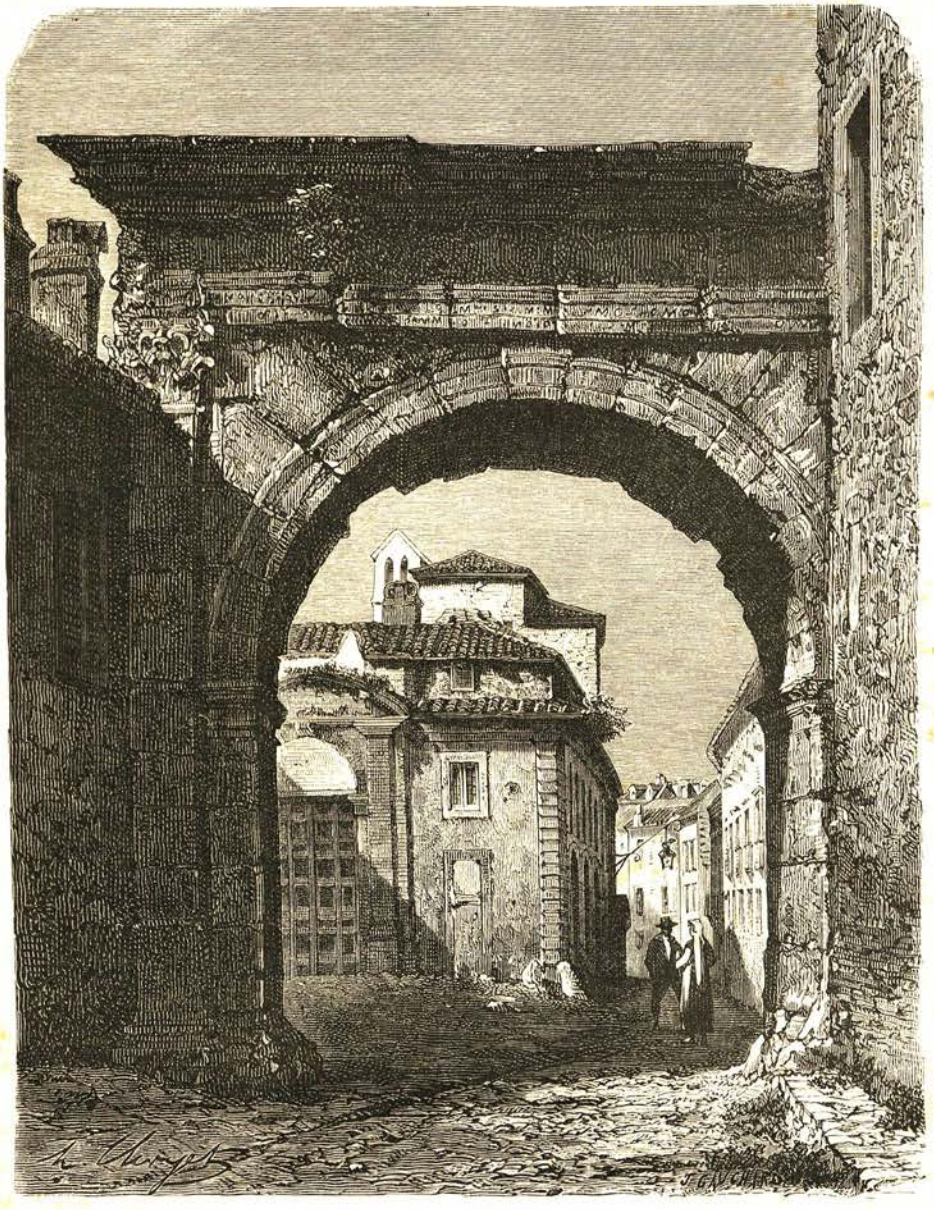
with a grass that grows rapidly, and that after rain gets soaked to an indefinite depth; you sink almost to the knee in this grass, which grows in strips at the side of pathways of mud. At considerable distances there is a worm-eaten door here and there, with a high sill. At one of them a cord hung from a wire; I pulled the cord; a bell sounded forlorn in the hurricane of wind, and I saw afar a row of childish heads above the walls among the rushes and boughs. Elders came next, examined me, and reflected; I rang once more, and at the end of quarter of an hour, when the rain had ceased, they came and

offered me shelter. I went in from curiosity; in the middle of a nursery-garden, in which ancient chambers served for greenhouses and tool-sheds, I perceived a ruin many a time used by Poussin and Claude of Lorraine. It is a polygon of ten sides, flanked with niches for statues rather like chapels, while its half-broken vault raises into air a piece of inaccessible thicket. This is known by the name of Minerva Medica. Nothing can be more singular at the highest point of the garden, in which a rivulet from the Claudian arteries bubbles, than this gigantic flower-box. The Minerva called Medica has nothing in common with Æsculapius nor with Minerva; so little so, that this charming pavilion was once a gay boudoir in the gardens of Valerian and Gallienus, and there were found in it the divinities usually honoured in such rustic retreats,—Pomona, Adonis, Venus, Hercules, a Faun, and even the beautiful Antinöus.

It is at the end of the street, half-way from Sta. Maria Maggiore, that we come upon the familiar remains known as the Trophies of Marius, an apocryphal description disguising a nympheum constructed under the Aqua Giulia in the time of Alexander Severus. The monument had been decorated with trophies of greater antiquity, which Sixtus V. had transferred to the piazza of the Capitol where we saw them; Viollet le Duc believes them to be anterior to Trajan. In the fifteenth century the monument of the Esquiline was still untouched; I found the proof of it at Sta. Maria Novella in Florence, in the Strozzi chapel which Filippino Lippi decorated. His fresco represents St. Philip the Deacon overthrowing an idol, from the pedestal of which he roots out a demon; at the back of the picture is the waterwork of Alexander Severus, with its architecture complete, in which we recognise the famous trophies; Filippino, who saw this monument reproduced it in 1486. A few steps further on was the commencement of an old market of which Cicero speaks, and which was rebuilt by Livia, whose name it retained. Here by the side of the little church of St. Vitus is an arch in large blocks of travertine of good style, but too broad for its height; it was erected in the third century by one Marcus Aurelius Victor, who was smitten by the learned and valiant Empress Cornelia Salonia and devoted to her husband Gallienus. This Aurelius Victor paid by this offering the debt owed by literature to princes so in love with philosophy as to be willing, in order to give pleasure to Plotinus, to build in Campania, under the name of Platonopolis, a city in which the laws of Plato's Republic were to be applied. The too meagre inscription which is traced on the arch of Gallienus along the architrave, which rests at one end upon a pilaster with a lotus leaf capital, sets forth the intention of the founder.

The obstinate squall which drove me before it, compelled me to seek another exit by the side of St. Cross. There a good little monk or friar made me stay, and he took me to the Amphitheatrum Castrense, which touches the church and curtails the rampart. It is the oldest building of the kind in Rome; it is wholly in brick and dates from Nero: Honorius in joining it to the walls, stopped up the arches and cut off its upper storey. In the arena where the masonry presents in its circumference some curious aspects, they used to make savage beasts fight with prisoners of war, and we may presume that the blood of the first Christians flowed plentifully in this enclosure. I was returning directly towards Sta. Maria Maggiore, when a pedantic fancy made me take the Via Labicana to the left, which has never changed its name. It describes the same curves as in the time when Horace passed along it, to visit the *frigidum Præneste.* Cicero went by it, as well as Propertius, to visit what before the tyranny of Sulla had been Gabii; Gabii which, according to Robello, possessed a university to which Numitor sent his grandchildren, Romulus and Remus, to take their degrees! Made up of old and patched walls, this Via

Labicana, which divided gardens, has preserved as far as the Coliseum, where it comes to an end, a peculiar physiognomy; eighteen centuries have made no change in it, because it was uninhabited of old and is so still. As you stray in the choked portion where it bounds the Thermæ of Titus, you expect to see coming out of the guard-house a decurio and legionaries clad as on the bas-reliefs of the Antonine column. At the corner of this post, which keeps guard I think over a powder store, there begins a solitary and tortuous



ARCH OF GALLIENUS.

street, which towards six in the evening puts on a most cut-throat look. As I found in my way along it a door opening on the vineyards, which form a vast domain above the Thermæ, I ventured into another legendary paradise.

At once you come to the Sette Sale, which are nine in number, not seven, and which are not chambers, but reservoirs which divide broad vaulted corridors parallel to one another. These basins are made to communicate with one another by small round doorways, made transversely and nearly opposite to one another, but slantwise, so that from

one of the extremities the eye takes them obliquely, a strange effect of perspective which prolongs the distances. The ancients had a curious ingenuity; and this is all the more curious, as the doorways were constantly under water, as is proved by the level of a sediment with which it has coated the walls. This erection, which goes back as far as Titus, is of formidable solidity. With only a cavernous light penetrating through the verdure, encumbered with waggons and rustic paraphernalia, the Sette Salle, with their casemated walls and ancient vaults, occasion considerable astonishment. But to enjoy a fine view, you must climb on to the artificial hill produced by this block of building. Its roof consists of turf crowded with violets, and the thin feathery fennel curls in the joints of the stones. In the middle of this grassy place ages have spared a parterre; it is a large mosaic framed in plants, and proving that a storey was placed over the vaults of the Nine Halls.

From this point you see nothing but country around you, though you are in Rome and inside the ramparts. It is a sheepfold, with all its equipments and all its life, and with the addition of a certain slovenliness that is not without a grace of its own;—decapitated towers, fragments of vaults, a shaft of a column which serves for a bench, the first courses of a Loggia, arabesques in mosaic creeping along by the side of luxuriant herbage; a lemon tree or an oak leaning against a ruin; low vines running over brickwork, of which they define the outlines; on every side fountains pouring out into sarcophagi water from the aqueducts of Nero and Claudius, whose half-empty channels high on their arches jut out here and there; and finally, among all this chequer-work of vines, pasture-lands, and flower-beds, the bronzed labourers and the brown and handsome young women who, with beasts of burden, work the fields thus enlocked in Rome. These women are like living statues, carrying amphoræ on their heads with ornaments that go back to the times of the Etruscans; the hut in which they train flowers is made in a Cella of Titus or Domitian; the rustic steps by which they descend once served the palaces of Cæsar. At the sight of the young husbandmen, who trudge hither and thither, with legs, arms, and chest all bare, wearing on their heads the conical straw hats that Damœtas and Myrson in the Greek bas-reliefs toss back upon the neck, you try to pick up again the hemistichs of the Eclogues to give a welcome to the passing rustics.

The monuments of the city which frame this horizon, reproduce the historic backgrounds of the frescoes of Masaccio and Benozzo Gozzoli. You see the pinnacles of St. John rise up with the statues on the façade, St. Cross in Jerusalem with its open belfry, Sta. Maria Maggiore lifting her severe tower between two domes, accompanying the Corinthian column that bears the Madonna. On the western slope the eye is led from the Coliseum, from the temple of Venus and Rome, and the tower of St. Francesca, to the bold campanile of the Capitol. We ought to designate twenty other edifices, of which only the Cæsars could tell us the names, and which rise too from nursery-gardens, from orchards, from fields, as the eye wanders from hill to hill. Here and there stand out one or two cypresses, a mass of grey olives, some armfuls of oranges above the walls, a twisted fig-tree, spreading pines from which by chance rises a palm, the naturalised guest of the desert.

From these gardens, of which the accidents are determined by buildings underground, I came down with the Cœlian in front, botanizing from terrace to terrace, as a bird comes to pick up prey on the ground, when weary of wandering too high in air. I noticed a climatic circumstance calculated to produce indulgence for our countries of the North, namely, that in this latitude, far to the South as it is, they bring up young

plants under frames, and that they prick them again after cold. This was what a gardener was busy with nearly at the foot of the hill, where his underlings had let me make my way as spitefully as Dauphinese or Picards could have done, without warning me that the outlet of the Via della Polveriere had been closed by the brothers of St. Peter in Vinculis, the owners of the enclosure. However I made friends with the worthy gardener of the monks, and he let me out on the Via Labicana by a way which led me within ten paces of the Golden House of Nero, brought down to the entre-sol of the Baths of Titus, which bear on their shoulders the marshy garden ground of the Esquiline.

They had short lives after all, these monuments which the emperors thus ranged one over the other, with the solidity of works that should be everlasting. Rome is full of

THE SETTE SALE.

such ruins, which attest both the pride of their builders, and a savage indifference as to their preservation. The Golden House, which was looked upon as a wonder of the world, and which was built in such a way as to last as long as the world, had not endured for thirteen years, when Titus supported the Neronian vaults with party-walls, so as to give them strength enough to support the Flavian palace. In order the more effectually to thrust away a glory of the house of Augustus, the conqueror of the Jews, giving a greater extension to the portion of the buildings which looks towards the Cœlian, completely masked the old façade behind a front forming a projecting arc, and divided into five or six compartments upheld by very high vaults. The Neronian house is set fast inside this; we perceive it lived in a kind of twilight, just as in descending the slopes of the palace of Nero we find, at the left corner of the back part, and on a lower range, the still more

ancient foundations and lozenge-shaped mosaics of the villa of Mæcenas, whose palace Nero absorbed in his Golden House. There remains then the skeleton, two-thirds buried, of an imperial palace; the portion that one can visit was relieved in 1812 of the rubbish which still buries the rest as far as the summit of the vaults; previously one had a good deal of difficulty in getting into these regions underground. Raphael saw the paintings on Nero's palace, and drew inspiration from them for his works at the Vatican; since then, some crumbling had made the approach more difficult, which may have given rise to the improbable story which represents the painter of Urbino as a jealous soul, who having found a treasure, hastened to draw from it privately, and then buried it up again to keep it from the crowd.

I was sauntering round the ruins, when the keeper who was passing invited me to enter. To see the Golden House, it is necessary to fasten torches to rods from twenty to thirty feet long, in order to make out on the vaultings and friezes the remains of their paintings, which Nero saw and criticized. His residence comprised winter apartments to the south, and summer apartments facing to the north, which opened upon gardens; lofty vaulted corridors of a Homeric and severe aspect separated the summer house from the winter house, and contained between them some oblong chambers. You proceed along these by the light of the flambeaux, listening all the while to the explanations of the cicerone, who indicates without hesitation the use of each of the chambers, as if he had been groom of the chamber to the son of Agrippina. In the principal room there is painted a Venus half reclining and dreamy as she contemplates Love standing at her feet. It is only the shadow of a fresco, but the pose has a most felicitous naturalness, and the style attains that involuntary sublimity which expresses itself with perfect simplicity. The subjects in these corridors furnish an unequalled revelation of decorative painting at an epoch most imperfectly known. Divided into compartments, flowered with arabesques mixed with griffins, winged creatures, even heads of buffalo in foliage placed on thyrsi,—these vaults possess medallions, squares in which the artist has distributed figures, groups of birds, sometimes even landscapes that you would take for chinoiseries interpreted by fantastical artists imbued with the Italian nature; all is light, standing clear out, marked with delicacy, and in a taste as smiling as it is pure. One of the most distinct and important subjects represents the shepherd Faustulus, who after discovering the sucklings of the she-wolf retires in amazement; Mars appears in the clouds and contemplates the scene, which is rendered expressive by the excellently seized movement of the shepherd, the best preserved figure of this charming composition. At the base of the vaults the painter has arranged a row of eagles with wings spread out, holding in their claws small medallions with portraits in profile of the imperial family. The ordering and colour of this decoration, the clearness of the ground, remind one of the Loggie of Raphael; the monument by its size, and the painting by its science and firmness of execution, efface all that is to be seen at Pompeii. It is of the same epoch, but there is all the distance between the capital and the province, and the great masters and their school; the lord of the world only employed the best workmen of Greece.

Perhaps without knowing it we look at some vestiges of small subjects that were painted in this house 'which was the prison-house of his art,' by Amulius, author of a Minerva, much admired by Pliny, because she followed the spectator with her glance—*spectantem spectans quacumque aspiceretur.* This astonishment shows that the art had not made rapid progress, since the time when Fabius Pictor had decorated the Temple of Salus (450), and the poet Pacuvius, nephew of Ennius, adorned with paintings the temple of

Hercules in the Forum Boarium; but these first amateurs were only inspired by the polychromatic paintings of Ardea and Cære, Latin works older than Rome. Pliny cites an Atalanta and a Helen as both admirable, and adds that the exhibition of prize pictures only commenced at the return of Lucius Mummius (607 of Rome). It is from this that we must date the influence of Greek art, and, as happens in every period of imitation, decline seems to have followed quickly, as Pliny closes his remarks on the subject of painting in the following terms:—'I have said enough on the dignity of *an art that is dying*.'

VI.

I have reserved to close this chapter, and serve for introduction to the next, a small church of which, after passing under the Arch of Gallienus, I proceeded in search in a recess of the Vicolo delle Sette Sale. You make your way through a square court into the impoverished temple of San Martino ai Monti, and you can come out of it, by the side of the apse through a small door, at the end of a claustral looking alley. On one side as on the other this place is solitary to a degree rarely equalled. Hence it was not without astonishment that I met in it at a corner, under an armorial escutcheon, a beggar-woman lying down installed with her three children. To make an appeal to compassion she had decked herself as bravely as possible: her eyes like those of a she-wolf, glaring and famished, shone in the shadow of an enormous coif that recalled the old Madonnas, and with a want of foresight which characterizes a nation that is not very clever in seeking gain, the brood had come and lost themselves in a deserted corner. By an instinct which was probably rather artistic than the result of interest, as soon as I appeared, they grouped themselves as if for a picture: the little girl leaned over a sleeping baby, while behind her her elder brother bent his head towards his mother, with the studied attitude of a lad of extreme sensibility. It was thus, speaking only by looks, that they awaited my alms.

St. Martin tries the sagacity of archæologists, because there are in this place two or three churches one over another. In reconstructing the oratory at the beginning of the sixth century, St. Symmachus prepared at the Baths of Trajan a burial-place for Martin I., who was actually buried there one hundred and fifty years later. Below the church which Symmachus dealt with, there is another that Peter of Cortona totally disfigured; from this you descend into a crypt where St. Sylvester has his tomb, and where he is said to have presided over the council of Rome in 324. It is paved in black and white mosaic. Remaining poor, though twice decked out in the finery of the decadence, St. Martin has neither vaults nor ceiling; the wood-work of the roof is by an original contrast supported on twenty-four ancient Corinthian columns of precious marble. They preserve here the seat of Pope Martin, whom Constant II. sent to end his days in exile in the depth of the Chersonese, because he had condemned the heresy of the Monothelites. Let us also note a small mosaic of the seventh century, which is very curious though damaged. As at St. Agnes for Honorius I., as at Santa Maria in the Trastevere for St. Cornelia, I remarked that the pope always wore a slipper with a cross embroidered on it, and that as in all the other figures of the sovereign pontiff, the metropolitan of Rome has no crosier. A cross is drawn upon the slipper, so that when people kiss the foot of the father of the faithful, the homage is addressed to the symbol and not to the man. There have been refinements in humility resorted to, ever since St. Gregory the Great adopted and

transmitted the formula, *Servus servorum Dei;* they are more laudable in intention than in appearance, for the cross might be more suitably placed than on a slipper. The absence of the crosier among the insignia of the papacy is explained by a legend that Innocent III. will tell us in a very few words. 'The Roman pontiff has no pastoral staff, because the blessed apostle Peter gave his to Eucherius, first bishop of Trier, to awake from the dead Maturnus, whom he had sent with Valerius to preach the gospel to the Teutonic

FAMILY OF BEGGARS.

nation, and Maturnus succeeded Eucherius. This staff is still preserved at Trier with the greatest veneration.' (*De Sacrif. Miss.*, c. VI.) St. Thomas Aquinas completes the story in the following terms: 'The Roman pontiff does not use a staff, because St. Peter sent his to resuscitate one of his disciples, who was made bishop of Trier. This is why the popes only carry the pastoral staff in the diocese of Trier, and not in other dioceses.'

What especially attracted me to the church was the desire to see a series of fresco

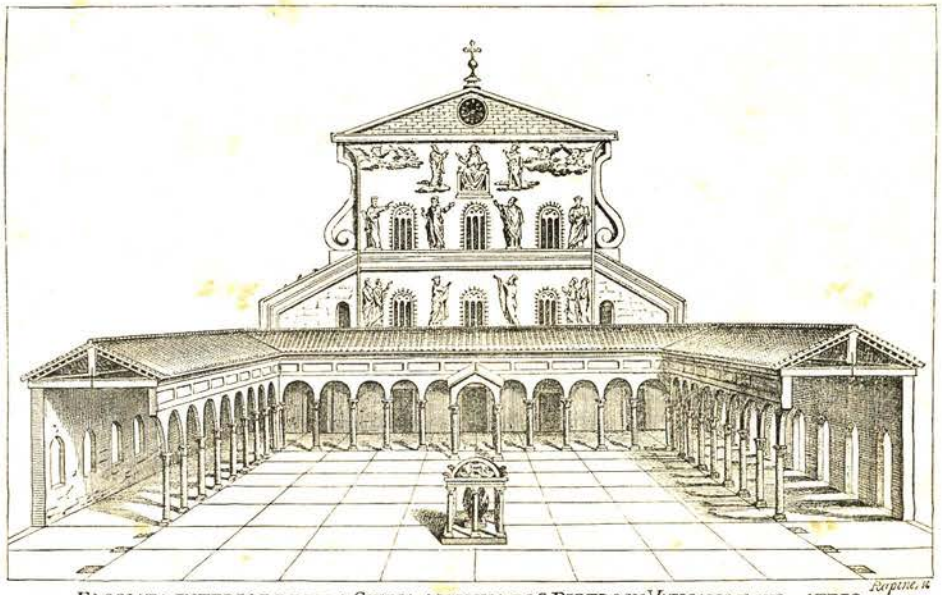
VIEW OF ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

landscapes, that a Carmelite prior had painted on the walls of the aisles. The points of view are wide, and thus they are composed in a bright and luminous tone; their painter is Dughet, the brother-in-law and the best disciple of Poussin. I meant also to examine two older paintings, which are documents of great price. One represents St. John

ANCIENT CONSTANTINIAN BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S.

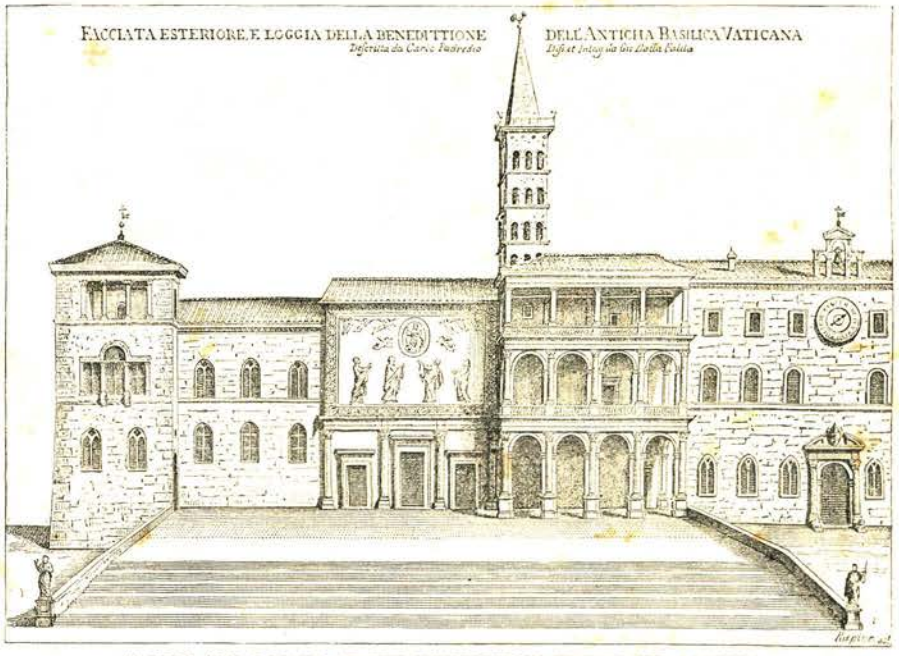
Lateran before the restorations which have modernised it; the other, the interior of the ancient basilica of St. Peter on the Vatican, just as it was under Nicholas V., as it was, consequently, when erected by Constantine in 326. Viollet le Duc, who has copied this fresco with his photographic precision, has had the kindness to place his drawing at my disposal, in which we recognise the spot that was formerly occupied by the ancient

bronze statue of the apostle, and in which we see that they, even at that time, descended at the end of the great nave to the Confession of St. Peter; that the aisles, to the number of five, were separated by Corinthian columns, raised by six steps above the central nave,



FACCIATA INTERIORE DELLA CHIESA ANTICHA DI S. PIETRO IN VATICANO, E SVO ATRIO
Descritta da Carlo Padredio, disegnata et Intagliata da Giovanni Battista Falda.

a unique arrangement, I believe; finally, that these splendid pillars supported even in the aisles apparent roofs. Some engravings of G. Battista Falda, that are become rare,



FAÇADE AND LOGGIA OF THE BENEDICTION IN THE OLD BASILICA.

complete our information for the outside: they restore for us the cloister with its monumental cone in the middle under a small shrine: then the portico and the façade of the church, which were adorned with mosaics; the belfries, one of the eleventh

century, massive and thick, the other more meagre and less ancient, which rose above the Loggia, close by the side of the modest and classical entry of the Vatican residence.

These memories take us back, by a chronological path, from the Esquiline to the Vatican, and from San Martino ai Monti to the basilica of St. Peter.

FACCIATA DOVE VENIVA SITV ATA LANAVICELLA DI GIOTTO, CHE RIGVARDAVA IL PROSPETTO
dell'Antiche Basilica Vaticana
Descritta da Carlo Padretto Disegnata et Intagliata da Gio Batta Falda

FAÇADE WHERE THE NAVICELLA OF GIOTTO WAS.

UNDER THE PORTICO OF ST. PETER'S (SIDE OF THE SACRISTY).

CHAPTER XI.

THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER.

I.

THE friend who had disturbed my first illusions, often repeated, 'Do not weary of returning to St. Peter's, but without making yourself stiff against it; arrive at comprehension before judging, and you will have taken a long step.' I lent myself to this method of progress with entire good faith. I left nothing undone to assimilate an art which wants neither spirit nor vigour. I hastened with all

THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER AT THE GREAT BENEDICTION.

abnegation in the pursuit of an infatuation that I dreaded. To familiarise myself with it, I used to wander round this colossal object, and contemplate it under every aspect.

Let us examine first what concerns the general appearance of the work; then let us point out the most remarkable of the numerous objects of art which the Basilica contains, with the hope of calling especial attention to works that are either not appreciated at all, or not appreciated as they should be; finally, let us do our best to rise to the idea which presides over this conception, which gives it a unique significance, and which constitutes its grandeur.

At the exit of the Piazza Rusticucci, at the moment when, facing the dome, you proceed to make your way into the round of Doric columns, which mark the ellipsoid outline of an immense space, you are struck with the apparent unity of so vast a construction, commenced in 1450 and continued over two centuries and a half. The more we look at these erections, the more astonished we are, as we recall the names of Bramante, of the two San Gallo, of Raphael, of Peruzzi, of Michelangelo, and of Vignola, the principal masters of the first century of the construction, the more, I say, we are astonished at finding ourselves before an ensemble which, from a distance, we should assign to some contemporary of Soufflot, until the moment when we draw near the façade, and suppose we have to do with some rival of Mansart. The reason of these analogies is simple enough: from the reign of Lewis XIV. to that of Lewis XVI. the French only copied St. Peter or imitations of St. Peter; to this period corresponds the disappearance from among them of a national architecture. The circular colonnade of Bernini, nearly three hundred columns, set in four rows, and leaving between them a central passage for carriages,—this enormous phantasy is the manifesto of a style which subordinates utility to symmetry, and rules to decorative effect: these two hundred and eighty-four columns, which are strong enough to support the palaces of Semiramis, support nothing at all; they are placed there for show; they are the feet of two banqueting tables set for a congress of giants, on which are drawn up in a row ninety-six statues of between three and four metres, which from a distance cannot be distinguished, and which you do not see any better when you are near. For that matter, no one looks at them; and such is the fate of works of art that are lavished out of place.

We cannot deny that this colonnade, connecting itself with the piazza by two curves of such amplitude, is an imposing conception. It is still more so on paper; it would have its effect if one could take a bird's-eye survey of the whole; it would be too easy to show that this plan is a theoretic expression, and that the ground furnishes no point of view from which the whole spectacle is to be obtained. Too large for the round form, the vast, useless, and unoccupied space makes one regret that they did not arrange over this sublime colonnade, or in its place, the incoherent palaces of the Vatican court, thrown confusedly out of straight line, and which, by encumbering one side, disorder the noblest symmetry that the schools have ever dreamed of. One other thing gave me a constant shock: the basilica of St. Peter, for the glorification of which this immense device has been contrived, declares itself in the skies by a great hemispheric dome, flanked by two other smaller domes; these cupolas, particularly that of the centre, whose curve, attributed to Michelangelo, was rectified by Giacomo della Porta, would have gained by rising in rectilinear construction. The conflict of the horizontal and vertical arcs of a circle is not happy, and the proof is, that from the points of view at which the dome of St. Peter has not the round of Bernini for a foreground, it rises with a much superior effect. Those who paved the piazza seem to have understood this: from the foot of the

obelisk, that rises in the centre, they made a series of radii in white stone diverge, which, by giving more firmness to the surface, lead the eye by direct lines to the four-and-twenty steps of the church. Two sparkling fountains adorn the semicircles of this vast arena, accompanying the obelisk—and that is why the obelisk of our Place de la Concorde is supported by a couple of fountains.

The façade is unhappy; everybody has said so to satiety; it masks the dome, its pediment is abortive, its attica ill accented by a row of small, low, and misshapen windows; its top is ridiculously equipped by the thirteen colossal figures of Christ and the apostles gesticulating on the balustrade. Under the frieze, with the inscription of Pope Borghese (Paul V.), is placed the central balcony, whence the sovereign pontiff blesses the city and the universe. This window, its four neighbours, as well as the five doors whose entablature is supported on columns of precious marble, form so many details of an elegant regularity. I like also the interior gallery running the length of the façade and ending at the extremities by vestibules, at the foot of which appear two weak and characterless equestrian statues. One of them, the work of Bernini, represents Constantine; and the other, Charles the Great. Above the great door they have replaced the Bark of St. Peter, a mosaic executed in 1298 by Giotto for the old basilica; the work has been so re-handled as to have lost its character. The last door on the right is walled-up, with a bronze cross in the centre; it is that of the Jubilees; it is only opened in the holy year, four times in a century. The middle approach, adorned with imperial profiles in medallions, and which comes from the first basilica, is the work of Simon, brother of Donatello, assisted by Antonio Philarete; it presents on its bas-reliefs the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, as a pendant to Eugenius IV. giving audience to the deputations from the East, and crowning the Emperor Sigismund.

In Italy they do not shut the churches by a system of small doors, soon made greasy by the hands of the populace. Giving a literal interpretation to Christ's saying, 'My Father's house is always open,' they are content with a curtain; but in order to prevent it from flying about in the wind this curtain, especially for doorways of great size like that of St. Peter, is a sort of canvas with lead at the foot of it, and doubled by a piece of leather. The process is dirtier than ours, for, as it falls back on you, the leather, which is plastered with all the filth from people's hands for centuries, often gives you a brush in the face. However, there is no noise; you enter as if you miraculously made a hole in a wall that instantly closed up again. The sensation is particularly striking at St. Peter's, where you are dazzled with a mass of splendour, and it would be still more so if the longest of known naves, and one of the highest, since the vault is forty-eight metres from the pavement, disclosed to you instantaneously its astonishing dimensions.

II.

When, without settling, the eye draws lines through these spaces, your calculations grow, but as soon as it pauses on details, they are so distinctly perceptible that the church thus made small becomes a mere casket of jewellery. The formidable telescope through which you seem to be examining such a gem produces the presumption of a tinier reality; the mind does not take in so excessive an enlargement, and it is only by degrees that it comes to accept for true the vast cavern of polished marbles, of mosaics, of golden

foliage freshly come from the lapidary's workshop. Some wonder, too, results from the general freedom of light, as well as from the freshness of particular tints; the walls faced with stucco, the pilasters, the architraves, the pedestals, all seem shot with fine shades from white to opal and from gray to rose. The lustrous and embellished pavement under one's feet turns, as one retires, into mirrors doubling as on the surface of a lake all the arches and vaults. Finally, what adds to the mundane splendour of this official basilica is that on the counter-pilasters, playing with the ensigns of the priesthood, circle those charming angels which, first emancipated by the child of Cythera, have become for three centuries in the palaces of kings the sportive pages of every allegory.

Is it true that you have no suspicion of the immensity of the church, before you have measured yourself with Liberoni's angels in yellow marble, two metres high, which support against the first pillar a vessel for holy water in the shape of a shell? This is not quite accurate; the thickness of the air which makes the bottom of the nave cloudy, the microscopic smallness of distant passers by, have already given you warning. The Angels in question occasion a peculiar illusion; the mere prettiness of these naked children, recalling a number of analogous subjects smaller than nature, hinders you at the first glance from conceiving that a pier should have been exaggerated to such a point. To understand what must have passed here, and to explain their disproportions, which are real in spite of the theories which are strained for their justification, it is indispensable to describe the various phases which the structure has passed through.

Rossellini and Alberti, the first interpreters of the intentions of Nicholas V., confined themselves to raising from the ground the walls of an enlarged apse when, to answer to the vast designs of Julius II. and to efface the renown of Brunelleschi, who had constructed the cupola of Florence, Donato Lazzari, called Bramante, proposed to raise in the middle of a Greek cross formed by four long naves in the style of Constantine, a cupola on the model of that of Agrippa, but enlarged to untold proportions. Such was his ardour, stimulated by the large and ambitious character of Julius II., that in 1513, after seven years of work, the cupola without supports launched its arches into the sky, but erected too quickly and on unsure foundations, the Babel threatened ruin and had to be demolished. Raphael, the successor of Bramante, who in taking his flight 'dreaded,' he wrote, 'the doom of Icarus,' Raphael, assisted by Giuliano da San Gallo and by Fra Giocondo, strengthened the pillars; curtailing the chevet and the transepts, he adopted the design of a Latin cross; his design has not been preserved. Balthazar Peruzzi erected the apse and returned to the idea of a Greek cross less developed; consequently Antonio da San Gallo, when he replaced him, preferred the Latin cross. They still show his plan in relief, rich in belfries and pyramidal outline, a scheme that Michelangelo depreciated by accusing it of savouring of Gothic. San Gallo showed himself more penetrating than his predecessors; divining the rock on which they had split, he supported the buildings by formidable stays, and excavating the mysterious soil of the Neronian Circus, which was furrowed by the graves of martyrs, he solidified the whole of the circumference down to an extreme depth. After that they could build on substantial foundations.

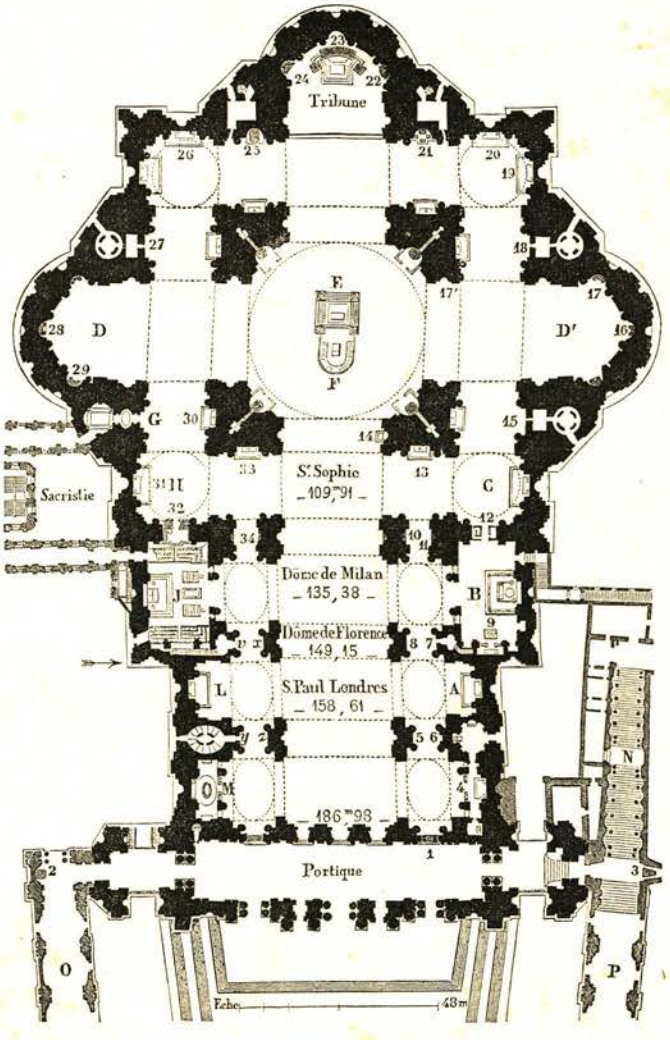
This was preparing the glory of Michelangelo, who did not fail to return to the Greek cross, and who ended the drum of the cupola, to which the rest was subordinate. It has been maintained that he meant to raise a portico with columns, in the style of that of the Pantheon; but the elevation of his plan, executed in colour under Sixtus V. against one of the cartouches of the Vatican Library, contradicts this assertion. It shows us four

small bays in a cross terminated by semi-circular apses, and the great cupola surrounded by a circle of statues at the base and accompanied by four small domes. All these rounded masses were to be isolated in a quadrangular space of a calm and severe architecture. Vignola and Pirro Ligorio who came next, in accordance with the wishes of Pius V., conformed to the plans of Michelangelo; but as soon as Giacomo della Porta had finished the dome, Carlo Maderno, left too free by Paul V., made haste, in order to show his genius by a novelty—a novelty four times tried—to return to the Latin cross by elongating the great nave. He ended it by that frightful façade which Bernini connected with a bracelet of columns.

A. Chapel of St. Sebastian.
B. „ „ the Holy Sacrament.
C. Gregorian chapel.
D D'. Transepts.
E. Pontifical altar.
F. Confessional of St. Peter.
G. Entrance to Sacristy.
H. Clementine chapel.
I. Choral chapel.
L. Presentation chapel.
M. Baptistery.
N. Scala Regia.
O, P. Galleries of Bernini.

v. Urn with remains of last pope.
x. Tomb of Innocent VIII.
y. Entrance of stairs to dome.
z. Tomb of the Stuarts.

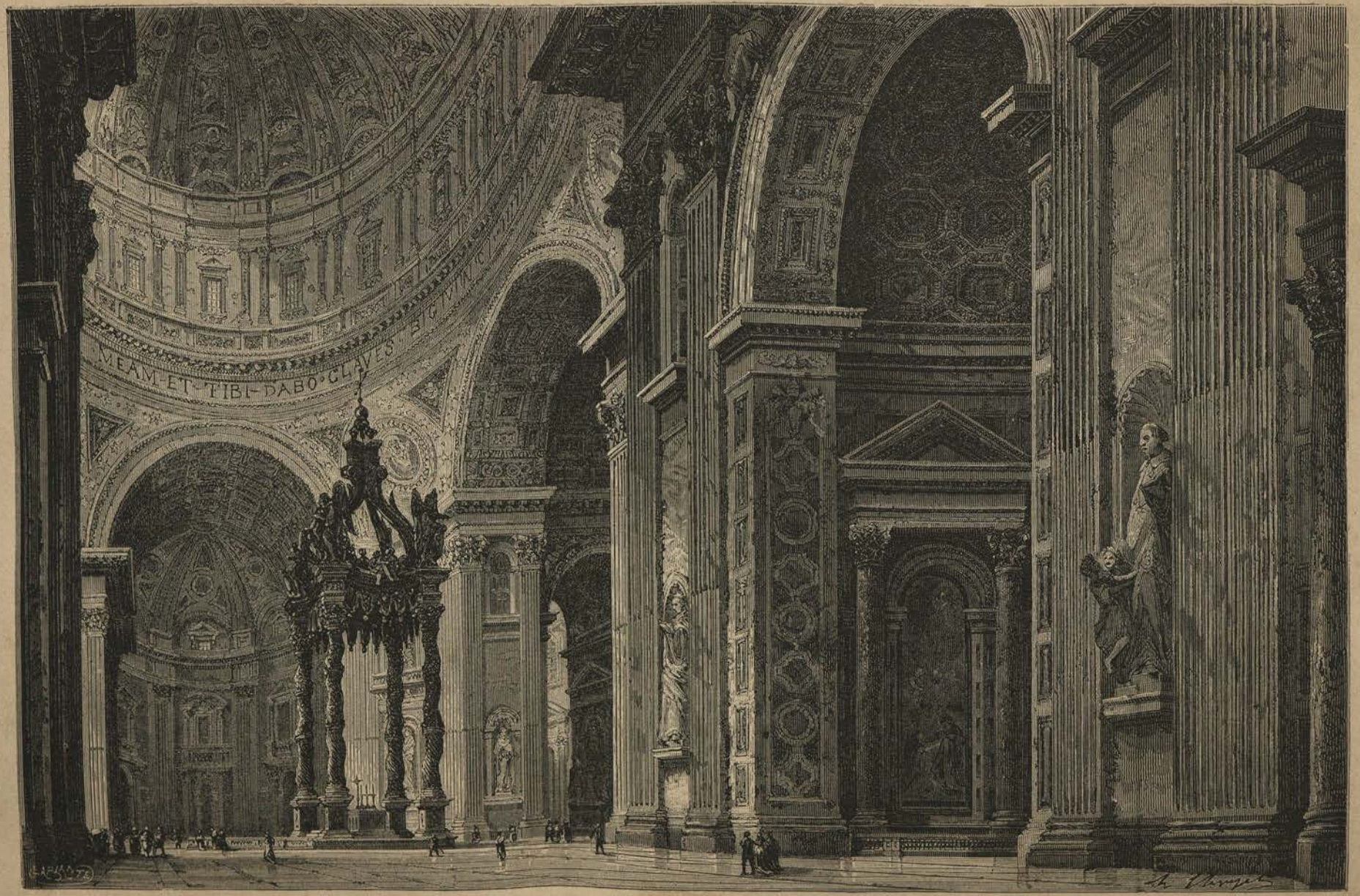
1. The Jubilee gate.
2. Statue of Charles the Great.
3. „ Constantine.
4. Chapel of the Pietà.
5. Tomb of Christian of Sweden.
6. „ Leo XII.
7. „ Innocent XII.
8. „ Countess Matilda.
9. „ Sixtus IV.
10. „ Gregory XII.



PLAN OF THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER.

11. Tomb of Gregory XIII.
12. „ Gregory XIV.
13. St. Jerome.
14. Bronze statue of St. Peter.
15. Tomb of Benedict XIV.
16. Martyrdom of St. Processus.
17. St. Erasmus.
17'. Statue of St. Bruno.
18. Tomb of Clement XIII.
19. St. Michael (Guido Reni).
20. St. Petronilla.
21. Tomb of Clement X.
22. „ Urban VIII.
23. Pulpit of St. Peter.
24. Tomb of Paul III.
25. „ Alexander VIII.
26. Bas-relief.
27. Tomb of Alexander VII.
28. Crucifixion of St. Peter (Guido Reni).
29. Stigmata of St. Francis (Domenichino).
30. St. Peter and St. Andrew (Pomerancio).
31. St. Gregory the Great (Sacchi).
32. Tomb of Pius VII.
33. Transfiguration (Raphael).
34. Tomb of Leo XI.
35. „ Innocent XI.

It was not without good reason that the most expert, Peruzzi, Michelangelo, Vignola, Della Porta, were bent on avoiding a conflict between so enormous a dome and the longest nave that had been seen. As it was necessary, after the death of Bramante, in order to support a cupola nearly as high as the Great Pyramid, to more than double the thickness of the pillars of the choir and make them terribly massive, these great men understood that it was necessary to bring the supports of the nave into proportion, and that it would be crushed by them. Such is the peril that Maderno braved, being obliged, in order to bring himself into harmony with the end portion, to give to the pillars of his nave a volume so monstrous, that only three could be arranged on each side, and it is



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S (VIEW TAKEN FROM LEFT TRANSEIT).

these enormous supports which do more than anything else to make the gigantic church look small. In fact, who will dream of suspecting that a nave whose length only divides into three arches, is the longest in the world? I was bent on measuring these blocks of masonry which give the nave so short a perspective; each pilaster measures thirty of my steps, and the pillars of the cupola are two hundred and six feet in circumference. The ornamentation with which they overlaid such surfaces, to disguise their ugliness and make them so that we should only see pillars in them, necessarily took exorbitant dimensions. Maderno hollowed within two tiers of niches, and peopled them with figures eighteen feet high; on right and left of these niches he reared fluted pilasters nearly three metres broad; the entablature, seventy-seven feet from the pavement, is not less than six metres thick. These masses stream with the splendour of marble; capitals, architraves, golden arabesques, stucco miniatures of the great arches, rosettes on the vault, everything comes from step to step at last to attain such exaggeration, that in the judgment of the spectators the accustomed scales of proportion are reversed. That this construction should grow, it needs the darkness of evening to come and extinguish it; simplified by time, the ruin would seem of prodigious immensity.

Nothing makes the unfortunate effect of these disproportions more intelligible than the canopy which surmounts the altar, which is set backwards, that is, towards the west, because when the pope officiates he looks to his people. This canopy is not less than eighty-seven feet high, yet it is impossible to suspect it. Hence, perhaps, certain warnings, certain landmarks contrived by Maderno, a man of superior talent at a time when they compassed great missions with small means, to inform the public that the heaviness of the construction has their enormous size for excuse. At the very threshold you touch in passing the engaged columns of the portico, in the fluting of which you could niche a statue; the sensibly exaggerated height of the pedestals and bases cannot escape you, for your own height serves you for a scale; along the nave you next meet the copper lines which mark on the pavement the length of the largest cathedrals known, &c. Reflection gradually makes you understand that our ogival metropolitan churches of the thirteenth century could be held in pairs in St. Peter's; but in spite of this reality, your memory recalls them to your imagination as larger and especially as higher—an illusion due to the prolongation and multiplicity of the vertical lines, and the bold and aspiring form of their vaults.

As for the traditionally professed opinion with reference to St. Peter's, that these dwarfing deceptions are the valuable result of an ideal harmony of the proportions, that is a piece of nonsense begotten of the servility of inferior schools, and we should not trouble ourselves about it, if it were less widely spread. Surely there would be a ruinous inconsistency in laying out money to erect the largest religious edifice in the world, and yet to do so in such a way that it should appear small. We should rather incline to the contrary idea: to build the edifice as vast as possible, and try by a skilful combination of lines to make it seem even larger than it is. How can we help perceiving, in the course of this long undertaking, the continual influence of personal vanities? Bramante and Maderno claim to surpass, the one all the cupolas, the other all the naves, and their ambition comes to nothing; the cupola of St. Peter is higher, but it is neither so deep nor by any means so wide in diameter as that of Florence, by the great and simple Brunelleschi; the nave of the basilica exceeds all others in length, but we only set forth this advantage to mark an effect that has completely miscarried.

In the accomplishment of this work, in which pride ever went before, the error of the

popes lay in putting into a position of rivalry with one another a series of men of genius, who were too illustrious to consent to execute with docility a rival's conception. Each of them on coming forward claimed that he was the bearer of new prodigies; the people were full of joy, the pontiffs were radiant, and it cost them dear; for towards the end of the seventeenth century, Carlo Fontana calculated that the expenses up to that time mounted to nearly 152,000,000 francs. To meet this demand it was necessary, from the reign of Leo X., to coin money in every fashion, and hence the traffic in indulgences, which furnished such dangerous weapons to Luther. Rome thought she was raising on the tomb of the apostle the monument of triumphant unity; she was working for the Reformation: the breach between modern art and religious sentiment, of which the last champion perished on the scaffold of Savonarola, was to be consummated for ever by the pompous style of the edifice that was consecrated to the temporal glory of the popes.

III.

When you pay a visit to St. Peter's, you might imagine that you were come to pay court to some one. So many prelates and pontiffs in their dresses of ceremony seem still to exist there, the statues of an illustrious congregation of saints unite respect for ceremony with attitudes so deliberate, that, the great man driving from mind the ascetic or the martyr, and the astragals making the idea of the palace master that of a temple, the place invites less to prayer than to conversation; the basilica is the vastest reception-room on the globe. What contributes during winter to this mistake is, that you are caressed by a tepid and soft temperature, an inexplicable phenomenon, except for the scientific men, who, if it were bitterly cold there, would also explain why you freeze in it. The mildness of the air will allow us, then, to seek out some pearls from among much trumpery, and people will understand the necessity of self-restraint on the subject of a church where we count forty-four altars, seven hundred and forty-eight columns, and a council of three hundred and eighty-nine statues. On this account I will omit whatever leaves no trace in the memory, and that is, with perhaps a score of exceptions, all the decoration of the transepts, of the apse, and of the aisles.

The old basilica, situated in the same place, lasted for eleven hundred years, when Pope Nicholas V., though with pious designs, committed the archæological impiety of presuming to substitute for it a temple superior to that of Solomon. By good fortune the Constantinian basilica was only pulled down proportionally with the works, and fifty years after the death of Thomas of Sarzano one-half of the church still served for worship; and these delays still permitted the replacing in the new church of various monuments which it was good to preserve. The statue which people generally visit first, by way of paying dutiful respect to the patron of the place, is the seated statue of St. Peter, a bronze of the fifth century, which, towards the year 445, Pope Leo placed in the basilica. I do not know who has advanced the doctrine that it was the ancient statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, but it must have been a jest, for no one can take for the statue of massive gold, which Domitian set up in the first century, this bronze of the very middle of the decadence, stiff, poor in design, and with the right hand, which blesses, and the left, which holds the keys, cast along with the rest of the body. This statue is the object of such veneration, that the kisses of the faithful have polished and worn its foot. It is

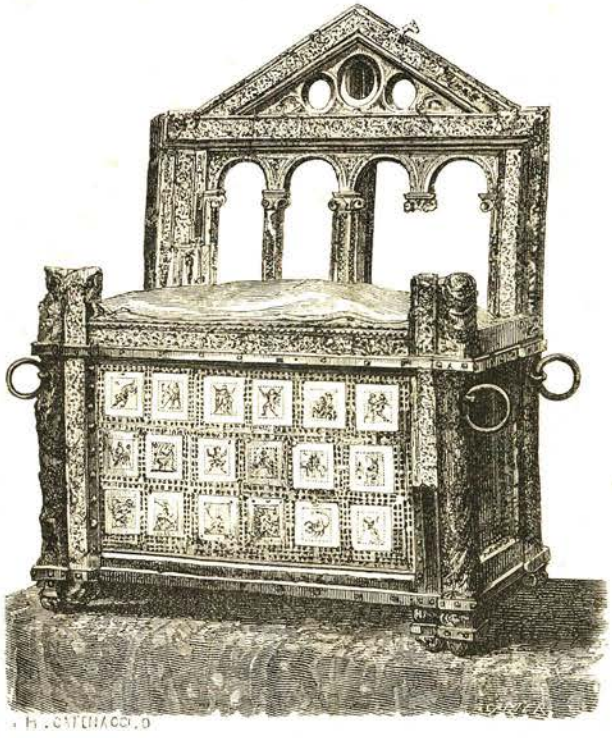
doubtful whether any bronze figure of life-size consecrated to a Christian hero can be earlier than this. The St. Peter interested me for another reason; among the gems preserved under the glasses of the Library of the Vatican, chance had disclosed to me an oval medallion, and, according to the opinions of experts, belonging to somewhere between the first and second centuries; this piece, which is little known, has on it the profiles of St. Peter and St. Paul, modelled after nature at an epoch when art still joined simplicity of style to suppleness of execution. Now the statue of St. Peter, in spite of cold and awkward execution, presents a marked likeness to one of the profiles of the Vatican Library. Conformably to primitive traditions, the apostle has abundant and crisp hair, the beard curled, rather blunt features leaning to mobility of expression; something of the Arabian; the air of a child of the people, with the healthy leanness of a man of action. This prototype of Christian numismatics shows Saul, or Paul, to us as Nicephorus has described him: quite bald, with long features, aquiline nose, the meditative, argumentative, and half-wearied air of a philosopher of the porch, worn by the struggles of life and the spirit. With the aid of this comparison we are rather brought to think that the bronze statue of St. Peter was made after types traditionally handed down, a practice conformable enough to those of ancient Rome.

At the bottom of the nave the eye is attracted to the front of the master-altar, at the foot of which are the eighty-seven lamps, perpetually burning on the circular balustrade of the crypt or confession; you would take them for a mass of yellow roses. Their stems are gilded cornucopias. At the foot of the steps is Pius VI. kneeling in prayer, his eyes fixed on the tomb of the apostles; his last desires, as he lay a dying in exile, were a dream of this burial-place. Canova has impressed on the martyr's features a sublime aspect of devout meditation and fervour. The Confession gives access to a fragment of the primitive oratory raised by Anacletus on the monument of his predecessor, and the tomb of Peter and Paul serves for an altar to that chapel of the Grottoes, above which they have replaced the master-altar of the new patriarchal church, in the very spot where the successors of St. Sylvester officiated. It was in all times a venerable spot, and so surrounded with fear that Alaric had brought to it in solemn procession the sacred vessels of which a soldier had taken possession. Urban VIII., aided by Maderno, has made all this into something which is no more than delightful: he also had constructed by Bernini the great canopy of the master-altar of gilded bronze, with twisted columns loaded with an entablature which, filled at the corners by four angels standing, supports a globe surmounted by the cross. Nothing has been so often imitated as these twisted columns: from 1630 to 1680 all altars had glorias like that of the Tribuna, and twisted pillars like those of St. Peter's. We ought to know, to explain this fashion, that the form of the columns of Bernini had been determined by four small marble pillars of the old Ciborium, brought, it is said, from Jerusalem, and which are supposed to have come from the Temple: they are still seen, arranged with others that have been copied, on the four balconies constructed in the pillars of the transept. It is from one of these projecting balconies, that which commands St. Veronica, that during the holy days they display the great relics, the holy face, the wood of the true cross, and the lance of Longinus.

I have mentioned the dimensions of the canopy; that estimate adopted for a standard, you take in almost with terror the height of the vault, beneath which this toy of twenty-nine metres is lost. The apse is one hundred and sixty-four feet long. At the back, is the presbyterium, where in the days of pontifical solemnity the sacred college is ranged

around the pope. There is in it a sumptuous altar, and, in the middle of a glory, the Chair of St. Peter, sustained by four colossal figures of bronze and gold, which represent two fathers of the Latin and two of the Greek Church. The Chair, by Bernini, is only an outside case, containing the curule seat of Egyptian wood faced with ivory, which is supposed to have been given by the senator Pudens to his guest, the apostle Peter. They show in the sacristy a model of this precious piece, which is rarely exhibited, as well as some of the small ivory facings that have been detached from it; they represent the Labours of Hercules, and are of an indisputable antiquity.

We know that in Pliny's time the workers in ivory already veneered wood, and that they executed marqueterie, either with shell or with bits of ivory cut very small and fixed with glue. This is at any rate a sort of sedan chair, such as the senators employed under the first Cæsars, and such as Horace describes in the words *curule ebur*. This Pudens, the first patrician to receive the faith of Christ, and his family, whom we follow for three generations by the funeral inscriptions on the loculi in the catacombs, may out of veneration for the memory of the first bishop of Rome have piously kept and transmitted to the Christians the seat from which Peter had spoken, a relic of which there is mention in the acts of the primitive church. Tertullian and Eusebius prove the practice which prevailed, of preserving with respect the seats of apostles and bishops.



CURULE CHAIR ATTRIBUTED TO THE APOSTLE PETER.

On the sides of the Tribuna, and joining the Sun of an operatic apotheosis, are two mausoleums which deserve mention. At the bottom of that of Paul III. which is to the left, Guglielmo della Porta had sculptured in marble a naked and half-reclining figure of Justice, beautiful enough to excite the love of knavery itself; no Venus has a more charming head. As for the body, we cannot any longer form an opinion upon it; it was found decorous to have Justice clad in a tunic of zinc by Bernini, who hardly profited by the lesson. The same artist in the mausoleum to the right has represented in bronze Urban VIII. seated, the right arm raised in the act of benediction. Bernini is not one of the men whom we can sacrifice wholesale; his statue of Urban VIII. is sufficiently calm, extremely full of life, and majestic. I will observe on this subject that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries multiplied in the churches of Rome and even at St. Peter pontifical statues seated and giving the benediction; that of Urban VIII. is the oldest, and the becomingness of the attitude, as well as the grace with which the sculptor accompanied it, gave the first impulse to all the numerous imitations. But it is curious to observe that in seeking this same movement, none of the successors of Bernini has succeeded in making it at once paternal and noble. Innocent X. at St. Agnes,

Clement XIV. at the Santi Apostoli, are the one affectedly grave and the other clumsy; Gregory XVI. looks like a man performing some operation; Alexander VIII. has the air of a warrior threatening; Clement X. of a man calling out in amazement; in a word they have all more or less failed, so difficult is it to seize the expression of a gesture. Bernini had sought it in nature, while others thought they could make it their own by studied interpretation; the secret of every era of decline is there.

Let us come down the church again, and take the right to the back of the transept, at the entrance of which on Holy Thursday is erected the seat of the Grand Penitentiary, who on that day after public confession gives absolution to some great sinner muffled up as a pilgrim. We will pass before the chapel of St. Leo without allowing ourselves to be dazzled by the queer cleverness of Algardi; his bas-relief of Attila is a virtuoso's trick and nothing more. At the foot of this altar is, not the tombstone, but the commemorative monument, of Leo XII. with the following votive inscription which he wrote a few days before his death:—

LEONI MAGNO PATRONO CELESTI
ME SUPPLEX COMMENDANS
HIC APUD SACROS EJUS CINERES
LOCUM SEPULTURÆ ELEGI
LEO XII HUMILIS CLIENS
HEREDUM TANTI NOMINIS MINIMUS.

How far more touching is this humility than the funereal paraphernalia with which Bernini surrounded Alexander VII.! However, Cherubini maintained that it is good now and then to see and hear something bad, so as not to fall into it from ignorance.

As you gain the Tribuna from the arm of the cross, you will find in a niche the statue of a sacristan of the eighteenth century with the face of a cherub, decked out in ermine and laces; this is the way in which they have appreciated the austere and great St. Norbert. If you pass straight in front of the Clementine chapel, you will see on an altar at the back of a pilaster of the cupola, the finest specimen of the Roman mosaics of which the Vatican is the workshop; it is a copy of the Transfiguration of Raphael, and has such accuracy of tints as to produce a genuine illusion. This is a picture which will never fade; there it is fixed in its freshness, until the next invasion of the barbarian; a precious art that ought to have been imported into our climates, where as damp destroys paintings and frescoes, the monuments are of a frosty monotony. A return towards the chapel of Clement VIII. would give us an opportunity of saluting the tomb of Pius VII., a curious monument of an epoch and of the complicated taste of northern imagination. I will not speak of the figures of Force and Wisdom, descending from a clock that has long stopped; but we cannot help admiring how under the hand of Thorwaldsen, the good Pope Chiaramonti, while remaining like himself, has been able to Germanize his expression. They have seated him on a Greek throne perched over an Egyptian sepulchre.

Before the Choral chapel where each day, with a view to hearing the practice of singing, strangers go and seat themselves in white ties and dress coats, we at last, against the pillars of an arch, come upon a work of a pure time, origin, and style, the tomb of Innocent VIII. Antonio Pollajuolo at the end of the fifteenth century made it in bronze for the old basilica. What grandeur, after so many vulgarities, has this Florentine

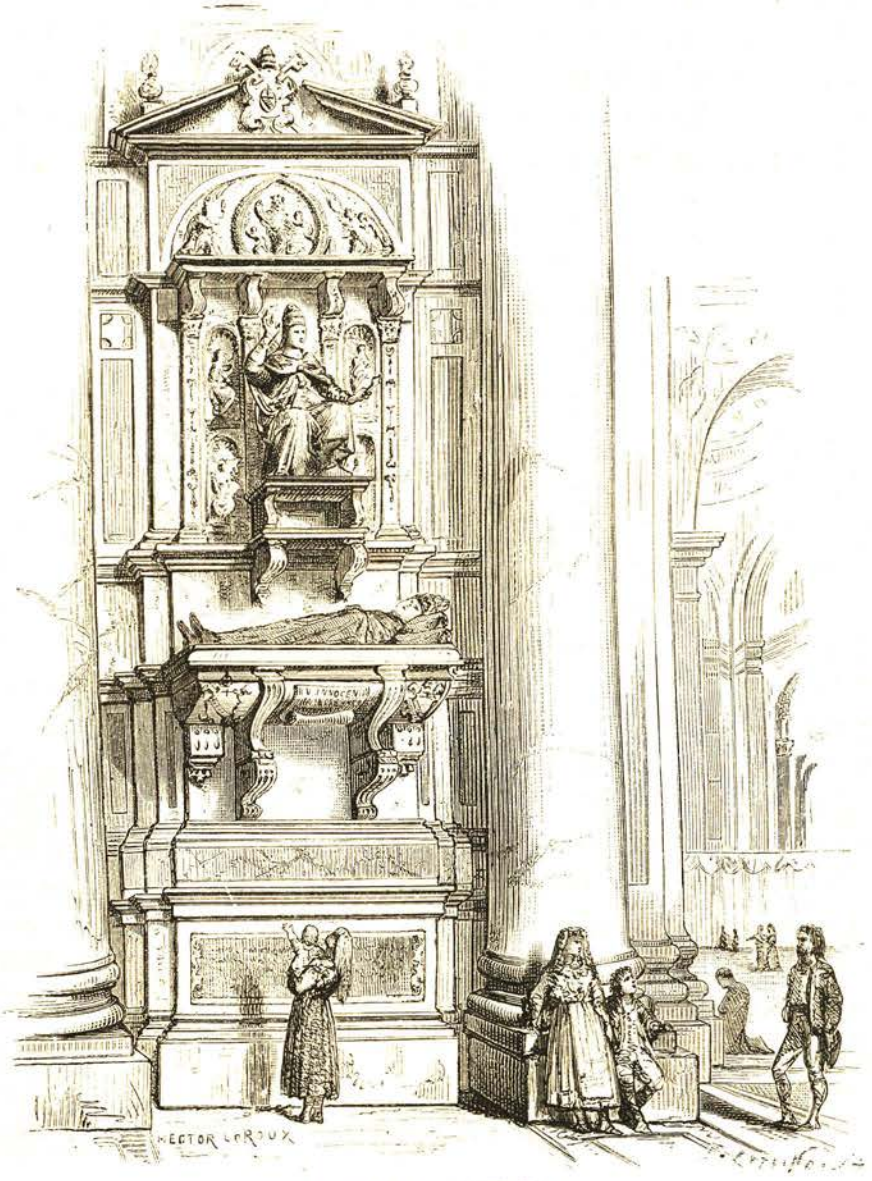
jewellery. Compare these four Virtues in bas-relief with the great Bellonas of the Barberini, and mark the nobleness, the personality, of these two statues of the pontiff, the one representing him full of life, the other extinguished in death. In its elegant refinement, the ornamentation waits without solicitation or stir for the eye to come and rest upon it. Opposite is a door, and above it a coffer of stucco, which contains the corpse of the last Pope deceased, until the demise of his successor.

THE GRAND PENITENTIARY AT ST. PETER'S.

Before coming to the baptismal fonts, remarkable for their porphyry basin, which is the upturned lid of the sarcophagus of the Emperor Otto II. (a gem twelve feet long cut in the tenth century, and set by Fontana in a fine mounting), you will pass before the pillar against which lean the tombs of the last of the exiled Stuarts. People were in the full fervour of monarchical restorations, when Canova having to pourtray these three princes, bravely gave to the children of James II. the titles of Charles III. and Henry IX. Rome professes the eternal perpetuity of right, and only confers the

absolution of the *fait accompli* by favour of repentance. Above these two Augustuli, an Angel and Religion exhibit in a Lewis XV. frame a fine medallion in mosaic of Maria Casimir, the inconstant and adventurous grand-daughter of John Sobieski.

We pass in front of the chapel of the Pietà, a word that we ought to translate by Pity, if you prefer the real sense to a nonsense of custom. It is so called because on the altar is a marble group representing the Mater Dolorosa with the dead Christ. When he thus ventured to cast this corpse across the knees of a divine mother, Michelangelo was not



TOMB OF INNOCENT VIII.

four-and-twenty; hardy, already original, but ingenuous; stirred by ancient beauty, but imbued with Christian sentiment, he enlarged the expression without as yet altering it. If I note in passing the triumph of the Cross that Lanfranc painted on the vault, it is to rectify the widely-spread error that all the paintings at St. Peter's are mosaics. They have preserved the sarcophagus of Probus Anicius, which in the old basilica served for baptismal font. It was Fontana who designed the tomb of Christina of Sweden, and who adorned it with a colossal medallion of gilded bronze, a fine portrait executed with a

master hand. The mosaic copy of the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian by Domenichino, of which the original is at St. Mary of the Angels, has given a name to the following chapel; this mosaic is dull, coldly modelled, and very inferior to the painting, of which the colour is tender and lively. Nearly opposite, on the reverse of a pillar is the mausoleum by Bernini of the famous Matilda of Tuscany, who dying in 1125 bequeathed her lands to the church: she had been originally deposited in a sarcophagus on which the history of Phædra and Hippolytus was sculptured, and which John of Pisa studied; Urban VIII. in 1635 had transferred to St. Peter's the remains of a benefactress, who made her vain munificence cost so much blood. This figure is a purely ideal composition: the head grave and animated, with a sweep comparable to the fine things of antiquity, is admirably posed and admirably attached; the vigorous and feminine arm carrying the sceptre expresses resolution; the left with more timid gesture hesitatingly sustaining the tiara and the keys; the majesty and the pose are enhanced by the arrangement of the draperies.

IV.

What stillness in this museum! Twenty groups of strangers do not lessen the impression of solitude; a hundred persons entering at once and dispersing under the arches are lost and vanish. A company of persons is talking with animation in the distance: you do not hear a voice; and if a procession of scholars winds its way at the bottom of the basilica, you see them gliding noiselessly away, reflected on the pavement like a flock of sea-birds going afoot over a wet shore. But when the patriarchal basilica contains some thousands of the faithful, moving round an army which manœuvres under the naves, then statues, bas-reliefs, portraits of every colour and every size come to life, and mingle with the swarming crowd: the stones cry out, doctors and saints revive, the whole church lives.

Even when some *funzione* brings festival into the basilica, certain chapels far away from the centre are left solitary as grottoes. The finest and one of the most spacious is that of the Holy Sacrament, where in front of a copy in mosaic of Caravaggio's Descent from the Cross, and at the foot of the altar which it decorates, is a monument in bronze, very lowly since it lies upon the ground, and very simple as you take it in at a glance, but which is in my eyes the marvel of the basilica: the true amateur has already named the tomb of Sixtus IV. which Antonio Pollajuolo executed. The construction, which has a very wide and open pedestal, rests on large feet attached to the corners by foliage; in the middle the pontiff slumbers on a simple truckle bed. But to the right and left, on the border of the pedestal, seven Virtues surround him, and as these are not enough to illustrate the life of a sovereign, the arts and sciences are added, forming the subjects of admirable grace: the little figure representing Music is one of the gems of the Renaissance. This composition is rich without confusion, noble with simplicity, delicate without dryness: the portrait of Sixtus IV. in which an intelligent thinness and close execution translate the spirit of a doctor and saint of the church, as well as the birth of a man of old stock, is among those which serve as touchstones to biography. The warlike Julius II., who without taking death into account had resolved to raise at leisure the vastest church in the universe to be a shrine for his tomb, came and sought a shelter here, where the two popes of the contested house of Della Rovere are intertwined like two

oaks; the second still happy to find in the funereal hospitality of his great-uncle Sixtus, what he had dreamed with more ambition than taste.

In the chapel of the Virgin, on the inscription of Benedict XIV., we notice the appearance of a practice that was introduced by the impoverishment of the pontifical families, who were no longer rich enough to erect royal mausoleums to their celebrities. Those who acquitted this debt to Benedict XIV. were his natural clients, *Cardinales ab eo creati.* Such is the custom at the present day, whence it follows that long reigns create many donors to the profit of their memories.

It is in the arm of the cross on the north side that Nicholas Poussin has his great mosaic, on a subject little in harmony with his tranquil, epic, and in some sort Racine-like

STATE CARRIAGE COMING FROM ST. PETER'S.

talent: St. Erasmus having his belly opened, that his bowels may be wound out upon a wheel. In a niche near the altar people greatly admire the large figure of St. Bruno by Michael Slodtz of Paris, latest born of those Slodtz of Antwerp who worked so hard at the sculpture in the gardens of Versailles under Lewis XIV. and Lewis XV. This figure is well worth looking at; it is the apogee of anecdotic and amusing statuary: that is its merit and perhaps its slight defect also. St. Bruno refused to be pope, for which reason Slodtz represents him as tempted by an angel who offered him the tiara and the keys. The saint, whose posture is somewhat mannered, turns aside and refuses with undecided gesture, all the more expressive as it is not free from a certain clumsiness. To be ashamed of the triple crown in the beard of so many pontiffs who have worn it,

and in their own basilica, would, without the introduction of certain forms, be to teach a lesson to the spiritual sovereigns; so Bruno refuses with hesitation, feebly, while his master lets fall a tender smiling glance on the pontifical ensigns, from which he has difficulty in taking regretful eyes. But then where would be the merit, if Bruno was not tempted?

Let us finish with an incomplete work, in which what is defective is more widely renowned than what is sublime. Canova was in his early maturity when he designed the monument of Clement XIII.; the great sculptor then worked under the influence of the Mæcenases of the north and academic theorists; I fear that he was bent on surpassing himself. Whatever it was, this construction, which is too big, too empty, too rectilinear, with its virago who is too short, and whose skirts are too short, and who personifies Religion; with its two figures fixed in bas-relief to the sarcophagus, and its too smooth and intelligent lions, of which one watches while the other slumbers with one eye open; with its Genius of Death, who weeps as he turns down the torch of life; this affair has a coldness, an insipid attempt at poetry, and a past taste which will never return. But above the sarcophagus the kneeling statue of Pope Clement is avowedly the finest representation ever executed of a priest at prayer; this figure, which prays with so much fervour of soul, would be less expressive if the attitude did not exactly harmonize with the radiant spirit of the countenance.

Such are, so far as I remember, not all the important works contained in St. Peter, but at least those which it is essential to study, to preserve the recollection of it. My involuntary omissions will give pilgrims a better chance of making discoveries; my notes, by the elimination of a mass of secondary works, will help people to find with less trouble what are of a truly superior kind by each master of each school. I seek indulgence for my criticisms, and a good mark for my omissions.

V.

Pope Pius VI. put an end to the buildings by making Marchionni erect sacristies, which are of a purer taste than the earlier portions. Towards the end of the eighteenth century architecture, making a supreme effort, seized more closely and with a less mixed taste the ancient traditions. I meant to find the colossi of St. Peter and St. Paul that Pius II., a Piccolomini of Sienna, had carved, not by Mino da Fiesole, as is vulgarly repeated, but by Paolo, who copied the St. Paul after the fine head of Demetrius, tyrant of the Morea; they figured in front of the Vatican until Pius IX. replaced them. You visit these disgraced statues in a vestibule rich with coloured marble; they are without style or character, but the statues which succeeded them are worth no more, and Pius IX. would have done well to let the new ones also go to the basilica of St. Paul which was awaiting them.

The clerks and canons are lodged in these vast buildings, which contain a small world; besides the common sacristy, which is octagonal in form, are counted three others for special purposes. You reach them by galleries adorned with antique inscriptions in the spaces between the columns. The capitals of the pilasters bear the complicated arms of Pius VI.: palms rolled in volutes, a star for the *eye*, and the branch of lily in the centre. In the sacristy of the canons there is in front of the altar, which

is decorated by a picture by Fattore, a painting by Giulio Romano, the Virgin with the infant Jesus and St. John, which deserves a special place in the work of a master, whose too ostentatious science is not always tempered by sentiment and charm. In the chapter-hall is the reproduction of the ancient Seat of the Apostle, with a host of precious objects which it would take too long to enumerate. These Italian sacristies are at once cabinets of curiosities and private apartments; the priests dress and undress; they write, they hum, they despatch their breviary; and if your discretion detains you on the threshold they bid you enter. I could never succeed in Italy, in spite of conscientious efforts, in rendering myself inopportune. In the chamber of the beneficiaries you will find pleasure in a Christ surrounded with Angels by Giotto, and above all in nineteen ravishing little frescoes by Melozzo da Forli, seraphim charming in design, and with a sweetness of effect particularly surprising so far back as 1471, two-and-twenty years before the birth of Correggio. Enlarged in mosaics, these figures taken from the

ANGELS OF THE CUPOLA, AFTER MELOZZO DA FORLI.

Santi Apostoli have been executed on the sky of the cupola, where they produce a happy contrast with what surrounds them. There are also to be noticed there some small predellas that may be attributed to Giotto, and a Virgin of the end of the fourteenth century, that is rather remarkable.

Fully to appreciate the extravagant immensity of the basilica it is not enough to saunter there for long hours; you must wander all round it, and contemplate from the gardens the dome and one of the apses, falling formidably and as at a single cast down to the branches of the great green oaks, which are made to look like mere shrubs; you must pass under the portico which from the outside leads to the sacristy, and from the basement of the church watch at the end of the piazza the distant houses which look like German toys; you must in descending laterally from the portico count the twenty steps of a staircase, which does not reach up to the stylobate of the neighbouring pilaster; you must estimate the little space which is taken on its pedestal by the equestrian figure

of Constantine, entirely absorbed as it is in the thickness of a pillar. But above all do not shrink from the ascent of the cupola of St. Peter. Let us conclude by examining this monument.

A gentle interior slope, cut by some very low steps, and that sheep might ascend, raises you to the platform between the summit of the façade and the drum of the dome; it is the first plateau of this artificial mountain. Advancing immediately towards the piazza, to throw a glance from this height upon the pavement, I leaned against an upright rock, posted there like a Druidical altar; and as other similar masses disclosed their outlines at my side, I recognised the twelve statues of the apostles which crown Maderno's façade. Turning right round, I had in front of me a sort of plain, ending in the monstrous tower of which the cupola is the roof. To right and left like hills the small octagonal domes, now become considerable, bound the valley which is the flattened roof of the three aisles. The country is inhabited; there has been formed in it a small hamlet, with workshops, huts, sheds for domestic beasts, a forge, a carpenter's stores, wash-houses, ovens; some little carts are stabled; a fountain sparkles in a rivulet which conducts it to a large basin or small lake in which the dome mirrors itself; you feel that there is up here an organized existence. For several families in fact, it is a native land; the workmen of St. Peter, called San Pietrini, succeed one another from father to son, and form a tribe. The natives of the terrace have laws and customs of their own. From this spot, whence you discern the height of the building in full development, there are still two hundred and eighty-five feet to climb.

ANGEL OF THE CUPOLA, AFTER MELOZZO.

Another point of view over the interior of the church is contrived in the entablature which describes the circumference of the cupola. This border is more than two metres high, although from the pavement you would take it for a simple moulding; it seems narrow up here, when you undertake on such a slip a circular walk of three hundred paces. From this height the church seems to you like the bottom of an abyss; the canopy of the altar sinks into earth, the pillars attenuated at their base by a retreating perspective form a reversed pyramid, and the faithful are dots; a bluish haze increases the enormousness of the space. And as your eyes ascend the walls of the dome, the frieze discloses in capital letters seven feet high the famous inscription, TU ES PETRUS, which from below does not seem more than six inches high. On the pendentives I had remarked a St. Mark of a reasonable stature; seen from here it stretches under the cupola like a cloud; the pen with which he writes is a metre and a half in length.

At length the real ascent begins between the two shells of the cupola, and this strange journey in which as you climb you lean over curved and inclined planes, at last by a curious sensation robs you of all feeling of a horizontal line, and consequently of a perpendicular. You are then in a state of considerable amazement, when you come out

upon two sights of a most singular effect; in the inside, seen from a circular balustrade devised in the lantern, the pavement of the church as if seen at the end of a telescope with the object at the small end; outside, from a narrow gallery round the lantern, a perspective that is almost unbounded; it embraces all the old Latin world from the Sabine hills to the sea, and from the heights of Alba to Etruria. Only when you come out from the inner arches into the full and dazzling sun of this eagle's nest, you are not only dazzled, but almost lifted up in the air by hurricanes of wind which come from the Mediterranean to dash themselves against this height. You have now only to seek the ball of bronze, which from below has the effect of a melon, and which is capable of holding sixteen persons. You reach it by an iron ladder absolutely perpendicular.

The percussion of the wind makes this iron globe constantly musical; it is pierced with loopholes invisible from below, and through which, seated on an iron ledge, you prolong your gaze far over the mountains. Seen thus from the blue tract of the skies, the Roman Campagna loses its russet glow in a green mirage; the flattened slopes no longer justify the many windings of the Tiber, and the seven hills of Rome—which are in truth ten—recede among the abstractions of history. These perspectives are still more magical from the Giro dei Candelabri where, commanding the cupola with its arches descending like the slopes of an escarped island from a lower height, you measure the extent of the Borgo and the Vatican palaces, which with their square buildings and labyrinthine gardens produce the effect of a heavenly Jerusalem in the illuminations of some old missal.

PASSAGE UNDER THE PORTICO OF ST. PETER'S.

The dome, which makes the cross sparkle over the horizon of Rome higher than the eagles of Jupiter ever flew, is the true mountain of this spiritual empire, and the hills make a circle of homage around it. For the basilica of St. Peter is even more than a prodigy of human will; it is the sensible translation of a thought; it is the history of Christianity sung in a poem of stone and marble, and attested by the witness of proofs in the spot where they actually occurred. For all sects, for all believers of whatever faith, St. Peter's is one of the sacred enclosures of the universe. Let the work be more or less perfectly achieved as to detail, it will still remain mightier for its ideal and mystical value, than for the accumulation of gold and marble.

VI.

The most ancient monument of the Vatican that is still standing, is an obelisk to which the authors of the first century first called the attention of posterity; Pliny tell us how to bring it from Egypt, Caligula sent to sea the greatest ship that ever existed. The obelisk

TRIBUNA AND CHAIR OF ST. PETER.

disembarked, they set it up at the Spina of the circus which Caligula had established in his gardens in the Vatican, and this circus took the name of Nero when the successor of Claudius received through his mother Agrippina the inheritance of Caligula. But before, as after Nero, the hill was always desert and of evil name. Under the republic, people heard voices there; *vaticinia* were given there, and hence, according to some, the origin of the word Vatican. Spectres and wild beasts persisted under the Cæsars in haunting

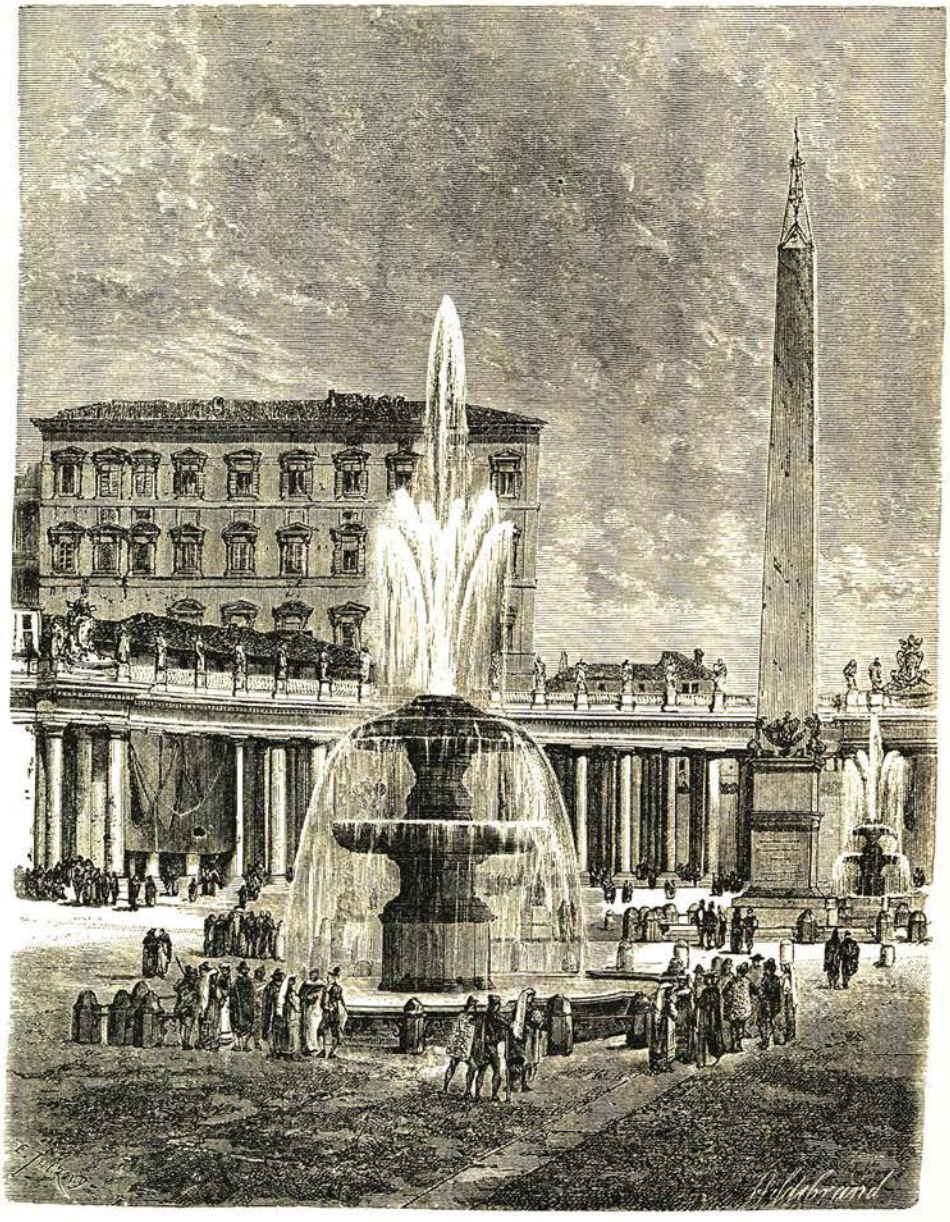
these retreats, serpents multiplied, and Pliny tells how in the reign of Claudius they killed one of these monsters here, who had inside him the remains of a human child. We know from Tacitus that after the burning of Rome Nero, to appease the gods and turn aside from himself the suspicions of men, 'subdidit reos et quæsitissimis pœnis affecit quos per flagitia invisos, vulgus Christianos appellabat. . . . . Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tergis contecti, laniatu canum interirent, aut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur. Hortos suos ei spectaculo Nero obtulerat, et circense ludicrum edebat, habitu aurigæ permixtus plebi, vel curriculo insistens.'

All then began in these gardens in Nero's circus, at the foot of the obelisk that still remains standing; for in the middle of the ruins of the Vatican, which was abandoned at the end of that reign, the witness that had been sent from Egypt never fell. Sixtus V. found it in its place, close to the present sacristy, in a court where it continued to mark the Spina of the circus which had been the theatre of the first martyrdoms. It was here that the Christians dug graves for their brethren, under the very ground on which they had confessed to their belief. The spot was henceforth consecrated; when its abandonment by the emperors had left it desert, the faithful brought hither the head of St. Paul, which had been buried near the Salvian springs on the Ostian Road; it was the same with St. Peter, whom his disciples hid for some time, before burying him on the Vatican with the other victims of the first persecution. Evidence shows, so far as testimony of that sort is evidence, the authenticity of this burial-place; four-and-twenty years after the execution of Peter, Anacletus marked it by a small oratory of which a portion remains, for this monument was preserved by Pope St. Sylvester when he had the Vatican catacombs excavated, in order to lay the foundation of the basilica erected by command of Constantine on the ruins of the oratory of Anacletus. Eleven centuries later they overturned the ground still further for the commencement of a larger basilica, but on the same spot, still continuing to respect the tomb of the apostle, round which still remains in the grottoes the pavement of the Constantinian church: finally, three centuries ago the grave was opened and the presence of the bones established.

What is the idea controlling the plan of the patriarchal basilica of Rome, and what does it symbolize? It resumes in sensible and palpable forms the annals of Christianity from its first public manifestations in the west; it connects by an unbroken spiritual filiation the reigning pope with the spiritual lineage of St. Peter; it places the church, to affirm the catholic faith and unity, at the bar at which the defenders of doctrine and the chiefs of the church succeeded one another—on the tomb of the first of the confessors. To the assembly of the popes whose images line the basilica, are added the princes who constituted the sovereignty of the popes, and those too who came in search of shelter under the shadow of the apostles; the Emperor Otto, Charlotte, Queen of Jerusalem and Cyprus, the kings of the dispossessed dynasty of England, the Countess Matilda, the Queen of Sweden, and before all, the guardians of this majestic place of refuge, Constantine, who consecrated the spiritual supremacy, and Charles the Great, who constituted the terrestrial sovereignty. To this council there came, represented by colossal statues ranged along the bays on the passage of the pontiffs, the men who in all parts of the world spread the Christian civilization by their writings and their works, the founders of the monastic orders. At the foot of the curule chair of the first bishops of Rome, where the ages have seen seated so many canonised pastors, are placed as sentinels the principal doctors of the Latin and Greek churches, Ambrose and Augustin, Athanasius and Chrysostom. From above, the

four evangelists hover over the altar; the annals of religion unroll themselves in indestructible pictures on the walls of the basilica, and the pope as he officiates may read above his head on the circle of the cupola, '*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum.*'

As, surrounded by bishops and cardinals, a spiritual court recruited from among all nations, and the generals of the great societies, the sovereign pontiff intones at mass the



OBELISK OF CALIGULA AND FOUNTAINS OF THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER'S.

Symbol of Nicæa, which is repeated aloud with him by all the members of this perpetual council, they affirm and confess where Peter and Paul confessed; it is on their tomb that the chief of religion sacrifices, where two hundred and fifty-eight pontiffs have gone before him. The mortal remains of eight apostles, eleven fathers of the Church, eleven founders of orders, of thirty-five canonised popes or martyrs who have also guarded the body of St. Peter, still await the resurrection under these vaults, where their successors will slumber at the feet of the common ancestor. Finally, to bring nearer distances of

time that are confounded by so long a chronology, when the pope celebrates the holy mysteries, around him the cohort of the martyrs who were contemporary with the apostles press above the heads of the faithful, for the enormous columns of bronze which support the canopy of the great altar have been filled with the bones exhumed from the Vatican catacombs, when they were destroyed to lay the foundations of the triumphal temple.

This is the basilica of St. Peter, and this is what that obelisk of Caligula watches, which saw all done at its base, and all grow over a tomb once dug in a garden, it will soon be two thousand years ago, by timid and disquieted shadows.

ORDINARY PENITENTIARY.

CHAPTER XII.

Meaning of the *Cannuccia* of the Penitentiaries.—Christmas mass at the Vatican basilica.—The pope's entry on the Sella Gestatoria.—Portrait of Pius IX.—Anecdotes.—The pontifical *funzione* of the 2nd of February.—Benediction of the tapers and procession of the candles.—Official reception at the Spanish embassy.—Ball toilettes.—Portrait of Cardinal Antonelli.—Roman society.—What is thought of economists at Rome.

I.

WHEN a long residence at Rome has familiarised you with the basilica of St. Peter, the monument acquires an extreme importance in your mind; from the banks of the Tiber, from the green solitudes of the Villa Pamphili, from the distant slopes of the Sabine country, the eye seeks that peak which gives their character to the horizons of the district. In the midst of the confused outlines of the city and the Campagna, the cupola is a culminating point which rallies all eyes; it is the Mont Blanc of the pontifical states.

Under the naves where one loves to wander and think, all concurs, the moment you are free from the minutiæ of analysis, to raise you to the feeling of a truly universal conception, uniting all peoples in a common fraternity. Certain practices contribute to this impression: round the arms of the cross, here as at St. John Lateran, the priests of ten nations, almost in permanence, hear penitents submissive to the same dogma, and coming to profess it in all tongues; the dialects are marked by a sign on the front of

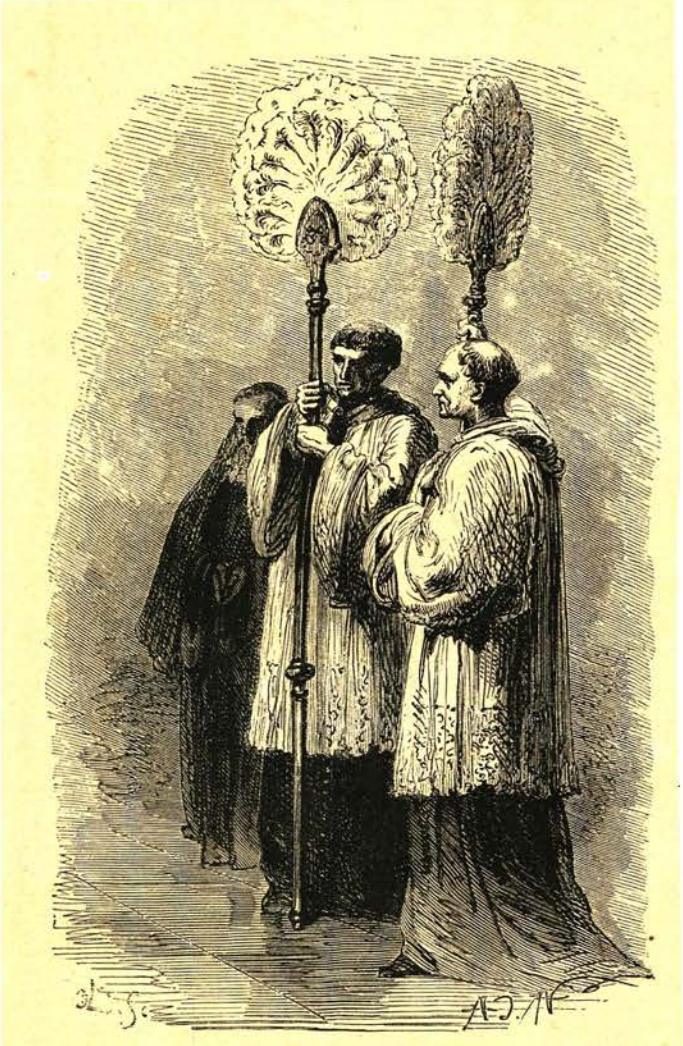
each chapel. Before the door of each tribunal is fixed a long pole like a fishing-rod, and often, as a priest listens to his penitent, you see a believer approach with clasped hands and sink on his knees before the confessional three or four paces off; then, without interrupting his exhortations, the priest raises his line, stretches out his arm, and places the end of the rod on the head of this passing penitent. It is a summary form of reconciliation: 'I will make thee a fisher of men,' said the Saviour. In fact by this act the confessor can only hook venial faults, little more than involuntary, such as may have

THE POPE ON THE SEDIA.

escaped between the absolution and the eucharist. In the ancient ages, to emancipate a slave, his master struck him on the head with a small wand called *vindicta;* the *cannuccia* of the basilicas is the sign of spiritual enfranchisement. By this confirmation of absolution, the slave of sin is exonerated.

It was at the Christmas festival that I observed for the first time the royal basilica in full activity. The antiquity of a ceremonial fifteen centuries old gives rise to comparisons that make archæology itself expressive. Thus, you will remember that the

custom of exalting on a *sella gestatoria* the fathers of the Roman country, the sovereign pontiffs, the patricians, and the emperors, has its origin under the Republic, in the time when Sulla was dictator: was not the first seat of the popes, lent to St. Peter by Pudens, a curule chair? On a *Pontifex maximus*, a title perpetuated to our own day, in the year 511 of Rome, was conferred for the first time the privilege of being carried in a chair to the senate; at the time of a conflagration in the temple of Vesta, Cæcilius had at the peril of his life saved the sacred things. Since then the dignitaries of state have claimed a privilege first enjoyed by a supreme pontiff, and which only the sovereign pontiff has retained.



FAN BEARERS.

I was prepared for the spectacle, but the impression which it causes is unexpected. When the morning of Christmas poured vast populations into the vast nave, and above an ocean of heads you see coming, his brow bearing the triple crown, and his frame dignified by the sacerdotal habit, this prince of priests and father of kings, then the mind pictures that vast line of descent, and all the popes appear to you in one only. That sparkling and voluminous tiara, which makes you think of the sovereign of Nineveh, that dais high in the air, those great fans and feathers which evoke reminiscences of India,—all amazes you in the presence of the majesty which approaches thus.

Seen close, when you can discern his features, the holy father causes a lively sensation; it comes from a formal contrast between the dominant and bold situation of the only sovereign of our equalitarian time who still has human beings to bear him, and the modest, fatherly, and collected bearing of the prince who seems to cling to the world only by the blessings that he scatters. Pius IX., whose energetic eye and remarkable head are tempered by a harmonious paleness, possesses that majesty of age which so well beseems the pontifical dignity; we discern in it a mixture of nobleness and humility. There is in his movements a grace that a sculptor might find adorable. The pope chants correctly and has the modulation of a true master; his basso-cantante voice has the roundness and power of a bell; it fills the bays of the basilica, and when from the height of the Loggia commanding the great piazza, his holiness blesses the city and the world, none of the nations represented before the basilica loses a syllable. The pontiff officiates at the master-altar with the ardour of a young Levite at his first mass.

During the high mass at Christmas, an elegant crowd, more curious than select,

THE POPE AT THE FEET OF ST. PETER.

presses everywhere. It is not uninteresting to let yourself be amused by the observation of your neighbours. Behind me happened to be a fine lady absorbed in her prayers, until the moment when the pontifical troops in their sixteenth-century equipment marched in after the pope, to form groups at the entry of the aisles; a survival of the time of Lautrec and Gaston de Foix. At this sight the lady could no longer contain herself: 'How splendid! What discipline! What a wretched show do our French troops make by the side of these Christian warriors!' etc. She caused such scandal that her neighbour, who was the wife of an officer in our army, lost patience and administered a sharp scolding to her.

NOBLE GUARD.

THE POPE'S SWISS GUARD.

Political passions occasionally sow in certain minds amusing prejudices. At my side was a lady between two ages, who seemed to me to belong also to good society, with a certain provincial air, which does no harm to distinction, while it allies itself with a more communicative humour; my neighbour in fact helped me to chat with her. I noticed under her black veil a locket with fleur-de-lis; her handkerchief had a cypher framed with branches of the lily: thus the plumage enlightened me as to the note, even before the bird had begun to sing.

For eight years she had passed her winters at Rome. 'What a nation!' she cried, 'and how you will love them! But one must know these Romans, that people calumniate so; they have a piety, a candour, sentiments . . . . An admirable, admirable people!'

I acquiesced with a bow, with that gravity of conviction which is claimed by polite adhesion to doubtful truths. But as by giving in so quickly one would lose the grace of submission—'It is to be regretted,' I murmured timidly, 'that they should have been represented as rather inclined to small rogueries; but . . .'

'Don't let us speak of that,' interrupted my neighbour with vivacity: 'rather inclined, you say; I must confess they are very much inclined; it is their weak side, it afflicts me.'

'They are so poor,' I hastily concluded, to soften so painful a confession.

'Not at all: they are only lazy, and they find it more convenient to thieve than to work. 'Tis sooner done; they are so lively! For the rest, easily contented, sober, without ambition; a truly admirable people; and how gentle they are!'

'Yet one hears, too, of certain thrusts with the knife. . . .'

'Ah, mon Dieu, that's true! A bad habit, a want of instruction. . . . And all that is the more to be regretted as they are an admirable people.'

'If the police were sterner. . .'

'Quite true; it is the fault of the police, for at bottom there is not a more docile population.'

'Then if the government were to spread among the poorer classes the benefits of education.'

'Oh, as for that, impossible! They have a horror of being taught, and perhaps it is a good thing, as ignorance has left them in their primitive candour. But you will see, when you know them better, that they are an admirable people.'

From concession to concession, the admirable people had gradually got blackened with the darkest tints of atrocity, and the good soul while she kept repeating her refrain, gave all up without knowing it.

II.

Assisting at the offices of the great festivals in the Roman basilicas, one wonders whether the columns of their naves, refugees from pagan temples, have not seen something analogous to the display of the Catholic ceremonial: the transition was so immediate that they were bound to avoid shocking by violent contrast those whose creed they were changing. The deeper you dig in Rome, the more you meet and the more you want to find; but the ground of search and of interpretations becomes unlimited, if you open the campaign under the guidance of a conviction that nothing ends and that all transforms itself. Do you wish, like the Ramnenses and Luceres to assist in our own day at the Lupercalia, the feast of the shepherd and tillers of the soil older than Rome, celebrated since its foundation on the Palatine by the Quinctian clan in honour of Ceres or Faunus, and of Pan, the destroyer of wolves? Then go to high mass at St. Peter's on Candlemas Day.

These processions with torches in honour of the gods went back so far, and were so keenly relished, that it was indispensable to retain them with a double physiognomy: popular and in the street, by the *Moccoli* of the carnival: hieratic and in the temple, by the procession of the candles at the Purification. To sanctify what they did not venture to annihilate, they connected the row of tapers with the memory of the divine light proclaimed by St. Simeon, who, after waiting for many years in the Temple at Jerusalem,

that Saviour whom a revelation had promised that he should see before dying, beheld the Virgin-mother and her son enter on the day of the purification, and suddenly inspired, advanced before them with the improvised words of the *Nunc dimittis*, that canticle of the old who quit this world happy and with fulfilled desires. Such is the triple origin of the Feast of Candles, less renowned than the ceremonies of Holy Week, but not any less curious.

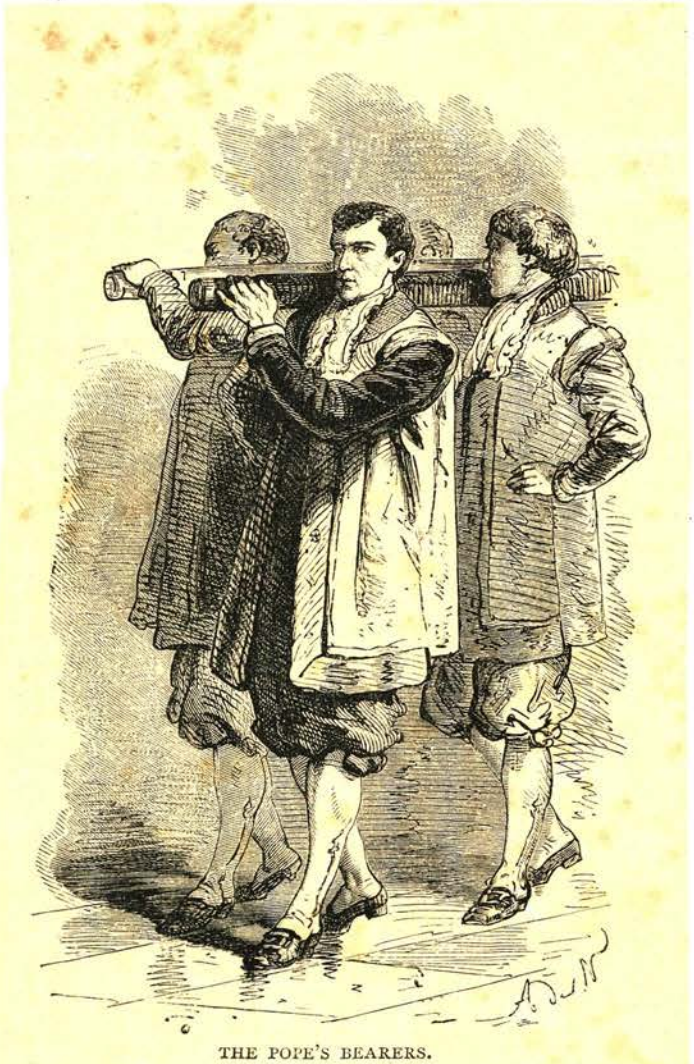
Thanks to the kindness of our ambassador, a place was reserved for me behind the Sacred College and the bishops, in the very circle of the apse, at the back of which the pope, surrounded by great dignitaries, occupies his cathedral seat established under the pulpit of St. Peter. But to find the superior officer of the pontifical guards, who was to introduce me, I had to go down the nave, which seemed nearly deserted, so vast is that basilica, where on my way I left battalions of troops behind me, drawn up in various corners and forming merely certain small groups under the enormous size of the vaults. At the very bottom of the church were soldiers and chamberlains—the head of a procession which seemed to be waiting for some one. In the middle of the group was a large kind of trestle with two long transverse rods on the right and left of it; on this a spacious red arm-chair, and by it a double row of stout bearers clad in crimson pourpoints of Utrecht velvet.

Pius IX. arrived, praying in low tones, his face looking weary, his frame somewhat feeble, and his features moved by a certain internal agitation. He took his seat and composed himself; he arranged, not without a certain inquietude of air, the long purple cope, and adjusted with some impatience the enormous white mitre which they placed on his head. Heedless of what was going on around him, his whole expression was one of weariness and annoyance. The bearers making ready to raise him from the ground, he tightened his two arms, and his face grew pale and as if contracted by some nervous movement; suddenly by a single movement, supple but resolute, the fourteen athletes hoist him above the tallest heads; the chair traces its way amid the crowd, and the procession forms itself behind the sovereign, transfigured and magnified by majesty of gesture and attitude into gigantic dimensions.

This revelation of the pontiff in the state of a simple mortal reminded me of a fact which was barely a year old, of the time when Pius IX. was sick and seemed to be touching his last days. Though he felt himself sorely strained, he was bent on the Holy Thursday on ascending to the Loggia to give his blessing, according to custom, *urbi et orbi*. But the weather becoming bad, the physicians opposed the wishes of the sovereign pontiff who had to resign himself to perform the ceremony in the interior of St. Peter's, where the curule chair was carried in procession before the cardinals, the bishops, the dignitaries, and the members of the diplomatic body, who attentively watched the attenuated face of the holy father. The pope rose with difficulty, but at the moment for intoning the benediction, his voice failed, he raised his eyes to heaven, and fell back; then hiding his face in his hands, he broke into sobs. The crisis lasted some moments, which seemed long enough to spectators who were moved with pity and alarm, for they feared to see the father of the faithful expire before their eyes. At length, Pius IX. slowly raised his head, and then making a marvellous effort he stood up, and with smiling lips and a failing arm pronounced the benediction which he expected to be his last, and then fell down as if annihilated.

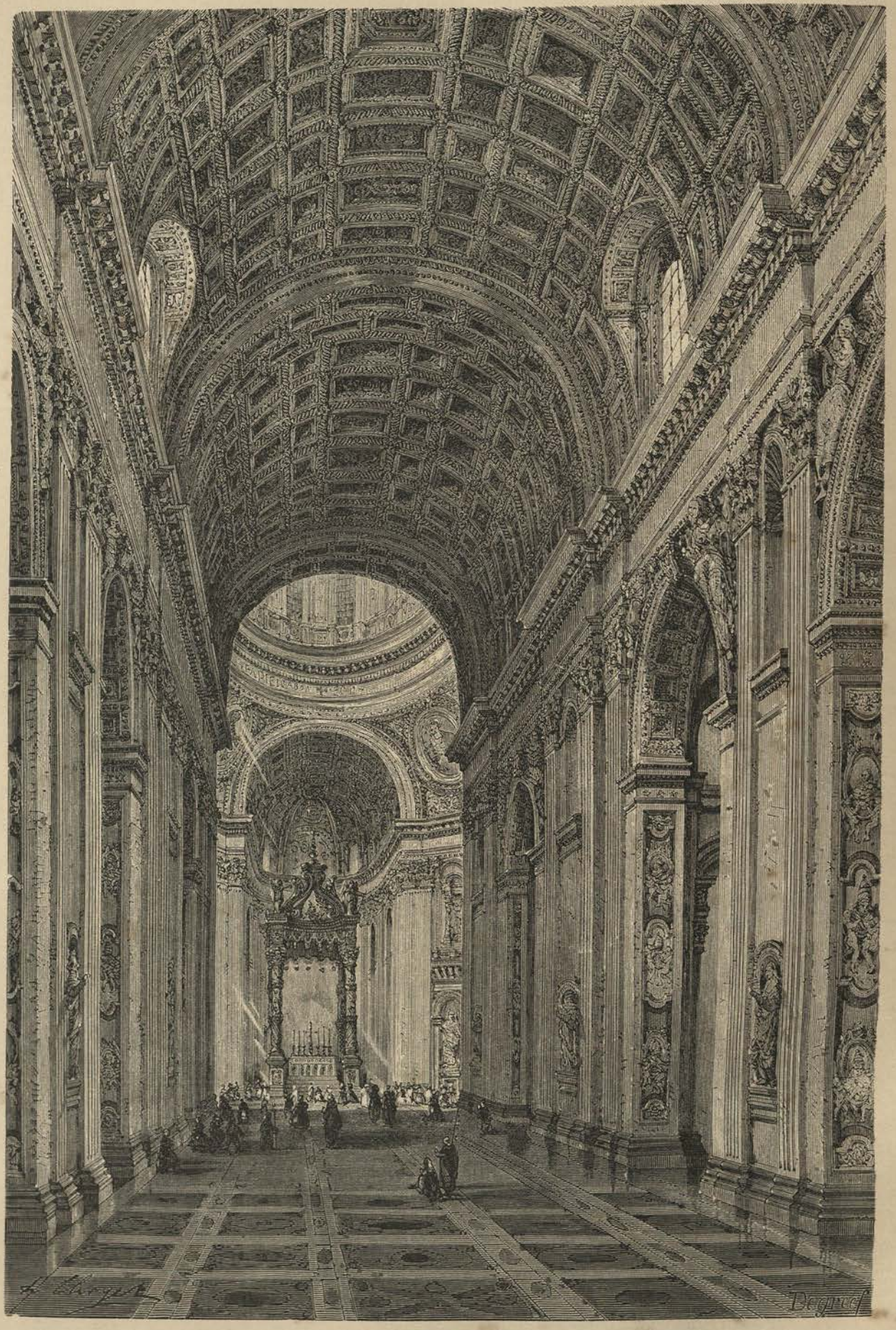
On Candlemas Day the cardinals wear a violet chasuble richly embroidered with gold, and mitres like the bishops, who wear copes to match. When the holy father is

installed on the pontifical throne, the ceremony commences by the benediction of a multitude of torches; at the Introit, the priests and the deacons of the choir come and fall on their knees in turn before the pope, who supports in his two hands a taper placed horizontally, to which they have fastened crosses and Madonnas at each of the ends. It is offered to the prelates to kiss, after which, as the postulant kneels before him, the pope raising his arms places the taper above his head; then one of the officials takes it and hands it to the recipient. The cardinals and bishops, the chamberlain, the heads of orders, the senators, the prince assistant (this year a Doria) all come for a taper; after them defile in the train of the mace-bearers, the conservators, ambassadors, and generals; each in turn accomplishes the same ceremonial. During the formalities of this homage to the pontifical throne, tapers are distributed to personages of lower dignity; the cross-bearers resume their advance, and a new procession of torches, starting from the right of the baldacchino, completes the circle of the church, returning by the left. Cardinals, mitred bishops, to the number of some fifty, in their chasubles and copes all glittering with gold, surrounding the curule chair of the sovereign, this time wearing a mitre of gold; foreign princes, ambassadors, officers, men-at-arms in full uniform,—all compose a most striking spectacle. The old Teutonic and archaic uniform of the pontifical guards recalling the militia of Gessler in *William Tell* and the warriors of Froissart, offers the strange sight in a historic edifice of living figures more ancient in costume than the monument in which they are seen moving.



THE POPE'S BEARERS.

On the return of the procession, all the ecclesiastical ornaments, the chair of the holy father and the back of the papal dais, suddenly change colour; white has replaced scarlet. Returning to the choir, the holy father is robed afresh in a long silver cope, while the cardinals, quitting the chasubles, resume their long purple cloak with ermine hood; the mitre is replaced by a biretta which they hold folded up, and which looks like a fan. This public change of toilettes produces a half comic kind of animation. The high mass of Candlemas is celebrated by a cardinal wearing a mitre of gold on which in relief stand out ears of corn and flowers; he is assisted by four deacons and as many sub-deacons. The pope gives the benediction, after intoning the accustomed *Te Deum* in commemoration of the earthquake of 1703. The ceremony offers nothing else that is very peculiar, unless it is that at the *Confiteor*, the *Credo*, and the *Domine non sum dignus*, the cardinals leaving their seats descend rapidly in a circle



NAVE OF ST. PETER'S.

to the middle of the choir, where half turning to one another, as if to call one another mutually to witness, they recite with loud voice the sacramental prayers; the pope does the same with his assistants; and the sound of the words crossing one another in this way is very singular.

Raised on several steps, the high altar at St. Peter's has an inevitable bareness, because in the patriarchal basilicas they celebrate so as to face the faithful assembled

BENEDICTION FROM THE LOGGIA.

in the nave. Tiaras and precious mitres taken from the treasury are placed in dishes at the angles of the altar—a usage that rather surprised me. Around me some young seminarists admired the handsome shoes of the officiating cardinal, picked out with flowers of gold worked in relief on white satin; people remarked too the fine bearing of the first deacon, Cardinal Antonelli.

III.

As we have made our way by the basilica of St. Peter into the great world of dignitaries and princes of whom the pontifical court is composed, let us approach a little more closely a political body whose physiognomy is as peculiar as it may well be, with a sovereign who says mass with his ministers for deacons. I had already observed at my ease the notables who constantly engage public attention; with the entertainment where I had touched shoulders with them, is connected a custom that it may be as well not to pass over in silence, the diplomatic *Ricevimento.*

SWISS, BEARING THE TWO-HANDLED SWORD.

A new ambassador, on the day when he lays his credentials before the holy father in solemn audience, has to open his house to the whole city at night. Anybody may present himself at this reception on condition of being in full dress; the names are given in the antechamber, and ushers who follow announce you in a loud and distinct voice. Here, where life has not much variety, nothing was discussed in the month of January, 1865, but the next reception of the Spanish ambassador. His court was in high favour; invested with the confidence of the Vatican, Spain had been designated to represent, in the compulsory dealings of commerce and international police, that Sardinia which had grown into Italy and had been put into the Index. The day of the audience having been announced in the Gazette, everybody knew that the reception in which the greatest personages were to figure was for the 19th of the month. Two days before, tribunes fitted with upholstery had been erected on the Piazza di Spagna for the musicians in front of the palace, but torrents of rain made all these preparations useless. Nevertheless eight o'clock had hardly struck from the Trinita dei Monti, when carriages began to flow in; between rows of these, a few people of the neighbourhood stepped modestly on foot along pavement polished by the rain, and glittering with the reflection of lamps and torches.

The apartments, arranged in a line and with nothing to disguise their worn-out panelling, had the empty and common look of those official places where everybody passes and where too many persons have passed. People had crowded together at the lowest end of the suite, deserting free and ample spaces to throng the boudoir

and private parlours. Before making my way into this crowd, I halted in the first chambers to watch the march past; there was scarcely anybody there, and all seemed to think it a duty to move away from the entry of the rooms. They think it proper to leave a spacious arena for the spectacle of entries and presentations, and to give the master of the house a respectable quantity of room for all the evolutions of etiquette. In a stiff uniform all over gold, the Spanish ambassador would have derived a less equivocal majesty from his splendour, if certain of its decorations had not imparted a vague resemblance to liveries. In the next room, through which all the world passed, the ambassadress, standing up in the midst of a circle of ladies, to whom she gave a few scattered words between each reverence to the new comers, seemed to me to be aiming at French petulance, under a costume which had the true Castilian heaviness.

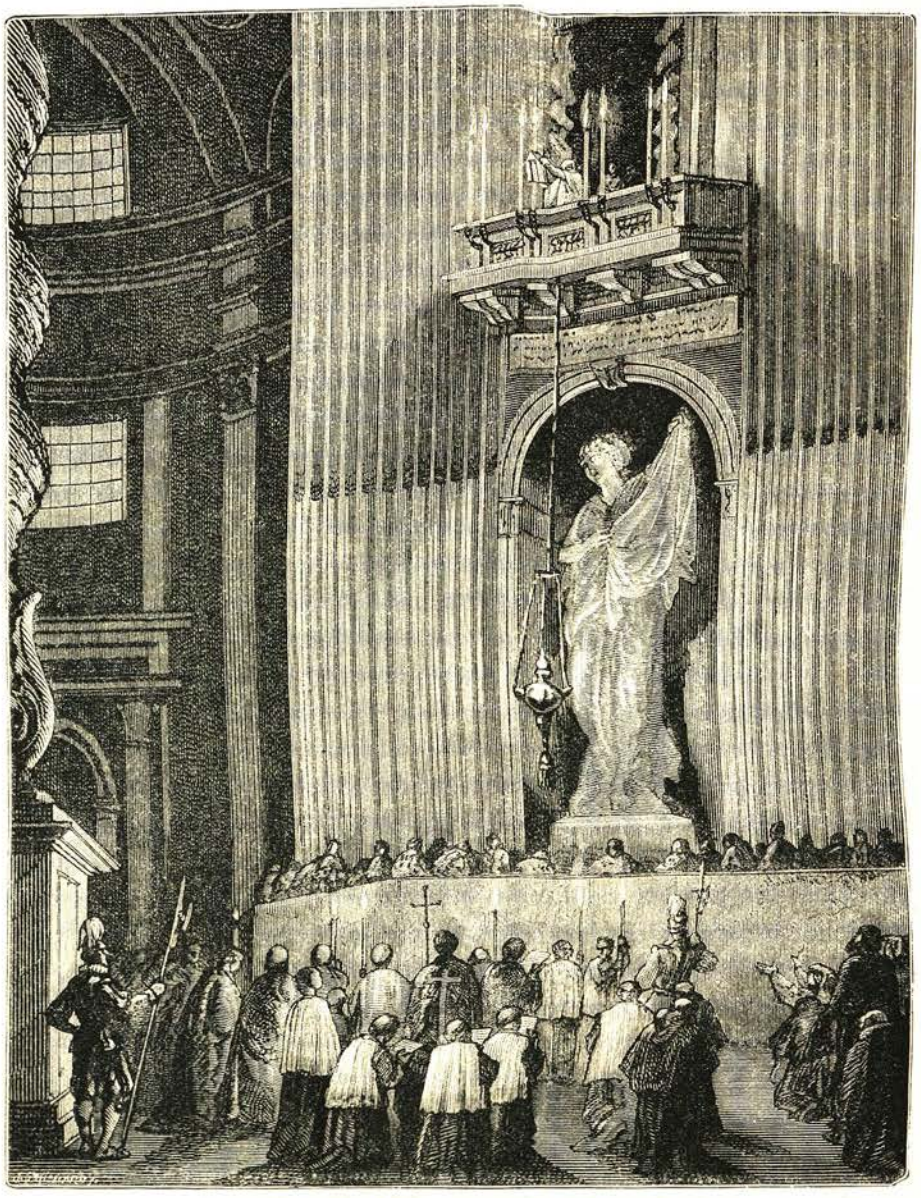
When a cardinal or other very great dignitary is signalled from below by the number of strokes made by the halberdier, all the world rushes towards the landing, and the high personage is introduced by a squad of valets armed with large tapers. Behind the diplomatists come their secretaries in some confusion; behind the cardinals their chamberlains, at a distance carefully kept uniform. For the rest, their eminences show as much assurance as modesty in their bearing; the higher the rank, the greater the simplicity, I would almost say, the bonhomie. The dress of the cardinals is grave without being pretentious, paternal and half familiar, in which dignity is distinctly marked, and from which the changing vanities of fashion are excluded.

TIARA BEARER.

Cardinal Antonelli, head of the government, made his entrance without haste, looking around him with the complaisance of a man who is assured of finding an offering of incense. His face is open, cordial, perhaps a little triumphant. He is tall and robust, and his bronzed tint recalls the mountaineer; the eye, which is black, piercing, and without final direction, is an eye of authority; rather coarsely modelled, the mouth has a certain fineness; and in spite of the rusticity of the bony conformation, the brow is still luminous.

The Italian equality, the Roman freedom, which on a given day transforms salons into a succursale of the Forum, led me to suppose that I should meet at the public reception of the embassy a very miscellaneous society; this was not the case. None who belong to retail trade, to small finance, to the lower grades of the public service,

none who live on their own industry, or even on their talents outside of the liberal careers; in a word, none who are not traditionally inscribed in the rolls of elegant society, ever dream of presenting themselves. I was present at a spectacle that has not been seen in Paris since 1788, an assembly exclusively recruited from people of quality and—a thing unknown to a Frenchman—at this reunion so rigorously sifted, the first comer had a right to present himself. I doubt if I shall have an opportunity of stating a more sensible difference between our manners and those of Rome.



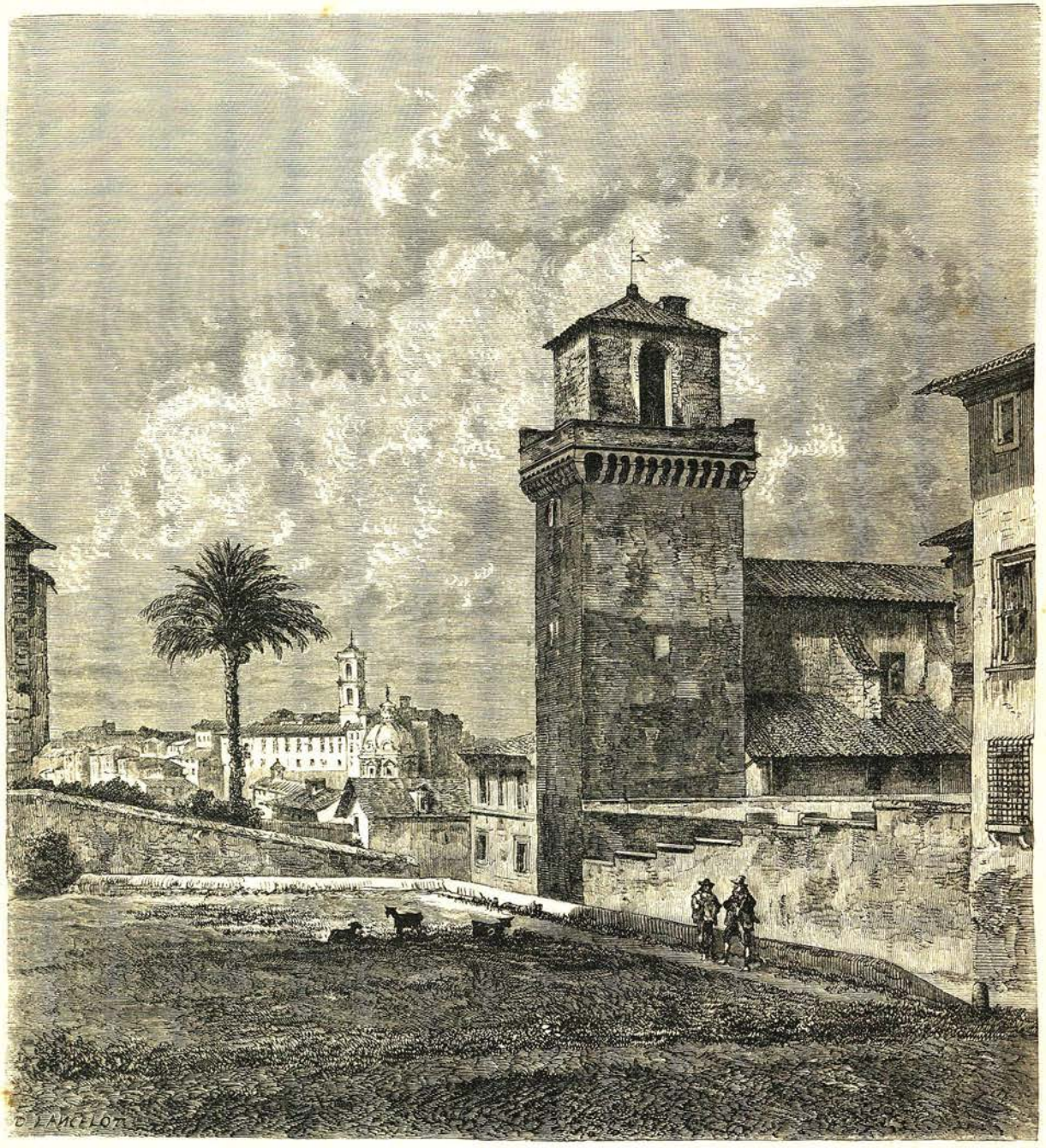
DISPLAY OF THE GRAND RELICS.

There, as in other salons, three elements mingled; the patriciate and the dignitaries; foreigners of distinction, as the phrase is, which means presented; and men of letters, savans, and artists. I must confess that the position accorded to the elect of intellectual life by the high Roman society is thoroughly gracious and cordial. Between the toilettes of our fine ladies and those of the Roman princesses there is a certain difference; without pretending to characterize it in detail, I deduce it from a general impression. Their style is less light and more rich than ours; there is a certain air of deliberate

costuming, with a vague reminiscence of portraits; rich materials are more lavishly used than in France, and fitted to younger shoulders. Then there are the family jewels, all classed and become heraldic.

In the two or three rooms where those of greatest beauty and highest rank thronged, the prelates, the monsignori, the cardinals, moved about from group to group, saluting these, approaching those, but always with an air of serenity and warmth. How far these eminent and learned gossippers help to elevate or sustain conversation, is a thing unknown among our miscellaneous routs, where a reunion, almost in its very dress, offers the medley of a waiting-room at a railway station. Active members or ministers of a government, these prelates form the staff of a court; it is essential that they should be accessible, and their presence in the world is completely justifiable on this account; they hold their place in it with good taste, with ease, and with an absence of stiffness which shows in its best light the light-hearted administration of this areopagus of old bachelors. Nothing surprised me more than the freedom with which people maintain before them political theses of a hazardous sort; under the Restoration at the Palais Royal, or at the house of a minister of the interior under Louis Philippe, much more reserve would have been kept up. Speak as you please of republics and kings, of despotism and liberty, they will give you perfect freedom of speech. But do not approach pauperism, or questions of wages and the proletariat, nor any of those problems of political economy which with us fill the suffering classes with so many vain illusions, and invest their authors with so dangerous a popularity; if you do that, you would run the risk of dismissal from Rome.

A MACE-BEARER.



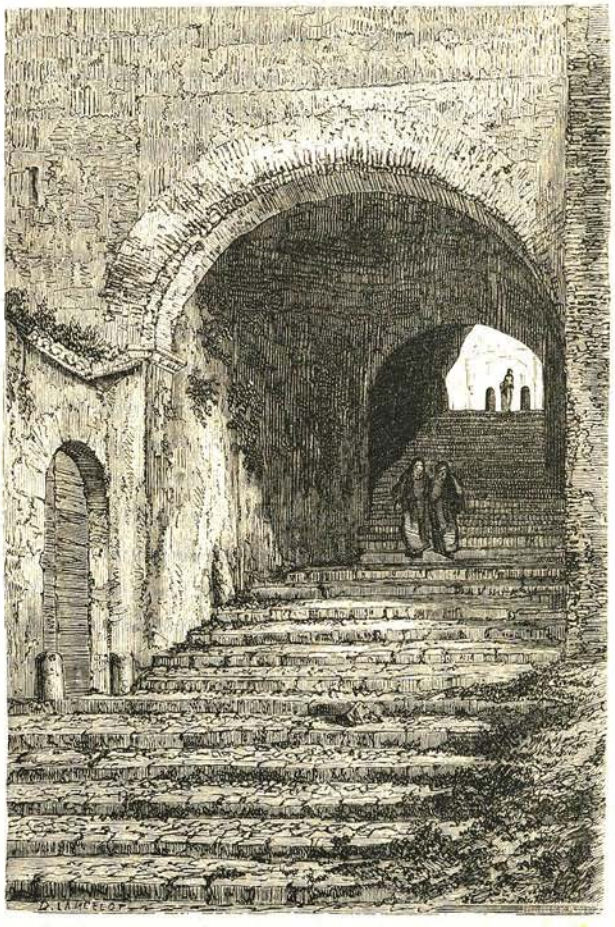
PIAZZA OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the Piazza of San Pietro in Vincoli.—The Moses of Michelangelo.—The brothers Pollajuolo, etc.—St. Sixtus and the frescoes of Father Besson; legend of a forgotten painter.—Journey on the Appian Way:—Porta Capena, sacred grove of Egeria;—St. Sergius;—Arch of Drusus.—Jewish catacombs, anterior to Christ.—Historical landscapes.—Tumuli of the Horatii and Curiatii.—Cæcilia Metella and feudal brigandage.—Romulus Maxentius; the ancient circuses.—The camp of the Volsci and Coriolanus.—Loss of the spoils of Syracuse; works of art drowned in the Tiber.—The Latin Way and its sepulchral chambers.

I.

ONE would be more eager to enter the little church of San Pietro in Vincoli but for the temptation to seat one's self on the steps outside, before a vista contrived at the bottom of a rather steep space, half shut in by old buildings at the foot of which grass springs up in the pavement. This piazzetta is a sort of embankment over an uneven street, and above it there come into outline, the Capitol, some houses perched on the Tarpeian Rock, and the distant monastic grounds of the Janiculum. In the foreground are grouped the irregular roofs and square clock-tower of a monastery, from which a fine palm-tree stands out, enriching the back-ground with an elegant setting-off; here and there certain enclosures are marked with orange-trees, cypresses, and laurels; the picture is bounded to the right by the patched and ancient walls of the palace of Lucrezia Borgia under which you go down to the Via Scelerata. This irregular assemblage of buildings attracts the imagination; antiquity and the middle age, the cloister and the palace, all helps to fill in a picture where the sun animates the tints of the brick, the marbles, and the spongy tufa. But in spite of this luminous diversity, the ensemble results in an impression of gloom; the silent life flows away drop by drop behind these severe walls, and none of it sends a jet without. This ground of the past is deserted; the bird chases the butterfly, and the murmurs of the lower quarters hardly rise so high. Like most places consecrated to the past by the desertion of men, the little place of S. Pietro in Vincoli, though surrounded by houses, reminds one of the desert.



VAULTED PASSAGE UNDER THE PALACE OF LUCREZIA BORGIA.

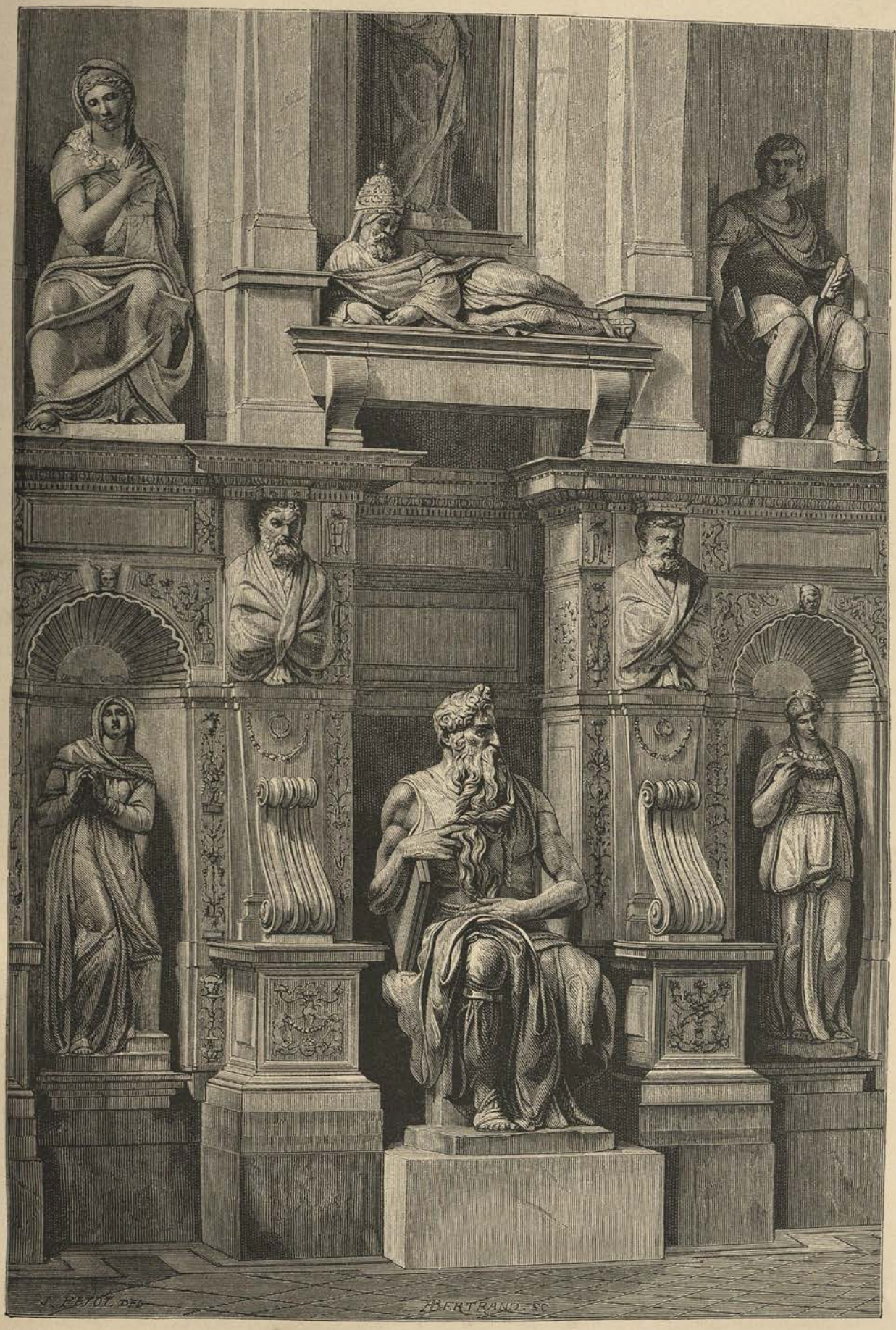
Cross the threshold of the church and go up the nave; art sounds her most tremendous blast: you are before the Moses of Michelangelo.

The monument which occupies the right side of a well-lighted choir, is placed well in front of a marble recess; seated before you on the same plane of the horizon, the figure is colossal and animated by a superhuman power of execution: thus, as one is not accustomed to see one's self face to face and so close to giants, the first impression is one of stupor. To the amazing grandeur of the style, which charac-

terizes a conception as singular as it is naturally worked out, is added the finish of this most delicately wrought piece of rock; no lapidary ever caressed with such affection the model of a cameo. The Moses is a miniature eleven feet high; the polish of the marble makes it shining as an onyx. Everybody knows the work, or thinks he knows it; in truth the soul of the creation resides nowhere but in the original. Though the front of the Moses is Olympian and its eyes of formidable power, the nose, which is only energetic, overhangs under dense moustaches a prominent mouth, so thick, so brutal, that the face becomes that of a person who is not merely ugly but repulsive from the point of view of common-place beauty. Hence the deception of people who are not sufficiently gifted to be seized at once by the sovereign grace, which in all the rest unites itself to sovereign vigour. The attitude at once so singular and so little strained, the half antique and half oriental arrangement; the sculptural beauty of the arm and the hand, which resting on the book of the Law raises the tresses of the beard; the ample beard itself distributed in masses so noble in motive as to be a monument on the figure; the model of the legs, bent back in their Asiatic gear by a movement which fixes and accentuates the person; the drapery whose ample folds enframe a knee that, if it had been found by itself in course of some excavation would betray one of the greatest masters of the world—such are the salient traits that one recalls; to describe them is to offer points of mark to the memory, but to risk being obscure for eyes that have not seen. This Moses is in some sort an ideal portraiture of the genius which was incarnate in Michelangelo; at least people figure it so to themselves; it is impossible to isolate from this creation the personality of the master, and this is what gives the statue a language at once so distinct and so lofty.

The church celebrated for the possession of this masterpiece is not without interest. At a time when ogres, while they devoured the Roman Empire, were preparing a brutal sketch of the monarchies of the middle age, an execrable woman founded the church of St. Peter in Vinculis, to be the reliquary of the chains by which the first apostle had been fastened; the recollections of St. Helen apparently took away sleep from Eudoxia, daughter of Theodosius II., wife of that base Valentinian whom Maximus slew, to make himself heir of the empire and of the empress also. She did not know that she was giving herself to the assassin of her husband, but the new emperor having been infatuated enough to boast of the murder as a mark of his passion for her, Eudoxia, to avenge herself, the daughter of a sovereign and the wife of two emperors, wrote to Genseric, king of the Vandals, and invited him to the conquest of Rome, the Rome which Attila had just respected. The barbarians pillaged the city for fourteen days; statues, vessels of gold, precious furniture, riches gathered together for so many ages and from so many nations,—all was seized or destroyed. What could not be carried off to Africa was tossed into the Tiber; a quinquereme laden with masterpieces of Greek art in bronze and marble was swallowed up in the sea beyond the mouth of the river. The Vandals carried away even the covering of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus of gilded copper. It was then that they embarked for Carthage the spoils of Jerusalem, brought to Rome in old days by Titus. And when Genseric had completed the sack with all the ferocity of a wild beast and a child, he carried off the empress herself, to make a slave of her. He also took her daughters from her, one for a servant, the other as a present for his son.

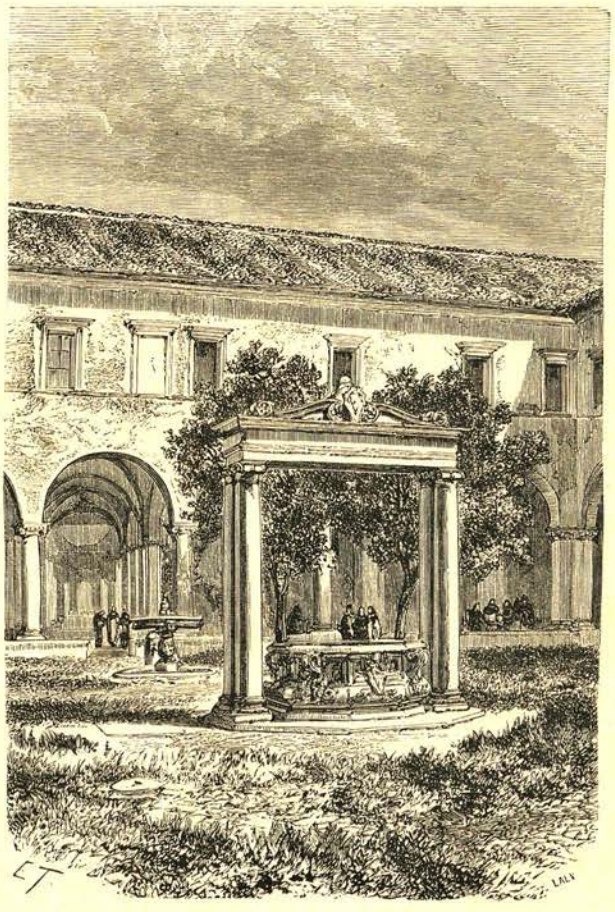
It was, I suppose, Athenais-Eudoxia, wife of Theodosius II., who having withdrawn



MAUSOLEUM OF JULIUS II.; THE MOSES OF MICHELANGELO.

into the Holy Land, whither she came to seek a refuge and a tomb, sent her daughter Eudoxia the chains which St. Peter had borne at Jerusalem. However that may be, the church has always been grateful to the widow of Valentinian III. and Maximus for her faith; her foundation protects her; historians sing the praises of her virtues.

Adrian I. in the eighth century restored the church of Eudoxia; Julius II. before being pope had it again restored by Bacio Pintelli; Francesco Fontana disfigured it as much as he could in 1705; but starting from antiquity, which bequeathed to it twenty-four columns of cipollino, all ages have left their mark on it. Guido, Domenichino, Guercino, go with the last restorations and the Genoese ceiling of Parodi; the Florentine taste of Pintelli is recalled by monuments of some interest, the tomb of Nicholas of Cusa among others.

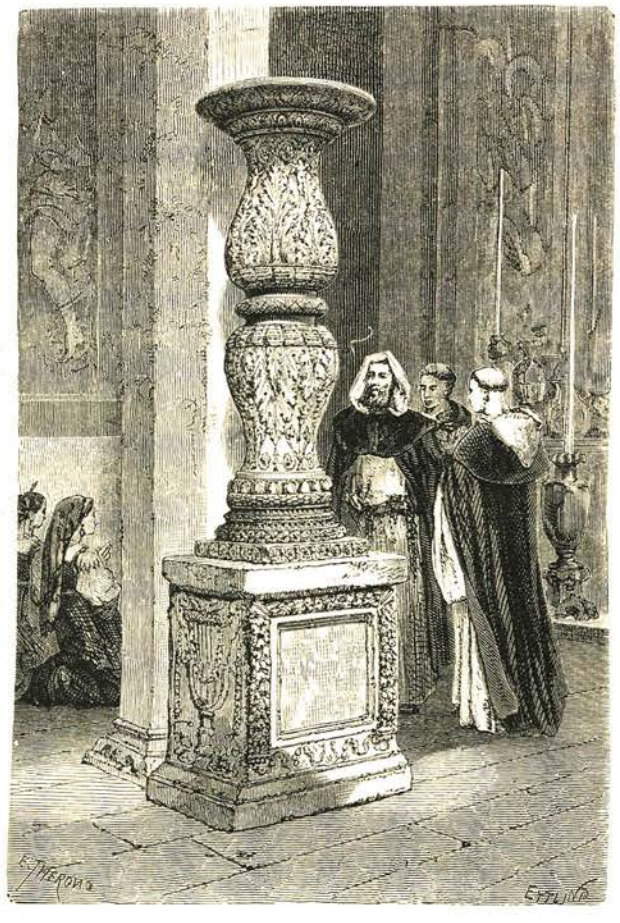


WELL IN THE CLOISTER OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI.

Here is buried the jeweller, the sculptor, the bronze-worker, the painter, Antonio Pollajuolo (*Pullarius*), by the side of his brother Peter, who initiated him in oil colours, recently revealed to his master Andrea del Castagno by Domenico, whom Andrea assassinated, that he might remain the solitary possessor of the secret. The inscription of Antonio, which recalls the tombs of Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII., tells how he wished to repose by the side of his brother. The two died a few months from one another in 1498; but this text shows against all the notices that Peter preceded Antonio. The latter was seventy-two years old. In front of the monument in small oval niches are placed the busts of the two brothers, still young and endowed with a happy simplicity of expression. Above is a fresco of the fifteenth century, representing the Plague of Rome, after the legend of St. Sebastian; you see the angel of darkness knocking with a spear at the doors of houses, but at the intercession of a cardinal a cherub arrests the spirit of evil. The principal merit of this little fresco consists in having given to M. J. Delaunay the first idea of a charming picture, which all Paris admired at a recent exhibition. Then there is the mausoleum of Giovanni Giotto of Sienna, who died in 1563,—who finding a city too small for 'his lofty soul,' chose for country the universe; the monument and the phrase are presents from his friends. Here, now, is Jerome de la Rovere, the last cardinal of his name, who died in 1592; humbler than his predecessors, he only distinguished himself in philology. On the altar of St. Sebastian, a mosaic of the seventh century represents the warrior with a long beard, robed in the chlamys, fixed on the right shoulder by

a fibula, and on his head a cap like a purse with tassels—the noble costume of the time, which I had remarked in the mosaics of Ravenna.

Finally you return to Moses. The structure of which it occupies the centre was meant to form one of the sides of the four-fronted tomb which Julius II. promised himself in the middle of the nave of St. Peter's: the scattered materials of this vast design contribute to the adornment of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, of San Lorenzo, and even of the Louvre. After the Medici, Paul III. reduced the work to a fourth, and sent this fragment to San Pietro in Vincoli. Lying uneasily over the empty tomb, the bust almost upright, Pope Julius sleeps leaning on his elbow above the exiled Moses. The disposition of the mausoleum was ambitious enough, but heavy and inelegant: the Virgin, the four allegorical figures that seem to keep guard over the Moses, are poor and soulless by the side of the master-piece; for all that, they are the work of Raphael of Montelupo; but nothing can live beside Michelangelo.



CANDELABRUM OF SAN NEREO.

As you leave this church and its little visited cloister, in the middle of which is a well with a remarkable brim, you are pleased to see the little piazza again before plunging under the black vault which ends in the via Scelerata, bounded by Etruscan substructions, and which brings you down into the still plebeian quarter of the Suburra, whither flocked in old days the companions of the seven guilds already constituted under the Tarquins, namely, the flute-players, the jewellers, the carpenters, the cordwainers, the copper-workers, the potters, the dyers. As these went nearer to the Forum, their place was taken by the barbers, and by the makers of scourges for the castigation of slaves—a large branch of trade; finally to the Phrynes, who gave in their accounts to their masters, the patricians.

II.

From S. Pietro in Vincoli to the arch of Drusus, where I was to find travelling companions for an excursion along the Appian way, it is a considerable distance over solitudes crowded with incongruous memories, about which one might write volumes. At the issue of the via de' Cerchi, where the Cœlian at my left summoned up St. Gregory, the sound of a bell from the opposite side on the Aventine, called my wandering

glances from the Fornici of the circus at my feet to the convent of Santa Sabina, which I discerned under the sky on the highest point of the horizon. Nearer at hand, there is the church which replaces the house of St. Prisca, whom St. Peter baptized; this faced the temple of Diana erected by Severus. Then, the valley opening out, the arches of the baths of Caracalla rise up like the skeleton of a mountain. Far off on the slope, St. Saba recalls other recollections, and soon after there interposes the little church of S. Nereo, where St. Gregory the Great pronounced his twenty-eighth homily on a cathedra of white marble that is still supported in the middle of the presbyterium by two stooping lions. How can one help entering S. Nereo to see once more its desks, its ciborium, its mosaics of the ninth century, and, above all, the paschal candlestick, an enormous antique candelabrum, with a Cupid among arabesques worked by the fairies of Greece.

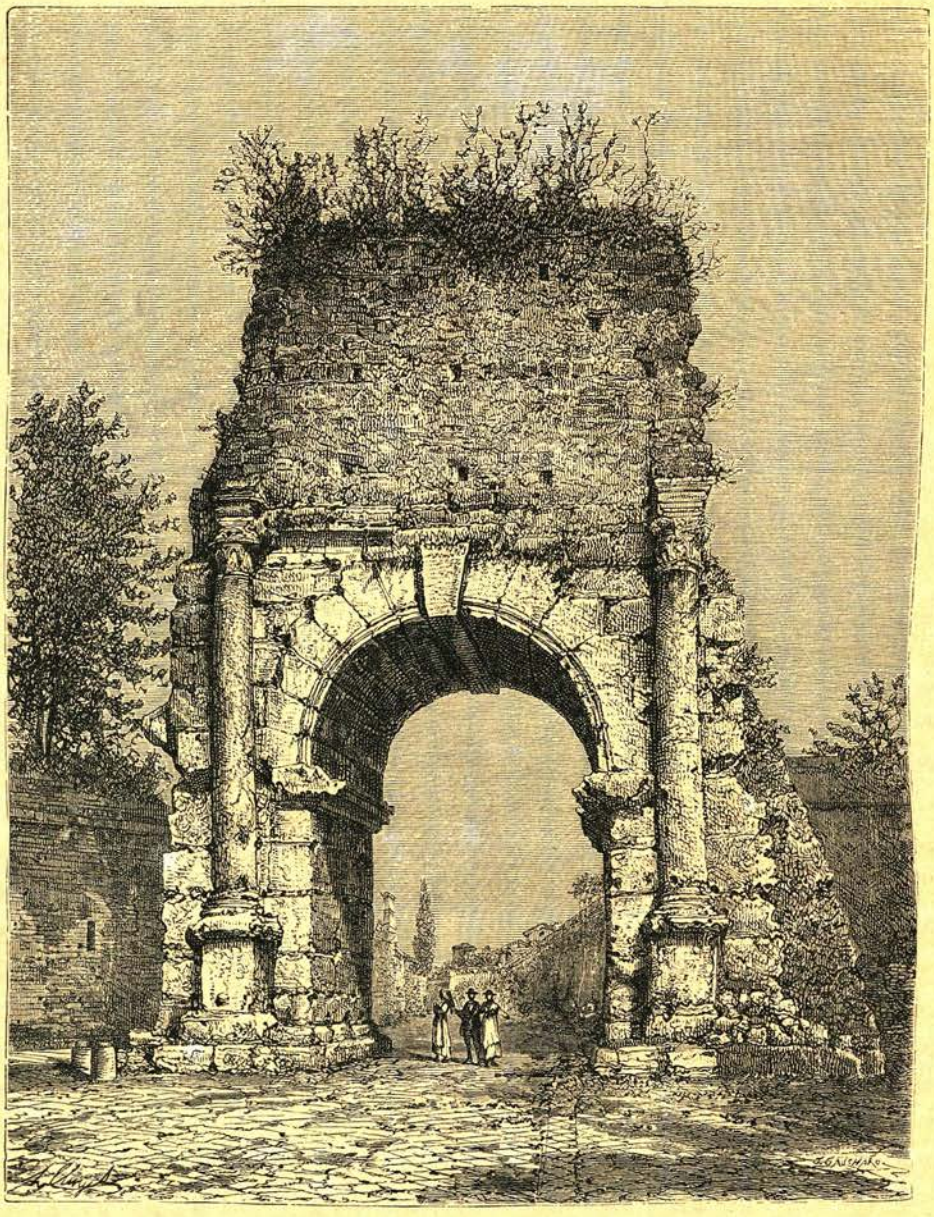
St. Sixtus stops us in front of S. Nereo. St. Dominica lived in the little convent where no one now knocks, which covers many epochs, and in which four canonized popes sleep. A chapel of the thirteenth century rises at the very spot where he restored Napoleon Orsini to life, and cured a mason who fell from a scaffolding. How can we pass in silence the tiny church in which, at a *funzione* under Gregory XIII., Michael Montaigne saw the second ambassador that Russia sent to Rome? The author of the Essays paints him to us as 'clad in a scarlet cloak and a tunic of cloth of gold, his hat in the shape of a night-cap of cloth of gold trimmed with fur, and beneath a skull-cap of silver-stuff. He was come to beseech the pope to hinder the King of Poland from making war on the Muscovites, alleging that it was their burden to sustain the first onslaught on the Turks, and that if they were weakened, then the Turks would advance without opposition into the west. He offered to give way in some differences of religion that they had with the Roman Church,' etc. This is the Eastern question as it was put in the sixteenth century.

The Dominicans of Ireland having restored their chapel fifteen years ago, a French monk, at that moment prior of the Sta. Sabina, undertook its decoration. Still young, this unknown rival of Lorenzo, of Fra Bartolommeo, had been a pupil of Paul Delaroche; he had been a landscape-painter before being a monk, and in one career as in the other, he came close to fame without reaching it. Some letters of Lacordaire, one or two passages of the Abbé Perreyve, are all that reveal to the world this singular life, which was crowned by martyrdom. Yet father Hyacinthe Besson has left a unique work in Rome, one that is considerable though incomplete:—four large legendary frescoes surmounted by arched cartouches, several medallions in white and black, and some detached figures.

Notwithstanding his monotonous execution and rather crude colour, father Besson has produced the only paintings of our time, which without being pasticci, are profoundly impregnated with religious sentiment. The St. Dominica restoring a Child is a figure that few masters could have painted better; in the fresco where the saint restores to animation the young Orsini, who has been thrown from his horse, the monk's visage conveys the most ardent expression of prayer. The Resurrection of the Mason is a still more vivid scene, and is superior in composition. But it is in the simpler sketches, where the idea presents itself free of all the heaviness of cold execution, that the poetry of the artist reveals itself in all its generous freshness and tender inspiration. For father Besson these works were only a recreation, in favour of which he took nothing from his duty. Through the long summer days, each morning before four,

the prior of Sta. Sabina came down from the Aventine by the rocky path that still exists, and proceeded to reproduce the miracles of the founder of the order at the spot where they were performed. The work, as I have said, is unfinished, and here is the reason.

Twelve years ago an Englishman converted to Catholicism and turned Dominican, was sent to the Euphrates to spread the faith. This crack-brained person here returned



ARCH OF DRUSUS.

to the Anglican sect, and, after his second abjuration, began to preach against the regular orders, which are so respected throughout the East. Such a scandal caused a profound affliction to father Besson; listening only to his zeal, and braving, in spite of the advice of his doctors, the fatigues of a long journey as well as the dangers of a devouring climate, he insisted on going to repair the check that his order had just received. 'A Dominican did the mischief,' he said; 'a Dominican must repair it.' So he abandoned for this mission his priory of the Aventine, the darling work of

St. Sixtus; and as he had himself foreseen, he served as expiatory victim. Father Besson died in the deserts, near the ruins of Babylon.

These matters exhausted, a road turns aside to the left. Here was the opening of the Latin way in the time of Strabo, and here, a little back from the road, was the Porta Capena, in a recess in which Juvenal fixed with precision the site of the sacred grove of Numa and the nymph Egeria. At this first milestone the country commenced in old days: some Columbaria and the devastated tomb of the Scipios take us back to the first ages of Rome, from which we are soon carried away by the old church of S. Cesareo, which Clement VIII. disfigured, in which St. Sergius was chosen pope, and which still preserves graceful pulpits and an ancient seat. Then behold the Porta Appia, rebuilt by Narses, and the triumphal arch decreed by the senate to the father of Claudius, to Drusus Germanicus after his victories over the Germans and the Alpine tribes. The son of Livia, adopted by Augustus, is the first Roman leader who sailed on the North Sea. His monument, under the arch of which the Appian way retreats in perspective, is topped by an appendage that bristles with brambles—an addition

THE APPIAN WAY.

of unhappy effect due to Caracalla, who made the triumphal arch of Germanicus serve as a support for the aqueduct of his baths.

Outside of the Aurelian walls, other pictures come to variegate this mosaic of many memories: in such a conflict of reminiscences and aspects, how difficult it must be to limit one's self to a chronological plan! Here is St. Sebastian, a basilica of Constantinian origin, its nave disfigured by the cardinal Borghese; then a chapel into which it is useless to enter, but that one cannot hear named without questions as to its origin. It has for title—*Domine quo vadis?* St. Ambrose tells how, at the beginning of the persecution of Nero, St. Peter fled from Rome at the prayer of his disciples, who conjured him to preserve a life so precious for the growing church. He went forth by the Porta Capena. Having passed the walls, Simon Peter at sunrise was measuring with his steps the shadows of the tombs by which the Appian way is bordered, when on the broad pavement, which still remains in places, he saw approaching, with face set towards the city, his ancient master, Jesus Christ. 'Lord, where goest thou?' cried the amazed apostle:—*Domine quo vadis?*

And Jesus answered him, 'I go to Rome to be crucified a second time.'

The fugitive understood, and bowed his head; Peter returned to Rome, where

martyrdom awaited him, and on his tomb the church was founded. The teaching of the legend is plain. To pontiffs tempted at the first threats to abandon the tomb of the apostles, the Appian way would offer good counsel; the echo of this foundation would awake, crying to them, *Domine quo vadis?*

As far as St. Sebastian the aspect of this never-ending suburb is that of a poor and half-abandoned faubourg. You follow, without diversion, the road which the censor Appius Claudius, after digging the first aqueduct to direct the waters of Prænestе on Rome, opened and paved three hundred and ten years before our era. It has kept the name of its founder, though Cæsar prolonged it far beyond the country of the Volsci, while Augustus, that is to say Agrippa, who had the honour of finishing it, carried it as far as Cumæ. The road is broad and very straight, with remains of paths and open spaces in Visigothic pavement; the grass is green on the way, but the track remains definitely marked with a melancholy grandeur by two avenues of mausoleums in ruins of every shape and size, which, from the gate of St. Sebastian down to the foot of Albano, are counted by thousands. In the middle age, some feudal bandits having transformed several of these tombs into fortresses for detaining travellers for ransoms, the latter deserted a sinister avenue bristling with strong castles; they gradually wore to the left the present road to Albano, and even the very track of the Appian way at last was effaced by grass and brushwood. We owe its exhumation to Pius IX., who has had it cleared, who has had the tombs repaired over a space of five or six miles, and who has given back to the civilised world the most splendid of historical promenades. Excavations have been carried on along this avenue, where thirty thousand mausoleums are to be counted. Nothing is so marvellous with this foreground as the points of view of the uneven plain, commanded by the road which goes undulating through the pastures, like a channel diked in by the materials of a museum. Its fluvial and torrent-like aspect is all the more striking as there is a good reason for it; the Appian way follows the current of the stream of lava which from the craters of Nemi and Albano flowed over the plain in three eruptions, three immense layers, spreading out as far as the mole of Cæcilia Metella, whence one has so clear a comprehension of this geological adventure.

The learned abbé who had constituted himself my Virgil had, along with another comrade, joined me in this limbo with a car very unworthy of the magnificence of the surroundings. They waited for me at the approach of a vineyard, where Signor Rossi, eight years ago, discovered some Jewish catacombs; and the abbé explained to us that on the monuments of this hypogeum, the persistent representation of the trumpet, the palms, and the seven-branched candlestick, as well as the inscriptions, leave no doubt either as to the origin or the age of the catacombs, which are earlier than the Christian era. In the corrupt times of the Republic, a colony of industrious Jews came, as they would to-day, to practise usury and buy and sell in the capital of civilisation. To justify the presence of a Syriac cemetery at the opening of the Appian way, the abbé reminded us that in the third satire Juvenal thunders against the Jewish tribes who had profaned the sacred grove of Egeria by taking up their abode there.

We were now in the very heart of antiquity. Pliny, Asinius Pollio, the Æmilii, and Licinius, and Popilius, and Canidius, and Curio, if they were to return, would point out the illustrious dead whom they once knew; with a gesture they would mark the villas once scattered on the slopes. All across the plain you see the long aqueducts of Claudius measuring the distance; to the north, you follow with your eyes the tombs

of the Latin way; then on the mounds, fragments of walls and clumps of dark trees marking the site of villas. Rome appears behind you, with its hills covered with buildings, its domes, its ruins, its cypresses; Rome in her bronzed girdle of the ramparts of the Lower Empire, with the violet mountains of Etruria far beyond. From a neighbouring plateau, whence the view commands the four cardinal points, Latium, to the south, went down to the sea; in the opposite direction, on the olive slopes of the Alban mountains, tiny constructions allowed us to reckon the villages which once were towns, and which ancient victories made for ever famous: Tusculanum, Gabii, Palestrina, which once was Præneste; Æsula, which is become San Gregorio; Tibur; Torre-Vergata, which replaces Corniculum, below Monticelli, which used to be Cenina. Finally, between Ausonia and the Alpine Gennaro, glitter in the distant background of the sky the snows of the Hernican mountains. You might pass hours listening to what the wind says to the sun.

A little further, at a spot where the Appian way makes an elbow to respect a tumulus, Cluilius, general of the Albans under king Tullus, had made the ditches of his encampment: Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Livy have given us the cadastral elements necessary for verification of this. The fixing of the Cluilian trenches has allowed us to determine the functions of five tumuli with their foundations of dry stone free from earth, works evidently Etruscan, which, facing towards Rome, succeed one another at unequal intervals. That which causes the bend in the road, covered the first who fell of the Curiatii. It is a fashion with us to regard the heroes of the first age of Rome as so many myths: yet why should we in so absolute a fashion throw discredit by our systems on the historians of antiquity, who were nearer to primitive events than we are to the crusades? These tumuli, evidently anterior to the Appian way, and evidently the objects of veneration since, for the sake of sparing one of them, they threw the line of the way out, answer exactly in number and position to the narratives of the chroniclers; I shall continue to hold them respectable until it shall have been demonstrated by proofs and not by theories that the Romans of the year 86 constructed five little mounds, only to prop up six centuries later a fable not yet devised.

You stop, on returning to the road, before a pyramidal mausoleum, choked at its base, and resembling an enormous jug on a narrow pedestal. Stripped of its peeling of marble, this nucleus of masonry vaguely recalls the shrines of Mexico and India.

Our carriage seemed to me miserably slight, as, on our return to the Appian way, we saw at the end of the rise in the ground the outline, in front of the mole of Cæcilia Metella, the sorry beast with quivering shanks, and the carriage hood browned by the sun, which made us think of the rats and the pumpkin of the equipage of Cinderella. The turriform mausoleum is not less than one hundred feet in diameter, and it must be a third more in height; the walls, which are thirty-five feet in thickness, contained until the reign of Paul V. the fine sarcophagus that is to-day to be seen in the court of the Farnese palace. Cæcilia, daughter of Metellus Creticus and wife of the triumvir Crassus, lived in the last period of the Republic; her monument, faced with travertine, is crowned with a frieze and a cornice of marble, with an ornament of festoons; the inscription, which was surmounted by a bas-relief, of which only some vestiges are left, faces the road. This tower is the oldest Roman building of an assured date, where the use of marble is shown.

In the thirteenth century the tower of Cæcilia was decorated with a keep with

dovetailed battlements by the Gaetani, who had imprisoned in their castrum the two sides of the Appian way, by throwing an arch over it, under which was a postern gate. No one could pass without paying ransom: that was what the Ghibelines called making war on the despotism of the popes. There remain the ruins of the enclosure, some pieces of wall, and a portion of the chapel, with the escutcheon of the Gaetani in marble. Towards the seventh mile, people used to fall into the clutches of another lord of the highway, who had entrenched himself in the tomb of Messalinus Cotta, planted on a quadrangular tumulus one hundred and twenty feet long. It is to Valerius Corvus the dictator that they attribute the lower portion of a monument that was completed and decorated under the Cæsars. The tower, one of the largest in existence, is on one side crowded nearly up to the summit with a mass of ruins of marble and stone from Albano; Corinthian capitals, scattered limbs of archways, pieces of cornice, that crowned a decoration in which pilasters separated candelabra and scenic masks. You scale the edifice over those avalanches of carved stone. In the foundations five niches

MOLE OF CÆCILIA METELLA.

had been fitted with benches for travellers, whose eyes were caught by bas-reliefs fitted to the corners of the hemicycles; they have found there some charming Nereids. The wide entablature of the cornices was surmounted by an attica, which supported a roof covered with slabs of marble in the form of scales. The summit has been levelled and the salient works rased; they have made a road for small carts on this mole, from which the feudal constructions have all disappeared, and which from the road-side shows scarped and sheer. But—a strange fancy and whimsical appearance which may give some idea of the enormous size of the Casal Rotondo—on its high platform is perched a rural demesne, a cottage and farm, with stables and quarters; and this village house, planted high upon marbles of the time of Virgil, has for garden and for shelter a grove of olives. Nothing can be more original than this pastoral landscape, a plaything for the children of Atlas or Gargantua, spread on a stand three hundred and sixty feet in circumference. A number of these monuments are built in reticular courses; others in *opus incertum;* others in squares of tufa, sign of most

RUINS OF THE AQUEDUCTS OF CLAUDIUS, NEAR THE ROAD TO ALBANO.

remote antiquity; or in flat bricks of the time of Nero, long, and very carefully fitted. Thus every form and every century is represented along this immense funereal museum of antiquity: it is for the pagan era the pendent of the catacombs. In old time shady places added some mystery to the beauty of this Elysian avenue. Very unlike the fine world of to-day, which has hardly any religion left and is none the richer in philosophy, the Romans of quality associated the two ideas of death and rustic quietude; on fine days they came to pass the mornings in the sepulchral chambers of the family; thermæ that have been discovered prove, with other signs, that people went to bathe, dine, take a siesta, study and pass the night with their ancestors.

We had got into the carriage again, and with frequent pauses we passed in review that vast collection of gravestones: so many great names are inscribed on the tombs along this road that we seem to have come upon a society of whom we saw something dimly in our youth in the days of classical study. From the monument of Servilius Quartus re-adjusted by Canova in a piece of masonry (happily conceived but clumsily executed), up to the Three Taverns where St. Paul stayed and Gallienus was buried, up to Bovillæ where the tribune Clodius was slain by Milo—in the passage by this unrolled band of the palimpsests of history, the mind is not rapid enough to comment upon the documents, the sight of which strikes blow upon blow.

As I listened to the gossip of the abbé about this world, which no priest of Cybele or Saturn knew better, I had noted some celebrities, as one does in one's album quitting a salon: Seneca put to death, according to Tacitus, at the fourth milestone on the Appian way; Sextus Pompeius Justus, a freedman of the Pompeian house; Licinius with his wife and his daughters, a sculptured monument of the imperial era; Hilarius Fuscus who lived under the Antonines; Claudius Secundus, collector under Trajan; Apuleius Pamphilus, near a large quadrangular tomb that Piranese has engraved; Hermodorus, Rabiria his daughter, and Usias, priestess of Isis, a charming shrine with portraits. Pompeia Attia has left her mausoleum to return to Rome, where she figures in the Vatican among that sculptured population of heroes and gods; the noble Septimia was neighbour to Sergius Demetrius, a wine merchant in the Velabrum. A little before the tower of Silex or Torre-Selce, another feudal keep, Lollius Dionysius, banker in the Esquiline quarter, is buried opposite to a family composed of two couples drawn in bas-relief; one of the ladies has on her shoulder her squirrel, the other her little dog. If Nibby had not preceded me, I should have copied the inscription in which Evhodus, jeweller in the via Sacra, and his relative, the steward of Claudius, pray the passenger to stay, to behold the burial-place of one who was good, pitiful, the friend of the poor; and beseech the traveller, in wishing him all health, not to defile the monument; forbidding, moreover, that any should be laid there but the kinsfolk and children designated by will. They placed precious objects in the tombs, as witness the fine Egyptian vase of the Vatican, taken from a nameless sepulchre at the eighth mile, close to the exedra of the Flavians and the Red Tower, a feudal construction which has played its part in civil discords. Then come, further than the villa of Bassus mentioned by Martial, the tomb of one Cassius, *redemptor* of marbles, and of Persius, and of so many others.

We did not go beyond the seventh mile, although the works conducted since 1850 by Canina extend as far as the twelfth; but the monuments are less numerous and of inferior importance at the approach to the ruins of Bovillæ, which under the kings was a dependency of Alba. On our way the abbé made us take on the

same side some sloping pastures which come out upon a mass of ruins that the Romans of the late times named Roma Vecchia. These are the remains of the villa of the Quintilii, two brothers who became so rich that Domitian, or as some say, Commodus, had them put to death that he might possess their domains. Prince Torlonia, another financier, has exhumed these ruins, whence he has extracted statues, bas-reliefs, columns, entablatures of marble, of high value. At the foot of the villa,

ANCIENT NYMPHEUM, CALLED FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

which is perched on one side on high embankments, we see an aqueduct rising from the valley; it conveyed to the Quintilii the waters of Claudius and Agrippa in leaden conduits which still exist, and on which are stamped the names of the opulent proconsuls. After a nympheum on the side of the road you recognise the thermæ, the site of the theatre and the portico, and even the perspectives of the gardens: these nabobs chose their sites from one of the finest points of view of the district.

A pathway leads down to a fountain where ignorance made a niche for the nymph

Egeria in a grotto at the bottom of a grove of sibylline aspect; they must have forgotten Symmachus and Juvenal. This grotto where the wise counsellor of Numa was never met except by my old friend Nanteuil (and heaven knows with what advantage), this pretended grotto is an oven-shaped vault, rising under a rock clad with brushwood, lotus, scolopendra; water falls from the roof in harmonious drops into the black basin, in which is reflected the ancient and greenish statue of a slumbering stream-deity. The sombre tints of the brick give a little warmth to this little shaft abandoned by the Naiads; the spring hastens on to rejoin the Almo. You meet here nearly intact a consecration to the divinities of woods and running streams; according to some antiquaries, the pretended nympheum of Egeria made part of a villa of Herodes-Atticus, the Greek rhetorician who had Marcus Aurelius and Verus for disciples, and who, when consul in 143 of our era, caused superb edifices to be erected, among which they count a theatre and a stadium of white marble.

After complying with the observances recommended by Hesiod towards fountains, those daughters of Jupiter, we had to repair an oversight by ascending from the bottom of this little Caffarella valley up to a wild and dilapidated farmhouse, resting on foundations, and partially composed of materials, of great antiquity. The ground abounds in broken marbles; ears of maize and strings of ruddy onions hang under vaults that were contemporary with the Antonines. There vegetate in a dirtiness that is amusing because it is not unwholesome, and a disorder that fills you with desire for canvas and paint-brush, a family of cultivators, like field-sparrows making their nest in this falcon's eyrie, which was once a senatorial villa. There remains a monument that would now be called the chapel of the castle; when it was discovered in 1616, they made it out to be a temple of the muses, but a Greek inscription has restored to the protection of Bacchus the altar, surmounted by a vault that still retains traces of bas-reliefs. They have placed in the façade some fluted columns with Corinthian capitals of unknown origin, and as this temple of Bacchus had become in the sixth century the chapel of St. Urban, the aisle is covered with frescoes representing anecdotes from the life of Jesus Christ, passages from the legend of St. Cæcilia and St. Urban, with the name of one Bonizzo, a monk (possibly the artist), and the date M.XI. Thus we are able in the neighbourhood of Rome to study the forms of art during a thousand years, among the implements of rustic industry. While by a stony pathway, on which the running water has made cresses spring up, we were preparing to ascend long fallows in search of the work of Palladio before the ruins of the temple of Romulus, the son of Maxentius, the only known temple still retaining its peribolus, that is, its large surrounding cloister, our companion called our attention to the fact that the poetic character of these regions, made for eclogue and for battle-field, results from the absence of all food-raising culture; we ask on what the husbandman could have lived upon with such a soil. The sight of some vegetables and a quarter of a pumpkin in the heart of the temple of Bacchus gave our caterer an amazed satisfaction; still there was nothing to drink but the water of the neighbouring nympheum, brought for our use by a tall bronzed maiden who might have been taken for a model of an Isis in the time of Adrian.

The temple of Romulus Maxentius is close to the circus bearing the same name. They made some noise in 1825 about the discovery of these curious ruins, but what was really found were the inscriptions which decide archæologists as to the date of foundation. As for the circus itself, it could never have been lost; the whole arena

and its circumference came out in the grass, to a length of 1,680 Roman feet, and a breadth of 250. There are few obscurer personages than this grandson of Maximian, sprung from a dethroned father—than this Romulus who was twice consul when the consulate was only a mockery, and who would have been flung to the lay-stall if he had not happened to die soon enough to pass for a god like everybody else, and so to obtain apotheosis instead of the Gemoniæ. His temple and the circus dedicated by Maxentius to his son, the only ancient circus that time has respected, perpetuate the memory of the Romulus who did nothing.

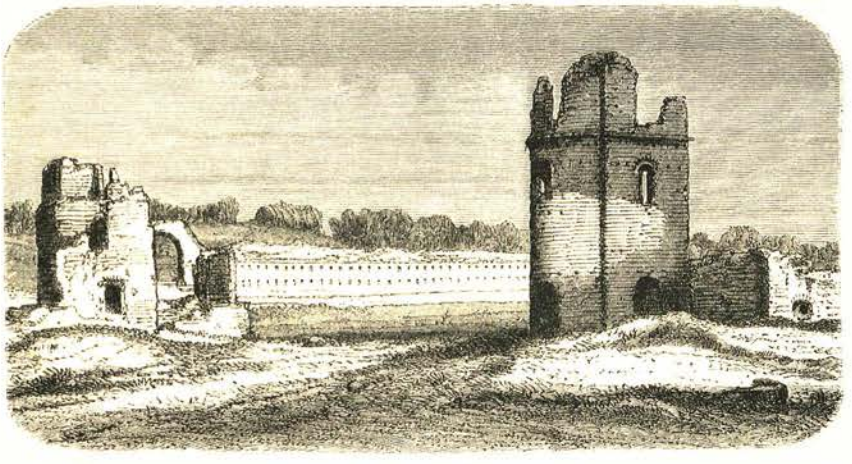
Recent researches prove that the Spina of this monument was a real museum; the mattock brings to light numerous pedestals on the borders of the way, the middle of which was furnished with votive columns, and was lighted by some mirrors of water in which the marbles were reflected. Several bas-reliefs of the Metæ have been collected, belonging to the Constantinian decline. From the situation of the brackets we know where once stood—a Venus of which a fragment remains; the two columns of grey marble which were united by an architrave and supported Seven Dolphins in honour of Neptune, the patron of coursers; the statues of Phœbus and Paris; then between two basins of cement, the box of earth where grew the palm-tree of which they took a leaf for the profit of the winner; one column bore the image of Victory, near an obelisk which Domitian had had carved. In the third section of the circus, the statue of Hercules preceded an Amazon, to whom a Proserpine was neighbour; and two figures separated by a little temple, on the roof of which they disposed the seven eggs of gilded wood used in counting the turns of the course. In this long arena now become so rustic, nothing is obscure or uncertain; you decipher the past in legible characters. The arena is a lawn; slopes of grass mark the steps of the Podium; the Carceres are yawning gaps in the sward; the Spina is a green carpet worked over with brambles, and worn into holes by the foundations; nature here has certain regularities which do not lessen the savagery that time has given her, and the abandonment is so remote that it has lost its sadness. The circus of Romulus the son of Maxentius, where vast populations used to throng, is now only the haunts of birds and adders.

'A BRONZED MAIDEN . . . .'

Back again on the Appian way and already close to the city, we found our poor carriage waiting for us in front of the tomb of Geta, the Septizonium reduced to its pyramidal germ. We had left behind us the old camp of C. Marcius, where Veturia and the Roman ladies came and prostrated themselves before the victor of Corioli, who has surrounded treason with such poetic prestige. In making our way back to the walls, we sought the site of the temple of Mars, from which the triumphal pro-

cession used to set out, and of the Clivus which they followed to make their way to the Capitol. If they were to turn away the rubbish which masks the substructions of the Porta Capena, perhaps we should see the ruins of the temples by which it was surrounded, and where Marcellus the conqueror of Sicily deposited a portion of the marvels of which he had despoiled Syracuse, the richest in objects of art and the most splendid of all the cities of Greece.

The rarest statuettes, Sicilian jewellers' work in precious metals, had been heaped up by Marcellus elsewhere on the banks of the Tiber, in the temple of Æsculapius, which received other spoils after the Macedonian war. How many masterpieces would be found at the bottom of the river, for the Vandals, like Vandals as they were, threw everything into it. Every invasion, every intestine discord, gorged this preserving mud. The Christians threw into it the images of the false gods that had been brought from Greece and Asia; the emperors drowned in it the deified images of their predecessors; before them Sulla and Marius had plunged into it, at every return of success, the boastful mementoes of the loser. To obtain such magnificent results



CIRCUS OF ROMULUS MAXENTIUS.

it would be enough to dig a channel under the Monte Mario, to continue it beyond into the low lands which descend from Brebiana towards the sea by the marshes of Fregenæ, and to turn the Tiber aside for two or three winters, while as a sanitary precaution you could restore it to its channel during the summer.

III.

From the Via Appia to the Latin way the distance is not long, the latter being at first nearly parallel, and then ascending towards the north as far as the junction with the Via Tusculana. Deserted for ages, it was nearly effaced when Pius IX. suggested it for archæological studies, which has occasioned some curious discoveries: let us return to this suburb to describe them.

Formerly the approach to the Latin way was by the Porta Asinaria, still to be recognised by its two towers, but walled up since Gregory XIII. opened the gate of St. John. The road is more closed in than the Appian way: the grounds, which

frequently stand higher, describe curves round the long avenue of pasture-lands, divided by Pelasgic pavement. From time to time the line of the causeways makes its mark; tombs with intervals between them succeed in a double row. On one side the monuments of the Appian way cluster into far distances, which they seem to put to flight; on the other, winding through the desert, the aqueducts of Claudius turn your eye to the tower del Fiscale, a bit of antiquity seen from everywhere and placed everywhere by the painters. It is no longer a keep, but an old model from a studio, which regains in beauty all that years take away from it.

Once, that is to say twelve years ago, to understand decorative art among the Romans, people had only at their disposal Pompeii, documents of an inferior order, and scanty specimens on the obscure and too lofty vaults of the Neronian palaces. Now, the house of Livia on the Palatine, and two burial-chambers in perfect condition, belonging to the end of the first century, discovered in the Latin way in 1858 by Lorenzo Fortunati, restore to us the pure marvels of antique decoration, which the school of Raphael guessed so wonderfully. How striking, in fact, to find after all, as justificatory pieces, what would have passed for a model closely copied, if when he designed the Vatican Loggie, Raphael could have known the Scavi of the Latin way.

These crypts which were unknown to ancient travellers are nearly at the second mile, in front of one another, near the remains of the basilica of St. Stephen, erected by Demetria in the fifth century and destroyed in the ninth. To come upon these subterranean constructions, it was only necessary to remove the earth with which the lower layers had been crusted. Then they recognised, for the tomb on the right, the basements of a tetrastylar portico, and continuing to clear away, they descended some steps which came to a fine long room containing a sarcophagus much mutilated; then a second chamber, a true shrine, also vaulted, and filled to the roof with a friable earth which had been the means of preserving it. We may imagine the joy of the Chevalier Fortunati, so well named, as bit by bit he set free the arabesques of this enormous gem.

It offers the ornaments, the complicated compartments, the ingenious interlacings, which fifteen centuries later seemed such novel combinations. On the precious empyrean of this vault, among the rosettes and coffer-work, are grouped bas-reliefs in stucco, and aquatic divinities;—nymphs riding marine monsters, Tritons, Nereids sporting among strangely imagined hippogriffs, all with an appreciation for beauty which expresses itself even in grotesque lines. As for the miniature figures, nothing can equal the purity of their design or the naturalness of their attitudes; the edges are softened by delicate arabesques describing curves gracefully united with rectangular forms. Works of this purity can hardly be later than Domitian; the Italians and some Germans give the honour of them to the hundred and sixtieth year of our era, relying on a fact into which æsthetic appreciation counts for nothing, and which can only be an appearance; in a small room adjoining this, without ornaments and containing a mutilated tomb, some flat bricks have been recovered with stamps answering to the last year of Antoninus. But, apart from the fact that a partial restoration, any simple repair, might mix late materials with old work, there is nothing to prevent us from supposing that the little chamber in question was added afterwards by later generations. Anyhow, there is no proof; this wonder is nameless, like that in front of it.

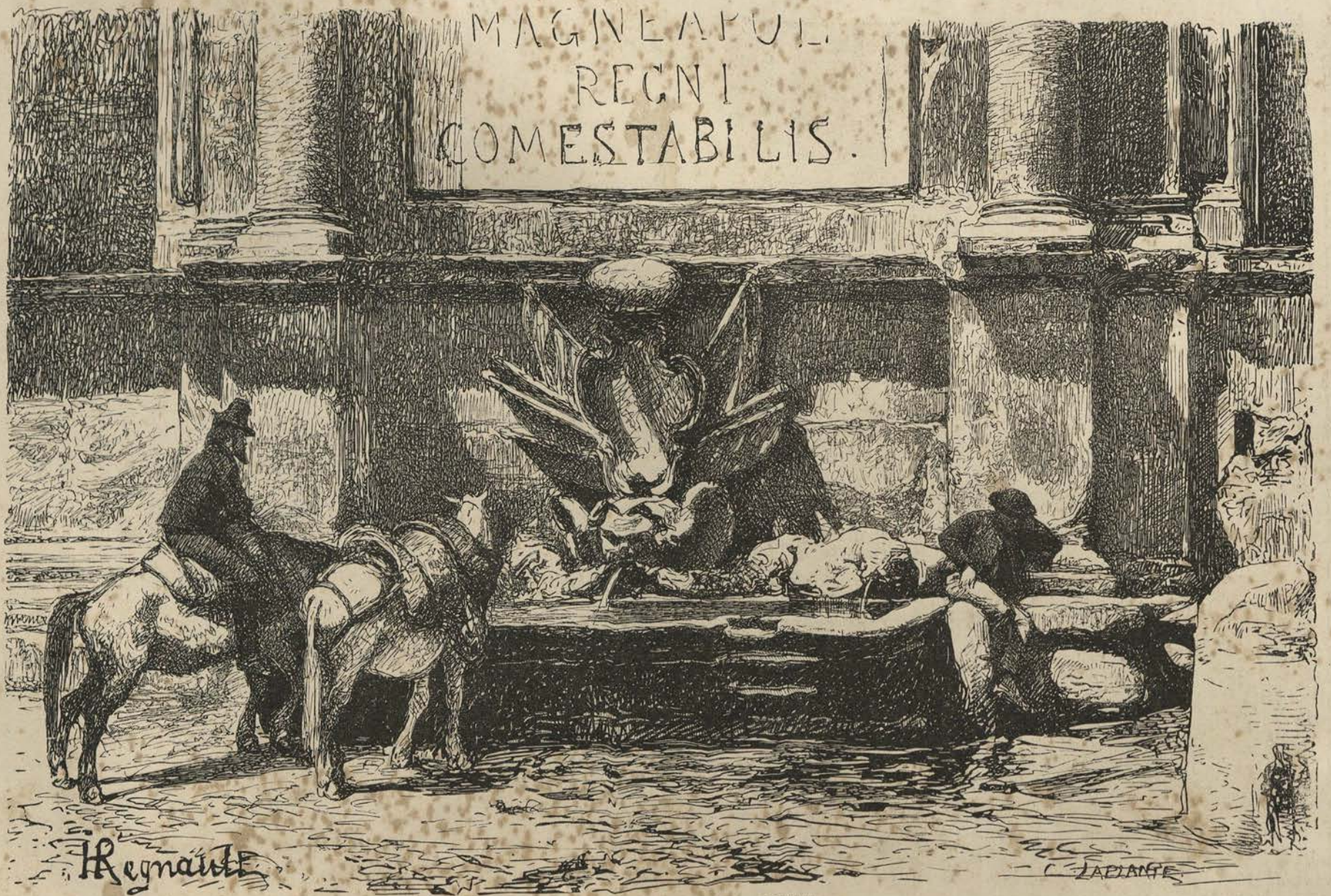
The latter is the more remarkable of the two. Once a Triclinium, of which the

pavement remains in black and white mosaic representing Fish, surmounted the sepulchral chambers to the number of two, to which you go down by stairs paved in the same way. You thus come to an ante-room of which the vault has been pierced by a hole, so to as permit the descent of the funeral urns; here are niches with remains of paintings that represent certain birds, among them ducks. There is here a tomb without any effigies, of uncertain date. But the neighbouring chamber, which is oblong, and containing in the centre an enormous sarcophagus, made to hold two corpses of which the bones have been found,—this chamber occasions a lively astonishment. You cannot, in fact, withhold a certain compassion for artists who executed masterpieces in the dark, and expended so much talent with the assurance that the work would be admired by no one.

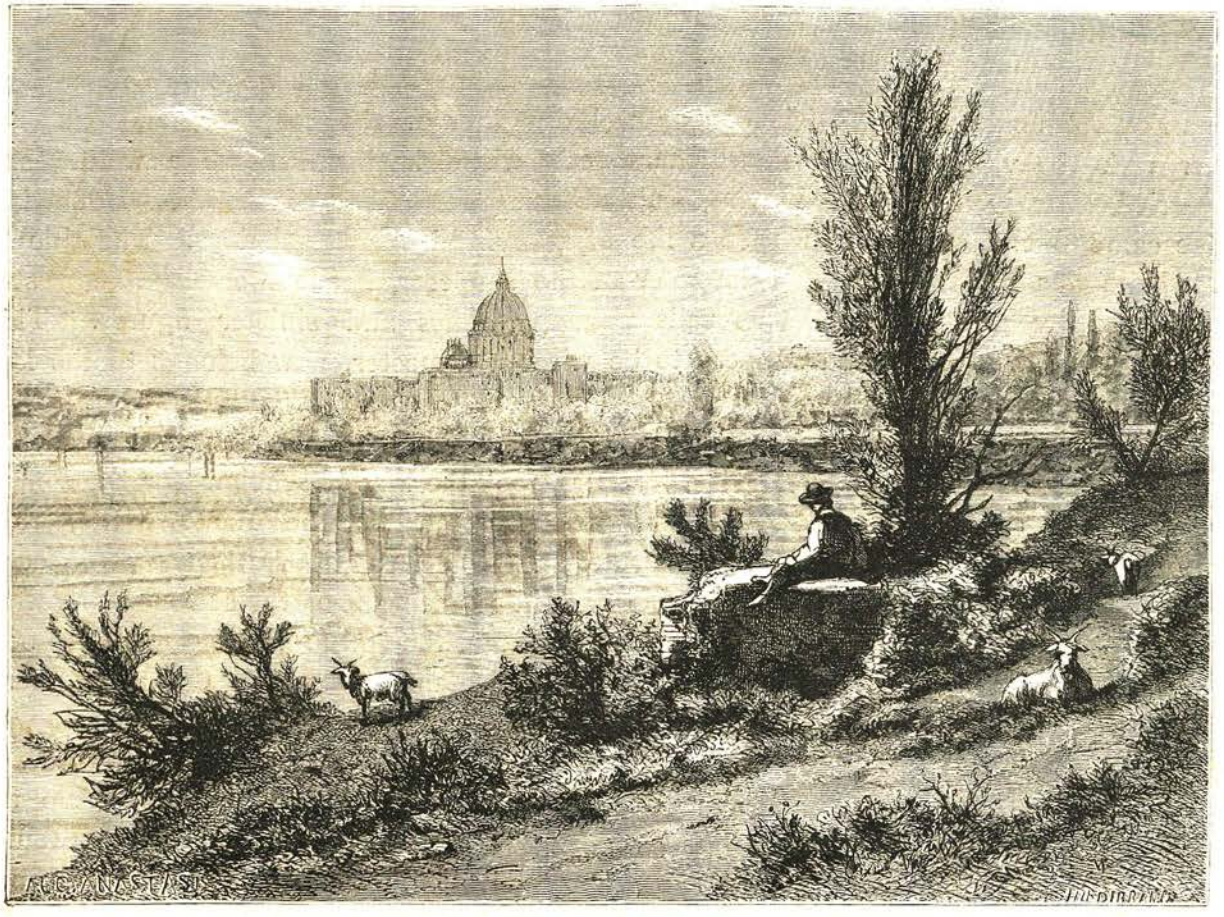
The decoration is polychromatic, and the painting contributes at least as largely to it as the sculpture. Thanks to the diversity of colour, they have been able to give a greater complication to the intertwining of the arabesques, to multiply the polygons formed by the intersections of the mouldings, and to introduce an ensemble of effect among a series of medallions of graduated dimensions, from the cartouche which contains an important subject, down to a reduced space that represents a cameo. It is the art since applied to the decoration of the Vatican Loggie, and divined by our best modern school. For the rest, although the work evidently goes back to the first century, one can produce the marks of a civilisation that is refined in its excessive nicety of details and still more in their profusion; this tendency answers so precisely to the condition of societies, that at the French Revolution we saw ornamentation disappear from among decorative arts, at the moment when equalitarian barbarism set to work to destroy the traditions of the glories of the old world. The mausoleums of the Latin way reproduce the expansion of worldly habits under the first Cæsars, as the Loggie and the villa Madama of which we shall soon have to speak, describe public manners under Paul III.

Let us return to our chamber. Mouldings hollow and in relief, genre painting, landscapes, all unite in enriching the vault, which is divided into compartments procured by means of semi-cylindrical sections, triangular pendentives, cartouches with imperfect angles; forms which stimulate the subtlety of an ingenious artist. The artist here seems to have employed his colours in giving rest to the eye, in opening tranquil perspectives before which are the firm outlines of the important subjects, modelled in stucco for the most part. Such are the settings of a large oval conch, from the middle of which, forming the key of the vault, emerges Jupiter borne on an eagle. The bas-reliefs represent: Achilles at Scyros, the Judgment of Paris, Ulysses and Diomede carrying off the Palladium, Philoctetes at Lemnos, Hercules Citharæda, Priam begging back the body of Hector. Other compartments present Flamines, various divinities, and Centaurs fighting with wild beasts. At the corners of the room are detached four miniatures, in very high relief and of exquisite purity. Flowers and vases filled with fruit are arranged here and there; lower down in compartments are painted birds, and landscapes in camaieu, chimerical as those at Pompeii, but more distinct and of a superior delicacy. These decorators amused themselves by placing on three columns the entablature of a ruined temple, before perspectives retreating to shores where they perched real Chinese huts on stakes, with fishing-tackle at the side of them. Some water-colours of the time of Lewis XVI. have an accidental likeness to these fancies.

When we reflect that rare and costly wonders like these were not meant to be seen, and that their owners got no honour from them, one says that the Romans no longer knew what to do with their colossal fortunes. In attributing to the Eastern war the introduction of luxury and the arts of peace, ancient authors have failed to remark that at the same time, 173 years before our era, was promulgated a law which must have exercised a very different influence and accelerated the decline of manners. This is the Lex Voconia, which takes from women the rights of inheritance, and allows no bequest in their favour exceeding 100,000 sesterces, the aim being to preserve property in families. As modern nations have taken their legislation from Rome, we may say that this political measure has conferred on all aristocracies their means of power, and in consequence of inevitable abuse the elements of their dissolution.



FOUNTAIN AT THE VILLA OF POPE JULIUS III.



BETWEEN THE PONTE MOLLE AND THE MONTE MARIO.

CHAPTER XIV.

From the Porta del Popolo to the Villa Madama.—Casino of Julius III.—The Milvian Bridge.—Origin, appearance, and paintings of the Villa Madama.—Return by the Borgo and Porta Angelica.—Halt at Sant' Agostino:—The Madonna of Sansovino;—Paintings of Guercino and his school;—Copy of a lost Raphael.—Raphael at Sta. Maria della Pace: the Sibyls.—Fresco of Peruzzi.—Foreign colonies: the church of the Germans.—Origin of the title of Sta. Maria dell' Anima.—Flemish and Dutch monuments.—Madonna of Giulio Romano.—Anecdote of Adrian VI.; his tomb by Peruzzi.—Democratic souvenir of the Palazzo Riario;—San Lorenzo in Damaso.—Assassination of Count Rossi.—The Farnese palace.—Exhumation of the curia where Cæsar was slain;—Origin of the Hercule-Mastaï indicated by Cicero.—Statue of Pompey and gallery of the Spada palace.—The Tartarughe and the ex-palace Mattei.—What the Quadrifrons arch was.—Oxen in the Forum.—Bodin and Diderot on the independence of Papinian.—The Aventine.—Discovery of the wall of Ancus.—Temples and convents: Ceres and Juno; St. Sabina and St. Alexis.

I.

IMMEDIATELY after exploring the funereal rooms of the Latin way, one ought to carry the memory of one's impressions in all their freshness before the decorative paintings of the school of the Sanzio, either in the Vatican galleries, or at the Villa Madama, decorated for Julius de' Medici by the pleiad of Raphael. This excursion, which is one of the most interesting to be made in the environs, will take us out of Rome in an entirely opposite direction; by the Porta del Popolo, or else the Porta Angelica.

At the time when Cardinal Julius, who became Pope under the name of Clement VII.,

leagued himself with Charles V. against Florence, to seal that honourable pact, he married Alexander de' Medici to a natural daughter of the Emperor, and endowed her with the villa, which was still Margaret's when, having become a widow, she married Ottavio Farnese. Having quitted the government of the Low Countries, she came to end at Rome in 1586 a life of many and chequered days. The title of Madame was preserved to this daughter of the Emperor, hence the designation still preserved by a residence that recalls unhappy times and sinister figures. This rusted gem, that one would suppose to be without a master, now belongs to the last King of Naples.

To gain the Monte Mario, at the back of which the Villa Madama is situated, we took the way of scholars, for the course was towards the Ponte Molle, that Milvian bridge of which Livy speaks in his account of the second Punic war, and at the end of which you come upon the Flaminian way. Our first pause after leaving the Porta del Popolo was in front of the villa of Julius III., a casino built by Vignola, who from an architectural medallion has sent a fountain bubbling forth, where the peasants refresh their beasts before entering the city. Thence little by little the country exposes itself, and after the second mile you come to the edge of the stream. With its ancient arches, ten times patched and decorated by Nicholas V., Calixtus III., and Pius VII., with its massive tower pierced like a triumphal arch, its escutcheons and its statues posted like sentries, the Milvian bridge, that Scaurus was already rebuilding in the seventh century of Rome, has all the aspect of a historical spot. The nocturnal farces of Nero added to its celebrity; in crossing it you cross over the arches where Cicero arrested the ambassadors of the Allobroges, who had sold themselves to Catilina, and where four centuries later, under the guidance of a flaming aerial cross, Constantine defeated Maxentius.

CASINO OF JULIUS III.

The Tiber describes up stream a fine curve, of which the line loses itself in the windings of the ground as it breaks in escarpments towards the ancient Fidenæ, and which place a bar in front of the violet curtain of the mountains. As you turn down stream, the river bends gracefully, bordered by the road which, turning the base of the Monte Mario, bounds its woody slopes, with their pretty cupola and rustic convent. In sight of all these views, from the little chapel where Pius II. received the head of St. Andrew, to St. Peter's rising colossal out of the pile of the Vatican, you seem to be continuing a dream, and it is some time before you can recall where

you have already had this vision: that horizon of hills whose line has so accentuated a balance, has been shown to us by Raphael and Giulio Pippi in the great battle against Maxentius, so popular in the engraving; these accidents of ground, these familiar buildings, that anticipated track by which you seem to remember having once passed, is, or was, the promenade of Poussin.

On the side of the hill which has kept the name of *Mario* Millini, some thickets end in a rustic gate contrived in the broken walls of the Villa Madama. You have to knock long before the rustic guardians of the domain, dispersed in the fields, receive warning of your presence by the barking of their dogs. When the gate had at last disclosed to us a good woman, as prosaic in style and costume as a Chloe of Burgundy or the Nivernais, our talk went out in the shadows of a high vaulted apartment, with its plaster dropping from the walls by damp, and in the cracks of which brambles, that had made a way through the walls, were in full leaf; vegetables, farm tools, supplies of fodder, as well as a few household utensils, received on a darkish ground the reflections of a dulled light. For all this, this damp and reeking cavern with its blind windows was a splendid state chamber.

In the darkness, there opened a door the bottom of which was broken into a fringe like a beggar's skirts; all at once we came out with dazzled eyes into full light of day, by the back of an enormous Loggia divided into three lobes, painted and carved like the porch of a palace of fairies, and whose arches, grouped in broad shadows on the pavement, threw a pure outline against the ethereal depth of the blue sky. This masterpiece of ornamentation was designed by Giovanni da Udine and Giulio Romano; we should be tempted to assign it to the artists of the first century who executed the chambers lately discovered on the Latin way, with such success did Raphael and his group, impregnated as they were with the ancient arts, proceed perspicaciously from the known to the unknown.

As in the Roman monuments of the same sort, as also in the decoration of the Vatican Loggie, I observed at once a system of ornamentation which consists in diversifying and connecting the compartments with one another, so as to procure frames fit to hold the greatest possible number of subjects, without confusing or overtasking the eyes. From the cartouche with its tolerably large figures, up to the tail-piece with cameos copied in miniature, the scale is filled; but this swarming ensemble causes no fatigue, because if you relieve yourself from the duty of being attentive, you can imagine that you have seen everything without looking very closely. The subjects instead of staring you in the face rather retire from sight; but if you examine nearly, there instantly appear distinct combinations, capable of being distinguished and traced out, and beneath these others again, each of them drawing your eye to rest on unperceived sights. You are stupefied at the apparent simplicity of such complicated work, and at the real complication of a thing so simple at the first view. This was probably invented for people who, as they seldom left home, had to find some amusement in discovering at the end of six months a host of small gems which they never expected.

This little sketch of such a decoration will not explain sufficiently, but will perhaps help to explain, how it was that these three chambers appeared to us, partly no doubt by reason of their more favourable dimensions, superior to the Loggie of the Vatican, exception made, I need not say, of the illustrations of the Bible which Raphael composed for the ceilings. At the Villa Madama the great subjects are less grave; the

vault, divided in four medallions, contains loves sporting over our heads; some dance in a ring, others clamber up a high mast, others bestride the silvery backs of swans. The frieze of the chamber represents a cavalcade of tiny cupids on hippogriffs and dolphins, executed with most striking freedom. Alarmed by our presence, bats with noiseless flight crossed with their shadows this radiant vision, while under our feet and between our legs geese and chickens fluttered about with many cries.

I found in the third chamber, whose chimney-piece is of a severe style and its frieze of splendid design, a painter, a man of lively impressions, loving to seize the ensemble of things and to enjoy in wholes. So he led me back to the Loggia, which one must look at, and look at again, and which one cannot leave. With the unalloyed pleasure of a child gifted with a fresh palette and a dexterous and intrepid hand, he hunted out in these tangled thickets of arabesque, microscopic subjects pure as bas-reliefs, fine as engraved stones; he laughed at the coquetry of genius, which hid such gems in a medley of lines, like violets among herbage. Then we returned to the pendentives of the central vault, where the Bales of the Medici, symmetrically arranged, serve as heart for enormous rosettes mounted on acanthus stems; then to the gay bas-reliefs which run into the thickness of the arch; finally to the cameos of the vault, to the fauns, nymphs, and satyrs of the semicircles, creations of marked purity and framed in delicate arabesques. Finally we went to take our pleasure among the ruined gardens where, before enormous basins reflecting the clouds in limpid water brought from afar, Margaret of Parma once contemplated the melancholy landscapes of the Roman Campagna. These perspectives offered a certain repose, after that mass of compositions made to furnish a stock to all the ornamentists of the world; after those adorable frescoes that show us Giulio Romano tender, coy, and light as a severer Watteau, reared among the marble gods and trained by Virgil.

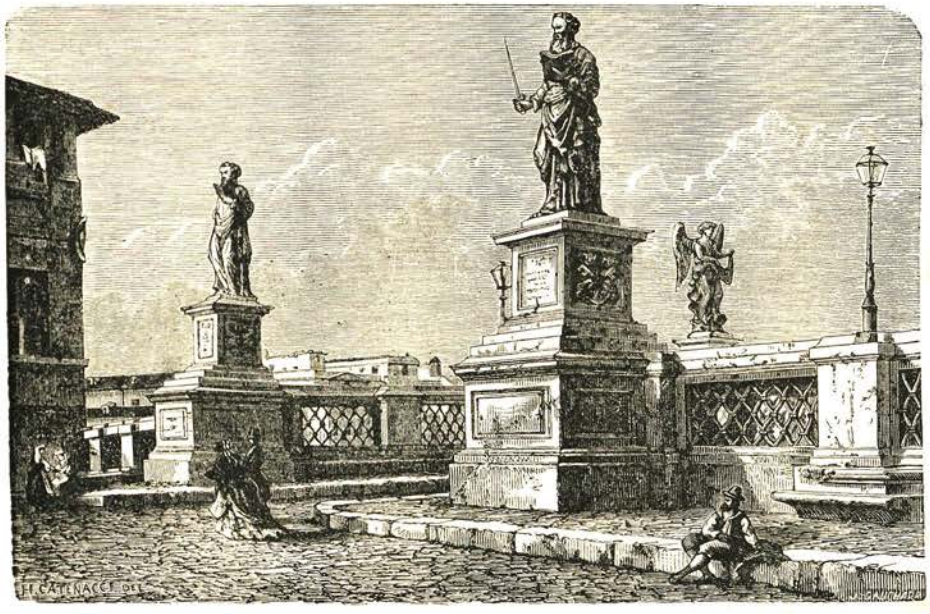
II.

By way of the Borgo the way back is short, and we went so quickly that the day was not far advanced when, having passed the Porta Angelica, and turned the colonnade of Bernini, we passed at the feet of St. Peter and St. Paul, coming from off the bridge of St. Angelo. But at the end of the via de' Coronari, heat and fatigue made us long for a resting-place; and as you seek at Rome in churches what in Paris you ask at a café, we chose for our halting-place Sant' Agostino.

The pilgrims of the north come to pay homage in this temple to the body of St. Monica, which, having been conveyed from the estuary of the Tiber in 1430, was taken from its *lignea arca* by order of Calixtus III., and placed in a round vessel of antique green with Florentine supports, its sides marked with undulating flutings. They came here also to kneel before a crucifix, at the foot of which St. Philip Neri passed hours of ecstasy.

What the superstitious race of the south seeks at St. Augustin's is a Madonna in such high credit in these quarters, as to have become extremely rich in consequence. The good people find in a moment the person to whom to speak; the statue receives them at the door, and they venture no further. J. Tatti, *detto il Sansovino*, cut the Virgin-Mother out of an immense block of marble, 'a respectable work for the period,'

say the Italian guide-books absurdly; for the period happens to be that of Julius II. and Leo X. Sansovino, who left Venice so many charming works, has given to this figure, with much greatness, the kind of originality to which they venture to approach in works of jewellery. It is a romantic interpretation of the style of Greece; all contributes to the striking impression caused by a personage with an equivocal physiognomy, that leaves the spectator undecided between the idol and the Madonna. Is it the Virgin about to bless? Is it the Sphinx about to propound with her lips the enigma discerned in her eyes? The perpetual illumination of eighteen lamps and twelve tapers, the sparkle of the jewels with which the work of Sansovino is constellated, recall to one's mind the ideas of magic and sortilege: the lady wears a perfect cuirass of diamonds, rubies, topazes, and emeralds; she is covered with pearl necklaces, bracelets, carbuncles; behind her and over her head the walls are plated with polished metals that the tapers kindle into flame, and with bas-reliefs of gold and silver. This



ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, BY THE BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO.

ironical sister of the virgin of Athens wears on her head a heavy diadem, ending in a nimbus of stars of precious stones; the child disappears under armfuls of jewels; his mother wears earrings; brilliants sparkle like live fire on her tresses, plaited like the tresses of the Asiatic queens who allured the conquerors of the world. Resting on a pure and vigorous neck, the head—a reminiscence of some nymph of woods or waters—would doubtless be less disturbing if only the *goddess*, too little compliant with evangelical humility, did not betray herself by the pride of her attitude. To preserve the foot of the Madonna from the devouring caresses of a piety that wears out marble, it was necessary to double it with a golden buskin, incessantly warmed by ardent lips. The Roman plebs, sprung of Venus and second cousin to the great gods, idolizes the Madonna of Sant' Agostino; can they have recognised by the instinct of the maternal race divinities dear to their sires? If I had not been assured that this image cures children and makes women fruitful, I should never have guessed why, among so many chaster Madonnas, that of St. Augustin has succeeded in realising so enormous a fortune.

While superstition masses treasures here, other visitors ask of the church satisfaction of another sort. Before the wide stairs which serve for base to the façade, architects note the elegance with which, under Sixtus IV., a great master like Bacio Pintelli had the art of giving interest to a style reduced to live abstinently. The classic frontispiece of travertine is simple and light; these good people worked for the refined, which is the eulogy of Cardinal d'Estouteville, ambassador of Lewis XI. at Rome, the prelate who built Sant' Agostino. The dome, with its graceful curve, is the senior of the modern cupolas of Rome: when it was erected, Florence alone possessed a cupola, modelled, they say, on that of St. Peter, which, all proportions kept, has more analogy with that of Sant' Agostino.

As for the people of ordinary curiosity, they come, and rightly, to seek here a little of everything. In the circle of the choir are some very life-like busts of the seventeenth century, when, in Rome and for portraits, sculpture subordinated with rare success the conventions of style to the animation of reality. To the transept on the right, in the chapel to which he gives a name, St. Augustin is represented on the master-altar between St. John and St. Paul the Hermit: a good piece by Guercino, a little sombre, but for that reason of powerful effect.

People who pry into the byeways of history will stop before the tomb of the young and learned Onofrio Panvinio, famous for his inquiries into Roman antiquities, who after following Cardinal Farnese to Palermo, died there in 1568 at the age of thirty-nine. His bust is most winning, so gracious is the character of that ascetic and smiling face; and it was his friends who raised the monument to him. Friendship indeed plays a considerable part and assumes a number of duties, among the heirs of a people where the family was recruited by adoption. On the mausoleums of several cardinals and of a certain number of popes figures the votive commemoration of friends; each time that a sovereign pontiff consecrates a monument to any prelate, he never fails to justify the honour by the bonds of a lasting friendship.

We salute, in passing, the burial-place of Father Angelo Rocca, who founded in this very house the Angelica library, the richest in Rome after those of the Minerva and the Vatican. After that let us follow the old lover of pictures, compiler of catalogues, discoverer of hidden wonders, who, in the second chapel to the left of Sant' Agostino, comes to mark for the tenth time the description of a painting lost or carried off from the sanctuary of Loretto; a masterpiece of which the whole artist world is still in quest. In truth it is a question of one of the loveliest pages in Raphael's second manner. An artist of old times has transmitted to us in a fair copy, though somewhat heavy perhaps, the memory of the Virgin of the Rose. Leaning over the infant Jesus, who is awaking, Mary lifts a veil and plays with her son; St. Joseph watches them; while from the clouds above angels shower down lilies and roses on to the white coverlet. The original must have been exquisite. Has it been burnt? Does it still exist amid the smoke of some hovel, or in a village sacristy?

Now what all the world will go to see at Sant' Agostino is that abjuration of his own principles and sentiment which Raphael expressed in his famous fresco of the Prophet Isaiah; an inexplicable piece, if he did not mean to prove that the style, which consists in twisting the body and loading it with sculptural draperies, only to produce the travestie of a prophet, is no difficult task. Let us hope that such was the intention of the painter-poet Giovanni Santi, whom Pietro Bembo insisted for love of euphony in calling Sanzio, so delicate was the ear of the author of Gli Asolani, the Ciceronian

prelate who was so hostile to bad Latinity that he never read his breviary, and that he described the Epistles of St. Paul as Epistolacce.

The nave was under repair, and among the plaster this unique work of art against a pilaster and in front of bare walls produced a cold and imposing effect. That solid and muscular frame, the body straining for an attitude, those stuffs like painted stone; the skill which, while dressing the knee, has allowed a portion to be seen through the covering, as in the figure of Moses; the head composed with the vigour of a mask for Caryatides—all, down to the Herculean and rather flat angels which fill the spaces, seems a disavowal of the mystic inspiration which dreamed the Disputa del Sacramento, the St. Cecilia, and the Madonna of Foligno. If Raphael meant to strive with Buonarotti on the same ground, he was venturing into perilous games, for the figure has neither the nobleness nor the biblical majesty of his rival, and his glory will always remain under the slur of a semi-abdication before Michelangelo.

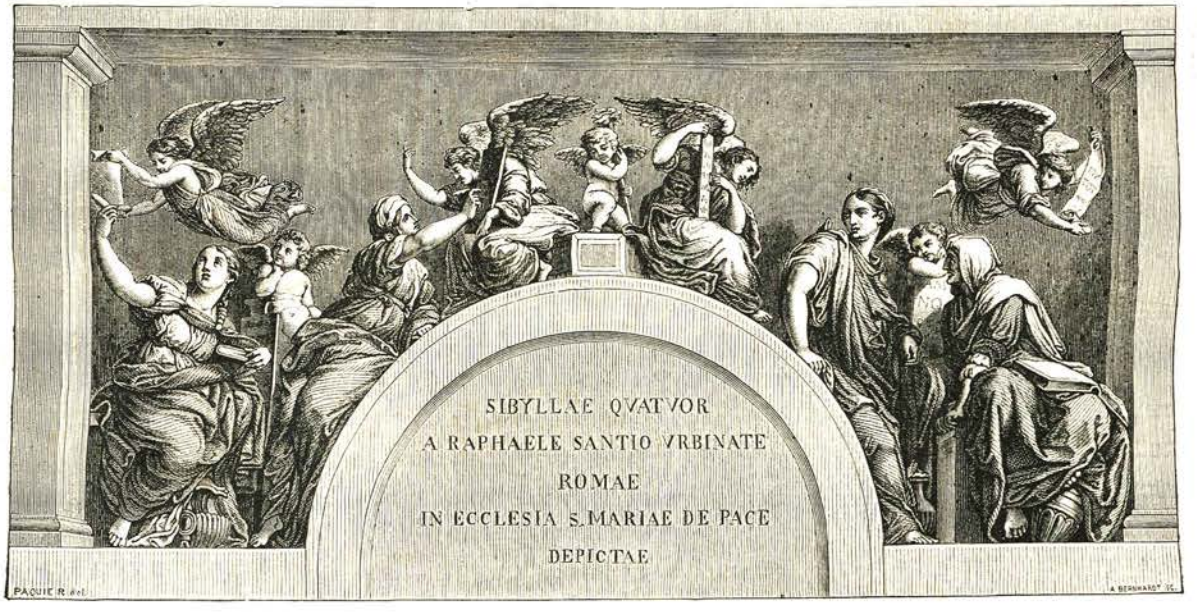
To estimate the prepossessions of Raphael, divided in presence of his terrible rival between fascination and resistance, it is enough on leaving Sant' Agostino to go—it is not very far even for tired walkers—as far as the church of Santa Maria della Pace, the foundation of Sixtus IV., who succeeded for a while in closing the gates of Janus. You will see there one of the most important frescoes of the painter of Urbino's Four Sibyls, which he painted because Michelangelo had painted Sibyls. Only he seems to me this time to have been inspired by designs more worthy of his genius. At Sta. Maria the impressionable young man shows himself a proselyte to the idea that it is necessary, even in religious paintings, to rival the statuary of the ancients in beauty of form, and the pagan subject of the Sibyls, in which the æsthetic of the two religions is united, seemed to him a happy occasion for affirming these doctrines. But he does not renounce his own manner of sentiment, his theological prepossessions, or even the habits of composition which he inherited from the painters who were impregnated with the teachings of Savonarola. Thus the arrangement of the subject which surrounds and crowns the outside of the large arch, destined to mark off a not very deep chapel, recalls, but with an interval, the proportions of Perugino. The Cumæan Sibyl, the Persic, the Phrygian, the Tiburtine, are pensive figures and not viragoes after the antique; posed so as to give effect to pure forms, they are wholly free from violence, and power is wrapped in grace. There is much life, spiritual life, in their tranquillity; they are the prophetesses of a deity who was to be born in a stable.

But how completely do the accessory figures show in Raphael the resolution to carry on the contest with his own qualities, and an entirely distinct fashion of interpretation! A Child-angel, even more exquisite than those of the Vatican chambers, is placed on the keystone of the vault at the top of the fresco, connecting two Seraphin, turned right and left to show on legends the predictions with which the Holy Spirit is to inspire his priestesses. At each extremity of the field other divine messengers hover over them, as if to breathe upon them, unconsciously upon the first three, and upon the fourth against her will, the mystery which they will announce to the pagan world. The second Sibyl to the right is a reminiscence of the fine Imperia that we shall meet again in the Parnassus. Let us remember that in the execution of this painting Raphael had for assistant the pure and candid Timoteo Viti, whom the deposition of the dukes of Urbino exiled from Rome, and who had been the favourite disciple of Francia.

Camuccini has intelligently restored this fine fresco, which owes nothing to Michelangelo, and is the emanation of an original genius. What is difficult to understand

is how Sanzio, after sustaining the competition with so much brilliance, should have repudiated his natural gifts in the Isaiah, by way of repulsing Michelangelo. However that may be, the game went against him; the supreme and even the extravagant expression of the passion of the time for anatomical study, Buonarotti had the wind behind him, and his word was law: he came there one day with a large train to St. Augustin's, and standing in front of that unseasonable brother of the Prophets of the Sixtine, proclaimed aloud the sublimity of the fresco, congratulating the artist on the enormous stride which he had taken in it; he could thus award a palm to himself with honour, and relegate to the second rank, by his eulogy of a work so different from Raphael's earlier labours, the whole handiwork of this sublime artist.

These ideas pursued me while, with half attention, I walked about the nave of Our Lady of Peace. In front of the chapel surmounted by the Sibyls of Raphael, and which contains sculptures by Fancelli and Ferrata, Balthazar Peruzzi has left a fresco, the Virgin between St. Catherine and St. Bridget, figures of a rare sweetness,



the first especially, of which the expression is adorable. They present the founder of the oratory, Fernando Ponzetti, to a Madonna rather Raphaelesque in physiognomy, with a cast of face to be met with in the paradise of Leonardo.

The second chapel to the right of the nave is entirely bizarre; but the monument which fills it has that powerful originality which impresses. So they say that Michelangelo designed the plan, which was carried out by his pupils, especially by Simeon Mosca, who cut its marvellous arabesques. As for the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, as well as the other personages, they are the work of Rossi da Fiesole, a herculean conception, with a virtuoso's execution. On large vessels borne by sphinxes, lie in front of one another the statues of a cardinal and his mother. In spite of its extreme richness, this monument produces as spontaneous an impression as if it were simple. The history of modern art according to the churches of Rome, which from the time of Martin V. had laid all the genius of Italy under contribution, would draw an interesting chapter from Santa Maria della Pace.

III.

When we left the church della Pace, it was too late to go into the Sta. Maria dell' Anima, which is situated close by the side of it, and my companions moreover insisted on remaining under the impression of Raphael, who had thus crowned a day begun in the society of his school at the Villa Madama. So, crossing the piazza Navona, we reached home. But on the following day I began my wanderings with this foundation, which serves as hospital for the poor of the various nations of Germany.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, when they began the construction of the church by means of a legacy instituted by a Fleming, they found in the ground a bas-relief of the holy Virgin between two kneeling suppliants, symbols of the soul. So they carved on the pediment of the great door a not very good copy of the bas-relief, and the church retained from this its mystic surname of Santa Maria dell' Anima, which is suitable enough for a temple under the patronage of subjective Germany. On your entrance you will be received by a numerous circle of Flemings and departed Tedeschi, a choice society which in this Italian sanctuary has preserved much accent. Some writers assign to San Gallo the flat brick wall, pierced with large windows without frames, of the façade which is animated by three rows of Corinthian pilasters. I have as much difficulty in admitting this, as in laying on Balthazar Peruzzi the blame of the coldly correct gates of the church, which, when you have crossed the threshold, seems big enough inside, but is in fact very small. The height of the piers of the chapel, whose arches rise up to the vault, produces this serviceable illusion.

Although the principal works decorating the walls are due to Italians, yet the first glance discloses that you are among another people. Certain habits imprinted on the fittings of the church and the dressing of the altars, epitaphs in pointed letters, here and there frescoes washed by northern artists, the tendency to dispersive detail and to the elaborate expression of the simple, but especially some profiles and some busts—all awakens a vague memory of the banks of the Mein and the Danube.

I visited the church with a view to some objects of secondary importance: a picture of respectable simplicity by Saraceni, some frescoes of Sermonetta, a good copy of the Pietà of Michelangelo by Nanni; the tomb of the Duke of Cleves by some Flemings who have placed him down on his knees as stiff as a rod of iron; the fine statue of the Cardinal of Austria by Francis du Quesnoy of Brussels, that clever artist who was poisoned by his brother; and the frescoes of Cœllier, and that of John Miel of Antwerp, and the mausoleum that Alexander Farnese with Andrea della Valle raised to their incomparable friend, the illustrious Bolognese, Bartolommeo Saliceti, mausoleum on which they have placed in so few words this finished funeral oration :—

Scire sat Salicetus hic sepultus,
Socratem perisse bis putato.

As I was returning from the corridor leading to the sacristy which had attracted my instincts of hunter, I stopped before the master-altar, where on a large and rather dark canvas is represented the Madonna escorted by Saints. The deep quality of the tones gives I know not what of mordant and suggestive to this picture, at once smiling and severe; we are astonished to find in it a happy mixture of the style of

Raphael with the graces of the early Lombard school. 'Tis a Giulio Romano, but one of the finest that this great school has left us. At length we reach what must be the principal aim of every intelligent halt at St. Mary of the Soul, the monument of Adrian VI., designed by Peruzzi, and executed by two craftsmen of genius, Michelangelo of Sienna and Tribolo of Florence.

When Charles V. had given the tiara to that old professor of Utrecht of whom he had already made an archbishop and even a viceroy, and as the old soul made his entry at the Vatican with his clerk and his old domestic, at the sight of the pagan statues and naked deities of Olympus, he crossed himself and turned his head away, crying, 'They adore idols!' He wished to break them all; as they opposed this design, he went into an attic under the roof, so as to avoid further commerce with Jupiter and Venus. What a strange successor had policy thus given to the Mæcenas of the Renaissance, to that lover of the beautiful whose name was Leo X., and who had just given so keen an impulse to the worship of antiquity! Behold Rome under the government of a village priest. The character of the timid pope offers a rather piquant contrast to his mausoleum: if the magnificent sleeping figure of the pontiff could take flight, if his portrait should bethink itself to speak, what indignation we should have at the sumptuosities that cover his remains! The Virtues, the Angels bearing escutcheons, the Genii posted at the angles of the cenotaph, and extinguishing torches, all this ideal world would savour to him of sorcery, as if summoned from the Elysian hell of the unbelievers of the time of Augustus. Few monuments unite to their royal ordering a more exquisite perfection. In the centre on a broad panel is carved in bas-relief the Solemn Entry of Adrian VI. into Rome, whose streets he traverses on horseback. Nothing is more curious as a historic scene, nor more finished in point of design and composition. Our bas-reliefs of the tomb of Francis I. have neither that reality nor that surprising finish.

IV.

A little distance from the church of S. Luigi dei Francesi and in the neighbourhood of Pompey's theatre, a swarming quarter of which the Campo di Fiori is the centre, we come across some French memories in the Riario palace, which in our own days witnessed the end of a tragical adventure. In 1848 they appropriated for the chamber of representatives an immense saloon, in which in a series of empty and awkward compositions, Giorgio Vasari is supposed to have illustrated the acts of a Farnese, of Paul III., who assembled the Council of Trent with the twofold aim of conciliating the Protestants and reforming the abuses of the Church. Charles V., skilled in developing any germs of division, brought the laudable undertaking to nought.

Bramante built this palace for a nephew of Sixtus IV.; in it he employed stones taken from the Coliseum, and the marbles of the arch of Gordian. He made a sober design of a façade with pilasters, in which the outlines and the medallions of the windows possess a delicacy that can only be compared with the nobleness of the ensemble; only the gorgeous decadence reconstructed the entrance gate. The court, of rich and severe aspect, has two tiers of galleries with arches resting on forty-four granite columns, taken from the portico of Pompeius. As you ascend to the great

hall of the Chancellery, do not neglect, in the gallery of the first story, two small doors which they ought to copy. The Riario palace had a fine chapel until Valadier in 1823 reconstructed the work of Bramante, which itself came after a basilica of the fourth century dedicated by the first Damasus to St. Laurence; hence the title of San Lorenzo in Damaso. Here are to be seen: a fine Florentine tomb, the exquisite bust of a princess Massimi, the tombs of Sadolet, the diplomatic cardinal and poet, and of Annibal Caro, who translated Virgil; finally the mausoleum of a scholar, a jurisconsult, an economist, an Italian statesman, who made himself celebrated in three countries,—at Geneva, in France, and at Rome, where he died from the blow of an assassin. Tenerani has carved a bust in a lofty style on the tomb which Pius IX. erected to his minister, Count PELLEGRINO ROSSI.

The memory of this tragedy still gives a certain sombreness to the church and palace where the crime was perpetrated. Like the first of the Cæsars, Rossi was warned five times in the same day of the lot which awaited him; the public was in the confidence of a plot against which no obstacle was interposed. Devoted to the task of obtaining for Italy by means of negotiation the liberal conquests, for which he doubted the chances of war, and of organizing at Rome a parliamentary system by moderating the excesses of revolution; hostile like every lover of freedom to the tyranny of the plebs, and the victim of the demagogic party, spurred on, they say, by the aristocratic faction, Rossi was immolated exactly as he would have been in the time of the Gracchi or of Marius.

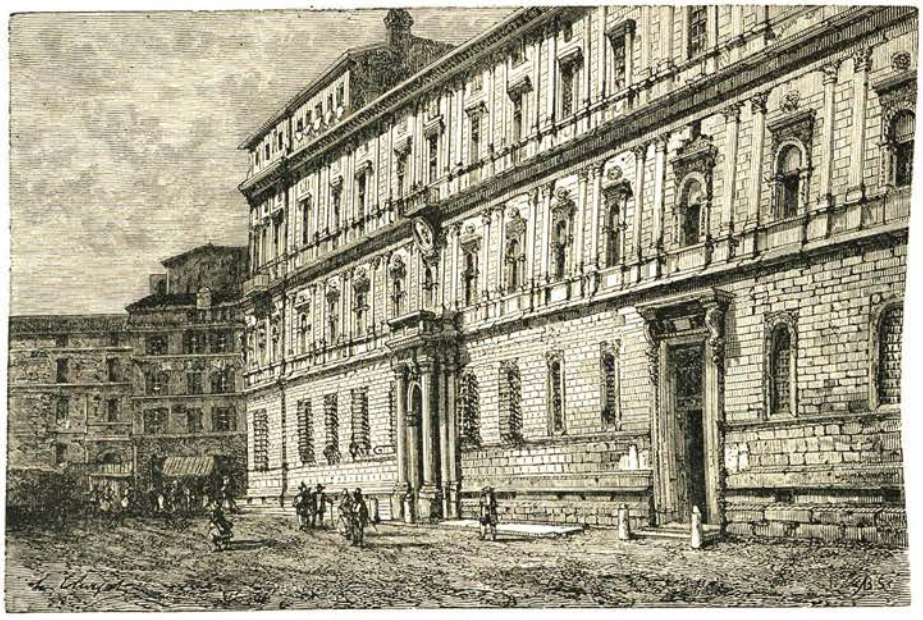
It was the 15th of November, 1848: they expected Rossi at the Assembly, where he was to develop his plan of an Italian confederation under the ægis of the sovereign-pontiff. At daybreak an anonymous note put the minister of the first constitutional pope on his guard: *Caveat consul.* A moment after, a diplomatist informed of the plot by his valet came to warn the minister; the wife of one of his colleagues wrote to the same effect. At the Vatican, whither he had gone to receive the final counsels of the holy father, a chamberlain exposed the plot to him. Finally, as he was coming down after his audience into the court of St. Damasus, a priest who awaited him declared the design of the murderers. 'I have no time,' replied the first minister; 'they are waiting for me at the Chancellery.' Then the ecclesiastic seized him by the arm, and clinging to him cried, 'If you go there, you are a dead man!' Rossi seemed troubled; but after a short silence he went on as far as the staircase, where he said to the priest who still followed him: '*Causam optimam assumpsi; miserebitur Deus.*'

He went straight to the Riario palace, where there was a great crowd, for the anticipation of a sight which was vaguely hoped for had brought together bravoes and the curious in a throng under the portico, on the steps, and as far as the gallery of the first storey, in presence of the civic guard, which was drawn up in the court and which, without clearing the peristyle or protecting the minister, saw the preparations for the murder and looked on without an attempt to hinder it.

Count Rossi entered by the great door; immediately he was greeted by loud shouts and some thirty Bersaglieri cut off his retreat, while the other conspirators threw themselves in his path. He passed the portico with deliberate step, and with his head upright; and as he was proceeding to mount the second flight, and passed by a small round door let into the wall, the Bersaglieri rushed upon him and thrust him against this wall. Then one of the bravoes slipping between Rossi and the

door, struck him rudely on the left shoulder. By a natural movement Rossi turned his head, thus exposing his neck, when one Jergo took advantage of this expected motion to plunge a poniard of great length into his throat. This monster and his accomplices remained on the spot without any risk of arrest.

Instantly informed of what had happened, the assembly of deputies took no measures, and the president passed to the order of the day. At Rome in a case of murder, the disgrace falls on the victims; the people is of the party of monsters. '*Era uno forestiere e un' eretico*,' said the Trasteverini, giving us a glimpse in their phrase of the influential complicity of the old absolutist parties. As for the great men of another colour, they only half concealed their satisfaction. When Martinez de la Rosa was stupefied by the sitting not even being interrupted, 'Basta!' a high personage answered him, 'was this Genevese, then, the king of Rome?' Cries of joy and a sort of delirium followed the deed; the wife and children of Rossi, lately saluted with smiles, had to see under their windows all the ferocity of this exultation, and



RIARIO PALACE (CANCELLERIA).

to have their grief insulted. In the absence of all repression, a duty which the chief of police declined, the murderers fraternised with the troops, and in the evening, under the windows of Galetti, the horde vociferated the patriotic hymn *Bandiera Sacra*, substituting for these two words, *Sacro Pugnale* (holy dagger). The next day the prepared rising broke out; and on the 24th of the month the sovereign of Rome fled to Gaëta.

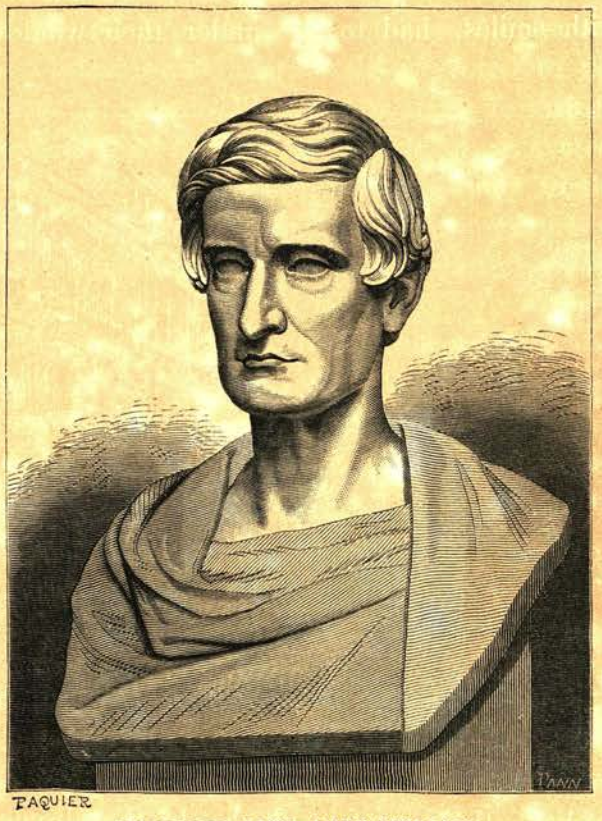
Let us not seek in communities held in tutelage a philosophy lofty enough to be generous, and intelligent enough to be moderate; let us not ask of them the moral bravery of the just man whom Horace has drawn in a line, and whom he would not even have thought of, if he had lived later in Rome. When Count Rossi had rolled on to the steps of the palace, and while his life was ebbing out with his blood, his remains were abandoned; it was with difficulty, adds Count d'Harcourt, that the minister's servant could find help to draw him out of the public passage and carry him to the threshold of a vestibule, where the body remained exposed to the outrages

of an impudent curiosity. It was a French Franciscan, Father Vaur, who, braving all murmurs, had the courage to take it up in his arms and hide in the cellars of San Lorenzo, before it was dragged through the streets, the victim of this ignoble plot. This Father Vaur was the friend of M. de Rayneval, then French minister at Naples and afterwards ambassador at Rome, where he had previously resided as first secretary. When the minister was prematurely cut off in 1858, Vaur died of chagrin. Count Pellegrino Rossi, the Italian from Modena, who had gained high posts in the administration of the Gauls, was stabbed at a distance of a hundred paces from the curia where, under the steel of the accomplices of Brutus, Julius Cæsar had fallen of old at the feet of the statue of Pompeius.

Let us proceed to seek the statue which thus beheld the murder of Cæsar.

V.

To find it, you must go to the Spada palace; but if the little spectacle of popular manners displayed in the piazza Campo di Fiori do not make you forget your object in amusement on your way, the Farnese palace, before which you will come out before turning the via del Mascherone, solicits a visit that you will hardly refuse. The last king of Naples lives there in his own house, since his family inherits from the Farnese; his presence prevented me from seeing on the first story the Gallery of Vignola, as well as the celebrated fresco of Annibal Caracci, the Triumph of Bacchus. I did not miss, however, a saunter round the Farnese palace, and I made long halts in its splendid court, a cloister with two rows of arches, surmounted by a third order with Corinthian pilasters.



PELLEGRINO ROSSI, AFTER TENERANI.

I will beg all travellers given to art to study this monument: the vast edifice of which Alexander Farnese, before becoming pope, that is, before 1534, confided the plan to Antonio San Gallo, is one of those classics which it is well worth while to read over again. When Quatremère de Quincy wrote, the Farnese was considered the finest palace of modern architecture, a circumstance which should not prevent us from confessing that this square and regular mass, with all its imposing majesty, mixes with all its severity of proportions and of taste some shocking phantasies. San Gallo, who did not live long enough to finish his work, had two years before his death been deprived of his just privilege of continuing it; as that great architect was finishing the second story of the front façade, Paul III. offered the task of crowning it to competition. Immediately there hastened to the work Perino del Vaga, Sebastian

del Piombo, the inevitable Vasari, *e tutti quanti*. Michelangelo won the day, being then seventy-one years old; his taste, which in matters of architecture was always warped by caprices, was at this time more incoherent than ever. I will confess, then, that as at the Farnese palace I look at the cornice, so rich, large, and marvellous in effect, which bears the name of Buonarotti, it is difficult for me not to admit with many critics that the Florentine, who was very much occupied at the time, must have abandoned to Vignola, who succeeded him as architect of the palace, the task of designing the entablature and studying its details. What is certain is that its *modenatura* is admirable; it would be the paragon of modern art, if Pollajuolo had not executed at Florence the cornice of the Strozzi palace, in which the antique impression is perhaps more profound, and whose effect comes upon the eye with a still more striking power.

THE FARNESE PALACE.

The façade of the palace is singularly ennobled by the projections and dimensions of this cornice. The windows of the first storey, with pediments supported on columns, have been imitated from the small altars of the Pantheon, which have been so much abused since. Michelangelo unluckily interrupted the lines of the front by placing in the middle a cold and poor loggia. On the upper storey the little pillars are supported on consoles, an awkward arrangement, in which my eyes refuse to recognise the high reason of San Gallo. The portico, with arched vault, rests on twelve Doric pillars of granite. This peristyle, in the form of an avenue, is a masterpiece of elegant and sumptuous luxury. The entrance passed, one has some difficulty in reconciling one's self to the pillars on which the arches surrounding the court fall: they are columns

half engaged in the pilasters, a complication singular enough in itself; but, besides that, each of these pilasters is topped by two imposts, one over the other, which adds to this double employment a pleonastic reduplication. Michelangelo reproduced on the first range the pilaster and engaged column; only he filled the arches, in the middle of which he pierced large lattices; the Corinthian pilasters of the upper range cut up a wall in panels, which he pierced with small windows. All this is rather hybrid and rather incoherent; but the disposition of the bases was so harmoniously conceived, such were the richness, elegance, and vigour of the outlines, that the superiority of the conceptions of the first master remains manifest; its impression is triumphant.

LOGGIA OF THE FARNESE, FROM THE BANK OF THE TIBER.

Giacomo della Porta, towards the end of the sixteenth century, executed the façade at the back, separated from the via Giulia by a small garden. The framework of the florid architecture of this loggia is a feast for the eyes, but into the eye already there glides a redundant prodigality, as well as a certain thinness of design; we do not notice these faults from a distance, from the arches of the Ponte Sisto, for instance, where it brightens on the horizon the sordid walls reflecting themselves in the river. The Farnese palace has a colour which animates it and increases its charm: brick mixed with stone forms the ground of the façades; the entablature, the bands, bossages, windows, columns, are of travertine taken from the theatre of Marcellus, and even from the Coliseum, which still seems all but untouched, and in which the centuries have drawn

supplies as if from a quarry. In the court of the palace used to be the Hercules and the group of the Farnese Bull, better exposed in those days, and in front of a monument worthier of their stature, than they are in a dilapidated garret of the museum at Naples. There is now nothing to be seen in the cloister but two sarcophagi; the one with perpendicular flutings is a Christian monument of the third century; the other, in the form of a gondola, loaded with sculptures and ornaments, has acquired a great celebrity: it is that assigned to Cæcilia Metella, if we may believe scholars, who by multitudinous dissertations have confirmed this account of its origin. It cannot really be thrown further back than the time of Adrian.

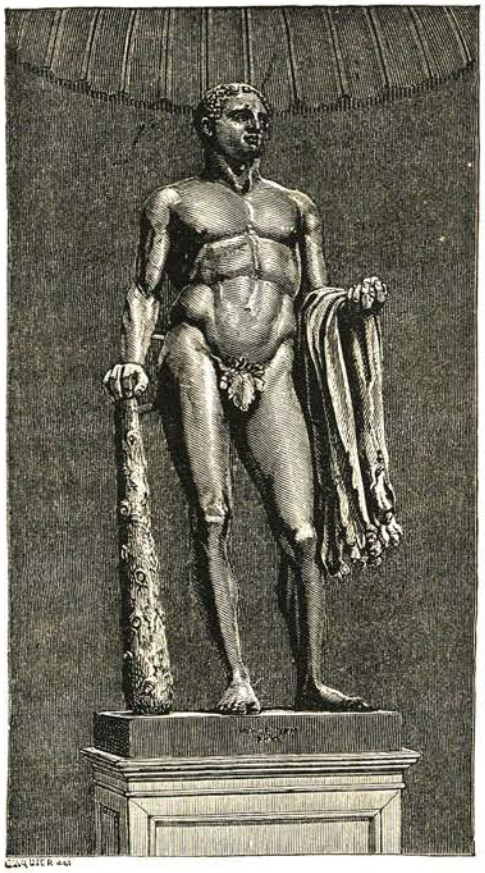
In this quarter of Campo di Fiori, where we wander in search of a statue made immortal by the murder of Cæsar, everything takes us back to recollections of Pompeius and to undeniable witnesses of the tragedy. Near the streets of the Giubbonari and the Chiavari cross those of the Monte della Farina, of the Sudario, of the Barbieri, of Argentina. This populous quarter is incongruously pierced by roads which describe curves and awkward angles very unfavourable to circulation. In such a case, when there is nothing apparent to justify such an abnormal breach of lines, the first cause lies buried in the arcana of the soil, for the streets survive buildings which put a constraint on their continuity. If you took away from the massive apse of St. Andrew of the Valley some of the surrounding houses, as well as the Pio palace, rebuilt by the family of the Ursini in 1440, and possessed in our time by the Chevalier Righetti, we should find at a certain depth the pavement that was trodden nineteen centuries since by senators on their way to the curia of Pompeius; we should exhume the remains of his portico and his theatre, the first in which, in spite of sumptuary edicts, stone and marble were employed. To escape the blame of the censors, the triumvirs erected a temple at the summit of the theatre; afterwards his marble tiers, destined for a people which was too much flattered to think of complaining, became the steps of a sanctuary; while the jealousy of the senate was appeased by the satisfaction of meeting in the curia, when the assembly came so far to assist at the games provided by the ostentatious Pompeius, who hardly thought that he was preparing here a place of punishment for his future rival.

COBBLER INSTALLED IN A RUINED PALACE.

The Righetti palace contains deep cellars of two stories, which wind under the court. I saw these caves, remains of the portico and the theatre, rising at the back

of an opening pierced to enlarge the hotel Pio. As they were clearing away to come upon foundations that should resist them, the workmen struck on what seemed a block of gold; under the gilding they recognised bronze. At length they made out a Hercules, fourteen feet high, whose face, hands, and arms are intact, and which only wants one of its feet. The skull with a circular hole behind denotes that the statue delivered oracles; the son of Alcmena has on his right arm the skin of the Nemean lion.

In front of this figure, youthful, simple in model, broad in style, in which the features are delicate but vigorous and the hands superb; before this monument which is nearly contemporary with Alexander, they thought at first of Theseus, but medals and cameos, reproducing of this type, resolved the question in favour of Hercules. This enormous bronze, cast in a single piece, it has been proposed to christen Mastaï, in honour of Pius IX., to the generosity of whom solely is Rome indebted for its preservation. The Russian agents, favoured by a connivance which we cannot describe, had in fact concluded their bargain with the owner. As no work of art can be carried away from the Roman states without permission, they must have had the Hercules secretly conveyed to a piece of ground acquired by the czar for excavation, and there had it publicly unburied for the benefit of the possessor; this comedy is well known. Notice, however was given to Pius IX., who insisted on seeing the statue, and he declared that he would not let such a masterpiece be carried away. This good deed cost the holy father, who is not rich and yet who did not hesitate, 100,000 crowns. We know that Pompeius adorned his theatre with twelve colossal statues of the gods brought from Greece, whence it follows that if they would work other *scavi* under this palace, they would have a good chance of exhuming the other eleven. In presence of this one, I remembered that Cicero, through the agency of Atticus who was then living in Athens, made himself the purveyor of the omnipotent consul; and my admiration, taking for its organ a well-known Epistle, confirmed the eulogies addressed on behalf of Pompeius by the great writer to the friend, who had chosen with so much taste the statues that were destined to embellish the new building. We shall see the Mastaï Hercules again at the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican.



THE MASTAÏ HERCULES.

Let us now approach the old palace of the Mignanelli, where, still in search of the statue which saw Cæsar fall, we shall again be distracted by other things, such sport does the multiplicity of Roman curiosities make of plans and methods.

VI.

In crossing the piazza Capo-di-Ferro I had already noticed the Spada palace, not only for the ornaments and bas-reliefs of stucco with which its façade is covered, but on account of an illusion that, at the back of the courts, in front of the principal entrance, continues the perspective by the fiction of a portico. Daniele da Volterra raised the edifice for the cardinal who has bequeathed his name to the piazza; Borromini decorated the house under Urban VIII. for Cardinal Spada, and introduced a magnificent staircase. The attendants greet you in the galleries with a civility that gives the best idea of their master.

THE SPADA POMPEIUS.

Out of gratitude I would fain have found everything admirable. As I passed through the four spacious rooms consecrated to painting, I tried hard, for the justification of the owners of the palace, to attribute the most impossible pieces to the best masters; the cicerone guided me to them with so engaging a smile. One of the rooms is painted by one of Raphael's good pupils; let the name of Giulio Romano pass without inquiry. In the following rooms we only find six or seven pieces worth remark; a graceful picture of the Visitation due, not to Andrea del Sarto, but to one of his pupils, who has contented himself with putting into colour one of his grisailles at Florence; a good portrait of Julius III., the only one we possess, by Scipione Gaetano; a Lucretia; a Judith, of Guido; the Bearing of the Cross, by Parmegiano da Forli, a rather scarce Gothic master. Let us also mention, but only as curiosity, a canvas swarming with small figures, and representing the Insurrection at Naples under Masaniello, in the Mercato Vecchio; finally, one of the most bizarre pages that was ever risked by the ancestor of all realists, Michelangelo of Caravaggio: two peasant women, one old, the other young, are seated in a farmhouse; the first winds a bal of worsted, the other makes black lace. The plaited hair of the younger one, her apron, her childish mouth concentrated on work, make of this painting a pretty scene after the Flemish manner and one of the most simple. Only our villagers have the nimbus; we behold the Education of the Virgin!

But all this was not what had brought us to the Spada palace; after having heard at the curia of the Mazzinians who witnessed the death of Rossi, we quitted the curia of

Pompeius to seek a witness of the death of Cæsar. Buried a certain depth down, the colossus of the defeated of Pharsalia was exhumed in 1552 in the street of the Leutari, near the palazzo Riario, and nearer still to the theatre of Pompeius, among the substructions of its portico and of the chamber, where was perpetrated the classic model of the assassinations called political. When they found this figure of the man whom an interested flattery of Sulla, and not the suffrage of the people, proclaimed the great Pompeius, the statue had on its neck the first course of a party-wall; whence it follows that by a decree of consular justice, the marble had been cut in two and divided between the two bordering proprietors, when Julius III. acquired it and offered it to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, by way of recompense for informing him of so barbarous a decision. The attitude of the statue is majestic without being forced; the features have a striking mark of individuality, an expressive and severe physiognomy. The triumvir carries the object of his cheated ambition—the globe, an attribute that he may have appropriated to himself by having his head placed on the decapitated trunk of some god;

BROKERS AND BOOKWORMS IN OPEN AIR.

for the head is fitted on, and Pompeius was not too modest. Such substitutions become frequent under the emperors.

So far as concerns the identity of this figure with that which saw Cæsar expire under the blows of Cassius and Brutus, the presumption may be reasonably upheld. It was exhumed near the spot where the murder was committed;—Suetonius informing us that he saw it 'in a palace adjoining the theatre of Pompeius, whither Augustus had had it transported.' As it is not very probable that the hero, at a time when they did not multiply statues, would be represented twice under the same portico, we have good grounds for admitting, in spite of a school that is ready to deny everything, that the colossal Pompeius of the palazzo Spada may have seen the fall of Cæsar. The monument is not very familiar, the Spada princes never having allowed it to be either modelled or copied.

Fallen to the ground at the foot of this block of marble, the great Julius, as he drew the fold of his toga over his head, must have exchanged a supreme and singular

glance with the spectre of his ancient victim, become, thanks to the note of Cato, the patron of democrats whom fortune has betrayed. For my part, I have always found Cato a little easy, and our Pompeians still more so, in comparing their cause to that of these two ogres who, having snatched the possession of the world from a fraudulent and gorged aristocracy, then proceeded to quarrel about the tyranny with a cupidity that was insatiable. But when shall we shake off the prejudices inflicted by parties on the public credulity?

VII.

FOUNTAIN OF THE TARTARUGHE.

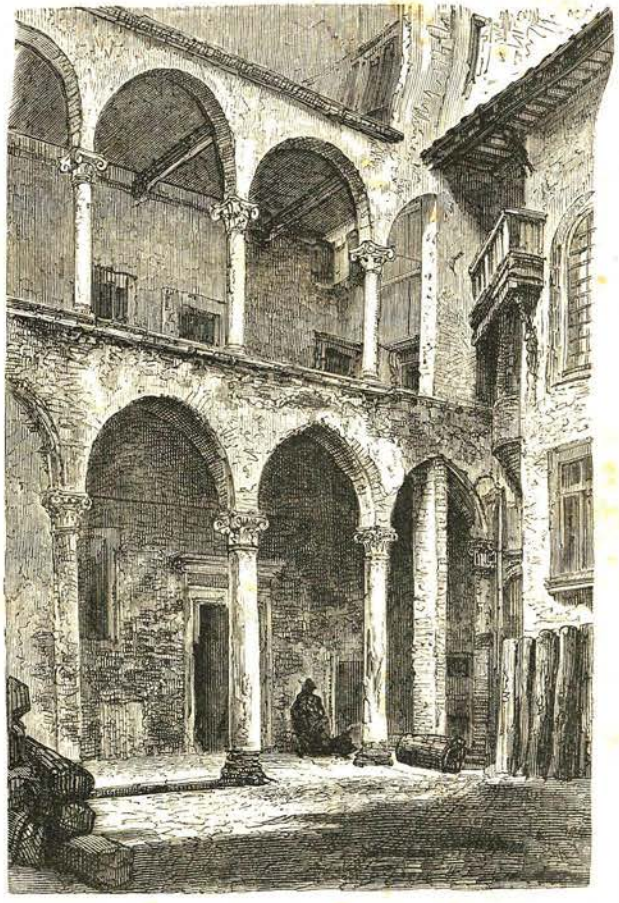
The attraction which led me out of my way across the inexhaustible bric-à-brac of the old quarters brought me out, near the piazza Montanara, by a stall, where under awnings erected at a street corner, amateurs and clerics disputed a few smoked and trashy pictures, antiquities of modern date, and old books ill-used by time. Much theology, which was not my affair, but which interested seminarists, a Dominican, and some Philippines who, for cheapness read the books on the spot instead of buying them; one of them, however, pressing three small coins to his heart, was driving his bargain with much fury and gesticulation. The group formed so good a subject that a painter posted ten paces off maliciously took out his pencil.

As I followed the labyrinths of streets that end at the back of the Capitol, a wrong turning brought me to the Fountain of the Tortoises, that a little while before I had been vainly seeking. Imagine two basins, the upper of which is supported by four young Tritons, their feet on the heads of four dolphins; these aquatic divinities are thrusting tortoises into the upper vase, from which the water flows over. The complexity of the arrangement does not obscure the clearness and graceful movement of the figures; all is animated, unusual, and charming. Giacomo della Porta designed the Fontana delle Tartarughe, but the bronze figures are the work of Taddeo Landini, of Florence.

Close at hand rises the lofty and sombre gate of one of those palaces which have fallen from their high estate, proud homes of families that have vanished, on which time and misery imprint their marks: it is the ancient palace of the Mattei.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

The court, which is surrounded by a peristyle contemporary with Pius V., still preserves some statues, and a few busts on consoles. Staunch at their posts, the Emperors receive the rain in this solitude among the remains of their thermæ and villas, fixed in the building as high as the third story. These four walls are a museum which nobody either visits or even knows any longer. This is what has survived of the famous Mattei collection, the wonders of which have been reproduced by engraving, and which have been admired on this very spot by the greatest personages in Europe:—at the bottom of the court a hooper was fastening staves round a tub, and a dyer was washing some skeins of red wool. A few steps from the house two Ciabattini have erected their stall between ancient columns, and they patch shoes under the entablature of a palace.

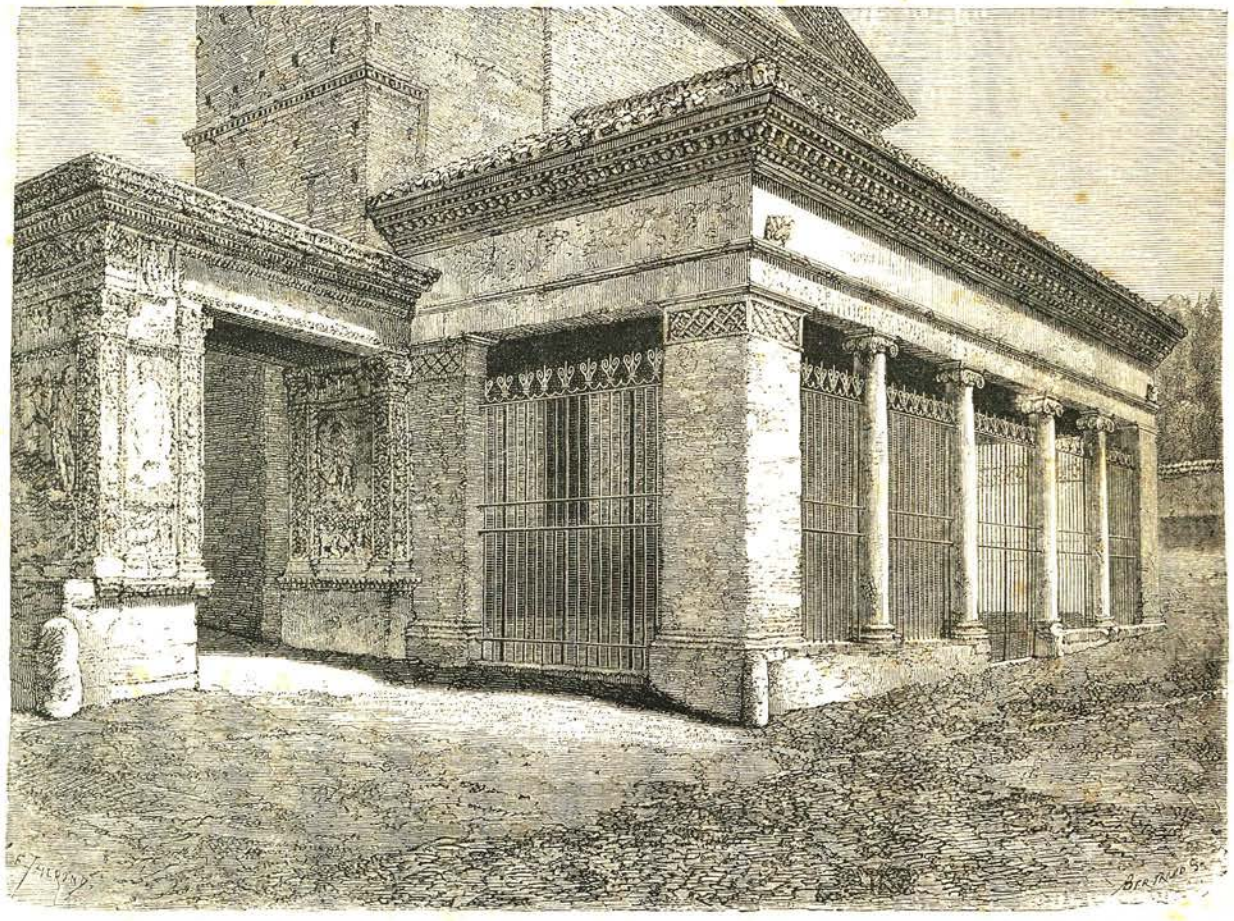


COURT OF THE MATTEI PALACE.

As I was thinking of all this decay and a thousand other things in a quarter where old memories come thick upon one, I came to the western slope of the Palatine, and I only perceived it as I came to lean against the Four-faced Arch (Quadrifrons) assigned by the vulgar to Janus, who however was only two-faced. The second of the Antonines had this building constructed at the end of the Forum Boarium, which has kept its physiognomy so well that if you were asked to make a guess at its purpose, you would at once think of a cattle-market. Many people imagine that it is the Campo Vaccino, which up to our time inherited this function, and they amuse themselves by showing oxen at the foot of the tribune; some with more boldness still introduce flocks ruminating over the pastures, planted there apparently by the muse of history. What perpetuates the mistake is that the Forum Romanum, which adjoins some immense storehouses for fodder, occasionally serves to give stabling for a few hours to carts and cattle, that have brought the stores of hay into the neighbouring streets. More than once I have seen this noble space thus rustically blocked up; among all the confusion of carts and waggons and long-horned oxen lying pell-mell at the foot of the ancient temples, the majesty of the spot was joined to rural episodes which were not without poetry.

In a country where all life goes on in the open air, the use of porticoes is very ancient; the Quadrifrons arch was a Loggia in which cattle-dealers transacted their business; Janus had nothing to do with it. In the thirteenth century, the Frangipani erected a little fortress on this construction, of which the ensemble is heavy and its ornamentation gone. Nearly in front, opposite the graceful little basilica

of S. Giorgio in Velabro you notice a graceful miniature of a triumphal arch built, or one might say chiselled, by the jewellers and cattle-dealers in honour of Septimius Severus, from whom they received various favours. This cube loaded with ornaments is pierced by a single opening. As on the other monuments of this reign, Caracalla on coming to the throne erased the name of his brother Geta in the dedicatory inscription, in which Septimius Severus, the Empress Julia, and their children figure. One of the pilasters represents the emperor and his wife offering a sacrifice; on the others figure Antoninus Caracalla and his brother; the place of the latter has remained empty since his murderer had this piece of the bas-relief broken. We know that he poniarded Geta in the arms of their mother, to such haste was he compelled, to avoid being anticipated in the match of fraternal emulation.

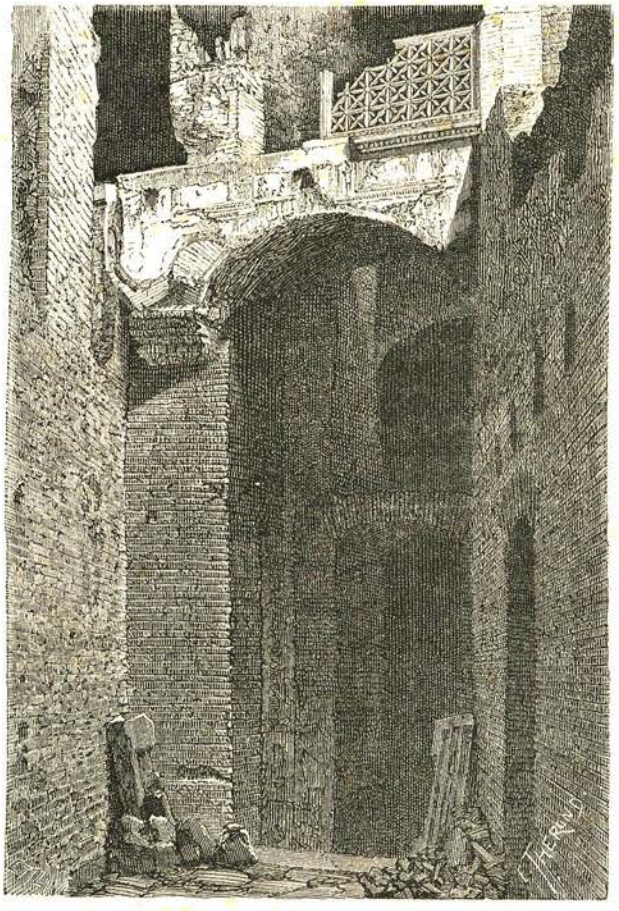


ARCUS ARGENTARIORUM: PORCH OF SAN GIORGIO IN VELABRO.

These princes had friends, since Caracalla judged it prudent to have twenty thousand of his brother's partisans massacred; a proof that Antoninus Caracalla had many more, which is a fact much to the honour of the society of the epoch. Among the victims was Papinian, on whom his sovereign had imposed the task, for the service of people charged with their own execution, of writing an apology for suicide, and who refused. So Bodin, in the third book of his Republic, has shown to what a point such a rebellion transgresses wisdom; a line of argument which Diderot took for his own in his eulogy of Seneca, and which has served for a theme to the majority of the people who have had to spin arguments in favour of passive obedience and political nullity.

Taught perhaps by our barbarisms of which they have been the victims, the Romans, when in the sixth century they supported the little basilica of St. George in the Velabrum against the arch of the Silversmiths, covered up the bas-reliefs instead of breaking them; you see the figures continued intact under the bed of mortar which envelops them. But how are we to reconcile this apparent respectfulness with the stupidity of making a great wall rest against a monument, in such a way as to mask one of its sides? Yet I pray travellers to bear no malice against this little church of St. George, whose aisles are only familiar with silence.

To go in, you must seek at a neighbouring house a Portinaio, who seems surprised at your visit. Then under a charming porch of the thirteenth century erected by Stefano, prior of St. George, you enter a temple with three aisles, marked by twelve columns of granite and four of violet marble, fluted, the shafts of which, without stylobates, bury themselves in the mosaics of the pavement, like trunks of trees in a flowery sward. Heavy arches trust themselves to these rather slight pillars; the old and decayed ceiling matches the dilapidation of a pavement patched with inscriptions, and made green by mould that is impregnated with the mysterious perfume of old marbles, the chilly incense of the buildings of a thousand years ago.



IN THE PALACE OF CALIGULA.

Although Pope Zacharias, at the date when the Merovingians were coming to their end, reconstructed the church where St. Gregory pronounced one of his homilies, and though after that a nephew of Boniface VIII. had it partially decorated, still it has preserved an antique physiognomy; it produces that rare impression of immaculate monuments. In Italy and at Rome especially the most intelligent preserver of monuments is poverty; the great city has never been rich enough to make blunders everywhere. This charming altar with its mosaics and its ciborium, an open campanile formed of several ranges of small columns, is only of the thirteenth century, but it is intact. The aisles, which by a notable peculiarity narrow from the porch to the Presbyterium, end in a Campo-santo of inscriptions contemporary with the catacombs, and which no doubt Pope Zacharias must have had taken away from some cemetery in order to illustrate these walls. At the Tribuna we see with interest a fine fresco of the thirteenth century, too much retouched in the fifteenth, but in which the Christ and the Virgin are of such sweetness that, notwithstanding certain Byzantine reminiscences, the work which reminds one of Giotto, if one did

not know him for the author of the painting. The Presbyterium is shut off by antique barriers, some of which are very curious. Those in the chapel to the right are exactly of the same design and the same marble as those of the Coliseum, which date from Vespasian, and then even were only an imitation; for the excavations of the chevalier Rosa on the Palatine proved to me that the parapets of the Flavian amphitheatre reproduced a railing of the palace of Caligula.

Let us watch falling into the Cloaca Maxima the Acqua Argentina, which is said to have its source in the lake of Juturna, and which remains as pure and crystal as when the Vestals used to draw there; next let us cross, past the street of the Greeks where St. Augustin professed, the Marrana stream which Cæsar banked in, and turning from the shores of the Tiber, having caught a glimpse of the Aventine, let us on that bring to a close a journey marked by so many miscellaneous recollections. If chance had turned us to right or left, the harvest would have been just as fertile; when you have worked through the streets of Rome, and explored them house by house, you know too well that the task of describing everything can only end in skimming a subject whose real extent is boundless.

VIII.

The Aventine, where three convents stand out on a deserted plateau, was once one of the plebeian sections of Rome. It was there that 630 years before our era, King Ancus is said to have quartered the inhabitants of four conquered or destroyed Latin cities. Rome thus became for the conquered first a place of exile, then a colony, and finally a country. Historians contend that in order to put this suburb out of danger of foreign incursions, this king surrounded the Aventine with a strong wall, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus even traces its outline. But the traditions of nearly a fabulous epoch are almost always suspicious, especially when they are supported by no palpable proof: Mommsen, who does not contest the primitive era of the kings, seems only to admit the existence of those whose name has never been pronounced by history; his scepticism is intimidating. Granting that we may assign to this Ancus Martius or Mamercus the Mamertine prison that his contemporaries would recognise, under what patronage are we to present this wall of the Aventine, that for so many centuries nobody ever found out?

Some years ago the Jesuits preserved at the back of this hill, between the Dominicans and the plain of the Circus Maximus, a vineyard from which an antiquarian in his saunterings saw one day two carts come out, containing stones magnificently cut. He penetrated into the enclosure and perceived that the gardener of the fathers was working a quarry of blocks of peperino perfectly squared; then following the tracks already made, our archæologist assured himself of the exhumation of a long thick wall which traversed the sinuosities of the hill. The construction, of Titanic solidity, was Etruscan; houses in ruins placed long ago over this buried wall, and built in a reticular style that was in use between the reigns of Augustus and Vespasian, proved that from the first century of the empire they no longer took any account of this enclosure, which perhaps even then had ceased to be known; here were signs of great antiquity. Finally the study of the texts and an examination of the ground justified its identification with the old enclosure which King Ancus is supposed to

AVENTINE MOUNT AND ST. SABINA, SEEN FROM PONTE ROTTO.

have set upon the Aventine, for the purpose of isolating the Latin community which he established there.

On this hill with its kitchen gardens, in which are twisted fig-trees, and angular paths revealing the track of the old streets, we should perhaps find under the vineyards the temples of Minerva and Venus, that of Juno Regina, raised by the dictator Camillus after the capture of Veii, and that of Diana founded by Servius. From the year 176 to the year 219 of Rome, they installed there a wooden copy of the Ephesian Artemis, the first statue erected in a city where (according to Varro) they adored the gods a hundred and seventy years before personifying them by images. Here, besides, were the Thermæ of Decius and those of Varus; a house that Trajan lived in before coming to power, and the Armilustrum in which in Pliny's day they had recognised the tomb of Tatius.

It seems as if the winds that are let loose on the Aventine had swept all away. Livy tells how, a hundred and eighty-two years before our era, they tore away the gate from the temple of Luna and hurled it against the wall of Ceres. Thus the temples must already have been numerous, and the surrounding habitations too low to shelter the public edifices. It was not until the reign of Claudius that the Pomœrium was extended to the seething and plebeian population crowded on this pentagon of eighteen furlongs. In our time it is the most deserted of all the Roman hills; the old ways have lost their raison d'être along with the buildings which used to line them. The priory of Sta. Maria replaces the Bona Dea, a temple celebrated by Cicero's epistles: S. Sabina rises between the temple of Juno and the remains of the fortress of Honorius III., as the convent which replaces the house where St. Peter baptized St. Prisca rises between Minerva and Diana.

The history of the Catholic world plays as important a part on the Aventine as legend does. It has been said and repeated that Christianity by enfranchising women prepared their influence over society, and thus through them impressed an entirely different mark upon civilisation. It was upon the Aventine that this transformation began to work itself out, under the triple form of the political club, the literary salon, the convent. In the time when there came to Rome from Egypt the solitaries, Athanasius, Ammonius, and Isidore, the noble Albina, then living on the hill of Ancus, greeted them in company with Sperantia, Abutera, and Eutropia, the sister of Constantine. In the circle of these great ladies, whose memoirs have been traced by Athanasius and St. Jerome, they used to discuss the mysteries of the faith, they encouraged and inspired the fathers of the Church, they decided the differences of the oriental dioceses, but especially they listened to the stories of the mystical life begun in the Thebaids of Nitriæ. St. Macarius, Serapio, Pacomius, Antony, replaced for the great-grand-daughters of consuls the heroic fighting-men of Livy and Homer.

Shortly after, Marcella, the daughter of Albina, refusing the hand of a kinsman of the Cæsars, sold her jewels, clad herself in brown woollen, and instituted in her palace pious gatherings for mutual instruction. St. Jerome, who has chronicled the spiritual and tragic romance of this society, has transmitted to us the names of Asella, of Furia descended from the great Camillus, of Fabiola descended from Fabius Maximus, of Marcellina, and, above all, of Paula and her two daughters, Eustochium and Blesilla, who in the Lararium consecrated to the gods of the family, saluted the paternal statues of Paulus Æmilius and of Agamemnon. The husband of Paula went back

to the Julian house, to Æneas consequently: so this descendant of Venus remained true to the worship of his ancestors, and brought up his son in their faith. Here then was a family half pagan, half Catholic, to use a term which was heard even before Theodosius: the men honoured Apollo and the Cyprian goddess; the women vowed themselves to Christ and the Virgin Mary.

These mixed marriages were commended by St. Paul; the Apostle prophesied that saints would be born of them, so firm were his presentiments of the power of women. In fact the daughter of Paula, in spite of Venus and the pride of caste, succeeded in converting her husband; now her grandfather was Albinus, a priest of Jupiter. 'Who could have foreseen,' cries St. Jerome quaintly, 'that there would be born to the pontiff Albinus, a grand-daughter who should rejoice him by lisping at his knees the Hallelujah of Christ, and that the old man would bring up in his fold a virgin of God!' A curious picture, this priest of the idols of Olympus sporting with his Christian posterity! It was this grand-daughter of Albinus, the last of three holy generations, who was one day in the convent of Bethlehem to close the eyes of St. Jerome, the scholar, poet, traveller, the guide in every mystical and learned pilgrimage.

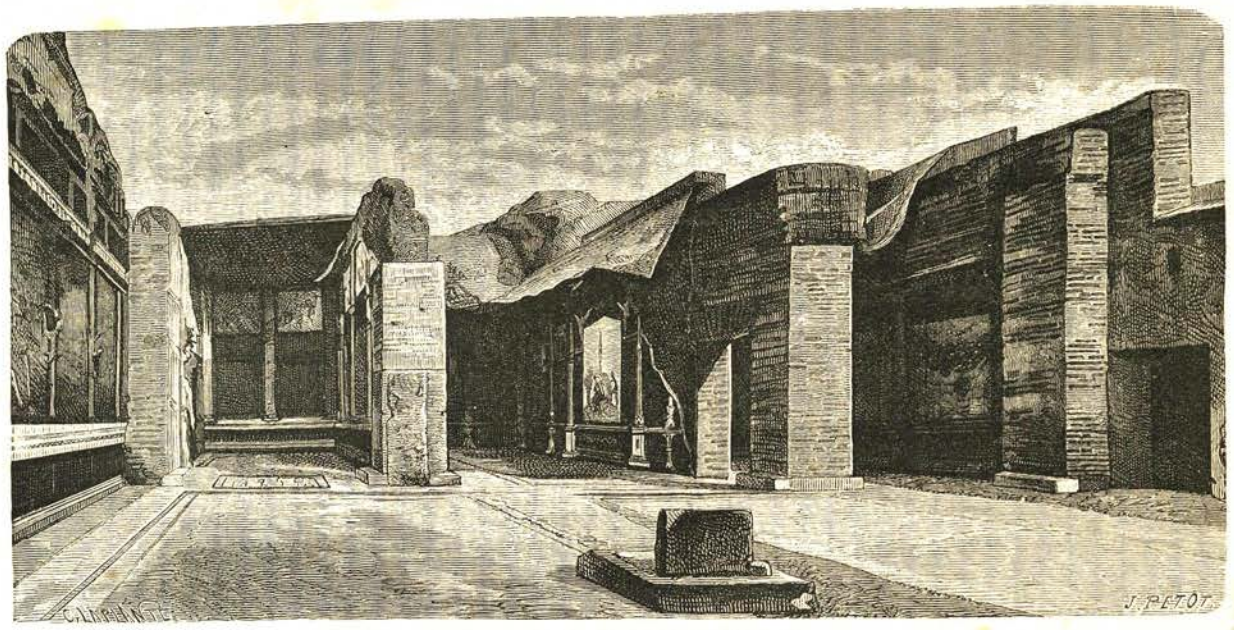
Political, scholarly, and Christian society received its impulse from this earliest convent, of which you seek the traces on the Aventine between Sta. Sabina and St. Saba, in a tolerably limited radius; at the house of Marcella they received communications from the doctors and faithful of the West, and from the sisters and brethren who had given themselves up in the deserts to the monastic life; to the salon was added a cloister, whither came the highest ladies for some days or some hours to find rest and edification in retreat. Before long, these primitive nuns, preparing the way for the Benedictines of the future, embraced the study of the Greek and Hebrew tongues, so as to go up to the springs of holy Scripture and purify its texts. Marcella, and in a yet higher degree, Paula, became so powerful in exegesis, that their decisions passed for law. In the enterprise of the revision of the Scriptures, which was inspired by them, they were auxiliaries and fellow-workers of St. Jerome. Need we be astonished that under the name of domestic church or small church, this reunion speedily exercised a considerable ascendancy over the government of Christianity? If you follow these champions of Christ across Europe and Asia, and work out this episode of the most romantic period of history, you will then look on the gardens of the Aventine with a yet livelier interest, upon horizons that were once watched by these holy women, the courageous intelligences of the new era, the founders of the religious orders of their sex, the friends of Jerome and Augustin, the first queens in the dynasty of women.

It did not last long, this convent of imperishable memory. On the 24th of August, 410, the hordes of Alaric invaded the cloistered palace of Marcella, who was left alone with Principia, her daughter by adoption: they treated these noble women so frightfully, in order to extort from them the treasures that had long since been lavished on the poor, that Marcella, after she had been carried into the basilica of St. Paul, a place of refuge, almost instantly expired. This was a mortal grief to Jerome; it mingled with his anguish at the capture of Rome, which drew tears from St. Augustin. When the very universe seemed overthrown in the loss of its belief in the eternity of the city of the Cæsars, Jerome, forsaking all labour in the depths of Judæa, only uttered one brief plaint—'The light of the world is gone out; the

empire has been deprived of its head; the world expires in a single city, the mother and tomb of its people. . . . . Who shall be safe if Rome has perished?'

In the midst of the calamities which filled so lofty a soul with consternation, Jerome thought of his beloved convent on the Aventine, of that spiritual family with whom he had passed divinest hours; memories which he revived by the water of his tears, along paths now trodden by none, still flower again for us.

PORCH OF SANTA SABINA.



EXHUMATION OF THE HOUSE OF LIVIA.

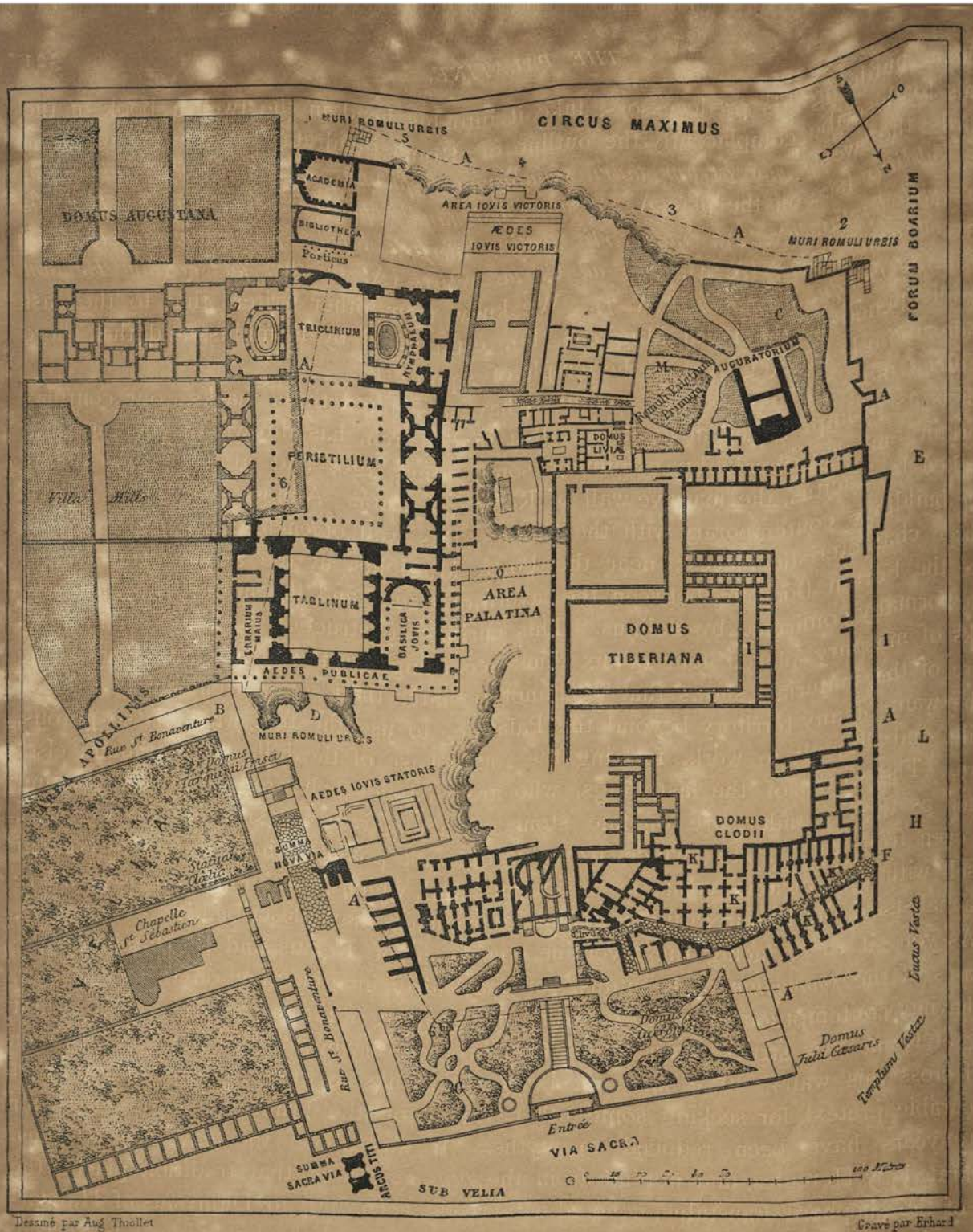
CHAPTER XV.

The PALATINE and its Legends.—Exhumation of the walls of Romulus.—Present aspect of the Farnese gardens.—Annexion of the Palatine to the private domain of the French crown.—Discoveries of the Cav. Pietro Rosa.—Houses of the kings, of the patricians, of the Cæsars.—Examination of a street under the palace of Augustus.—Cicero and the house of Clodius.—Houses of Scaurus, Catullus, Crassus.—Buildings of Tiberius, Domitian, etc.—Discovery of the Casa of Livia; its decoration and paintings.—Sight of a street in the time of Agrippa.—Bust *ad vivum* and caricature of Nero.—Divinity of Caligula; restoration of his palaces.—Tacitus commented upon by the excavations; arrival of Otho; last moments of Vitellius.—Popularity of Nero.—Last guests of the Palatine.—Exploration of the public palace and earlier substructions.—Rape of the Sabines.—Organization, games, and sights of the Circus Maximus.—Proclamation of a victory at the Roman Circus.—Perseus and his children; triumphal procession of Paulus Æmilius.

I.

HALF-LOCKED within the modern city, the Palatine round which the seven hills group themselves is, as we know, the primitive site of Rome. It was there, according to the legend, that the twin sons of Mars and Sylvia were suckled by a she-wolf, then reared by the shepherd Faustulus, and it was there that after their recognition by Numitor they founded the new city under the guidance of favourable auguries. The site determined on, Romulus proceeding to trace the *pomœrium* or sacred enclosure of the future capital, harnessed to the plough a heifer and a bull without blemish, and then he raised his wall on the furrow which the share had traced between the rising and the going down of the sun. Although, according to all appearance, this line described an elongated trapezium with a break towards the east, the city of Romulus owes to this enclosure its designation of *Roma quadrata*.

Among the legendary stories invented to occupy our minds, the most seductive are those which project historic proofs into the domain of fable. To allow that Romulus ever existed is a condescension that has gone out of fashion. Livy, Dionysius, Plutarch, Tacitus even, raise a smile by their credulity. Does not the last



Dessiné par Aug. Thollet — Gravé par Erhard

PLAN OF THE EXCAVATIONS ON THE PALATINE.

INDICIA.

A. Pomœrium Romuli urbis:

1. "... *Et quod pomœrium Romulus posuerit: Igitur a foro Boario ubi aream tauri simulacrum aspicimus ...*
2. *ut magnam Herculis aram amplecteretur.*
3. *Inde certis spatiis interjecti lapides per ima montis Palatini*
4. *ad aram Consi,*
5. *mox curias veteres,*
6. *tum ad*
6 (bis). *Sacellum larium*
7. *Forumque Romanum.*" (TACIT. *Ann.* XII. 24.)

B. Roma quadrata ea incipit a silva quæ est in area Apollinis. (TIT. LIV.)

C. Roma quadrata et ad supercilium Scalarum Caci habet terminum ubi tugurium fuit Faustuli; ibi Romulus mansitavit. (SOLINUS.)

D. Porta Mugonia a Romulo instituta.

E. Germalus a germanis Romulo et Remo, quod ad ficum ruminalem ibi inventi, quò aqua hiberna Tiberis eos detulerat in alveolo expositis. (VARRO, *de Ling. lat.* V. 54.)

F. Porta Romana instituta est a Romulo infimo clivo Victoriæ. (FESTUS.)

G. Ancum in palatio ad portam Mugionis secundum viam sub sinistra, ubi ædes larium est. (VARRO et SOLINUS.)

H. Caligula ponte transmisso palatium Capitoliumque conjunxit. (SUET. *Cal.*)

I. Caligula, magna parte noctis vigiliæ cubandique tedio ... nunc per longissimas porticus vagus, invocare identidem atque exspectare lucem consueverat. (SUET. *Cal.*)

K. Caligula partem palatii ad Forum usque promovit.

L. Otho per Tiberianam domum in Velabro, inde ad miliarium aureum sub ædem Saturni pergit. (TACIT. *Ann.*)

M. Vitellius, capta urbe, per aversam palatii partem Aventinum in domum uxoris sellula defertur, dein mobilitate ingenii in palatio regreditur. (TACIT. *Hist.* lib. III., LXXXV.)

of them, outdoing his predecessors, take it into his head in the twelfth book of the Annals to describe complacently the outline of Roma quadrata: '*Igitur a foro boario* (towards the west) *ubi æreum tauri simulacrum aspicimus, quia id genus animalium aratro subditur* (see on the plan A. 1), *sulcus designandi oppidi cœptus, ut magnam Herculis aram amplecteretur* (A. 2): *inde certis spatiis interjecti lapides perima montis Palatini* (A. 3) *ad aram Consi* (A. 4), *mox ad Curias veteres* (A. 5), *tum ad sacellum Larium* (A. 6 6.), *forumque Romanum*' (A. 7). We know from other writers that to the east the wall opened at the Porta Mugionis (D), established by Romulus, and that there it made an angle in the groves of the temple of Apollo (B).

Fifteen more or less sceptical centuries have disdained these marks: our century, which is as prompt in denial as it is ardent in research, has thrown the doctors into a certain embarrassment, by exhuming some years ago, and at the very points described by Tacitus, the massive wall of Roma quadrata. Almost everywhere buried under buildings contemporary with the Cæsars, this wall of enclosure has reappeared in three characteristic places; near the Porta Mugionis, at the ancient Curiæ, and above the Forum Boarium, between the cavern of Cacus and the hut of Faustulus (C), a site formally confirmed by Solinus. This curious construction consists of enormous blocks of masonry placed four or six thick according to the Etruscan system; the nature of the materials shows that it cannot be later than some tribal chief, reduced by the want of any territory beyond the Palatine, to use the tufa which is so porous, fragile, and difficult to work, forming the rocky base of the hill and not found elsewhere. The works of the last kings, who are as boldly charged with never having existed as their founder, are of fine stone extracted from the surrounding quarries, and even from the Capitol, which Romulus did not possess when he had to content himself with the volcanic scoriæ in raising his wall, which is exhumed precisely where the annalists of the Empire, guided by older chroniclers, have described it.

As you sit there facing the Aventine, residence of Remus and the Fabii, on the remains of the *pomœrium* of Romulus, you may fairly imagine that on this very spot, for having contemptuously climbed over the growing wall, the brother of the first king of Rome was struck down by his twin brother, crying, 'Thus perish whosoever shall cross this wall!' We shall not be sorry, thanks to this discovery, to gain an honourable pretext for seeking some other traces of the primitive reigns, that for thirty years have been reduced to myths. It was above the cavern of Cacus, celebrated by Hercules, and not far from the *ficus ruminalis*, that tradition placed the hut of the shepherd Faustulus, covered with reeds, according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in whose lifetime they showed both the fig-tree and the hut, piously preserved. To the north-west of the Porta Mugionis, at the very spot indicated by Livy, they have just exhumed the peribolus of the temple dedicated to Jupiter Stator by the founder of Rome, when the god made the fleeing Romans resume the offensive. In the time of Pliny the equestrian statue of Clœlia rose opposite to their temple, reconstructed by Regulus after the war of the Samnites. More to the west and near the Via Sacra, to the right of the temple of Vesta, the ruins of Castor and Pollux mark the spot where the Dioscuri appeared for the first time. If they went on digging indefinitely in the tufa of this hill, which has served to give a name to all the palaces of the world, I am sure that they would finish by the discovery of Pallanteum, the Arcadian colony of King Evander!

Before letting our feet stray at will in so renowned a spot, which has just acquired

a double interest, thanks to the excavations of which we have just described the results, let us sketch some of the present aspects of this Palatine, which is less spacious than the garden of the Tuileries, and which has held all the grandeurs of Rome.

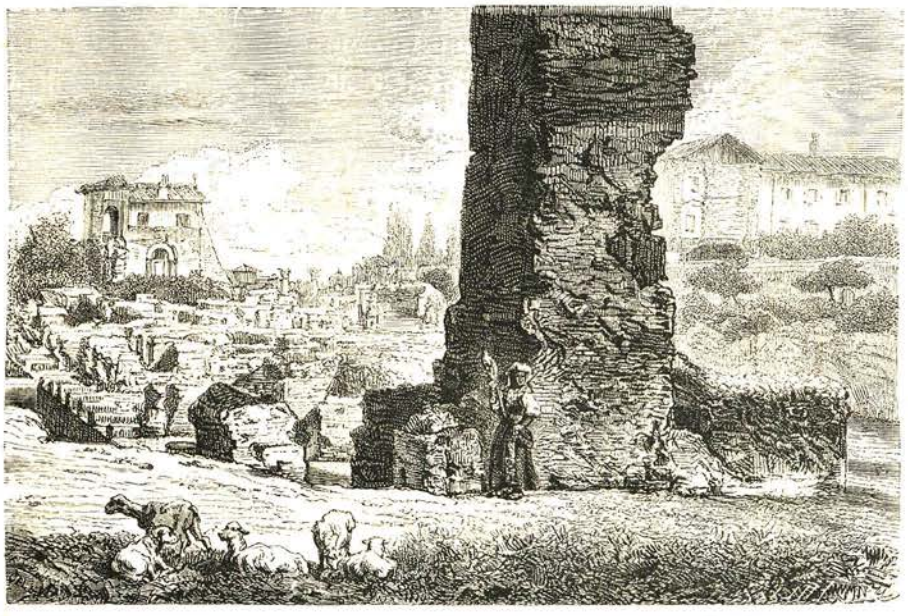
An embankment-wall, in the centre of which Vignola has set one of the correct doors such as are given to pupils in art schools to draw, separates the Palatine from the Via Sacra. At the very entrance you ascend a slope divided into green compartments;

RUINS ON THE PALATINE.

then you mount by broad steps, on the top of which is planted a Casino, well situated as a point of view for antique Rome, and which the Farnese constructed when they transformed the Palatine desert into a historical garden. Verdure had long enveloped the enclosure of Romulus, too great for modern generations; they moved away from the terrible shadows which its ruins summoned to the mind. It seems even that our religion, the faith of slaves and the poor, fell back before the sanctuary of monarchical unity and Roman pride; this *pomœrium* is the only consecrated ground of which

Christianity did not take possession. No pope touched the Palatine before Paul III., who in an age that had become reconciled to the gods of Olympus, built a villa there. But it was the destiny of the hill to remain a royal appanage; the last heiress of the pontiff and the Farnese, Elizabeth brought the Palatine to the King of Spain, Philip V., and through Don Carlos it entered into the possession of the kings of Naples. Then by a singular play of fortune, the cradle of the Cæsars passed from the house of Bourbon into the hands of Napoleon III.

There is only one dweller there, the good, learned, and ingenious Pietro Rosa. Epigraphist, geographer, consummate Latinist, expert geologist, the descendant of Salvator Rosa had been exploring Rome and its campagna for twenty years, when Napoleon III. chose him to direct the excavations which he proposed to undertake in the Palatine, and installed him in the midst of the Farnese gardens, which in the space of eight years Rosa turned up, to disclose in their place another Pompeii. It



REMAINS OF THE PUBLIC PALACE, AND LOGGIA OF THE FARNESE.

is there that he restores with proofs the confused map of the Palatine; there too that he elaborates on a wall of his residence a geological map of the old Latium, the information of which we shall soon have to utilise. His house opens to the south on a little garden after the French manner, beyond which rises a large, irregular, and dismantled Loggia. To the right, retreat the groves gradually stripped of their wood and leaf by the excavations, and the mantle of verdure slowly unfolding discovers the traces of archæology and sometimes of sculpture, for a museum has been made of the fragments of antique statuary exhumed in the Palatine. Let us mention among the most remarkable a draped Venus of a fine Grecian epoch, an Apollo, a Milo of Crotona without a head; a herculean Torso seated, of life size, worthy of rivalling that of the Belvedere, and a bas-relief of terra-cotta, on which boys armed with slings run naked—the only known representation of the Lupercalia. Discovered in 1869, the two last pieces have remained at Rome, as well as several small figures in bronze, bits of rare marble, trinkets, and a child in a colossal hand. Four other pieces were sent to Paris and given by the Emperor to the Louvre, where three of

them are exposed: a head of Julia, the daughter of Augustus; a head of Flavia Domitilla, the only portrait that we possessed of the mother of Titus; and a Cupid, which though a Greek figure, is banished without any mark of its origin to the door of the Assyrian antiquities, where nobody would think of seeking it.

As for the fourth fragment, the most precious of all, inasmuch as the experts of Rome and Paris have not hesitated to recognise in it the original of the Fauns derived from that of Praxiteles, the administration mislaid it for four years, even affirming in writing that they had never received it, when I had the good fortune to find it myself among the plaster-rubbish of a workshop, all covered with dust. Only the torso is left of this admirable work, but the freedom of movement, the broad, soft, and full style of an adolescent frame, reveal the work of a master who, the type being established, can be none other than Praxiteles.

They lately observed across the Farnese gardens the double symmetry of the horticulture and the ruins: a gallery was set forward towards a grove; the windings of a woody path expired under the sculptured vault of a Triclinium. Even now, if your steps venture as far as the escarpments commanding the Velabrum, the quarters of the Capitol and the Janiculum, with their red roofs over black walls illumined by the sun, will dazzle you at the turning of an alley, in a gap of these blue-tinted patches of green, which the persistent leafage of the shrubs of the Italian peninsula contrasts with the glow of the sky. On the side looking to the Coliseum and the Cœlian, all is limited by a plantation of the Barberini and by the convent of St. Bonaventura, the bell-tower of which rising from a long line of buildings that look like barns, is accompanied by two palm-trees that recall the East. Nearer the imperial palaces, the separation is decisively marked by the wall of the Visitandines, surmounted by a row of dark cypresses. How was it that twelve years ago they allowed these good sisters to appropriate the site of the house of Augustus, and to confiscate at once, beyond the hope of ulterior discoveries, the rooms of the Octavian palace found less than a century ago, as well as the palæstra, of which the exedra with its tribuna still remains? It is said that these ladies refused all terms of arrangement; but this is not true, as they offered to surrender possession in compliance with the wishes of the Emperor of the French.

II.

As we have made the acquaintance of the Cavalier Rosa, let us saunter with him among these thickets of ruins and flowers, as we verify without trouble all that he has cleared, for each fragment finds its identity guaranteed by a citation from some annalist or poet of antiquity. Romulus inhabited the summit of the plateau between the peribolus of Jupiter Propugnator and the spot where Tiberius afterwards built his palace; Numa, the corner of the Via Sacra and the Velabrum, towards the temple of Vesta: *Hic fuit antiqui regia parva Numæ*, said Ovid. The temple of the Penates, says Solinus, under Heliogabalus, replaced on the Velia (eastern slope) the dwelling of Tullus Hostilius. It is lower down than the Porta Mugionis, above the Summa via Sacra, near the altar of the Lares, that Varro fixes the dwelling of Ancus (G.). Tarquinius Priscus installed himself more at the back, at the Summa via Nova. It was there that the children of Ancus had him slain by shepherds; you may mark the spot, 'from a high window

looking on to the Via Nova, for the king was quartered close to Jupiter Stator.' Tanaquil addressed the Quirites and caused Servius to be proclaimed king. The site of the temple has been restored by Rosa, as well as that of the Porta Mugionis indicated by Solinus.

This sanctuary of the primitive city devolved on the demi-gods of royalty in such a way that the consul Valerius found the opportunity of inaugurating there the dull dynasty of the flatterers of the populace, by having his house demolished, which gave umbrage because it was on the Velia. When the Republic had fastened the nation under the yoke of a rapacious aristocracy, persons of mark who were rich enough to pay for the usurpation of authority sought a dwelling on the Palatine. There dwelt, besides the chief dictators, the Gracchi, as well as Catullus, Flaccus, Hortensius, Sulla, and even Catiline, in the neighbourhood of Marcus Tullius. This last built facing the Via Sacra below the house of Scaurus, bought, as Asconius tells us, by the tribune Clodius, against whom Cicero pleaded. 'I will raise my roof higher,' wrote the great orator, 'not from contempt for thee, but to veil from thee the view of the city which thou wouldst fain have destroyed.' Violets grow there under rose-trees, and the substructions mark the compartments of a parterre.

Clodius paid 14,800,000 sesterces for the house of Scaurus, which possessed a famous theatre, with three tiers of benches supported on columns. Those of the first, to the number of thirty-eight, were of black Chian marble, says Lucullinus, and of single blocks; the pillars of the upper storey were of crystal; those of the third of gilded wood. Three thousand bronze statues inhabited the edifice, the spoils of which, afterwards taken to Tusculum, were there burnt by some slaves—a loss estimated by Pliny at 100,000,000 sesterces.

Yet at that time the finest house of the Palatine did not belong to Æmilius Scaurus, but was that of Catullus, Marius's colleague in the war against the Cimbri. The portico had for its supports four columns brought from Mount Hymettus, a rare luxury at the end of the Republic. The palace of Licinius Crassus was scarcely less splendid, since Domitius offered for it sixty millions of sesterces on condition that he would include in the bargain six large trees, whose umbrageousness was afterwards admired by Pliny, and which perished at the age of one hundred and eighty at the time of the fire of Rome under Nero: these celebrated trees, described under the name of lotos, and which were most likely nettle-trees, are described as thorns, by various translators who do not know their botany. Below the roof of Cicero, more to the right, 'to the east of the sacred wood of Vesta,' Julius Cæsar came and established himself as soon as he was in possession of the pontificate. Before, adds Suetonius, 'he had lived in a modest habitation among the plebeians of the Suburra.' Marcus Antonius resided on the Palatine; Claudius Nero, the father of Tiberius, and Octavius, father of Augustus, built on the eastern and southern slope of Roma quadrata. It was before the house of Octavius that a palm-tree, springing up between two stones, was carefully tended by his son. The Cæsars having come to resume on the Palatine the thread of royal tradition, Augustus ascended higher, to avoid throwing down the altar of Jupiter Stator: his palace, rebuilt after a fire with the aid of a public subscription—a residence to which he annexed a temple of Apollo, containing the statue of the god, a colossus of forty-six feet—this palace and the foundations of the temple are buried to-day under the convent of the Visitandines. Augustus extended his constructions as far as the slope facing the Circus Maximus; and to prolong his palaces to the east to the intermontium, he displaced a

street, the Via Nova, without suspecting the cruel mistakes to which he would expose the archæologists of the future. In truth, if we suppose that before him this Via Nova passed between the Velabrum and the Palatine, an error long accredited, the indications furnished by historians as to the situation of buildings become unintelligible. The Cavaliere Rosa has shown that previously to Augustus the Via Nova began, nearly at right angles from the Summa via Sacra, to ascend the Palatine, and came down again opposite to the Aventine, to which it led. In the early ages of Rome they would never have thought of turning by the Velabrum, which was only a marsh, while it was natural to come straight upon the Murcian valley, where in old days the flocks of Hercules had grazed, according to Aurelius Victor, who declares that it was pasture

REMAINS OF THE PUBLIC PALACE OF DOMITIAN.

land. This is why Ovid, mentioning the Via Nova, and making it turn the Palatine to reach the Tiber by the Velabrum, observes that it is situated there *nunc*, which clearly implies that it had not always been so. This once recognised, the text becomes clear, and scholars are no longer reduced to the necessity of accusing contemporaries of being mistaken. It is now an assured truth, for after having deduced from observation and from texts this expropriated street, Rosa found it in the depths of the earth: I walked behind him on the pavement, where our footsteps followed those of Virgil and Horace, and which after nineteen centuries the sun again shines upon.

Domitian was the first to build a public palace in the dependencies of the imperial quarters. His constructions occupy a vast space to the north-west of the house of Augustus, on which they possibly encroached: for below the Flavian ruins you find

galleries which they consolidated by filling them up from top to bottom with masses of mortar between planks, of which the imprint still remains. The walls were so thick, the pillars so robust, the pozzuolana so tenacious, that before building they did not take the trouble to pull down. Each generation settled over the quarters of predecessors. In the early times of the Empire the hill of Romulus shakes off the patrician residences. Tiberius, who built between the Auguratorium and the old house of Clodius, and who surrounded his edifices to east and south with a half subterranean portico, still left at the corner of his Cryptoporticus a private habitation that has been quite recently exhumed, and which is at this hour the most curious and considerable discovery of the whole Palatine.

III.

In liberating it some months ago from the earth with which it was filled up, Rosa at once observed that it was contiguous to the buildings of Tiberius, that it was approached by the very portico, and that as it was placed on a lower level, they must have set up some steps in order to go down into it. These circumstances showed that it must have belonged to the successor of Augustus and was older than the palace; for they would not have erected it lower down, except to make the best of an inconvenient arrangement. Other circumstances persuaded the Cavaliere Rosa that it had had for its owner Claudius Nero, the first husband of Livia; but at the beginning of 1870, the pursuit of the excavations brought to light a subterranean passage, round which, in the direction of the ancient palace of Augustus, were the leaden pipes that used to bring water to the pretended Domus Tiberiana. On these pipes we read from distance to distance IVLIAE AVG. As the name of the owner is constantly inscribed on pipes of this kind, this inscription, as M. Léon Renier observes, is a genuine proof of ownership, and 'informs us that the house in question belonged to the empress Livia, Julia Augusta; means, in fact, Livia, widow of Augustus.' When he instituted her heir to a third of his property, Augustus prescribed that she should take his name.

'It will perhaps be objected,' continues M. Renier, 'that she might have become owner of the house as heir to her first husband. But this is inadmissible. Livia, the divorced wife of Tib. Claudius Nero, could not have inherited from him; particularly she could not have inherited from the paternal house of the family, at a time when two members of the family were still left, Tiberius and Drusus, sons of its last chief. One cannot suppose, either, that Tiberius when he had become emperor, gave it to her. We know what were his relations with his mother after the death of Augustus, and the nature of these relations makes any such supposition wholly inadmissible. It is much more probable that Livia had had the house in her share of the succession of Augustus, who, as we know on the testimony of Velleius Paterculus, bought a number of houses on the Palatine. Livia wished to be the first priestess of her husband after he was raised to the rank of the gods. This explains the subterranean passage which went from her house to that of Augustus; she probably had it constructed so as to be free to go, without passing through the public street, to fulfil the ministrations of her function. This passage is now interrupted at the junction with the *ædes publicæ*, erected in the reign of Domitian. But shortly before arriving at these *ædes*, we observe the passage branch to the right, and which was most likely made in order to turn them. There another leaden

pipe has been found, soldered to the first at the point of divergence, and containing this inscription :—

IMPDOMITIANICAESARAVG · SVBCVRA
EVTYCHIL · PROC · FEC · HYMNVSCAESARNSER

Imp(eratoris) Domitiani Cæsar(is) Aug(usti).—Sub cura
Eutychi l(iberti) proc(uratoris) fec(it) Hymnus Cæsaris n(ostri) ser(vus).

'At Livia's death, her house, together with all her inheritance, became the property of Tiberius her son. It then made part of the imperial domain, along with which it passed to the succeeding emperors. There is no ground, therefore, for any surprise at its having belonged to Domitian. Only this inscription proves that it existed and was still carefully preserved, when this prince had the *ædes publicæ* constructed, since they took measures at that time to prevent any interruption of the supply of water. It existed even long after this epoch, for in a letter of the 10th of last April, M. Rosa informs me that on a new pipe which he has just discovered under the paving of the peristyle, a pipe which is soldered to that of Julia Augusta, and which seems to have taken its water from the piscina to be observed in a corner of the Domus Tiberiana, the following inscription may be read :—

L · PESCENNIVSEROS · CAESARVM·

'This inscription ought to be read thus : *Lucius Pescennius Eros (fecit). Cæsarum* (that is to say belonging to the Cæsars). The names of the workman who made the pipe seem to denote a freedman of the family of Pescennius Niger, the rival of Septimius Severus. In that case the word *Cæsarum* would mean the latter prince and his son Caracalla, or else Caracalla and his brother Geta. The house of Livia must therefore have been kept up until the early years of the third century. We notice at the point where the Cryptoporticus ends, one of the great doors of the Domus Tiberiana. M. Rosa informs me in the letter to which I have referred that he has discovered in front of this door a street turning towards the extremity of the Circus Maximus, and coming out on a Clivus alternately formed of gentle slopes and flights of steps of peperino, that is of the stone employed in the most ancient buildings of Rome, which steps bear unmistakable marks of extremely long usage. This Clivus seems to be nothing but a locality, the recollection of which connects itself, in the authors, with the most ancient traditions of the eternal city; I mean the staircase of Cacus, *Scalæ Caci*, which Solinus places in this spot and on the summit of which was the house of Romulus.'

(L. RENIER, *Revue Archéologique.*)

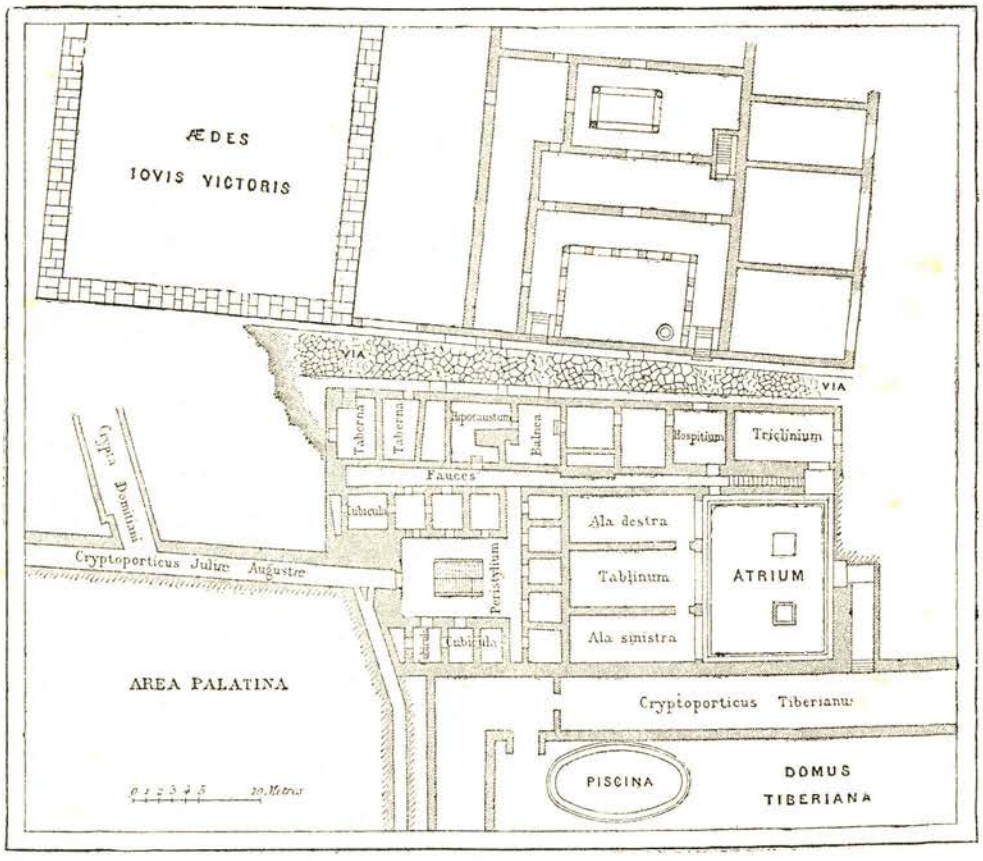
Since the recent publication of these lines the continuation has strengthened the presumption of Cav. Rosa. This slope of Cacus, the second fortified entrance of the Arx Palatina, ascended to the very heart of the Roma quadrata, between two Etruscan walls of excessive thickness, since discovered over a considerable distance, and which, like the walls attributed to Romulus, are built of the tufa of the Palatine, the use of which is earlier even than peperino. The road forms two elbows combined for defence; it descended to a gate situated under the rock of Cacus, to the left of the

altar of Hercules erected before the theatre of his victory, and where festivals in honour of the god have been celebrated from time immemorial. A passage in the Æneid indicates the remote antiquity of the gate and steps of Cacus; it is by this that Virgil makes Evander, on leaving the Heraclean games, accompanied by Æneas, on whom he leans as he ascends the steps, enter the Palatine city. This slope was towards the south-west on leaving the house of Livia, which we are about to enter.

The exhumation of a Roman dwelling-house of the time of Augustus, and whose date is assured, is a considerable fact. If we add to this that the residence of Livia contains the finest and most ancient pictures bequeathed to us from such distant ages, the reader will hardly reproach us for having edified him with proofs as to the origin of the building which we have now to describe. You approach by the south side of the Cryptoporticus of Tiberius, going down four steps, to come to a vestibule opening on to the Atrium in which figure the altars of the Lares covered over with minium, as well as their foundation. You then front the Tablinum, chambers of honour in which the master of the house kept his family archives and received his guests; to your right is situated the Triclinium. These porticoes, near which space for an ante-chamber has been procured, form four apartments, the only ones decorated; we shall return to them. At the back of the three compartments of the Tablinum, which adjoin chambers belonging to the private living-place (Cubicula), is situated the Peristylum, in the middle of which a staircase with two flights led up to the stories where guests never entered. Of these quarters there remain thirteen chambers without any ornament, faced with a brown pigment. They had outlets both on the peristyle and on a long corridor (*Fauces*) which, constructed between the Tablinum and the Triclinium, and traversing the extent of the buildings, furnishes an approach both right and left to the apartments on the ground-floor. These comprise two bath chambers, narrow and dark as they are described by Seneca, until Mæcenas had, according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, set up the first Caldarium that the Romans ever saw. The walls of these baths are of *opus reticularium*, a system in use under Augustus, and to make up for the absence of the Caldarium, they constructed in one of the cabinets a sort of stove (*Hypocaustum*). Beyond the Balnea and opening on a street of which they have exhumed the pavement and the causeways—a road contrived between the house and the offices of the temple of Jupiter Victor—two shops, let to merchants, had been thriftily contrived at the corner of Livia's *casa;* they have no communication with the interior of the house. Let us proceed to the most interesting part of this exhumation, to the painted chambers opening on to the Atrium. They are not very large; they have greater depth than breadth and the height of the walls does not exceed four metres. Their decoration is distributed in panels separated by figured columns, of which the entablatures bear cornices and rest on stylobates also painted.

Among the decorative subjects of the Triclinium, we observe large transparent Pateræ, filled with fruit piled up pyramidally—the simple indication of the vessels in which they presented fruits at their banquets. One of the panels contains a fanciful landscape in which trees, terraces animated by statues, bridges thrown out into space, rockeries, and flowing waters make up a site that would delight a Chinese; in the foreground three ducks are coming out of an aquatic grotto, leaving long furrows in the water. Animals run along the cornice. The bottom of the room is enlivened by another landscape, in the midst of which a pillar supporting a Greek

vessel rises out of the verdure, while to right and left winged griffins follow one another on a wainscoting. The Tablinum and its two Alæ are treated pretty nearly in the same way, but with a more elaborate display of ingenuity. At the bottom and on the sides of the left wing, at the entrance to which survive the fragments of a mosaic pavement that Livia once trod, the panels are surmounted by a series of cartouches with a clear ground, on which Genii stand out in pairs with wings of blue, green, and rose colour, recalling some of the small figures of Raphael; they sport too among the arabesques. These cartouches have a purple framing, and are separated by mouldings with a gold ground with griffins running, from brown panels, marked by a line of lotus of a bluish tint, and divided by garlands of leaves of pale



PLAN OF LIVIA'S HOUSE.

green: the lower portions, red upon red, are detached from the panels by a broad plinth of a chamois tone. The whole decoration is rich, bold, and harmonious.

In the right wing the chamois panels are enriched, by way of single ornament, with thick garlands of flowers and fruits succeeding one another in festoons and bound with ribands. On a band above these compartments, and under a frieze of dark yellow, defiles a curious procession of tiny figures, such as are to be seen in the Egyptian hypogea; they represent scenes borrowed from the daily movement of the popular life of the streets. A consul, escorted by lictors without arms and preceded by an Accensus, is attending to his private business; matrons go to the neighbouring temple; others along the Appian way visit the tombs and carry offerings to the altars; women of the people go with their baskets to market; lawyers make their way to the Forum, of which you see the outline in front of them; merchants come with

their camels laden with wares; the freedmen go about their affairs, hunters are on their way back to town, a fisherman spreads his snares. Nothing can be more lively than these revelations of popular habits at the end of the Republic.

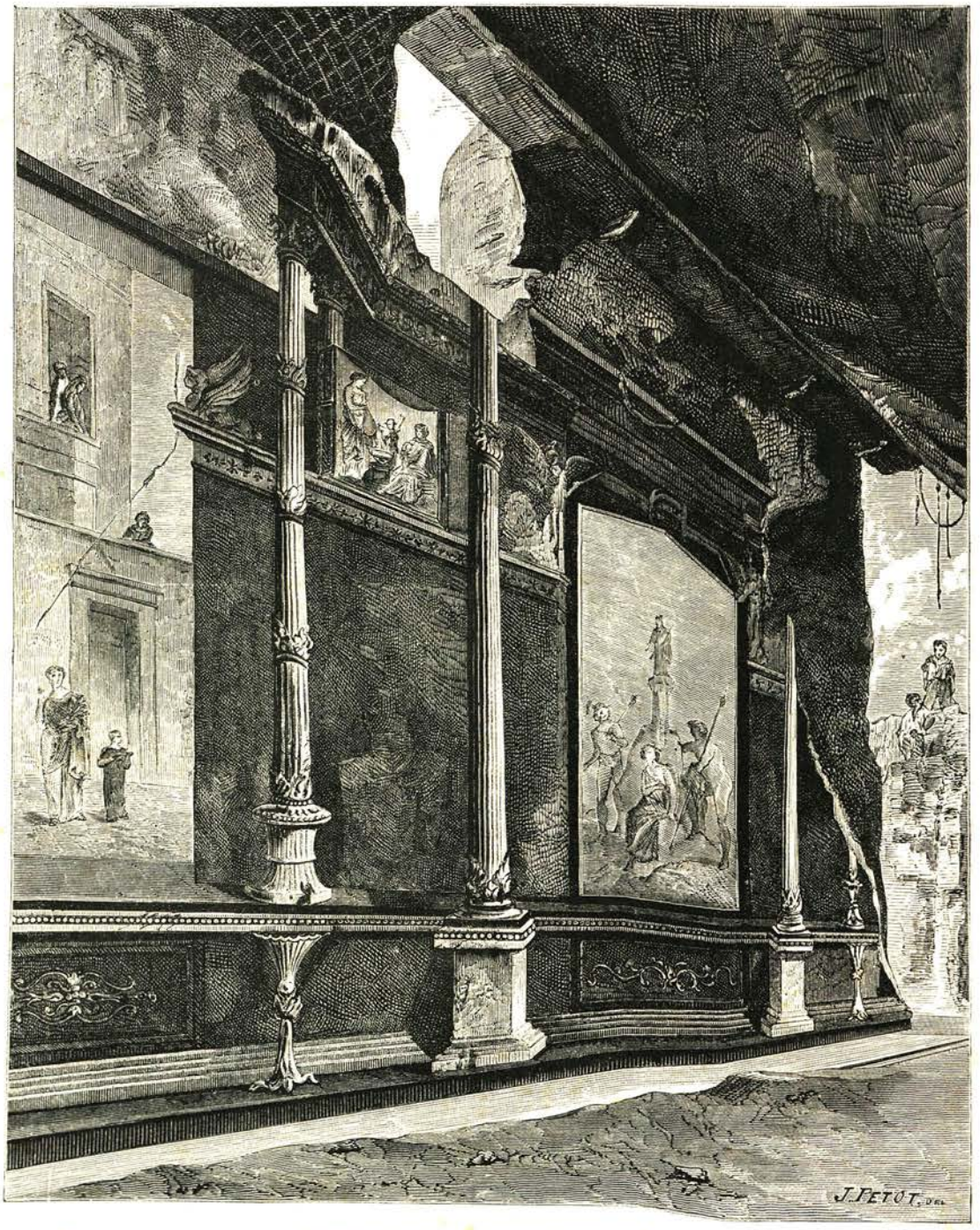
It is for the central compartment of the Tablinum, that art has reserved the principal subjects. Starting from basements of brown framed with scarlet, the false columns, whose flutings are broken by rings of foliage, support cornices equally illusory, and of strange opulence: between the panels of a brighter red, set off by friezes of a delicate blue and varied by yellow coffer-work, between these architectural caprices so elegant in their strangeness, is a succession of well-preserved paintings. The finest in point of style represents, seated at the foot of a column, and watched by a draped Juno, Io, the daughter of Inachus, watched by Argus and just about to be taken from him by Mercury. The Hermes and Argus are naked and of superb design; the first has his name inscribed at his feet. The identity of Argus has been demonstrated by two paintings at Pompeii, nearly resembling one another and described by M. Helbig, as well as by an intaglio representing that personage in the same attitude; Argus wears on his bent knee a violet chlamys covered by the skin of some beast. 'It refers,' says M. Perrot, 'to a characteristic point in the legend of the hero, for, according to Apollodorus, Argus slew a wild bull who was laying Arcadia waste, and he threw the spoils of it over his shoulder.' This is again a convincing sign. The figure has been copied from Greek cameos, and, a singular thing, one of these cameos, was studied nineteen centuries after by Ingres, who from this Argus on the watch drew his Œdipus. The identity is complete.

LIVIA'S HOUSE (LEFT WING).

On the walls of the same chamber two cartouches represent, one the sacrifice of a lamb, the other an incantation. In the first the people, the draperies, the attitude of the priestess, as she pours water from an amphora, are marks of the work of a Greek artist; the head and Roman coiffure of the matron seated and holding a fan, denote by contrast that this figure is a portrait. A more free and less hieratic composition, presents a lady and her attendant; the latter stands upright, while the other who is seated holds a *pyxis* on her knee. Before a tripod on which flame sparkles, rises solemn, and draped from head to foot, the sorceress, whom the mistress of the house watches with attentive gaze. The philtre box in the hands of the latter, her stricken attitude, her diadem, the girdle or baldric which the sorceress presents, marks which answer to a passage of the Hippolytus of Euripides, have led Cav. Rosa

to suppose that Phædra is the principal figure of this charming and expressive composition.

At the back of the apartment is a picture of Galatea on waves, in which two other Nereids swim. Elegant and supple, the nymph turns disdainfully round, carried on



PAINTINGS OF THE TABLINUM OF LIVIA.

STREET VIEW. SACRIFICE OF A LAMB. IO AND ARGUS.

a sea-horse snorting in the waters: behind a rock rises the colossal bust of Polyphemus, with an Eros perched upon his shoulder.

Between this painting and that which represents Io, and on the same wall, is a subject that gives us all the representation we have of the external aspect of the

bourgeois dwellings of the seventh century of Rome. Two houses issue on the street by small square doors of a single leaf; the upper stories, pierced with small windows, fall back and leave projecting terraces, one of which forms a covered gallery supported on two pillars; a cordon divides the first floor from the second. At a window and on balconies five persons follow with their eyes down into the street a becomingly draped lady, who, fanning herself with a *flabellum*, has just gone out, followed by a little girl.

These paintings are of a rare delicacy; their colouring even in the tones of minium, which often grows black, has preserved all its freshness; the ochres possess a good deal of liveliness; and the ensemble of tints presents a sprightly variety. Pliny (xxxv. 10) attributes to an artist named Tadio or Ludio—who must have been the first before the time of Augustus to adorn houses with agreeable subjects—fantastic themes, such as one would suppose to be exactly described from the house of Livia. He defines, after Vitruvius, the manner in which the wall was prepared and polished, as well as the varnish with which the work was covered, to bring out the colours and assure their permanence. Both add that these processes, which were devised by Apelles, fell into disuse in the time of Augustus. Now these walls have been prepared just in this way, the paintings are on waxed surfaces, and the encaustic described by Vitruvius still covers the best preserved portions. Moreover, Cav. Rosa having made up the varnish in question after the old receipt, applied it to these rooms in accordance with the same method, and the paintings ceasing to peel off have recovered all their brightness.

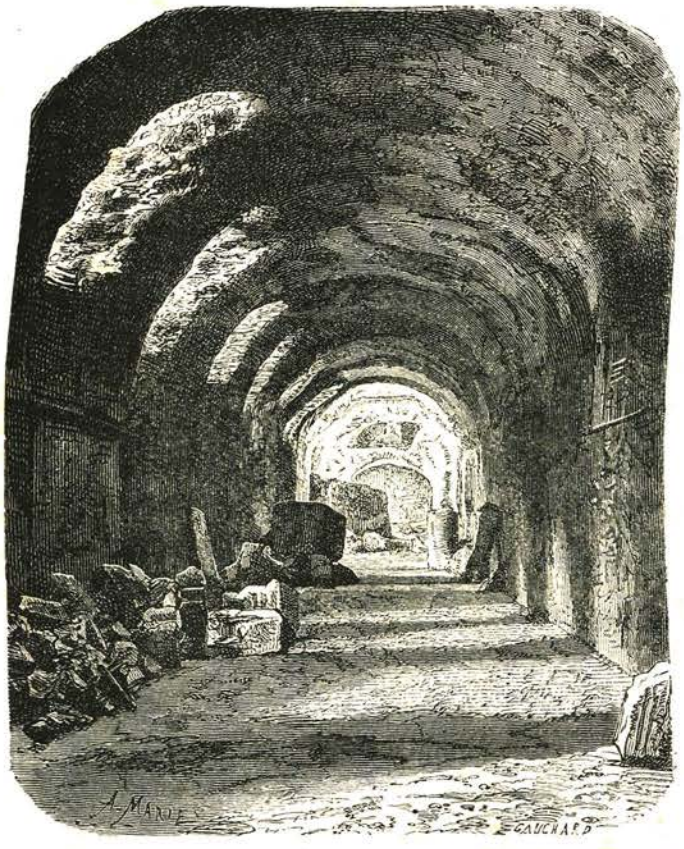
Such, then, is a nearly unique monument of an early school imported from Greece, described by authors of the first century, and of whom nothing else has been left. If I add that these works existing in the only ancient house of which we know both the exact date and the owner, are superior to all that Pompeii has bequeathed to us, I shall be pardoned for having availed myself of the confidences of Cav. Rosa, and the obliging contributions of M. Renier, in publishing the results of so marvellous a discovery.

IV.

Let us return to the ruins of the palace of Tiberius, continued on a vaster scale by his successor as far as the extremity of the Palatine, breaking down on to the Via Sacra. It is on this side that you pass through guard-houses, where to pass the time the soldiers used to draw on the walls confidences and emblems, sometimes with their signature, and sentences that are easily deciphered. There has lately been found here a caricature of Nero; a small narrow brow with a garland, and a chin tufted with a growing beard; the profile is very life-like. The excavations around the modest house of Livia have brought to light a marble bust of the same emperor, the only one which goes back with certainty to the time when he lived.

Caligula brought under his gigantic palaces (K) the Clivus Victoriæ and the Porta Romana (F), which Romulus opened at the western corner of his wall to go down into the Forum. In keeping his palace on the level of the summit, by means of galleries as high as the mountain itself, the successor of Tiberius, to unite the Palatine to the Capitol, undertook above the Velabrum that immense bridge whose

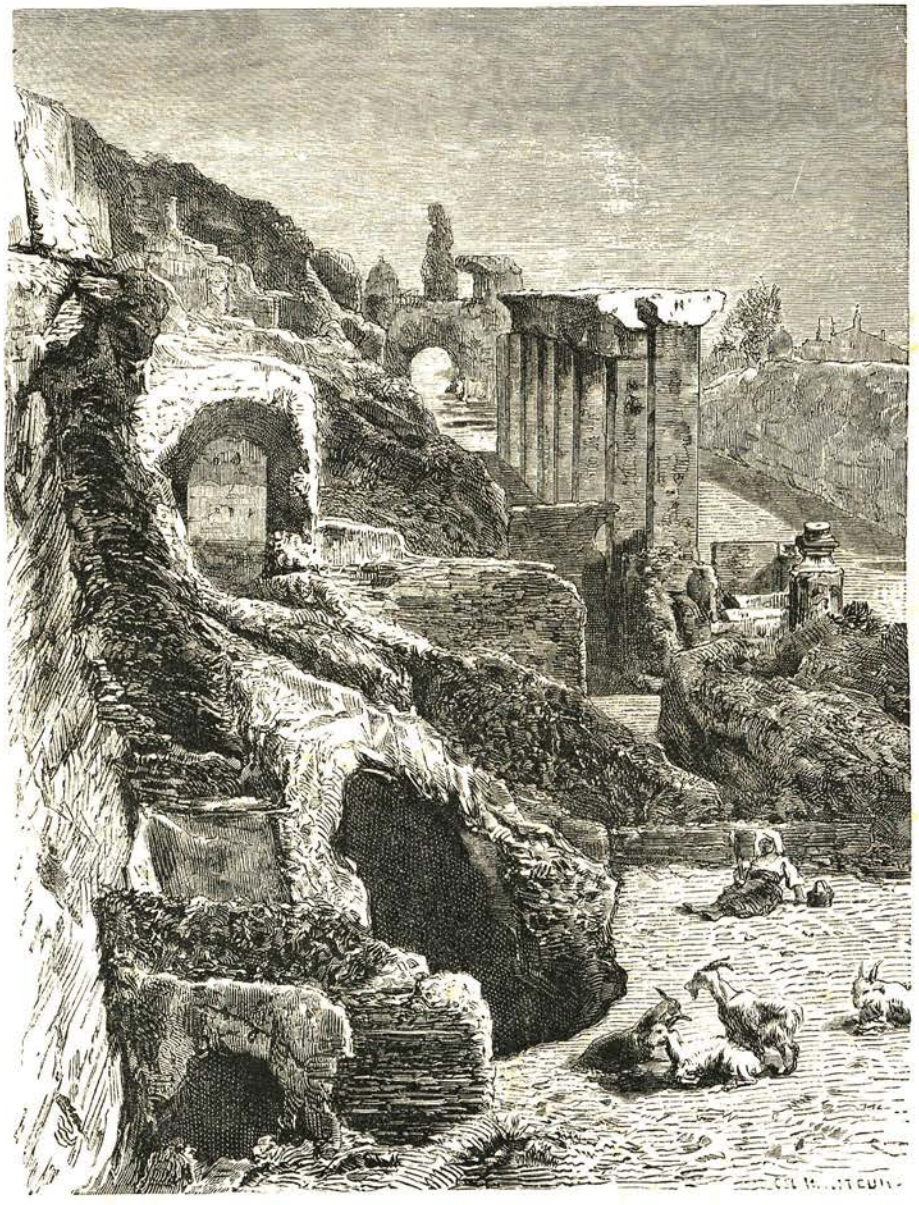
abutment has just been brought to light (H), and which was demolished by Claudius. It was in clearing out the accumulation of this precipice erected by the hand of a man, that Rosa, sustaining galleries and vaultings with as much art as economy, succeeded in extricating from a mass of debris the most ancient portions of the imperial residence; bas-reliefs, a few cartouches of stucco representing wanton scenes, corridors terminating in small chambers, enable us to recognise the haunts, out of which, according to Suetonius, the emperor raised a tax, and where the senators made it a duty to degrade themselves in order to please Cæsar. The coffers of the vaults formed a decoration of a purer kind than the ornaments of Pompeii. As to the Argiletum, Caligula prolonged his palaces, according to Suetonius, towards the Forum as far as the temple of Castor, to which he made a vestibule, where he exhibited himself as an object of public adoration, under the title of Jupiter Latinus. On the Palatine itself, an altar to his personal divinity was served by Flamens, and before his golden statue, which was every day decked in garments like those which he wore himself on that day, his priests immolated flamingoes, peacocks, black geese, and pheasants. Round the long galleries of Tiberius, which Cav. Rosa has restored to us (I), and whose ruins our eyes measure in amazement, Caligula during his long fits of sleeplessness used to roam alone, in close companionship with the immortals. He was heard scolding Jupiter and threatening to send him back to Greece, and on the nights when the star of Diana shone in a clear sky, he invited the goddess to descend and give herself to him.



VAULTED PASSAGE BETWEEN THE PALACE OF TIBERIUS AND THE PUBLIC PALACE.

After the great fire of the year 64, described by Tacitus, Nero rebuilt on plans of such immensity, that they invaded the valley and assailed even the Esquiline slope as far as the ancient palace of Mæcenas. Otho installed himself in a section of the palaces of Tiberius, that Messalina and Claudius had once inhabited. Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and their successors, must have enlarged their dwellings on the side of the Auguratorium, and continued the porticoes, which had then become subterranean, from which another gallery branches out, discovered not many months ago (O). Covered with a low vault and lighted from above, it allowed the emperors to proceed, without being seen, from their private dwelling to the throne-room, by penetrating at the back of the Tribuna of the basilica, into the palace appropriated by Domitian for audiences and receptions. The discovery of this passage justifies the account given by Tacitus of the circumstances attending the usurpation of Otho,

consummated by the assassination of Galba. This emperor was sacrificing on the Palatine in the temple of Apollo, and Otho was present, when the freedman Onomastus came to inform him that he was awaited by his architect. It was the signal agreed upon to announce the meeting of the conspirators in the Forum. So he excused himself, explaining that he wished to examine a house which he was thinking of buying, and 'leaning on his freedman, he returned by *the palace of Tiberius*



RUINS OF THE PALACES OF TIBERIUS.

to the Velabrum (L) and from thence to the golden *milliarium* by the temple of Saturn. There three-and-twenty men saluted him as Imperator, and as he was alarmed at their scanty number, they raised him into a litter and carried him hastily away with swords drawn.' Suetonius says that after embracing Galba 'he hurried off '*postica parte palatii.*' It was necessary for him to arrive among his partisans without being seen by the people, or stopped on the way by the guards who surrounded the palace, which he could hardly have avoided, if he had gone down by a public way

from the temple of Apollo to the Via Sacra, so as from that point to gain the northern extremity of the Velabrum. Since the exhumation of the gallery connecting the two palaces, the text has no obscurity; Otho went at the back of the Lararium into the public palace, which he passed through; then he threaded the passage and turned the palace of Tiberius. Next he gained the Clivus Victoriæ and came out by the Porta Romana between the Velabrum and the Forum, which he reached by passing behind the temple of Castor, in such a way as to make his appearance all at once.

The discoveries of Rosa are a commentary on the Histories, in what relates to the dramatic peripeteia of the reign of Vitellius, and their commentary here is of a still more striking lucidity. Tacitus says that Rome being occupied by the generals of Vespasian, the vanquished emperor escaping by the rear of the palace, had himself carried in a litter on to the Aventine to the house of his wife, accompanied by his cook; then, with the capriciousness of people who have lost presence of mind, he returned to the deserted palace. The postern of the palace which opened facing the Aventine, must have come out on the Scalæ Caci. It was there that Vitellius, according to the account of Suetonius, barricaded himself *in cellulam janitoris*, after piling up a bed and a mattress before the door, and fastened at the threshold the porter's dog, his last defender. It was in this place of refuge that the soldiers found him, and from here that they dragged him off to the Gemoniæ.

Commodus installed himself in the middle of this pile of palaces. Substructions extending to the east as well as the south, prove that up to the fourth century the Cæsars continued to rebuild; in the crypts we recognise on some walls of the republican era, works of consolidation executed on two occasions, in order to sustain new buildings; it is a blunder, therefore, for people to attribute to Nero ruins that were contemporary with Decius, Aurelian, Diocletian. For the rest, just as all the vestiges of the Roman ways take the name of Appius, all the old towers, even if they belong to the middle age, are under the patronage of Nero.

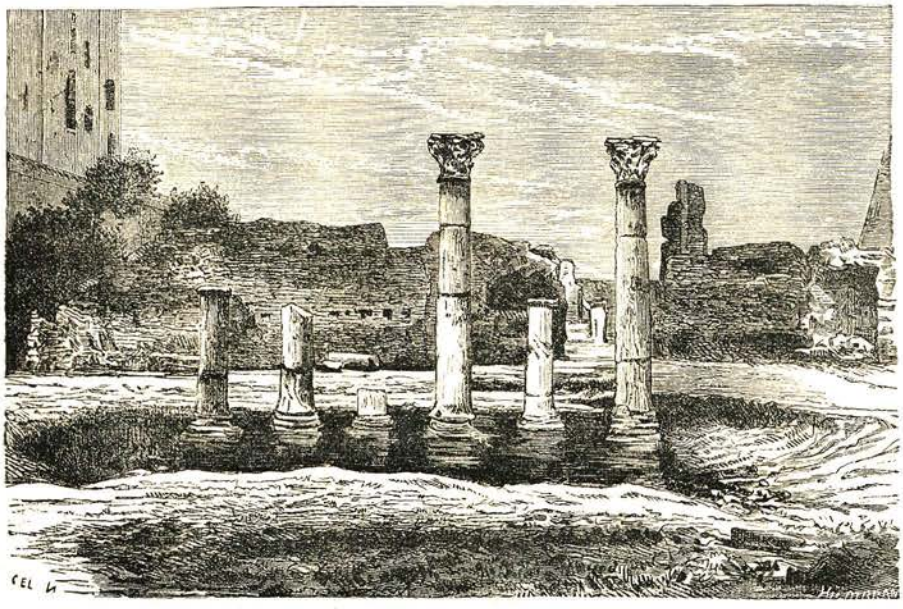
If, as you come down from the southern slope, you continue to keep along towards the left by a series of ruined edifices, you come to some chambers which the Russians have cleared out. They were prepared under Septimius for the instruction of the young patricians; it was a sort of school for pages. Inscriptions in cursive Latin and Greek, caricatures, quotations, signatures drawn with the point of the stilus or knife, confirm the assertions of antiquaries. One of these pieces of facetiousness, which has been placed in the Roman College, proves in a bizarre way, the invasion by Christianity in the second century of the very palace of the Cæsars. Some small youth, by way of teasing one of his comrades, sketches in the plaster a crucified ass, and writes beneath in Greek, 'Cleomenes, behold thy god!'

Up to the time of Constantine the emperors mostly resided on the royal hill. Genseric encamped there in 455, and he carried away from it the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem. After him they only kept up in these palaces a few nooks and corners, to give shelter at long intervals to the diminished heads of the empire. Heraclius sojourned there in the seventh century; Charles the Great took possession of it when he was proclaimed Emperor of the West. He closed the series of the crowned guests of the Palatine, a series that in the stories of the chroniclers opens with Romulus, and goes back in the songs of the poets as far as King Evander.

RESTORATION OF THE CLIVUS VICTORIÆ.

V.

In the public palace the lower courses of most of the rooms have been brought into daylight: the stumps of the columns still mark the galleries, the levelled soil is the roughcast in which the mosaics were laid, of which a few scattered bits are still left. Thanks to these works, the internal arrangement is clearly marked: after the Portico, the Tablinum, a vast chamber, with an apse at the back of it for the throne. Statues formerly adorned this place of reception, situated between the basilica dedicated to Jupiter and the chapel of the Lares. At the lower end of the Regia two issues came out on a Peristylum, a spacious square court surrounded with porticoes, on the sides of which was the approach to some small apartments. Next they entered the Triclinium (*Jovis cœnatio*), with nymphea whose masonry, for that on the right, still subsists. The



REMAINS OF THE LIBRARY OF THE PUBLIC PALACE.

seats used to describe a very elongated oval, to face the benches with which the walls of an oblong chamber were furnished; above the seats there fell a sheet of water collected in narrow basins, and surmounted by rockwork and flowers. At the Tribune of the Triclinium, which was surrounded by columns projecting from broad pilasters, a pavement of mosaic marks the spot where these masters of the world used to feast. Beyond, a second portico covering foundations of the date of the Republic, and further on the Library, reconstructed at the very place where Augustus established two, one for Greek books, the other for Latin. It is contiguous to the Academia, a room for reading and dissertation upon poets and philosophy; it was separated from the Libreria, so that the noise might not disturb the readers; and it was brought next to it so as to have the documents close at hand.

I cannot help remarking on this subject, that relying too much on partisan historians, modern generations are excessively rigorous towards these unlucky emperors, justly odious to the Christians of the time as they were to the republican aristocracy, and whose

history was mainly written with a view to pleasing his successor, and very often his assassin. Had they really fallen into the abject brutishness, the swinish degradation, that is attributed to most of them? These libraries, so near to the banqueting chambers, and which every emperor from Augustus downwards made richer; close by, this academy with its marble tiers of seats for listening to poets and orators and satisfying intellectual enthusiasm—surely here are signs of pleasures of a certain elevation. In our time the need of an Academia is no longer felt in palaces.

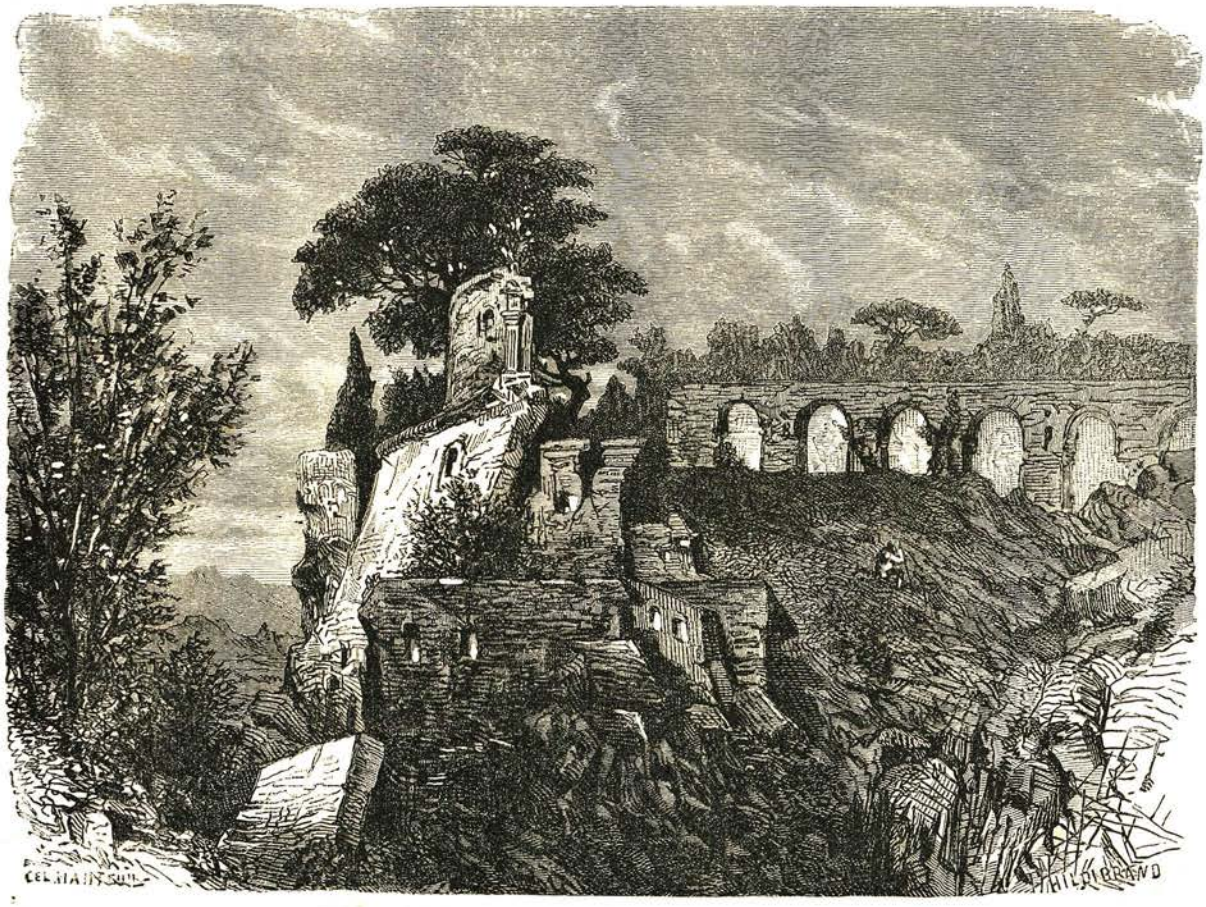
Beyond this hall for conversation, the ground falls away, and at the bottom of a ravine of buildings in fragments, your eyes wander over the narrow valley of the Circus Maximus. Close by at your right is the peribolus, with three steps, of the temple of Jupiter Victor, erected by Q. Fabius Maximus; the Cæsars respected it. On the platform are still to be seen some pillars of this Etruscan building, which was found by the Cav. Rosa on the ides of April, the anniversary of the day on which Ovid informs us that it was dedicated. From the Triclinium, where you see yourself surrounded on every hand by ruins, continued towards the north by the ancient edifices, and next by the modern quarters of Rome, the perspective is such as could only be furnished by a capital six-and-twenty times secular. Yet the fascination of a mystery, of which you have a presentiment, will carry you away from the vision: at the extremity of the Triclinium a hole has allowed the arrangement of some steps, which, penetrating through two series of crypts, introduce you into an underground Tablinum. Windows and doors have been walled up in these now subterranean chambers, one of which has preserved an archivolt as well as an arch, decorated with paintings finely touched on clear grounds; a number of figures of divinities, a Sacrifice to the Lares, and in the neighbouring room two personages in fresco, of a particularly fine style. Had this palace several stories, and did it touch the house of the son of Octavianus? What is certain is that through the ruins of this profound cavern you discern other crypts profounder still.

VI.

Viewed from the Murcian valley, where the Circus Maximus was, the southern slope of the Palatine is as a tapestry of ruins. One day as we were returning by these from an expedition round the Porta Capena, a young officer suddenly exclaimed, 'Do they know the scene of the rape of the Sabines?' I made haste to explain to him that this event is a fable, that the kings are symbols, the most ancient consuls myths, and I should have gone on scepticizing much longer, if the Abbé had not met me with Ancus's enclosure in the Aventine, the prison of the Tullianum, and the Tarquinian cloaca, real works, and of stone rather too heavy to be handled by chimerical abstractions. 'If we are to believe the historians,' continued the Abbé, 'it must have been on the very spot where we now are, that the Romans carried off the Sabine women; Romulus having chosen this valley, which extends between the Aventine and the Palatine, there to celebrate games in honour of a god Consus, that is, Neptunus Equestris. This space was henceforth consecrated to their festivals. Tarquin there set up the first circus, which growing larger from age to age, has remained the largest of all, the Circus Maximus. In the time of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, it held nearly one hundred and fifty thousand spectators; Vespasian having altered it, one hundred

thousand persons more could find quarters in it, according to Pliny. After Constantine this figure was augmented by one hundred and thirty thousand more under Aurelius Victor; others carry it as far as four hundred thousand. It was at the side of the Circus Maximus that, 493 years before Christ, Spurius Cassius erected the finest temple the republican era had as yet produced, though far less sumptuous than that of the kings. So the consul, accused of aspiring to the throne, was hurled from the Tarpeian rock.'

In ordinary language we have come to confound circuses with amphitheatres. Among the Romans the circus was not a round monument, but a very elongated enclosure (more than a kilomètre), making a course for chariots, men, and horses

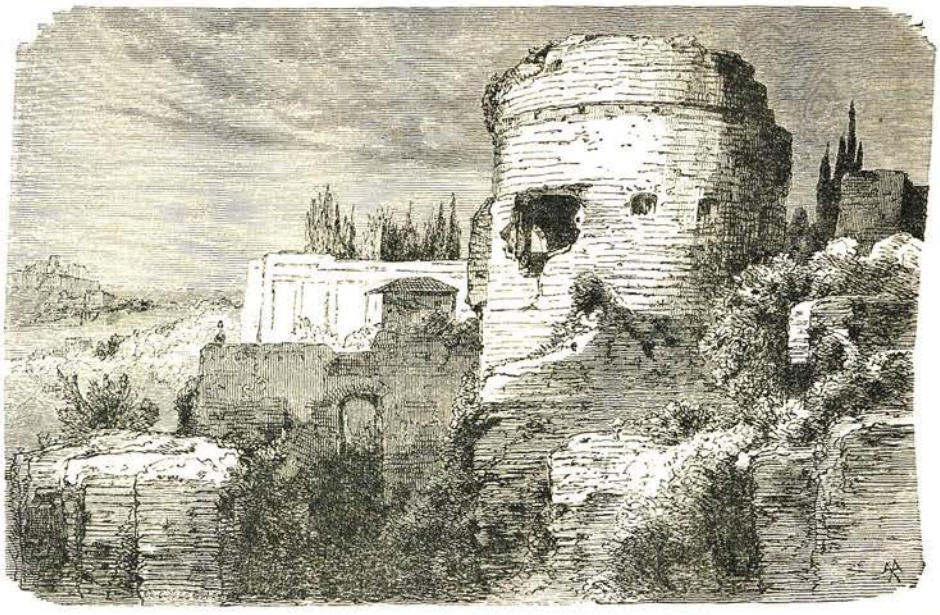


RUINS OF THE PALATINE, TOWARDS THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS.

between the terraces covered with seats, and nearly parallel to one another. The circus is wider at the entrance than at the other end, which allows the cars to be arranged at starting in the shape of a fan, so as to equalise the conditions of distance between them. To mark what we should now call the course, a road divides the circus in two throughout its length, only leaving at the extremity room for the course or arena, which turns the spur of it. This kind of causeway, called the Spina, was drawn rather obliquely, in such a way as to leave more breadth at the starting-post where the cars were not yet in a file, than at the goal, where they would only go out one by one. The principal ornament of the circus was this Spina, which was less than two metres high, and in breadth only from eight to nine, and on which from all sides the eyes of the onlookers were directed, because it divided the arena. So on this

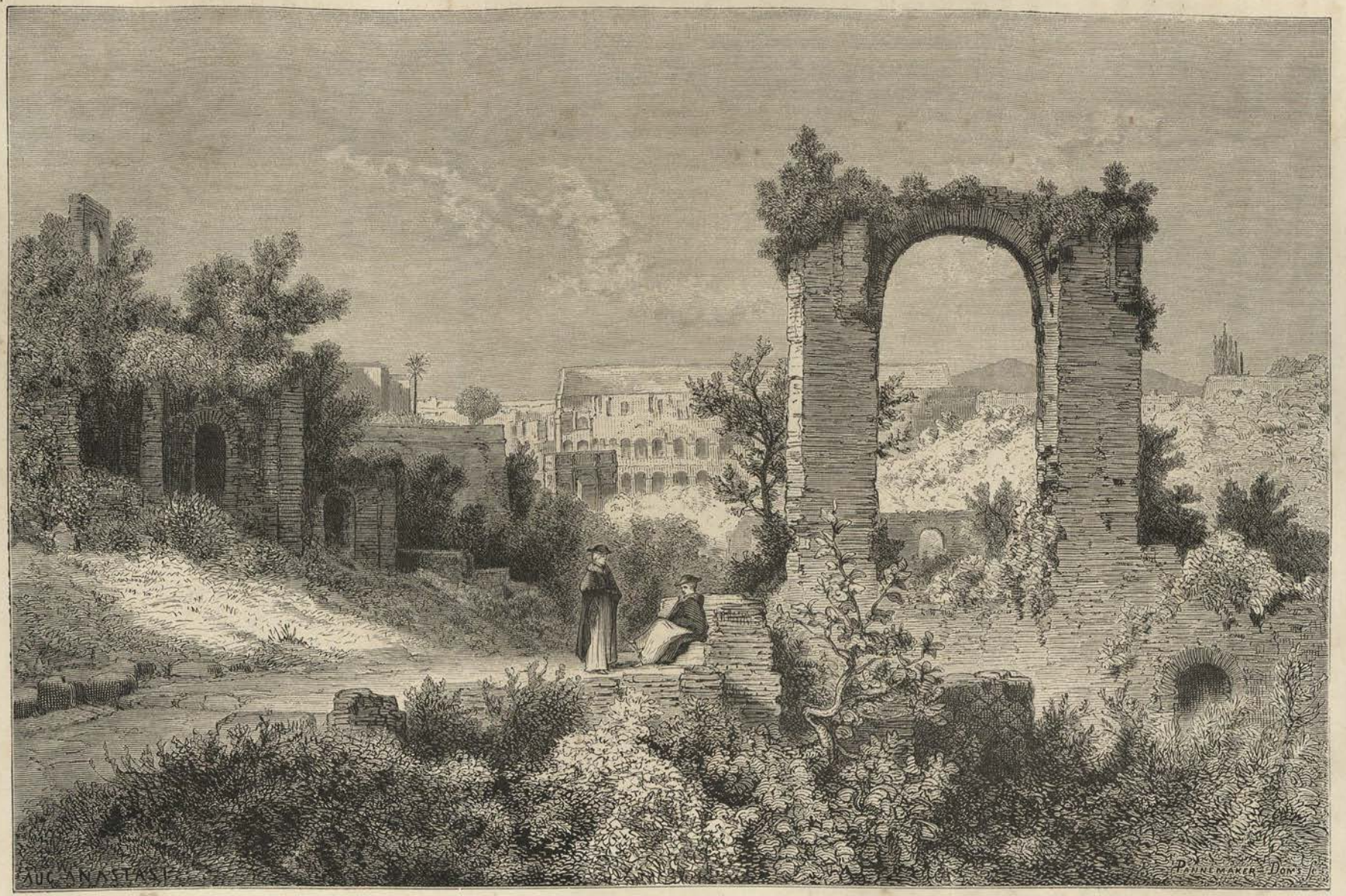
long causeway art had collected all the charms at its disposal; there were ranged round the narrow channel filled for irrigation, the master-pieces of Greek statuary and the curiosities of the East. It was there that they found the obelisks that decorate the Piazza del Popolo and that of St. John Lateran. Thirteen arches on a segment of a circle formed the Carceres, from which the cars, to the number of twelve, shot forth; the arch in the middle only introduced the festal procession, *pompa circensis*. At each end of the Carceres rose towers, on which they stationed fifes, drums, and trumpets, to animate the horses by their fanfares. Under a small portico the charioteers prepared themselves, divided by their colours into four *factions*, Albata, Russata, Prasina, Veneta (white, red, green, and azure). Above the Carceres, and between the towers, on the terrace of the Oppidum, gathered the privileged amateurs, betting men, and owners.

At a given signal the barriers were lowered, and the cars came forth, four in a row, one of each colour. They filed before the Podium, which supported the tiers separated by their Præcinctiones: a broad fringe crowded with people. The competing rivals



OLD TOWER OF THE PALATINE, FACING THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS.

began by passing in front of the first Pulvinar, a projecting box appropriated to the ædiles, censors, and prætors, in a word to the civic authorities. It was under the censors Flaccus and Posthumius Albinus, one hundred and seventy-three years before our era, that boxes were for the first time placed at the disposal of these magistrates. As for the senators, up to the time of Scipio Africanus, they remained mixed up with the crowd; for separating them from the plebs at the scenic representations of the Megalesia, Scipio raised a great clamour. The senatorial box and its neighbour, which divided the right side into two equal portions, almost faced another and loftier Pulvinar, where, as the word shows, the seats were covered with cushions: this, communicating with the Regiæ of the Palatine, was reserved for the court and the emperor. Four doors gave access to the arena, two at the side of the towers of the Oppidum, a third in front of the first goal, the fourth at the extremity of the circus. These goals were conical, and had on the top an egg, in honour of the Dioscuri, whom Leda hatched like swans. On the pedestals were bas-reliefs representing the games of the circus. Seven movable eggs of gilded wood were arranged conspicuously in sight on a small



VIEW FROM THE PALATINE, TOWARDS THE CŒLIAN.

temple at the back of the Spina; they served to mark the progress of the running; one was withdrawn at each circuit, and to complete the race seven were needed. Finally, at the points of entry and egress, that is near the Carceres, a wall pierced with a hole was crossed by a beam, whence the Linea began, a tight cord which marked the moment of starting and that of coming in.

The circuses were not used merely for races of chariots and horses; wrestling, boxing, foot races, the chase after ferocious animals, varied the spectacles. It was in this theatre that Androcles, when exposed to the beasts, was caressed by a lion of his acquaintance; they had met in the deserts of Africa, and Androcles had relieved the lion of a thorn in its foot. Everybody in his childhood has been charmed with this anecdote, which Aulus Gellius has contributed to the history of famous animals, from the narrative of Apio, a grammarian of the first century, who was a witness of the incident. The circuses also served for curious exhibitions; it was here that Æmilius Scaurus, to inaugurate his ædileship, showed to the Quirites a hippopotamus and five crocodiles. Julius Cæsar exposed there the first giraffe they ever saw; Pompeius had a procession of four hundred and ten panthers, and Augustus four hundred and twenty. Caligula displayed one hundred and twenty-four pounds in weight in silver; Claudius the crown of the ancient kings of Hither Spain, weighing seven thousand pounds, and that of Gallia Barbeta, which weighed nine hundred.

We seated ourselves on stones, facing the Palatine all bristling with ancient constructions entangled in brambles and masses of bindweed. The base of the hill along the broad and empty Via de' Cerchi is marked by a line of houses often broken; habitations devoted to suburban traffic. But the façades are only appendages; these barns, stables, workshops, are contrived in the boxes and Fornici of the Circus Maximus. At the back of us, among great wan reeds, bordering a watercourse, for which the deified Julius made the channel, some arches served to measure the breadth of the circus—about seven hundred and fifty-five feet. These ruins, which disappear slowly under ground, are low and almost concealed; the street is white and dusty as the roads of Languedoc.

VII.

We returned by the Forum, and I went to continue my old reveries among the Dominicans of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva. You are most auspiciously quartered in their library for a commentary on Livy, and this is the companion to be followed to the Circus Maximus to assist at the chariot races, at the Games of Troy, or those *decursiones* or parades, which were the delight of a warlike nation, until indolence and cruelty had substituted slaves and wild beasts for the gymnastic exercises of a noble youth. One loves to picture these diversions of the republican era, when the flower of the Roman nobles entertained the people with warlike exhibitions. One day while Æmilius Paulus was carrying on war against Perseus, a scene happened here which recalls the heroic times of Athens.

The struggle was prolonged; on the issue of the war hung the definitive possession or the loss of Greece. So Rome was in a state of anxious expectation, and the public solicitude threw a sombre shadow over the accustomed celebration of the great games of the Circus, fixed for the 15th of the Kalends of October. Still, as the air was mild

and the sun gentle, an enormous crowd thronged the seats of the theatre; even outside the circus, along the Aventine slopes, above the shambles and the statue of Vertumna, adjoining the old house of Scipio Africanus, recently taken to make room for the Sempronian basilica; in the opposite direction as far as the summit of the Palatine, where the buildings seemed a continuation of the alveoli of the Circus, a countless crowd looked gloomily down into the arena. Let us now allow Livy to speak:—'As the consul Licinius was mounting his chariot to give the signal for the race, a messenger, professing to have come from Macedonia, held out despatches to him; they were wreathed in laurel. The chariots started, then the consul mounts again into his car, and as he drives along the circus in front of the seats where the public were, he displays to all the people the tablets enveloped with laurel. At such a sight, the crowd plunge into the middle of the arena, following the consul; the senators are called, the missive is read to them, and the consul announces to the people that his colleague Æmilius has given battle, that the army of the Greeks is annihilated, King Perseus in flight, and all the cities of Macedonia in the power of the Roman people. At these words an immense shout is raised; the games are abandoned, and men run off to their homes to tell the glorious news to their wives and their old men.' The next day came to Rome three delegates from Æmilius, for the purpose of formally announcing the great victory. Hurried along by the popular torrent, and followed by an innumerable throng, they went as far as the Forum, and made their way into the Tribunal, where the Senate could scarcely keep them, such was the eagerness of the people assembled under the porticoes to hear them. By order of the consul, the temples were all opened, and the population hastened to offer thanks to the gods. Decreed by unanimous vote, the triumph of L. Æmilius Paulus lasted three days; he triumphed over Perseus and Macedonia and over envy itself, and the magnificence of the procession outdid all that had ever been known. We can almost recall this procession as, from the Porta Capena to the Clivus Capitolinus, we again perform this pilgrimage with Livy and Plutarch for our guides, beset by a throng of shadows that they restore to life before you. The first day is hardly enough to see the display, upon two hundred and fifty cars, of the statues and pictures that have been taken, the remains of the splendours of Philip and Alexander the Great. Many a halt was necessary, for the people learnt how to admire: it was a fine art exhibition, and a horticultural exhibition also, for from the first of the great expeditions to the East, they used to carry the rare trees of Arabia and India along in boxes.

The next day, on a still greater number of cars, were carried the arms of the Macedonians, newly burnished and resplendent. Then came, four and four, burdened with seven hundred and fifty vessels filled with coined money, three thousand men, followed by other soldiers supporting on their shoulders, or holding in their hands, goblets of chased silver, bowls covered with bas-reliefs, enormous cornucopias decorated with embossings of admirable workmanship. Thus wealth to the amount of one hundred and thirty million sesterces passed along—so considerable an acquisition for the Treasury, that the people were for a long while free from taxation in consequence.

At the dawn of the third day, the march opened with the sound of trumpets, which instead of blowing the blasts usual on holidays, gave out the music of war-songs. Then was seen advancing a splendid offering, a hundred and twenty fatted oxen with gilded horns and fillets, led by heifers girt with bright scarves, and escorted by children bearing golden pateræ. Then after the canephoræ laden with precious metals, they

admired the golden cup enriched with precious stones, which L. Æmilius intended to offer after the sacrifice, and the golden pateræ which had adorned the banquets of the Greek kings, as well as the gold and silver from the board of Perseus. At the approach of the children of Perseus, a daughter and two youths, who walked amid their tutors with hands uplifted in supplication, the old men could not restrain their tears.

Perseus himself, their redoubtable foe, wearing mourning garments, walked by the side of the queen as one stupefied, from whom calamity has taken away all feeling. His courtiers, with faces bathed in tears and their eyes fixed on him, forgot their woes in his. Immediately behind the victorious procession recommenced;—forty

STAIRCASE IN THE PALACE OF CALIGULA.

messengers, bearing as many crowns of gold offered to Æmilius Paulus by the cities of Greece and Asia.

Finally, on a lofty triumphal car, whose bright gilding sparkled through the laurels, followed by men of eminence, escorted by squadrons of cavalry and cohorts, who with branches in their hands sang in hoarse and bantering tones the customary parodies, appeared in his purple mantle, with the threefold majesty of age, rank, and an insurmountable sadness, the victorious consul, Æmilius Paulus. As, having passed the height of the Esquiline and turned the corner of the hill of Romulus, he proceeded into that portion of the Via Sacra which traverses a narrow valley between the foot of the Viminal, where the tribes of the quarter of the Suburra had stationed themselves, and the Palatine, of which the habitations displayed up to the roofs a second

population above that which crowded the scaffoldings, a spontaneous impulse bowed all the immense host before the consul. All Rome knew that of the two children who were the heirs of his name, and who ought to have figured after him in the toga prætexta, the youngest had died five days before the triumph, and the elder had only a few hours to live. So he passed along, insensible to his glory; he preserved the same stoical dignity when, giving to the people a report of the events of the great war which had dragged on for four years, and which he brought to an end in a fortnight, he concluded with this peroration:—'My fortune was too good; I mistrusted it; I feared, for the return of our armies and the treasures that I was bringing back, all the perils of the sea. But after all was brought without harm into Italy, having no longer anything to wish, and yet still threatened with the terrors of Fortune, I prayed the gods that their rigour might rather strike my house than the republic. This is why I hope that the commonwealth will be acquitted of her debt to fate, thanks to my misfortunes, and because my triumph, decisive of our destinies, took place between the funeral rites of my two sons. Perseus and I offer two examples of the lot of mortal men: he who in fetters sees his children led along captive, but yet who possesses them still; and I, who mounted aloft in the triumphal car, fresh from the funeral of one son, only came down from the Capitol to find the other expiring. Of so noble a line there will not one be left to bear the name of L. Æmilius Paulus; of the house of Æmilius, except an old man, there survives nothing!'

So he triumphed, the victorious consul, and the world saw him without envy. The men on his way meant by their shouts to sustain his high courage; the mothers stretched out their arms to him, and flowers were scattered before him. In the Forum, the enthusiasm became a delirium. Æmilius Paulus remained impassive. Leaving at his back the temple of Concord, and turning the corner of the portico of Saturn, he came to an end of the ascent of the triumphal way; he entered a silent temple, into the presence of pontiffs deaf to such woes, to offer thanks to Jupiter, the Mightiest and Most Excellent.

ARICCIA AND ITS VIADUCT.

CHAPTER XVI.

Excursion to the Alban Hills.—Aspect of Albano.—Road to Castel-Gandolfo (*Galleria*).—A village Iliad.—The lake of Alba and its geology.—Map of Latium by the Cavaliere Rosa.—Goethe on the site of Rome.—Works of Pius IX. at Genzano and Ariccia.—President Sauzet and the woods of Albano.—Sixtus V. and the brigands.—Rocca di Papa.—The *emissarium* of Camillus.—Legend of Domenichino and the Communion of St. Jerome.—Domitian at the chase.—Site of Alba Longa.—Halt at the Ferentine spring.—Marino and the Colonna.—Legend of the Madonna of St. Barnabas.—Frescoes of Zampieri at the convent of Grotta Ferrata.—Ascent of the Via Tusculana.—Origin and remains of Tusculum.—Descent into Frascati.—Visit to the Aldobrandini Borghese villa.—Physiognomy of the town, and view from the terrace.

I.

AFTER some months of residence at Rome, after incessant occupation amid ruins, basilicas, galleries, libraries, one is struck with a desire to be among fields and woods. This is what happened to me one fine morning in February, when I had gone at daybreak to take the air in the gardens of the Pincian. The sky was pure and the sun smiling; the flowers that with us belong to April, diffused persuasive odours: I felt myself touched with the *mal des montagnes*. The attack was so irresistible that I returned instantly to arouse my companion, ready for any vagabond fancy, and I carried her off to the *ferro-via* of Naples, which you have to leave at Albano to ascend to the forests and lakes of the Alban hills, one of the rural paradises of the Pontifical States.

In the artificial rusticity of the first miles, you do not discover the true Latin

campagna as nature made it; you understand that the ground was once covered with buildings, and it still preserves numerous traces of them. I was surprised to see how far the assertions of ancient authors were justified by evidence of our own time. 'All the regions surrounding the city are inhabited,' writes Dionysius of Halicarnassus; 'if anybody supposes that he can measure the size of Rome, he will find his mistake, being unable to recognise by any certain sign where the city ends and where it begins. The suburbs are so closely joined to it, as to convey the idea to one traversing them of a city prolonged indefinitely.' 'It descends,' says in his turn Aristides of Smyrna, who travelled in the time of the Antonines, 'as far as the sea, the common market and warehouse of all the productions of the earth. So vast is this Rome, that at whatever point you halt, there is nothing to prevent you from supposing yourself in the very middle of the city.' Confirming these statements by proof of figures, Cassiodorus informs us that in the middle of the fourth century the population of this queen of cities reached 5,184,072 inhabitants. Under the Emperor Claudius the census, of which the figures are transmitted by Tacitus, gave 6,944,000 citizens.* At the end of the sojourn of the popes at Avignon, there only remained in Rome 17,000 souls; to-day they do not count 180,000.

In traversing these solitudes, better than in the city itself, where the diversity of objects absorbs the mind, I felt the impressions which Montaigne has described with such warmth and point. 'I could not see the tomb of this city so great and powerful without admiration and reverence. I was acquainted with the affairs of Rome long before I was acquainted with those of my own house; I knew the Capitol and its plan before I knew the Louvre, and the Tiber before the Seine. And I am so enchanted by it, that the state of this old Rome, free, just, and flourishing, stirs interest and warms enthusiasm in me. Why could I never see these ruins deep as the antipodes, without finding myself fascinated? It is the only common and universal city. . . . . it is the mother city of all Christian nations; every one there is at home. Its very ruin is glorious and exalting; it still retains in the tomb the marks and the image of empire.'

As soon as you begin the ascent of the Alban hills the spectacle changes; from the iron way which we went gliding along, turning the foot of the chain, we had glimpses of primitive nature. The station of Albano is a considerable distance from the town, and to reach it you reckon on an omnibus, which will not take the trouble of a journey when the profits are doubtful; so we had to go up the high road on foot for a long hour. It was too late to describe as déjeuner the meal for which we felt cravings, when having passed up the chief street of Albano, which is spacious, irregular, and pierced with sombre openings in mysterious edifices, we entered the Hôtel de Russie, a sort of strong castle, of which the façade at the back is escarped on the slope of the hill; a Locanda of the old style, where in the resounding upper stories you may forget yourself all day long, in contemplating the green undulations of Latium reaching down to the Tyrrhene sea. We felt ourselves all at once far removed from ordinary places of abode. The town lay asleep in that sadness of the dead season, of which the watering places of the Rhine in winter would give a just idea. To this is joined the absence of anything like protection: in the streets they had examined us as curious prey, without the least apparent good-will. When we went out, guides lay in wait for us at the door, and it was not easy to get rid of them.

* The better opinion is that the population of Rome was between 700,000 and 800,000.—TRANS.

Some charming water-colours we had seen a few evenings before, made us impatient to go to Castel Gandolfo by an old embanked road, carried in some way over the projecting roots of an avenue of trees, eight times secular; their umbrageousness, through which you discover all the lower country between the branches, has justly procured for this high avenue the name of Galleria. These giant trees that the sea wind has tossed and overthrown without destroying, still resist, all distorted as they are in the most violent shapes; dear to the people, they are propped by great wooden bulks, and pillars of brickwork; a cavernous trunk, of which only the bark remains, will be filled up by a tower of rubbish. And under the dark shadow of the oaks, lindens, planes, sycamores, cork trees, the slopes are carpetted with moss mingled with ivy, with laurels under which cyclamens and periwinkles glow. Through the medallions made by the lower branches of the trees, the warm air of the plain mounts up to the freshness of this air.

After undergoing the pleasantries of some comely damsels who, in a court surrounded with green slopes, were chattering and posing round a fountain, we approached, not without apprehension, for evening had brought the inhabitants about their doors, the hilly street of Castel Gandolfo, which, lying between two precipices, has by way of balustrade on either side the double row of its ancient houses. In their construction you distinguish a traditional style truly rustic and local, grafted on inveterate habit: why in these Latin hamlets did I think of the Etruscans? This is what I could not explain. For the rest, in the strange manifestation of public curiosity, you divine the primitive tribe with its inflammable passions. All this forms a bizarre ensemble that you seize with interest, and perhaps with some disquiet also; the further we advanced, the more did the latter sentiment master the other.

Our nationality which is so often embarrassing, was more unpopular than ever. At this moment the French held under bolt and bar in the prison of Albano some fifteen of the great chiefs of strife, who had stirred up the people, fermented a league with Marino, with Ariccia, with the mountaineers of Rocca di Papa, and organized a plan of attack for invading Castel Gandolfo with about seven hundred allies, and burning it to the ground. The prisoners, before whose place of detention we passed the next day, launched prayers to us through the gratings of the ground floor, and from each of their windows issued at the end of a long rod a leathern purse, by the aid of which these fettered warriors, appealing to the liberality of the passers by, fished for pence. Such is the custom. As soon as they are oppressed, they beg. But this detail does not at all obscure the heroic virtues, which in such circumstances had been excited by a legitimate grievance. Castel Gandolfo is regarded as a privileged place, because the popes have their summer villa there. Exalted by such lofty patronage, these contadini have become too proud: envy accuses them of believing that they are allowed to do anything. However that may be, two proprietors of Albano being out sporting on the territory of the people of Castel Gandolfo, the latter pursued them with guns, wounded one of the Albans, and killed the other. The body was brought home on a litter; it was covered with laurel and myrtle; a crowd collected and vowed vengeance; the religious orders, echoing the popular sentiment, honoured the victim with solemn obsequies; then they marched in disorder upon Castel Gondolfo, which defended itself and added another victim to the first. Then was concluded the Alban league, which the French soldiers, less reverent than the gods of Olympus, hindered from accomplishing its destiny. A citizen of Gandolfo, to whom we spoke, sang to us in pompous

strains this miscarried Iliad, insisting on the grievances of the country against France, and extolling the mildness of the good folk who had allowed us to brave them even at their own doors without cutting our throats. So much clemency was worth at least a baioccho, and this was the rhapsodist's peroration.

At the top of this agitated village rise nearly sheer from the lake of Albano the dome and terraces of the pontifical villa. As near the church you wander on the heights above the lake of Albano, you are struck with the contrast presented between the symmetrical regularity of its circumference and the wildness of the banks. This piece of oval water, in a frame as of an amphitheatre, seems imitated from a drinking cup half filled; the lake of Albano occupies the bottom of a crater.

Over this gulf, whence once rushed out streams of fire, the stars now mirrored themselves in the water, and the liquid stratum collected over the ancient furnace is not less than four hundred feet. The edge of the bowl is in some places formed by a succession of tiers, which helps still more to give the idea of a watery coliseum, which should be three leagues in circumference and from six to seven hundred feet high. The return to Albano by the same way towards nightfall, when the twisted trees of the Galleria put on the distorted attitudes of overthrown colossi, presents on the opposite bank, where the sun went down towards the sea, sights perhaps still more striking. Half dissolved in a stormy sky, the sun was eclipsed in the centre of a Gloria, darting in every direction long bars of red, as far as the water, where they became level and melted into fluid.

A good fire awaited us in our hotel-fort, of which the upper story had been left at our disposal. We traversed its deserted garrets, along with the wind and the mice, finding all ready and seeing no one; an attentive mute ultimately served us a rural supper, moistened with a red wine of Albano, which is the beaujolais of these lands, and distinguished by a fennel salad. Fennel is a plant that loves ruins, which it clothes with waving tresses: what they call the tomb of the Curiatii, and which others give without better reason to Pompeius, is entirely clothed with it. The bright green of the fennel also brings its complementary tints to the reddish ruins of the gardens of the Villa Doria, disposed among the ruins of a country house that once belonged to Domitian. Mingled with patches of wall in reticulated courses, these grounds displayed under our windows trees of biblical amplitude, at the back of which you see the slope of Albano gradually breaking away, and the boundless plain stretching far into the azure. But to gather the finocchio in abundance, you must go and share it with the goats in the grounds of the reformed monks of San Paolo; orchards and coppices spreading out over the tiers of an ancient amphitheatre, which has been changed into a basket of fruit. Outside in the lodges they have set up sheep-folds; the centre is a tiny garden, and this little handle of verdure has no outlet save by a breach from which you discover, between a grove perched on ruins and a piece of wall contemporary with Sulla, Latium and the sea stretching beyond sight. Behold two little pictures suggested by a salad!

II.

As at Rome and its environs, this district and its hamlets are full of historic memories, of monuments, of mysteries unfathomable in these solitudes, where the

ROAD TO CASTEL-GANDOLFO: LA GALLERIA.

BANKS OF THE LAKE OF NEMI.

sovereign aristocracy of the world concealed its inmost life. These country scenes that nature has clothed in supreme beauty have not been disfigured by the modern time; as we go through them, we smile at their striking resemblance to the pictures that the Latin poets have drawn of them.

In the early morning we again saw from another point, and in the lights of a different hour, the profound hollow of the lake of Albano. On the terrace of the Capucins, the point of view is higher and the solitude more complete, and you can observe geologically the bizarre configuration of a region that volcanoes have overflowed twice or thrice. It was on the slope of these counterforts that mild and intelligent peoples had supported on the sacred forests of Algidus, before a radiant site, the houses of Alba Longa, which speedily grew rich, for everybody wished to go and live in this Elysium, which, unluckily, could not render itself formidable. It was for the leisures of peace that the gods had got ready these mountain slopes, destined to become the prey of a ruder race, installed in such a way as to possess nothing except by conquest. For the hilly ground and uneven trenches among which a few adventurers came and planted Rome, was uncultivated from all antiquity. An unhealthy soil engendering fevers, swamps instead of valleys, stony mounds thrown confusedly here and there, broke the plain and formed a triple enclosure; such was the earliest possession of the Quirites and the land of their choice.

Nothing is more advantageous than to have studied, before setting out for Albano, the geological map of Rome, fixed to a wall by Pietro Rosa, and the fruit of observations enlightened by matchless sagacity. The analysis of the district shows that no place was entrenched in such a way as to be so easily defended as Rome, or so difficult to force even by a considerable body of troops. From the Capitol, from the Palatine, from the Cœlian, on the contrary, as well as from other points, the offensive was in every direction both practicable and covered. Besides this, in proportion as the circle of Roman occupation grew larger, nature from furlong to furlong had arranged lines already fortified, and distant parallels round the centre of action.

All this the plan of Cavalier Rosa enables you to place your finger upon, by showing how the configuration of the district results from the furnace of the Alban hills, which overflowed the greater part of Latium. It explains why the Romans, destined to master the whole of the known universe, were obliged to spend two centuries in gaining foot by foot the small tribes, of nearly equal force, who flourished within a radius of thirty miles round the Pomœrium. To meet their obstinate defence, strengthened as it was by incessant leagues, Rome had on her side only the choice of ground. She had established herself in the only situation which, in the existing state of communities and of military combinations, was to mass a province round a village and then make of this small kernel the capital of Italy, and then of Italy itself the head of an enormous polypus. In his surprise that the vultures did not construct for themselves in the groves of Albano a dove's nest, Goethe mistook the warlike and aggressive instinct which directed these founders of empires to the true strategic point, and made them brave the ungraciousness of a soil that was thankless even to sterility. They could not possibly have made such blunders unwittingly; it must have been, then, that in quartering themselves in their labyrinth of arid slopes, the Romans adjudged to themselves by anticipation the fine plantations of the hills and the plains, and felt that the neighbours who lived on them were to be made their growers and purveyors.

Through umbrageous avenues, through forests regretted by nymphs, through the towns of Genzano and Ariccia, expressly arranged for painters, we reached the Villa Cesarini, the other extremity of a woody plateau which on one side envelops the lake of Albano and on the other the lake of Nemi. Hollowed out at the back of Albano, the crater of the lake of Nemi is not so wide, but more escarped and more regular than the other; its edges join the plateau by pasture-lands, and a village of an original aspect; this circle of verdure is more rustic with less wildness. You descend to the brink of the water by the sinuosities of the Cesarini park, which is neglected and nearly sheer. A diadem of forest crowns the lake; its bared branches sketched a dark fringe against the hoar frost of the Monte Cavo, on to the summit of which Virgil makes Juno come down, to watch the contests of Æneas with Turnus. To the right is the peak of the Monte Jove, with its tufted grove, which replaces a destroyed temple; under our feet, at a formidable depth slumbered the lake. We made our way down by these charming paths, where you have the curious emotion of leaning without danger over an abyss. All along this *crase* down to the water's edge it is nothing but turf sprinkled with rocks, tufts of laurustinus, and the flowering wild cherry; the ground was crowded with blue and violet hyacinths, camomile, and crocus of many hues. Olive, cactus, aloe, date,—green trees in the distance made dark by contrast with the snows,—married winter to spring, Switzerland to Magna Græcia.

As in amazement, turning the branches aside, bounding over the roots, one follows the circle of the water, all that one has seen is forgotten; the pastoral reveries of one's affections are all effaced. There is nowhere a ground plan comparable to these low rocks with their riband of murmuring fountains, mingled with oaks and planes bending over the water. Through openings, the eye ascends cascades of vine branches and mossy grass; steep pastures with she-goats wandering, and sheep whose type recalls those which, in the mosaics of the twelfth century, figure among the satellites of the Lamb. This estate belonged in 1671 to a nephew of Urban VIII., Cardinal Antonio Barberini, once the almoner of Anne of Austria and Lewis XIV., afterwards Bishop of Poictiers and Archbishop of Rheims. The Marquis of Seignelay, who visited him there, adds to this account:—'I saw nothing at Nemi worthy of remark.'

The way back is shortened by three viaducts, with which the popes have presented these slopes all cut up by ravines. At Genzano, to which we had come by following a round of the old via Appia, which went by there before crossing through the country of the Volsci to Anxur, you first come upon the bridge of Gregory XVI. Pius IX. has done more: he has thrown viaducts over the two abysses, and that of Ariccia is so deep, that it has required one of those bridges of three superposed ranges of arches, which figure among the wonders worthy of comparison with ancient achievements. The splendour of the site enhances the style of the erection. Near the entrance to Albano you see a pyramid, flanked at the corners by cones; for the erudite of the village it is the tomb of Aruns. 'At any rate it is the tomb of some one,' Brid'oison would say. On the new via Appia, Pius IX. has marked his sixteenth and seventeenth mile. He has inscribed them on *metæ* of antique shape, with an antiquarian ambition that one is glad to honour.

III.

It is a good thing for certain mountaineering expeditions to hire an ass, so as to have an ass-driver instead of a cicerone for your guide. Only the practice teaches you that on occasion the ciceroni turn themselves into ass-drivers, without shrinking from both one trade and the other; and this is what happened to us. Among the officious folk who from the moment of our arrival, at a season when visitors are scarce, had not ceased to haunt the threshold of the hotel, my Pylades had chosen the poorest in appearance; for my part I had singled him out for his civil mien, and I reflected that he was one whom it would be better to keep in front of one than to leave behind. He was a little old man, very bony, with an unkempt beard; his weasel-face, his eye as of live coal, suggested uneasy thoughts; his restless and disquieted physiognomy put him in a class between the unhappy and the criminal. His name was Conte, and he answered to the compromising surname of Alicetto, a term derived from *alicetta*—small poniard.

The first day on which we brought him into our service, we had before lunch only a stroll on the side of Lanuvium; we left the ass in the stable, and contented ourselves with the driver, who made himself indispensable as he described the intricacy of the roads and the insecurity of the country. Alicetto was full of small attentions; a very poodle in gentleness, a snail in prudence and timidity. As we returned to Albano towards noon, we sent him to saddle his ass and begged him to return after he had dined: we wished to employ the rest of the day in going round the lake through the woods, in identifying the ancient *via triumphalis* of the Alban mount, in ascending the deserted counterforts of the Monte Cavo, as far as Rocca di Papa, an escarped hamlet to which the landscape painter enticed us. At the end of twenty minutes Alicetto and his beast halted at our door, which gave me a high idea of the moderation of the master. During this second expedition and in the depths of the forest our guide showed much less reserve; his chatter exhibited him as proud of a certain knowledge, and disposed to give a very strong opinion of himself. He had long wavered between the monastic vocation and that of a postilion, but love had ruled his career; his wife after giving him fifteen children had died, leaving the two youngest on his hands. The daughters, all settled except the youngest, were angels; the boys were small sheep; only, one was in prison for having tried to set fire to Castel Gandolfo; and another was in retreat under bolt and bar at Rome, because being coachman to the impressario of the Apollo, and wishing on the occasion of the last carnival to procure respect for some female dancers whom he was driving, he found himself compelled in the interests of rightful precedence to rip up with his knife the belly of the coachman of some monsignore. But what could be done? The other was too big and too strong for this *poverino fanciullo*, soft as honey, etc. From this moment and as soon as ever we had got far away from all houses, the talk of the father of these lambs turned to the adventures of brigands and the stories of *coltellate*, with an enthusiastic predilection.

One evening at Pistoia the abbé A*** told me that twelve years before, in April, 1853, in the very woods through which we were now passing, he had been stopped by bandits with a party, of whom one was M. Sauzet, formerly president of the Chamber

of Deputies; that taking aim at them, the brigands had ordered them to throw themselves flat on the ground; that in this posture they had searched and rifled them; finally their misadventure ended judicially in three sentences of condemnation, including that of the guide who had led them into the ambuscade. I was hardly thinking of this anecdote, when towards the end of the lake, the worthy Alicetto asks me if we knew the Signor Auzette, an old president. Thereupon he informs us with candour that twelve years ago he had brought the president Sauzet and his family to these slopes, accompanied by a captain and a *canonico francese*. 'We were just where we are now, when men started out of the grotto you see there, levelled arms at us, and extorted ransoms. I even ran the risk of *una causarella*, because one of the brigands said good-day to me as he passed.'

The discovery was not absolutely reassuring. After such a confidence I insisted on quietly keeping Alicetto on in front, and following him closely. I admit there were extenuating circumstances. The site was superb; Mrs. Radcliffe could have invented nothing finer. On the wooded amphitheatre to the left were the terraces, the roofs, and the dome of Castel Gandolfo; the sun gilded the façade of Palazzuolo; in front of us the lake in its longest extent, a blue sheet three miles in diameter; and beyond the slope of this Coliseum of verdure and water, the whole Roman campagna as far as Soracte.

Alicetto drew me away from this scene, to show me the remains of an aqueduct of the Cæsars, and further off beyond Palazzuolo the ruin of a consular mausoleum. A small valley all shut in involved him in a dissertation on Tarquin, who had established his head-quarters there: and on Hannibal, who came after him in the back part of the same recess. Decidedly Conte, surnamed Alicetto, might as well have been Benedictine as postilion.

We had just entered a forest of chestnuts, when as we passed by the old road to Naples, recognisable by its pavement, our guide obstinately bent on peopling these solitudes with dreadful legendary figures, told us in a more or less disfigured shape a story handed down by tradition for three centuries. Pope Sixtus V. having taken upon himself to free these regions from the malefactors who infested them, pursued them in person, and devised warlike stratagems against them. One day in order to capture a whole band the pontiff took it into his head to disguise himself as a rustic; after posting his carbiniers, he took a whip, harnessed a truck, and set off along the road with a load of two barrels of a good wine of Velletri, in which he had mixed opium. As he had foreseen, he was stopped by the bandits who, not content with seizing the barrels, reproached him ironically with having forgotten the meat. The waggoner took his mishap gaily. 'So much the worse for my master,' he cried, 'for 'tis of the best drink; the load will be all the lighter for the beast and me.' So the whole band began to drink greedily; the narcotic operated; while the brigands snored, Sixtus V. had them bound fast and hoisted on to the cart, and then he entered Rome with his captives by the light of torches. The tale does not sit badly on the energetic personality of Sixtus V.

At the Madonna del Tuffo (a votive chapel commemorating a fall of rocks, which the virtue of a prayer stopped before two cavaliers) there is a new point of view. You then find yourself under the Monte Cavo; a small convent of Passionists replaces the temple of Jupiter Latialis, where in old times the Feriæ Latinæ were celebrated. The sun having cleared a portion of the plain, we perceived the enormous dome of St. Peter's

rising out of the mist with its Vatican pedestals: of the whole eternal city, at that distance this is the only building you can distinguish; the rest was dissolved in the soft undulations of the Etruscan hills. We still kept mounting, and the snows, which had begun by tiny embroideries in the grass of the underwood, gradually covered it, when we reached an escarped causeway, that forms the lower approach to the town to which we were going. From this point the lake is a vessel only half full; beyond its highest brink you roam over another horizon,—the sheet of the Pontine marshes extending to the sea, which spreads white sails to the sky.

Rocca di Papa presents the sight of a pyramid faced with brown houses, and terminated on the summit by a ruined fort; you climb up here through a labyrinth of alleys by forty steps. While the goats pressed round the hovels, the men played at mora; the sound of songs came out of the houses; girls, in holiday attire, kept going to the fountain and running from house to house in sportive bands, many of them so handsome as to provoke a cry of surprise; the more calm among them returned from

AT ROCCA DI PAPA.

the water, bearing on their heads the handsome copper amphora, which we knew from the Etruscan bas-reliefs and the paintings of Pompeii. In the midst of all this noise, and trampling of feet which gives the snow a dark tint, the children ask for baiocchi; the men bid you good even in rough tones; the women turn upon you a serious eye, and as soon as you have passed a group, the joyous clamour is resumed behind you.

We offered the guide refreshments, but he declined; he even dissuaded us from stopping because it was late, and it were better not to be overtaken by night too far from Albano. This prudence struck me as opportune enough; we had met in the forest some wood-cutters, of whom their guns had made me a little suspicious, because after all it is not by gunshot that one fells trees. We made therefore a hasty survey of Rocca di Papa, an Alpine village from which, with feet in the snow, you could see eighty kilometres of olive-trees. But this poor place, with its striking style, its concentric alleys, its old and low gateways, and its roofs pointed as in the north, left on me a very vivid impression.

On our way, as the track went down, the ass of master Alicetto grew so frisky, that he carried his rider out of reach. At length becoming uneasy, the rider herself came to a stop, and to temper the ardour of his beast I prayed our former mate of the brigands to take hold of the bridle. Suddenly Alicetto uttered loud exclamations of despair and astonishment; he had led us wrong, he to whom these woods were so familiar! This error produced a sensible extension of our road, and night enveloped us in the very thick of the forest. Still Alicetto continued to regale us with his stories. In spite of the want of light, he showed us the Emissarium or overflow channel of the lake of Alba, constructed by the dictator Furius Camillus, and mysteriously hollowed in the thickness of the mountain during the siege of Veii, to fulfil a tradition of the Delphic oracle, which had foretold that the city would be taken as soon as they should see the Alban lake empty itself in the plain. The curious work of the soldiers of Camillus still exists; its outlet lies nearly three hundred feet below Castel Gandolfo. Next quitting archæology for history, Alicetto told in his own way the story of Coriolanus, on the pretext that he had that same morning showed us at the foot of Ariccia the site of Corioli, the city of the Volsci. Again, popular legends circulate in this district even among the field labourers, concerning famous painters and their works: our good man knew that Domenichino was called Zampieri, and he reported on the subject of the Communion of St. Jerome a story which shows what importance a fine picture possesses in the mind of these people. Abusing the weakness of the painter for a woman who attracted him to Frascati, the monks made him work for a paul a day: the work done, they refused to pay him, and Domenichino found himself in such need as to be forced to go in search of better fortune into Spain. On his return, although now grown rich, he came to the convent to demand either payment or the restoration of his picture. As the Franciscans were in distress, they surrendered to him his Communion of St. Jerome, out of which he made large gain. A curious deduction from some real facts! It is known that the monks of the Ara Cœli paid for this important piece 60 crowns, that they thrust it into a garret, and that they offered it to Poussin to cut up and utilise the canvas for painting on. Poussin enlightened them on the value of the work, which, for all that, they afterwards gave up to San Girolamo della Carita, where it remained until 1717.

The lights of Albano were twinkling in the distance, when Alicetto, his repertory now exhausted, confessed to us that he had taken no food since the previous evening. He said this in a very good-humoured tone, no doubt finding nothing else with which to enliven our journey. In spite of my horror and remonstrance, he would not allow us to quicken our steps; to induce him to do this, we had to remind him of his daughter at home. We ended by a downright race. 'There are not many people at Albano at this season,' he said by way of excuse; 'it is by the mercy of heaven that you are sent here to-day, and it was time!' The poor retired bandit insisted on conducting us back to our hotel, whence he refused to take any food away with him, so that people might not guess that his house wanted bread. Still in good spirits, while we were half-choked with pity, he took leave of my companion by offering her a large nosegay of violets and other flowers that he had gathered in the snow; and when he had taken his money and received his appointment for the next day, he only let some slight emotion escape him in the accent with which he said that now they would have something for supper.

IV.

I saw these slopes of Albano again in the last days of the solstice, when the fevers of the plain pursue the Roman emigrants to the foot of the mountains. The enervating heat only allowed us the night, in which to throw off an immovable indolence. Nothing can render the splendour of these regions in the dawn, when a copious dew has refreshed their vegetation; but by the fires of the setting sun, when nature wearied of her day-long struggle scarcely responds by a few quiverings of the foliage to the first appeal of the sea-breeze, I do not know if their faintness, so sad and so laden with suggestion, is not still more moving.

One evening I had accompanied on the road to Marino, beyond Castel Gandolfo, Louis Français, who has a mania for working without cessation, and who wished to find some outlines. His sketches finished, we left the road to seek in the approaches to the lake some other subject of study. But the sky was so rich, the day was closing in such noble state, that we sat down on the dry grass to contemplate the lake now become sombre, and the blueness of the night, which drawing in from the depths of the basin, mounted along the woods and, repelled by the warmth of the west, was gaining the terraces, the roofs, and finally the dome of Castel Gandolfo. This year the ambitions of Italy held over the pope's head threats of which the effects were to be conjured away at Mentana: everybody trembled for the institution to which Rome owes the Elysian kind of character of a spiritual capital, with no other bond to this world than recollections and masterpieces. The mind sometimes, by presentiments not unlike a regret, attaches itself to mighty things threatened with their ending. Pius IX., as we knew, had just quartered himself at Castel Gandolfo: with our eyes turned towards his palace, growing sombre in the dusk, we felt a movement of compassion for the old man against whom revolutions unchain their storm. As we talked, Français sketched the exquisite view in the simplicity of its twilight effect.

From Albano to Frascati over the mountain, the journey even in winter is varied and interesting. It introduces you to hamlets more or less populous, but more curious than this renowned patron of so many places of pleasure. As we passed in the morning mist to the extremity of the garden of the Pope, and leaving the lake to the right, we made our way under the early trees of Marino, our guide Alicetto, who by way of doing us honour had been accompanied so far by his daughter—a blonde, with brown skin and blue eyes—Alicetto reminded us that, long before Paul V. and Urban VIII., who built here a summer-palace for themselves, the 'great Emperor Domitian' had a hunting-seat there, from which he used to go to the woods of Alba, and that this skilful bowman used to bring down a hundred head of game a day. So the statements of Suetonius have become traditional on the spot. It was on the slope of Palazzuolo that they showed us the exact position of Alba Longa, built by the son of Æneas, and which long after its destruction by Tullus Hostilius, bequeathed its name to the hamlet formed round an entrenched camp, established to protect the Appian way at the time of the second Carthaginian invasion. These recollections brought us to the entrance of Marino, by the valley in which still runs the spring of the goddess Ferentina, the Venus Genitrix of the old Latins; it was there, before the foundation of Rome, that under the presidency of Alba the representatives assembled of the

thirty cities of which the Latin confederation was composed. Tarquin reddened with the blood of Herdonius that water to which we saw two she-goats going down, pensively tended by a girl between thirteen and fourteen. She did not raise at our approach her pretty head, bent over the spindle which her fingers turned; you might have taken her for a little princess playing at being shepherdess.

Pius IX. has made a viaduct which shortens the ascent to the feudal hamlet of the Colonna, where on the market-place their keep of the thirteenth century mingles, at the four corners, with towers fastened up in the neighbouring streets. Close by they possessed, in 1400, a house decorated with stucco representations of ancient heads, and bas-reliefs adorned with arabesques, as well as pannels of mosaic, and further on a large palace of a degenerate epoch, more stately but less elegant. Between the two rises the church of St. Barnabas, in which the finest Guercino that I have seen (the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew), produces a superb effect. The apostle is fastened to a beam; two executioners begin to flay his body all full of life and light, while the victim raises a glance of anguish and ecstasy on an angel descending to strengthen and comfort him.

YOUTHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

A very modern legend calls one's attention to a certain picture of the Madonna placed in a chapel to the left, covered with a curtain. At the time of the French Revolution, the people of Velletri came and took possession of the bells of Marino, not to melt them, but to ring them in their own tower, as well as of this Madonna, not to burn her, but to get the benefit of the miracles she wrought; it was thus that in 1798 they understood the French principles of 1789. A few years after, as a waggoner was passing through the forest of Marino, an unknown lady begged him to take her in his cart as far as the town, to which the man consented; and as they approached the church of St. Barnabas, the bells began to ring out a full peal. 'Who can have brought them back from Velletri?' cried the carrier in amazement, turning towards his companion. But the lady had vanished. The vetturino in high confusion stopped in front of the church; he went in, and attracted by a supernatural brightness to the chapel of Mary, he recognised in the Madonna, who had resumed possession of her shrine, the unknown whom he had brought on the road. It is since then that this painted figure has been crowned with a diadem of gilt copper, in which they have set some bits of coloured glass, which has not by any means a good effect, and which is to be seen in Italy on many pictures of the Virgin and the saints: the decoration signifies that miraculous graces, set forth in the chapter of St. Peter, have been due to these images. Southern devotion has in all times welcomed miraculous facts, with greater confidence than the piety of the peoples of the north.

LAKE OF ALBANO AND PONTIFICAL VILLA (EVENING).

Below this temple, of which the lower side makes the border of a broad descending street, rises a large palace, which the Colonna had built by Turkish prisoners after the battle of Lepanto; in front, a terrace on which the church is supported, presented a sweet spring landscape. If you linger at Marino, you will find other palaces there, with paintings and bas-reliefs; you will identify ruins and decipher inscriptions.

V.

We had in leaving Marino to ascend one of the slopes that radiate over the valley, which is cut into tiers by the successive currents of lava. Shortly, beyond a

THE SALITA OF MARINO.

precipice clad with olives, Grotta Ferrata revealed itself, a fortified block out of which arise the pyramidal façade of a church masked in theatrical Gothic, and its large belfry of rose-coloured brick. Such structures inundated by the light of a cold sun came out brightly on a ground of sombre and threatening sky. Grotta Ferrata is only an abbey with its dependencies; a crenellated abbey of most feudal and most cenobitic appearance. Round its walls, flanked with squat towers, as I saw the outline of my two travelling companions on their asses, before a romantic landscape, a vague memory of Sancho Panza and the heroines of Cervantes came into my head with a vision of Spanish gallantries.

A postern introduces you into the surviving quarter of a Florentine cloister. At

the church of Sta. Maria, you find a charming rest before four frescoes of the young days of Domenichino. By the command of Cardinal Farnese, he executed them at the age when the ardent soul dreams rather of expressing what it has felt, than of exhibiting the skill of a cunning craftsman. These works reproduce the life of the founders of the monastery, the monks St. Nilus and St. Bartholomew, who towards the year 1000, fleeing from the Saracens, came and hid themselves in this solitude. In the subject representing St. Nilus received by Otto III., the prince as well as the monks are expressive figures with a fine mystic sentiment. It is here that the artist has placed the portraits of the four leaders of the second Bolognese school—Guercino, Guido Reni, Annibal Caracci, and the artist himself. Nobody has handled the fresco with a pencil so supple, or more rich than that of Zampieri. St. Nilus at Prayer to avert a Storm—the Exorcism of a Child—the Monk Bartholomew at Prayer, are besides all else understood with a true religious sentiment, that is to say with simplicity.

Let us observe in the chapel a baptismal vessel of marble, of the seventh century, which might have been taken for a Christian sarcophagus of earlier date. They have cut at the base of it a stream, in which from the top of a porch two people stark naked are catching fish with a line. This is a common emblem of baptism, but the nudity of the apostles is peculiar. Close by, from the roof of a tower, another person plunges into the stream, in order to be caught, no doubt; on the lid are drawn Dolphins—the Christian struck by love for his God. Ælianus in his books De Naturâ Animalium, and Pliny in his Natural History, had collected such charming stories about the tender heart of the Dolphins, as to have procured for them the honour of sometimes symbolizing Christ himself. On the frieze of the master-altar, a fine mosaic of great correctness for the time, for I assign it to the end of the fourteenth century, represents what is a rather Byzantine reminiscence, the Lamb with the nimbus, surrounded by the twelve apostles. I say nothing of a Madonna of Annibal Caracci, not having been able to see it for the sombreness of the altar which it decorates. This convent belongs to Greek monks of the rule of St. Basil. Lucullus once had a villa on this spot—a bitter souvenir for us starving people who did not even find bread at Grotta Ferrata—which completes the analogy of the place with La Mancha and Estremadura. As you begin to gain the mountain again, you front Rocca di Papa, from which you are separated by two deep glens. The Monte Cavo, as you look at it in front, presents two such regular slopes from the peak, and both of them trace lines so pure, that this exhausted volcano recalls Vesuvius. But here the plume of smoke is replaced by a tuft of trees.

We had got high up on the mountain; the cold became so keen, that the riders were freezing on their donkeys, and the vegetation on the fairly difficult slope which we had to climb was sprinkled with a slippery powdering of snow. On the height, a Columbarium gave us notice of a Roman way, and in fact we came out on the Via Tusculana, which preserves, besides a part of its Pelasgic pavement, the remains of its foot-paths. The further we advanced, the thicker got the snowy humps that we trod under our feet; nothing is stranger than to walk under the illusion of Alpine glaciers, in drawing from one's memory warm and balmy recollections, and to repeat that you are going to Tusculum, with all your teeth chattering.

VI.

No place has been more extolled for the mildness of its temperature, sheltered as it is from the cold winds of east and north, than this little town, which was incorporated in the Roman State 381 B.C., and which at that epoch retained its walls and its municipal independence. The flowers and trees of Tusculum were the delight of Cicero; Hortensius had a house there, to which he added a chamber for Cydias's picture of the Argonauts; thither withdrew both pleasure-seekers and sages—and the two were often only one in the times of Augustus. So to symbolize this happy vocation of a town of pleasure, people assigned its foundation to a son of Circe the sorceress, by Ulysses the eloquent—to that Telegonus who, when pressed by hunger, slew his father by mistake in his search for a meal.

It is a rare circumstance when visiting the ruins of Tusculum to tread on forty centimetres of snow; never in my life have I seen anything so lugubrious or so desperately deserted; it produced the impression of a village at the pole, abandoned after the country was frozen up. The palace ruins, discovered almost at the summit of the mountain, where the wind moves noiselessly over the bare ground, may go back to Cicero as well as to Tiberius, that sombre and skilful administrator who made choice of three great workshops for landscape painters, Rhodes, Tusculum, Capreæ. The *opus reticularium* is everywhere: the Schola has left circular traces: some mutilated statues have been found, with which they have decked and supported the four corners of a house of a custodian, whom the winter had put to flight—a building crammed full of pieces of old marbles; against the wind laden with snow-flakes we had no shelter but the wall side. To the left of the theatre, along a pathway hidden by brushwood, still exists a fountain in peperino, in a broad style. The interior vault of this nympheum, more ancient according to some audacious scholars than the invention of the arch, is made of superposed blocks, which as they ascend come nearer to one another, and which at a certain height have in the shape of a *culmen* upright stones, one supported upon another to close the pyramid. It is difficult to admit that the work is earlier than the Etruscans and goes back to the Pelasgi, and that in the time of the Tusculans they preserved it from curiosity; is it not more probable that from Tiberius to Adrian, they amused themselves by making a rustic fountain in imitation of the nymphea of primitive times? Copies always please ages of refinement.

The theatre of Tusculum remains nearly untouched; the outline of the tiers of seats came out very softly and almost effaced from under the snow, whence rose on the Proscenium the shafts of some Doric columns, fluted, massive, and without stylobates; the art of Magna Græcia, brought into fashion by the villegiature of Pompeii, of Baiæ, and Pœstum, must have smiled at a Hellenized aristocracy. Here and there rows of pillars, sunk partially underground and surmounted by their capitals, rose from a dark pavement like huge mushrooms. If you clamber across constructions of which you get confused glimpses, you will obtain one of those birds'-eye points of view which amaze the eye and launch the mind into the infinite. The firmament was sombre, save in the west, where a luminous girdle extended from the Monte Gennaro to the mouth of the Tiber; the land therefore lay very deep, but extremely

clearly marked. As far as the last hills that divide Rome from the sea, the outlines were sharply cut in two or three tones of violet sinking down to carmine. Under an emerald opening, through which the broken clouds engulfed a sheaf of rays, the snows of the Sabine country stood out with metallic brightness. But what was most singular in these vast horizons was the contrast of the Siberia of the mountains with the spring-like Canaan of the plains: Rome, where you could distinguish St. Peter's and the Coliseum, seemed aflame; we were shivering in snow.

Half an hour after, revived by a breath of warm wind, we descended to Frascati. We came to the villa Rufinella, which belongs to Victor Emmanuel; then the villa Mondragone, so vain of its three hundred and seventy-four windows; and the villa Taverna, and I know not what others; for as you enter Frascati, the villa of the Belvedere, designed by Giacomo della Porta for the Cardinal Aldobrandini, drives all the rest from your mind.

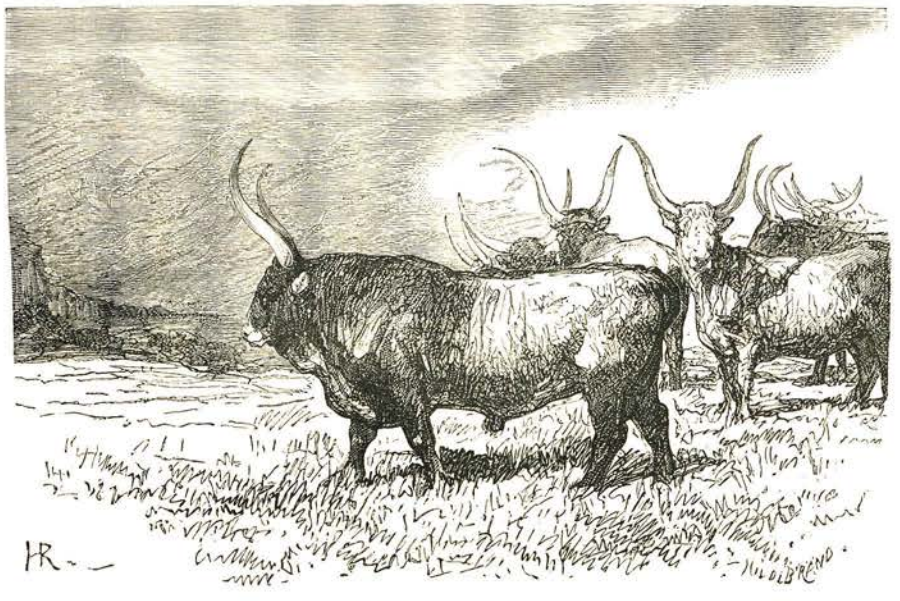
What charms this villa of the Borghese would have, if its splendid furniture included a table duly furnished, or even if the most ascetic refection had been placed in the list of subjects of which you are permitted to speak to the doorkeeper! Accustomed to abstinence, our guide Alicetto understood neither the languid eyes of the lady, nor the summary swiftness with which I hastened over so many marvels. So I shall make no sketches. My only reminiscence presents to me a confused picture of cascades, arranged one over another in such a way as to produce from the dining-room their full effect. These waters falling from Algidus, travel twenty leagues to meet in the centre of a portico adorned with statues. The architect has given himself the trouble of making a mountain the accessory of a house, which is wanting neither in taste nor grandeur. In the apartments we found energy enough to notice superb tapestries and the old chair of carved wood of Paul V.; on a ceiling a small fresco, which is a true gem, the Judith of Domenichino, a portrait of the fair siren who is said at Frascati to have fascinated the needy youth of the artist; in the chapel a Christ on the Cross by Guido.

Entering Frascati you salute the tomb of Lucullus, name of blessed omen. As they laid the table in a Locanda fronting the cathedral, we crossed the threshold of the temple—a rococo church, built by the Barberini and dotted all over with their heraldic bees. To the left of the door rises the mausoleum of the Pretender, Charles Edward, the vanquished of Culloden, son of James III.; he was sixty-seven when he died in 1788, and this burial-place was dedicated to him by his brother, the Cardinal Henry Stuart, Bishop of Tusculum, who was at the trouble to proclaim himself Henry IX.

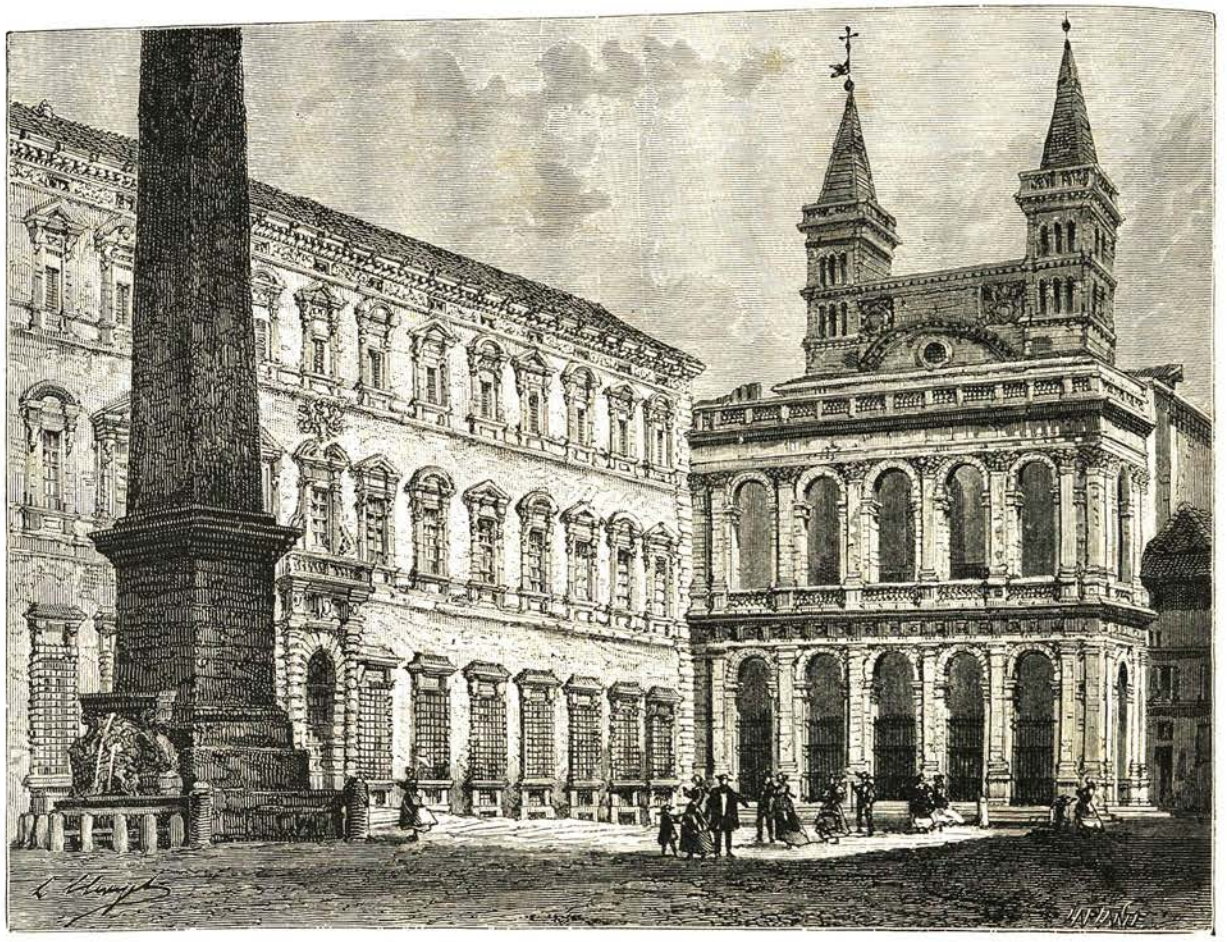
Frascati was no more than a *villace* of middling interest, lying on a slope whose fame is not usurped. The principal edifice of the great piazza is a seminary built by Benedict XIV.; the finest ornament of the quarter is a terrace from which you behold Rome. Along the fertile slope by which you go down to the sterility of the plain, a profusion of small gardens, villas, cafés, and other refuges for idleness, which justify for Frascati the equivocal glory of having baptized all the tea-gardens in the universe.

At the fall of the day it was permitted us to break our fast; and as an old guide who has ventured into the career of brigandage is not a vulgar person, we sat at table in front of our worthy Alicetto, at the risk of irritating the shadow of the ex-president of the chamber of deputies. The sober Alicetto, transcendant as he was in the art of living without food, proved to us that his rich organization is adapted for anything; he had the appetite of two lions. At dessert he had leave to carry off

for his daughter half a dozen of the small red apples, which Appius Claudius was the first to obtain by grafting the apple of Scandius on a quince-tree; but he was better pleased at learning the origin of these apples of Appius, than at possessing them. In taking leave of us he had the grace to grow tender, and to overwhelm us with excellently turned compliments, and the goodness to promise us protection for the rest of our days. Delighted at having formed relations with the friends of the worthy people whom he had in old times helped to pillage, and whom at a distance he loved like old comrades in adventure, he renewed his regrets at having learned our intimacy with the *canonico francese* too late to take us to see the old chief of the band, who lived in all honour at Genzano, and who would have been so happy to offer us a glass of his Asti. He ended by begging us to present his respects to the abbé, and to assure him with what pleasure they would see him again. 'What more natural?' said my companion; 'Alicetto is grateful to them for submitting to the operation without resistance, and he thinks they ought to be delighted at having escaped death: he has the good feeling of a doctor towards old patients.' He was right, for when on our return I gave the abbé these polite invitations, I had an opportunity of perceiving to what an extent a residence of fifteen years in these poetic regions had Italianized him. 'Well in truth,' he cried, 'and are the poor souls still there? When I go to Albano, I shall be charmed to see them again.'



OXEN OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.



THE PIAZZA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

Forum and column of Trajan.—St. Sylvester's report of an imperial session at the Ulpian basilica.—St. John Lateran; origin and legends.—Illustrations of the Golden basilica; Fabiola, etc.—Reconstruction of the edifice; embellishments and decay.—Baptistery and cloister.—St. Helena and Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme.—Aspects of the quarter and piazza of St. John Lateran.—Point of view: evening effects.—Visit to the Lateran collection: Portrait of Trajan, the Medea, the Antinoüs, etc.—Boxers and gladiators.—New museum of Christian antiquities.—Explanation of a sarcophagus.—Pagan symbols with double meaning.—A few words on the obelisks.—Complement of a known anecdote.

I.

IN the midst of the stirring quarters lying at the base of the Quirinal, you come out upon a great piazza which you name at once without ever having seen it before: Trajan's column serves as ensign for a forum, of which Apollodorus of Damascus erected the porticoes. The lines described by the remains of a plantation of pillars will help you to identify the perimeter of the temple which Adrian consecrated, and the site of the Ulpian library which was divided into two chambers, one for Greek books, and the other for Latin; and finally the situation of the basilica, of which the entrance was to the forum and its apse in the north-north-west direction. Divided into five aisles, it was paved with antique yellow and violet breccia; the facings were in marble of Luna; the ceiling of gilded bronze reposed on columns of granite. You even find the remains of five massive steps of *porta santa*, which elevated the monument upon a rich pedestal. Dion Cassius has described

these wonders. The basilica survived the invasions of the barbarians and even the Vandals of Genseric; but the contests of the middle ages and the pious brutalities of the stupid and valorous Normans have buried in ruins a monument, which for Christians especially must have been an object of veneration.

It was in the Ulpian basilica that in 312 Constantine, having assembled the notables of the empire, came and seated himself in the Presbyterium, to proclaim his abjuration of polytheism in favour of the religion of Christ; it was on this day and at this spot that the prince closed the cycle of antiquity, opened the catacombs, and inaugurated the modern world. The Acts of St. Sylvester described many passages of the discourse in which 'invoking truth against mischievous divisions,' and declaring that he 'put away superstitions born of ignorance and reared on unreason,' the emperor ordains that 'churches be opened to Christians, and that the priests of the temples and those of Christ enjoy the same privileges.' He himself undertakes to build a church in his Lateran palace.

The senators listened to the harangue in dull silence, for the patrician houses remained attached to the old worship. But along the aisles of the basilica pressed the Christian populace, now for the first time expanding in sunshine; when the emperor ceased speaking, 'there was as it were a long breath;' then the popular joy burst forth and the cries of the multitude broke out 'for the space of nearly two hours.' They exalted the power of Christ and his glory, and then the enthusiasm reaching almost to delirium, they declared to be foes of the emperor all who should not honour the God who had vanquished Maxentius; at last the populace, exasperated by the attitude of the senators, demanded the expulsion of the old priests and the proscription of all who continued to offer sacrifice. A massacre was imminent, when Constantine, again speaking, began to set forth the difference between the service of God and that of men, that the second is forced while the first is free. 'To be Christian,' he said, 'it is needful to desire to become one. To refuse admission to one who seeks it would be blameworthy; to impose it would be against equity; this is the rule of truth. Those who do not imitate us shall not lose our good graces; those who become Christians with us shall be our friends.' Truly great on that day, Constantine had the tolerance of a sage, a rare virtue among neophytes; at one stroke he proclaimed the faith of Christ and freedom of conscience. To regain what he gave, not less than fifteen centuries have been needed.

It was without doubt in commemoration of the incident which took place here, that Sixtus V. placed the statue of St. Peter on the summit of the column of Trajan, to replace that of the emperor, which was carried off in 663 by that Constans II. who pillaged Rome, and who sold to a Jew broker the débris of the Colossus of Rhodes, a bronze work of Chares, who was a pupil of Lysippus. I do not think there exists any monument in the world more precious or more exquisite in its proportions than Trajan's column, nor one that has rendered more capital service. This has been set forth with more authority than I can pretend to, by Viollet-le-Duc, the architect who has written best on his own art; his description sums the subject up and covers it with light. A set of pictures of the campaigns of Trajan against the Dacians, the bas-reliefs reproduce the arms, the accoutrements, the engines of war, the dwellings of the barbarians; we discern the breed of the warriors and their horses; we look upon the ships of the time, canoes and quinqueremes; women of all ranks, priests of all theogonies, sieges and assaults: such are the merits of this sculptured host, that

Polydore of Caravaggio, Giulio Romano, Michelangelo, and all the artists of the Renaissance have drawn thence models of style and picturesque strategy. We should be able to see Trajan's column very well at Paris, and should have a chance of profiting by its lessons, if the managers of our museums had not put out of sight the recently executed casts of the immense erection. Before the original you cannot distinguish very clearly: the distance is too great; the dull tints of the marble, stained by time and lighted in a diffuse manner, weaken the effects of the shadows; it is then a genuine benefit for art and historical study to have wished to bring this inestimable treasure within their reach. Let us do justice to a worthy and patriotic thought, even when emanating from an ill-seconded ruler.

Trajan's column is of pure Carrara marble. The shaft is about ninety-seven English feet, by twelve of diameter at the base, and ten below the capital, which is Doric and composed of a single block; the structure consists of thirty-four distinct blocks, hollowed out and cut internally into a winding staircase. Along the outside, forming a spiral round the shaft, is a series of bas-reliefs, divided from one another by a narrow band which, running parallel to the inner staircase of a hundred and eighty-two steps, describes twenty-three circuits to reach the platform on which the statue is placed. The foot and the pedestal are seventeen feet high; the torus, of enormous diameter, is a monolith; the whole construction reaches a hundred and thirty-five feet from the ground. These thirty-four blocks, of eleven metres round by one metre high, had—a test of considerable precision—to have holes made in them to receive the screw of the staircase, and then it was necessary to find on the outside in the same piece the exact spot for the precise continuity of the bas-reliefs, which were due to several hands and which are more deeply worked, in proportion as they gain in height, so as to appear of an equal projection.

One evening as the sky was clear, the base of the column extinguished in shadow, and its summit all aflame, I followed with my eyes over the ancient soil the arabesques and chess-board patterns marked by the pavement, interrupted here and there by mosaics. A very minute green moss, an emerald lichen, have formed there like a meadow silvered by a mass of Easter daisies; this verdant carpetting, whence rose trunks of columns, seemed like the ground of a forest of pines broken by the tempest. In the midst of this mass of broken granite and shoots of marble, pearly-tinted like birch-trees, Trajan's column is as some giant peulven of the Druids. Turn your head and the vision disappears; the forum of Trajan and the corner of the Magnanapoli street will only show you a muddy and plebeian quarter, still nobly enclosed by two foundations crowned by symmetrically-arranged cupolas. From the Ulpian basilica, where he has just made the church free, let us follow Constantine to his Lateran house, where he founded the first cathedral.

II.

When Giotto towards 1320 executed for a monastery of Pisa the St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, which is now in the museum of France, he painted below the chief subject, three small legendary subjects, one of which, that to the left, is peculiar enough:—on a bed with columns and canopy, with the tiara on his head, a pope slumbers, to whom St. Peter appears, probably to disclose to him some peril,

TRAJAN'S COLUMN AND ULPIAN BASILICA.

for while the pontiff sleeps, over his head a church is on the point of falling down; but a monk supports it with his arms and raises it up. Nearly opposite to this miniature of Giotto, our Louvre exhibits another picture in which Beato Angelico has represented the crowning of the Virgin. By a happy juxtaposition which allows us to compare in a single motive the style and the sentiment of the two stars of art in the middle age, Giotto and Fra Angelico have, at a distance of a century from one another, treated nearly identical subjects in the miniatures of their predellas. Lying in an alcove before the Castle of St. Angelo, as feudalism had caricatured it, a pope reposes with the triple crown upon his brow. On the side of the frame, the façade of a church bulges out, and a monk prevents it with his arms from falling.

The two subjects represent the same pontiff, Innocent III. In the first St. Peter, to exhort him to protect the minor brothers, makes him see in a dream the Roman church tottering and only upheld by St. Francis. In the second, this pontiff who hesitated to confirm the statutes of St. Dominic, dreams that his church is going to fall and that Dominic sustains the fabric. The falling temple, represented in both cases as the symbol of pontifical power, is not St. Peter's, nor St. Sophia at Byzantium, nor the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem; it is the basilica of St. John Lateran.

Built by Constantine in the enclosure of his palace, St. John is the metropolis of the Roman bishopric, as officially recognised by the emperors. The son of St. Helena, as he had announced at the foot of Trajan's column, set apart for the building and the inhabitation of the bishops a portion of his residence to the east of the Cœlian, established on the old confiscated domain of the Plautius Lateranus, who was driven from the Senate, and exiled for having been one of Messalina's lovers; afterwards recalled, he was put to death by Nero for having taken part in the conspiracy of Piso and Epicharis. It was he who, when stabbed by the tribune Statius, died without pronouncing a word or uttering a complaint, '*plenus constantis silentii*,' says Tacitus, '*nec tribuno objiciens eamdem conscientiam.*'

The name of Lateranus, who perished in the year of the martyrdom of St. Peter, was destined to an unforeseen but lasting renown; for after Constantine had finished his primitive church, adorned with such splendour that it was proclaimed the Golden Basilica, after also St. Sylvester had consecrated it to the Saviour, and eight years later, after Lucius II. had dedicated it to the two saints John, the foundation of Constantine continued to bear the name of Lateranus, of that victim whose memory the people had perpetuated in the designation of an imperial palace basely acquired. The poet Prudentius Clemens, who wrote in the fourth century, spoke of the Basilica of Lateran: 'Who does not now despise the polluted altar of Jupiter, to run with the multitude to the abode of Lateranus in search of the royal unction of the Christian!'

Chosen in the church *in Lucinis*, a designation derived, according to Pliny, from *lucus*, St. Damasus was consecrated in the Lateran basilica; it was there that since Sylvester I. the popes have taken possession of their see. At St. Peter of the Vatican the pope is the spiritual sovereign of the world; at St. John Lateran he is bishop; the basilica of St. John is the cathedral of Rome. Hence the church has been described as *Mater et caput ecclesiarum urbis et orbis.*

St. Jerome describes in his epistles the crowd which invaded the basilica of Lateranus when a descendant of the great Fabius, to expiate a second marriage after the divorce of a first husband, came, clad in sackcloth, with hair covered with ashes, to submit herself to the humiliations of public penance. Jerome represents to us, at the time of

this great act, which made a violent breach in the civil law, and prepared its reform under the influence of the popes, the whole city as hurrying to behold Fabiola, so beautiful and so vain, prostrate in the dust, shedding tears, and imploring forgiveness. She sold all she had, to found at Ostia the oldest known hospital, and this high lady spent the rest of her days in serving the sick and poor.

St. John Lateran preserved its pre-eminence; in the general procession which starts from the nave of St. Peter's the clergy of the Vatican basilica only take the second place. From all time this mother church has kept its liturgic rites: 'The church of Lateran,' wrote Abélard to St. Bernard, 'this mother church of all the others, retains the ancient office, which none of her daughters do, not even the church of the Roman

ANCIENT PROCESSION TO THE LATERAN.

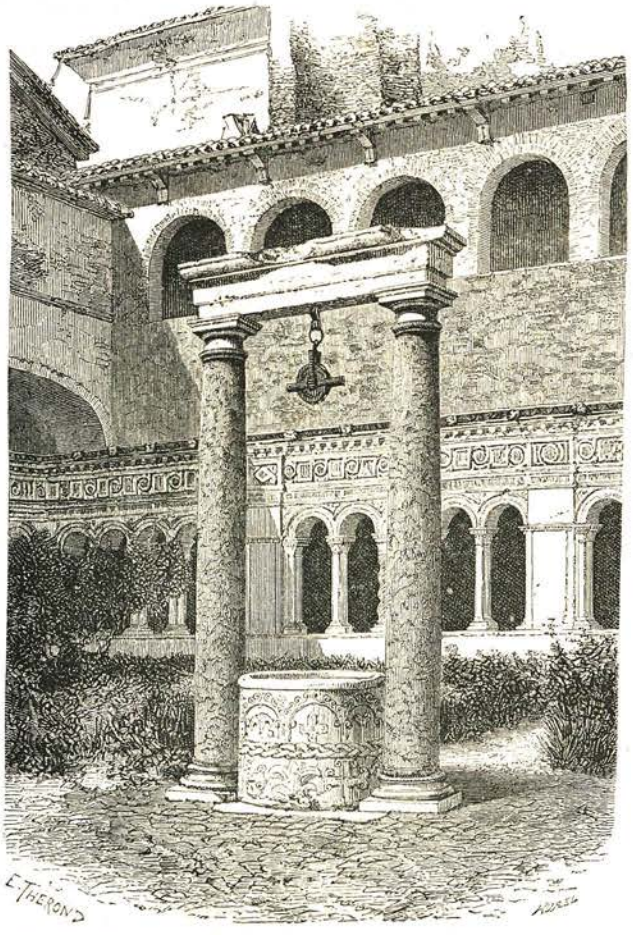
palace.' It allowed no other prayer than the Pater: 'It was seemly,' wrote the Deacon John in the thirteenth century, 'that the supreme church should use only the supreme prayer.' He adds that at the third versicle of the Agnus Dei they left out the *dona nobis pacem*, the Lateran being the symbol of the eternal temple in which Christ shall be the peace of the just, and there will be no more need of craving it. St. John Lateran had no doors, but simple curtains, in order that people might be able to find refuge there at any hour; it was through this metropolis that the right of exile was handed down from the pagan temples to our churches. Down to the reign of Pius VII. the newly-elected popes, after they left the Quirinal, used to come and take possession of their cathedral of Lateran; they proceeded thither on a white mule richly caparisoned, preceded by the religious orders, the cardinals, the bishops, and patriarchs, escorted

by the Swiss and the guard of nobles. An old engraving, executed at the accession of Clement X., is the only thing that can now represent to us this suppressed procession. If we were bound to recall the principal events that have passed in the Lateran palace and in the basilica, where nearly all the popes have been crowned, the narrative would embrace nearly the whole history of the church. It was there that they condemned the heresies of Berengarius and Amauri of Chartres, as well as the errors of the Manicheans. From the time of Pope Melchiades, who held the first council in the very apartment of the Empress Fausta, down to the pontificate of Alexander II., the patriarchal palace gathered under its roof no less than six synodal assemblies; from the reign of Julius I., contemporary of Constantius, down to Leo X., the primatial church witnessed the assembly of fifteen ordinary and five general councils.

Of all these grandeurs no other witness is left save a Baptistery, separated from the church by a court, and disfigured by various restorations; but the eight columns of porphyry, surmounted by eight columns of marble, supporting the octagonal cupola, are in Constantinian style, as well as the pillars and the ancient entablature, which though now set in the wall, still mark the centre of the old porch. There, according to a Roman legend, Constantine was baptized; but this is a mistake, for he did not receive baptism until the approach of death, at Nicomedia. In those days they gladly put off baptism as long as possible, as it was the purification from all stains.

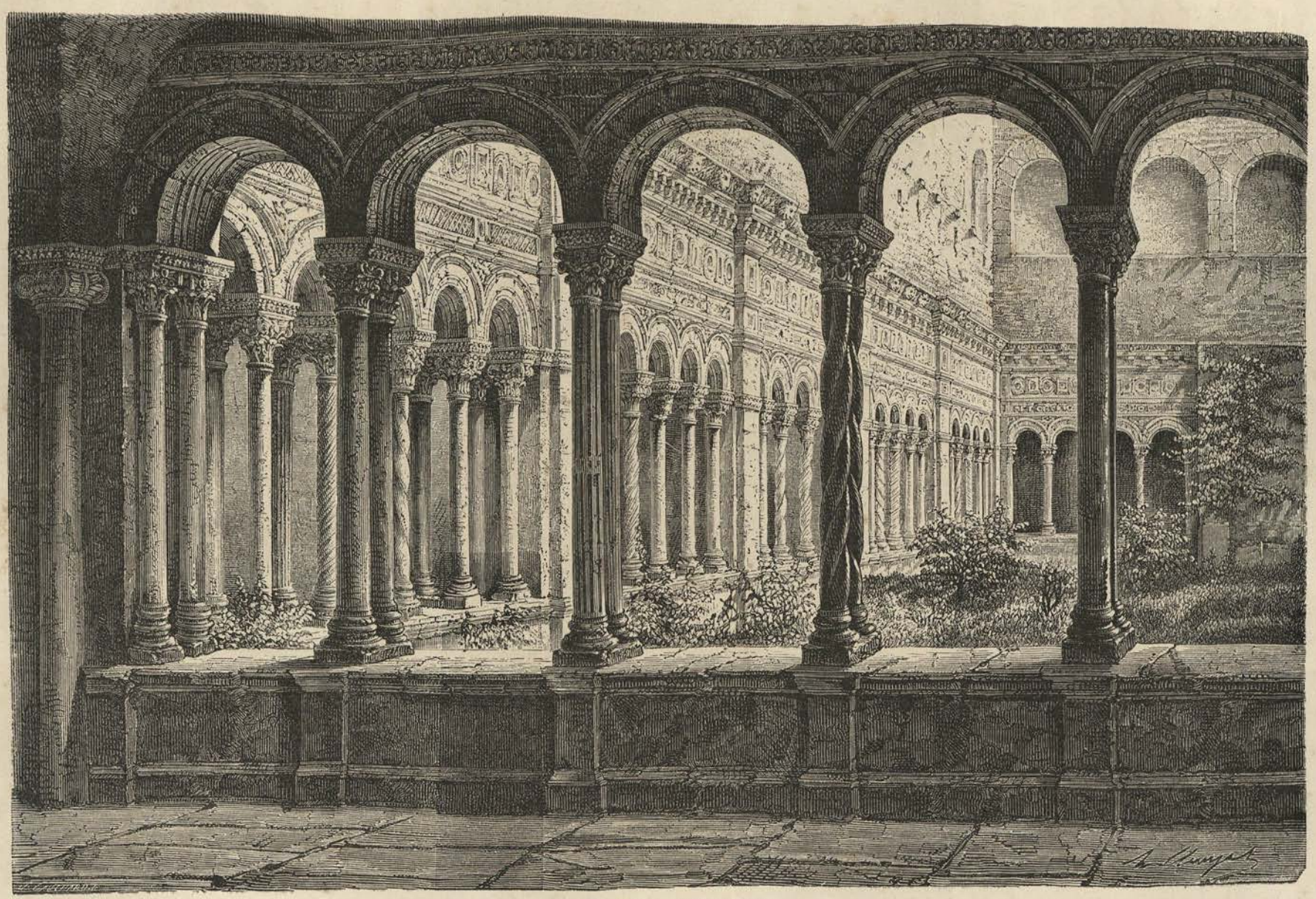
Its Baptistery apart, San Giovanni in Laterano is now little more than a place consecrated by great memories. The basilica of Constantine had lasted ten centuries, when, towards 1308, a fire destroyed the temple and palace. Clement V., who lived at Avignon, commenced the reconstruction, and carried it on a considerable way; then Urban V. and Alexander VI. continued and decorated it; Pius IV. burdened the nave with its heavy gilded ceiling, and erected on the piazza the lateral façade with its two bell-towers, too far apart; Sixtus V. commissioned Fontana to add the Portico, and Salimbeni to paint it. It was there that Nicholas Cordier placed the bronze statue of Henry IV., canon of St. John Lateran, like all the sovereigns of France. Giacomo della Porta, under Clement VIII., rebuilt the transept; Borromini rebuilt the rest under Innocent X.; Clement XII. had the principal façade erected by Galilei, which provided a mean imitation of that of St. Peter, and was like that surmounted by a regiment of statues. The style of the forerunners of Bernini presided over the work; as at the Vatican, it is a vast portico with the Porta Santa at the extremity, and five other entrances, of which the centre one in bronze is said to come from the Æmilian basilica: at the end of the gallery rises a colossal statue of Constantine, the only authentic likeness of that emperor. Under the aisles you come upon the enormous pilasters of St. Peter, square piers in which Borromini imprisoned fine columns of granite; and against these pilasters, niches with cut lines, whence project twelve distorted and dull colossi of the Apostles, imitations of the attitudinising giants of St. Peter's. Bas-reliefs, statues, pictures, facings of grey marble,—all is pale and cold, all has a savour of artifice and the theatre. They extol highly, as a masterpiece of the exuberance of the decline, a chapel of the Corsini, containing the tombs of Clement XII., and his uncle, the cardinal Neri; but the first is bad, and the second burlesque. To see how far art has come down, you must examine the chapel of the Torlonia, where, however, Tenerani has executed in very high relief a Descent from the Cross in a pure and delicate style, but too sentimental to rise to religious inspiration.

It took me more than one day to discover among this profusion of precious materials so vainly lavished, some vestiges of a more expressive and less modern art. Near the door, at the back of a pillar, a small fresco attributed to Giotto hands down to us the likeness of Boniface VIII., who, placed between two cardinals, proclaims the jubilee of 1300. The pontifical master-altar, where they celebrate facing the people, occupies the centre of the arm of the cross, and is surmounted by a tabernacle or ciborium of the fourteenth century, adorned with Siennese frescoes of exquisite composition. In the small subject of the Coronation and the Annunciation, the heads possess that delicate and dreamy beauty which delights us in the works of Guido and Duccio; but by the care of Pius IX. these works have been restored so 'conscientiously,' that at first I took them for contemporary pasticci. However the holy father had a fine staircase constructed to go down to the Confession of St. John, which is guarded by one of the Colonna, pope Martin V., worthily entombed by Simone, brother of Donatello. Although St. John Lateran has been rebuilt at least three times, we are led to suppose that the fire of 1308, which destroyed the building of the fourth century, still spared the apse, or else that this chevet had been re-erected before the end of the thirteenth; for its vault is decorated with mosaics signed by Jacopo da Turrita, Fra Jacopo da Camerino, and executed in 1291 for pope Nicholas IV.; it was Gaddo Gaddi, they say, who finished them. In sentiment and style they are not very remote from art as it was practised in the Ile de France between 1200 and 1250; but here the design has more suppleness, and the colour has a sweet and tender brightness, which the mosaic workers of Venice two centuries later seldom surpassed.



WELL OF THE SIXTH CENTURY, IN THE CLOISTER OF ST. JOHN.

Pious and trustful souls will have shown to them the table on which our Lord partook of the supper with his disciples the night before his death; in any case the piece is of very old wood. I commend to attention the pavement of the church, formed of rosettes and festoons of costly marble, and embroidered with mosaics separated by plaques of porphyry; we owe this carpetting of precious stones to Martin V., who died in 1431. If I may point out for their value alone some remarkable blocks, the columns of red oriental granite which define the nave, and the fluted pillars of antique yellow which support the organ, are worthy of mention; the first are thirty-four feet high; the second, also in a single piece, and the largest known of this rare material, are nine metres high. But the marvel of the kind is the four fluted columns in gilded



CLOISTER OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

bronze of the Holy Sacrament; they are not less than eight and a half feet in circumference. On their enormous composite capitals reposes an entablature of bronze; the purity of the lines, the precision of the flutings, the curve of the volutes, the relief of the acanthus, the sparkling play of light on these bouquets of golden leafage—everything about this gigantic gold-work, causes the surprise and the full satisfaction of perfect works. Then, what theories as to the origin of the columns! It was Octavianus, say some, who out of the bronze prows of the vessels taken at Actium had these votive columns made to be placed in the Capitol. They took them, say others, from the basilica of the great Julius, or from the palace of Titus. There are those, again, who think they belonged to the Golden Basilica, at the time when Constantine made of it one of the marvels of Rome.

If you are bent on finding some remains of the Lateran buildings going back into respectable ages, you must seek them in the cloister. This monument of the thirteenth century, of which the arches surmounted by mosaics rest on small columns diversified by an ingenious fancy, this cloister is one of the most delicious erections in Rome or in the world. It can only be compared to that of St. Paul, belonging to the same epoch; they both offer the variety of the buildings of the middle ages, made regular in harmony of outline by frequent resort to antique monuments. Under the arcades you see the massive seat of the old metropolis; how many pontiffs have sat on this since the eighth century! They preserve here also a number of bas-reliefs earlier than the fourteenth, and notably among other fragments of the old altar, a graceful carving, in which some small clerks blow with pipes on the pan of a censer. Let us also notice a marble statue of Boniface VIII. In the middle of this court, with some neglected plants growing around it, is a fine well of the sixth century.

III.

From St. John Lateran to Santa Croce, the fourth basilica of Rome, the distance is short; it is enough to go between gardens bounded by the aqueduct of Claudius and the walls of the city, along a grassy piece which descends to the ruins of the Amphitheatrum Castrense. Here, to the south of the Prænestine gate, were the Variani gardens, bequeathed by Sextus Varius to his son Heliogabalus, as Lampridius informs us. St. Helen, when she brought back from Jerusalem the Saviour's cross, built a church for it, which being rebuilt by Benedict XIV. in 1743, with the exception of the apse, still betrays the inclination to imitate St. Peter's. But the bolder façade does not want grace; a pretty open campanile of the thirteenth century, a rustic chapel close by, masses of trees arranged among the buildings, bring the little church of Domenico Gregorini into the disposition of a series of landscapes.

One would not feel bound to visit it, if it had not preserved at the Tribuna of the high altar some large frescoes which, although a little too much retouched, leave no doubt as to the name of their author, Pinturicchio. They represent the finding of the holy cross; the discovery of the three pieces of wood, the trials to which they were subjected, and the procession of St. Helen on her return to Jerusalem. Christ hovers above the semicircle. These compositions are dramatic, still simple and already skilful: 'tis the apogee of the inspired school which goes immediately before Michelangelo and Raphael. Near the high altar you go down to the chapel of St. Helen,

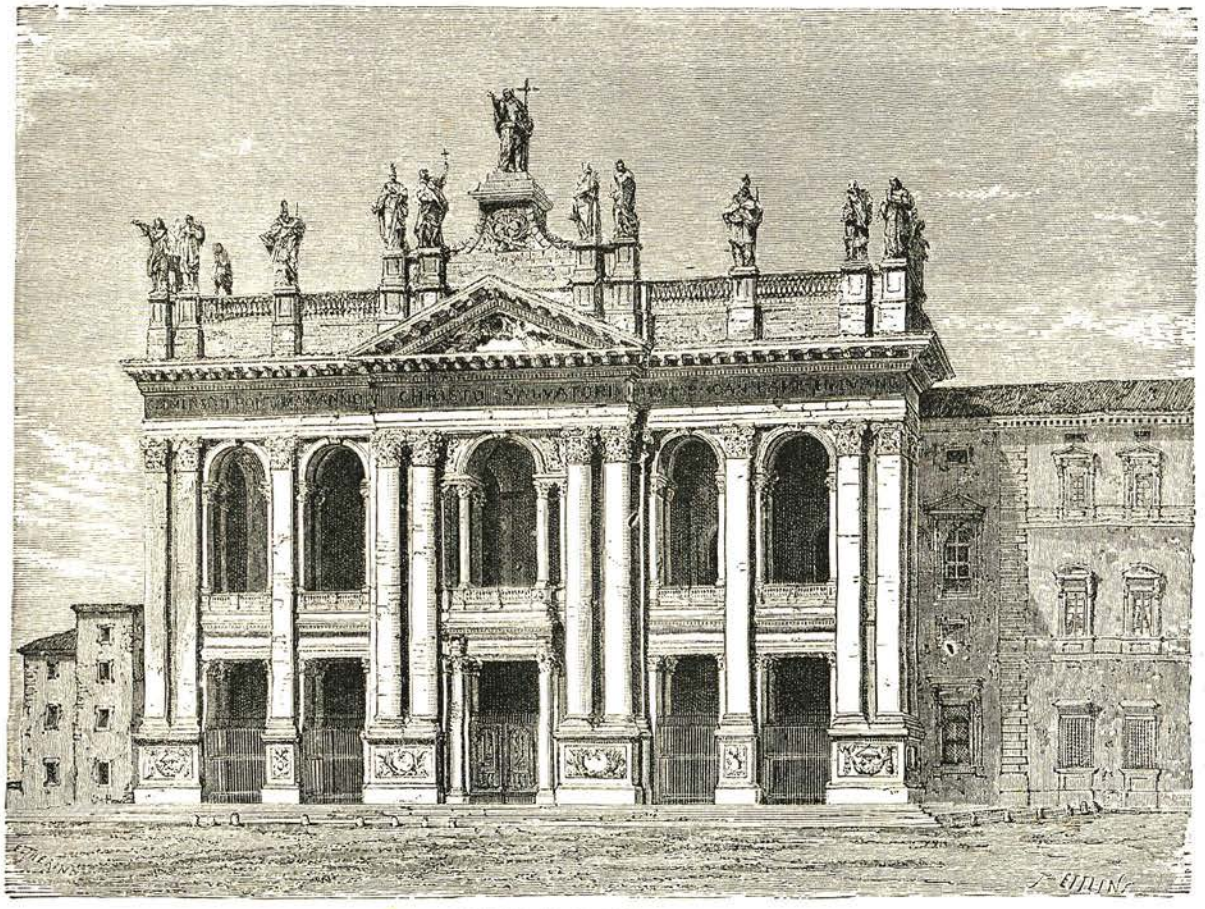
which is only moderately lighted, which prevents a very fair appreciation of Nicholas or Antony Cirignani, called Pomerancio. As for the mosaics, it is a mistake to attribute them to Balthazar Peruzzi. This chapel is separated in two by a grating, which women cannot pass without incurring excommunication, while in the reserved space a chest is opened, in which they keep a very large fragment of the true cross, the only one whose authenticity can be guaranteed. I never passed through this peristyle with ladies, without a revolt on their part against the decree excluding them from the sanctuary. In truth the Judaic reminiscence attributing impurity to them seems unjust in the Catholic system, of which they form so vigorous a support; it must be confessed also that it seems particularly illogical to refuse access to the chapel of St. Helen to women, since it is to their sex that we owe the relics which are the very reason why the basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme has any existence.

Let us return to the Piazza del Laterano. When you have seen the principal towns of France, in which the streets are usually narrow and the population huddled

SANTA CROCE IN GERUSALEMME.

close round the cathedrals, you might suppose that all Rome crowded round the Constantinian metropolis of the city and the universe. Nothing of the sort; solitude and silence reign on the deserted plateau of St. John Lateran, and the grass grows on it; the obelisk of Thothmes, the greatest of known monoliths, turns round the piazza a shadow which from morning to night meets no creature. The street which, since the time of the Flavians ascends from the Coliseum to the palace of Lateranus, becomes solitary as you draw near to the plateau, and when from a rather elevated point you view the few houses which are around you at a respectful distance, and the lower as they come nearest to the church, it seems as though they were prostrating themselves before their mother. Two hospitals, some cloistered buildings which connect the baptistery with the chevet of the church, from which the principal front of the palace runs, with its peculiarly cold aspect;—there you have all the Piazza del Laterano. What engraves it in the memory is the fact that, framed by monuments all unlike one another, and grouped against the sky, it is irregular, and that on the side which continues the palace it presents to the eye a large empty passage, coming out into the

country. Every step in this direction discloses a picture that by certain signs one feels to be curious; the breeze which comes up from long distances, and which makes music at the corner of the walls with the sonorousness of mountain blasts, gives you warning that behind the palace and the church there must be an immense space. The spot to which you have come is one of those where you are lost in self-forgetfulness. Many a time have I sat there of an evening, on the top step of the portico of St. John, letting night fall and time flee until the moment when the rays of the moon restored to me what my eyes had shortly lost. On whichever side you turn, the sight and the mind are well repaid. From the ancient Porta Asinaria, by which Totila invaded Rome, to the Prænestine gate marked by a triumphal arch of Agrippa, the



PORTICO OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

glacis descending in a gentle slope is bounded by the crenelated walls of Aurelian, in which the Amphitheatrum Castrense is incrusted, a ring whose collet is the basilica of St. Cross. On the other horizon, vague outlying grounds are surrounded by the Neronian and Claudian aqueducts connecting themselves with the walls, beyond which you discover the theatre of the earliest wars of the republic, spreading plains along which uncoil the old roads, recognisable by their tombs. The horizon is terminated by hills, and the ancient cities of Latium which decorate the pedestal of the Sabine Hills. To give perspective to these successive distances, you have curtains of dark trees, and nearer to you, in front of the Scala Santa, where the pilgrims climb on their knees the eight-and-twenty steps of the staircase of Pontius Pilate, the Triclinio, a fragment of the ancient refectory of the popes in the eighth century: Benedict XIV. added to it

an apse to expose three mosaics of Leo III. on a golden ground. That in the middle represents the apostles girding themselves to go forth and preach to the nations; the two others, St. Sylvester and Constantine receiving from Christ's hands the Labarum and the keys; then St. Peter giving the pallium to Leo III. and the standard to Charles the Great; two portraits of the time, which are unique and which survive in open air. Around you at this deserted extremity of the city, all is monumental, but without symmetry; all is celebrated and neglected.

PENITENTS ASCENDING THE HOLY STAIRCASE.

At distant intervals you meet a few sick people, who have come in from the fields to climb the Scala Santa; I remember at the foot of the Triclinio, and in the heat of the sun, a sickly group asleep in a cradle between two fragile creatures. Their functions fulfilled, they wait the shades of evening to pass the walls again, the fever which their faith hardly mistrusts lying in wait for them. No spot seems so well exposed to the purifying breezes from the mountains, none less swampy nor farther away from unwhole-

ARRIVAL OF THE CARDINALS AT THE QUIRINAL PALACE.

some quarters; yet fever reigns on this plateau, and has reigned there from all time, to such an extent as to depopulate it. But what is still more singular, this fever-stricken spot has been selected as a site for two hospitals for fever patients.

The palace is only inhabited by the custodians. Sixtus V. had it rebuilt by Fontana on the foundations of the old edifice, which was burnt in the sixteenth century. The interior, a cloister with two stories, is damp, austere, cold. As men could not live there, Gregory XVI. installed statues in it, and Pius IX. a historical museum which is curious in a very different way.

IV.

A few words, first, on the Gregorian collections, which occupy no less than fourteen apartments. Let us first note a bas-relief of Trajan with three other figures, a piece which comes from the old arch of that emperor, and has been taken from his Forum. No other likeness of Trajan has such delicacy or such truth of expression—the intellectual and benevolent physiognomy of a man who, understanding all, can pardon all. A pretty bas-relief of Medea with Jason made young again, was found in a tomb of the Appian Way—symbolical eulogy of a young woman by some happy greybeard. The boasted piece of this collection is the Antinoüs, of which the drapery has been re-handled, but whose execution is marked by a wonderful polish. It is a stout young man, sleek with a touch of sensuality in its intention, and in my opinion the work savours of the inferiority of its aim; the body, so perfect in its finish, is treated in a heavy manner. The Braschi found this masterpiece near Palestrina, and Pope Gregory paid seventy thousand francs for it. After giving some attention to a collection of cippi from the Appian Way, I stopped in front of two Hermes with faun's heads; they present that goatish character, full of wantonness and irony, that forked beard and those V-shaped eyebrows over round eyes, which constitute the type of the devil, especially since the Germans, under the inspiration of Goethe, have given him the traits of the satyr.

The Gregorian museum possesses the finest draped statue I have seen: it represents a man of fine port, eloquent, sure of himself, accustomed to dazzle, practised in making his talents avail by the seductive authority of mien. Made to tell from head to foot by the clever negligence of the drapery, the figure is a thorough success, and the great Sophocles, for it is he, as Jahn and Welcker have proved, has taken with ease an imposed attitude which has become natural to him, and which completes the representation. Under the folds of the robe, which is half tightened round him, the body describes its lines in a harmonious curve, the head harmonizes perfectly with the attitude, the beard is curled with art, and the outlines are well balanced. It was near the old Anxur that they exhumed this masterpiece in the time of Gregory XVI., and the family of the counts Antonelli offered it to the sovereign: it is even maintained that it was in order to lodge it worthily that Pope Capellari transformed the palace into a museum. Let us also mention certain documents of interest for the antiquary, such, for instance, as the tombstone of a master mason with a figure of a wheel for raising stones. Another sarcophagus restores an arch consecrated to Isis, which preceded on the highest point of the Via Sacra the Arch of Titus.

But this Lateran palace offers, as I have said, collections of a more curious kind

in the galleries and in some chambers of the upper story, where they preserve the boxers and gladiators in mosaic that were taken from the Thermæ of Caracalla. These naked figures, stronger than nature, are likenesses with the names of the models; realistic works, if ever there were any, which give us vigour in all its ugliness, animal vigour stripped of all style. It was after a defeat of the Samnites, 307 B.C., that gladiators appeared at Rome for the first time: Livy says that they tricked them up in the arms won in Samnium, and that during meals they used to cut their throats for the entertainment of the guests. Decidedly such a sight would take away one's appetite in these days.

SOPHOCLES.

Let us proceed to that portion of the museum which is an idea of Pius IX. The pontiff wished the house of Constantine and the first cloister of St. Sylvester to become a museum of Christian epigraphy and iconography. So, adding to the inscriptions the tombstones and sarcophagi got up every day in the course of the excavations, and to these elements joining the facsimiles of paintings that it was neither possible nor proper to take from the catacombs, Pius IX. formed so rich a collection, that all along the broad staircase of state, on the landings, in the chambers and galleries of the first story, the walls are entirely covered. The pope has had all these monuments thus extracted from the cemeteries underground, classified by the man most learned in such matters, the Cav. de' Rossi. This museum is a unique source of information as to the forms, the rites, the spirit, and the tendencies of dogma, in these almost unknown ages.

At the first steps of the staircase you are stopped by a series of sarcophagi, in which bas-reliefs bring together the correlative symbols of the Old Testament and the New. One of the most complete is a large Constantinian vessel, of which the carvings placed over one another in pairs, and grouping several subjects in four divisions, reproduce the symbolism of our spiritual history. Man and his companion are represented as created not by the Father, but by the Trinity; Jesus draws from the side of Adam the first woman, the Father touches her brow, the Holy Spirit breathes a soul into her. The Son and the Holy Spirit are always beardless; the Father, after Olympian precedents, is also young, as Diespiter was. Then comes the First Fault, so represented as to banish every painful or humiliating idea: Christ gives to Adam and Eve the emblems of work; to him some ears of wheat, to her a sheep whose wool

she is to spin. The second canto opens with the Incarnation of the Son; the magi come to adore; the Virgin is attended by two youths, the Holy Spirit and St. Joseph: the latter is constantly represented as young in the primitive monuments. In the next bas-relief Christ gives sight to the man born blind—symbol of the redemption. Then St. Peter denies his master: at his feet the cock crows; the second fall is a pendant to the first. Then the apostle repentant, and confessing the faith, follows pagans who drag him after them. Finally he becomes Moses and explains the sense of the figures; it is he, Peter, who strikes the rock and makes the water gush forth, in which we see the troop of the faithful borne along; Moses and Peter play alternately the same part. Then we come to the Eucharist figured under the two kinds, by the Marriage of Cana, and the Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes. The fish, *ἰχθύς*, incomplete anagram of *Χριστός*, was a mysterious sign for the adepts of evangelical law; it often appears on a mausoleum among pagan divinities; the Christians only knew the significance of the hieroglyph. These means of rallying were indispensable for the neophytes who, mingling in the pagan world, concealed the dangerous mystery of their faith; it was said or written of a friend, in giving news of him: 'He eats the fish—he lives on fish.' The meaning escaped the profane. In Augustine's *Civitas Dei* I find this passage: 'Fish is the mysterious name of Christ, who, plunged into our mortality, could keep himself *living* in it, that is, without sin.' In the centre of the sarcophagus are marked two unworked medallions: these tombs were prepared and carved beforehand, and only room was reserved for the portraits of the future purchasers.

Towards the end of the third century, when opulent families had embraced Christianity, it was necessary for mausoleums to find signs that should be unintelligible even to the artists who carved them, for the best sculptors still belonged to polytheism. Hence certain tombs have to be examined very closely, particularly those in which Orpheus appears, those in which Bacchanalia are reproduced, and other scenes which lend themselves to the introduction of vine shoots and grapes. Often a stone is covered with trellises among which Genii and Souls flit; in the centre a sheep-pale; but the *pastor Aristeus* bears on his shoulder a sheep which he is taking back to the fold.

On another sarcophagus, also of a fine era, figures a head in a hemisphere; this hemisphere was among the ancients the emblem of heaven. Above, Jesus rises from the earth, opening a new way. In the other compartments it is Christ before Pilate, who is washing his hands; it is Jesus making Simon carry his cross, which in those primitive scenes he does not carry himself; finally, it is the Saviour crowned by a soldier, not with a diadem of thorns, but with a circlet of golden pearls. Christ is never shown undergoing torture, or even mournful; fruitful and luminous, he makes the beholder think of Apollo, now poet, now shepherd. In this way they avoided alarming the Christians by the threats of hell, by the sight of eternal pains, or by terrifying miracles: all is spring, gentleness, hope; all is solace, tenderness, and bliss. The demons and their terrors only came later, when the ecclesiastical princes, become powerful, invested with feudal lands, and leagued with lords and kings, found an interest in enslaving men and ruling them by fear. Thus the abuse of a devil, like the abuse of punishment, characterizes barbarous epochs and down-trodden peoples. In these times, when the peace of the church was so recent, the Christians, happy in their victory, represented at the ends or on the depth of the sarcophagi the first Constantinian basilicas; we know from this that they were those of the Lateran and St. Peter. In the centre of the monument they engraved the monogram of Christ.

The study of symbols teaches us to determine the Christian myths of those early times; we see religion completely formed at the end of the first century, in which paintings and sculptures are taken by choice either from the Gospel of St. John, a tardy and victorious reply to the scholars, who thought it later than Eutychian, or from the allegorical picture of the reign of Nero, written by the same apostle at Patmos and called the Apocalypse. Recent researches have shown equally plainly, contrary to the assertion of Mgr. Gerbet, that the first Christians did by no means abstain from personifying God the Father. For a long time they dissembled the mystery of the sacraments under emblems: the passage of the Red Sea meant baptism; the blind restored to sight, penitence; Jonas interprets the idea of resurrection. Adam, the first sinner, is always beautiful; Eve is often seated by the side of Mary, and in the hand of the first woman they place not one apple, but seven—the deadly sins. I noticed on frescoes of the first century, the Magian kings reduced to two, or raised to four; they wear Phrygian caps, and in these paintings the Virgin is always pretty and elaborately draped. Certain subjects are represented by symbolical animals, on

CHRIST SYMBOLIZED IN ORPHEUS.

account of their crudity: thus, a sheep between two foxes on the edge of a fountain represents the chaste Susannah. So far as concerns usages and costumes, these drawings are invaluable. Besides the fac-similes, they have placed in the collection the remains of frescoes, from the era of the Cæsars down to the fifteenth century, fixed on canvas with much skill. A curiosity of the first rank is the seated statue of St. Hippolytus, bishop of Porto, a work of the third century discovered in the catacombs of St. Lawrence. The head is a restoration, but the monument furnishes us, engraved against the episcopal seat, with the Paschal calendar, which the prelate composed to refute the Quartodecimani, who obstinately persisted in celebrating Easter on the same day as the Jews.

I passed hastily through the rooms, where I only caught glimpses of a few fine pictures, among them, an Annunciation, by F. Francia; a Legend of the Virgin, by Beato Angelico; two Marco Parmigiani; the St. Jerome of Giovanni Santi, Raphael's father, a painting of a sweet harmony, with the grace of Perugino slightly Germanized; two tapestries executed for the hospital of St. Michael, after Fra Bartolommeo; a charming Virgin and two other subjects of admirable execution, by Carlo Crivelli (1482); an

LA BARCACCIA AND THE STEPS OF LA TRINITA DEI MONTI.

Assumption, a remarkable work of a rare master, Colà dell' Amatrice, with the date of 1515; a Cesare da Sesto; the Crowning of the Virgin, by Filippo Lippi; a Triptych of Antonio Demurao, going back to 1464; and a Pannel of Benozzo Gozzoli. It would be no bad thing to transport to the Vatican these important pieces, which are lost in the solitudes of the Lateran.

One day when I was there with some friends, a door opened and the custodian called out, 'The great Hall of the Councils!' What memories do these words awake in the Lateran palace! We entered full of awe and curiosity. O deception! Down the long and vast aisle, savage tribes of Canada, figured in painted plaster, with eyes of enamel all flaming, illuminated with red ochre, grimacing, posturing madly, covered with bits of tinsel, were awaiting us on trestles, on which the horde looked as if they had been suddenly fixed by magic in the midst of a burlesque jig. We had not expected such a council as this. If we had, perhaps it might have had some interest, but in contrast with the harmony of the palace it detonates and jars. So our Hurons put us to flight.

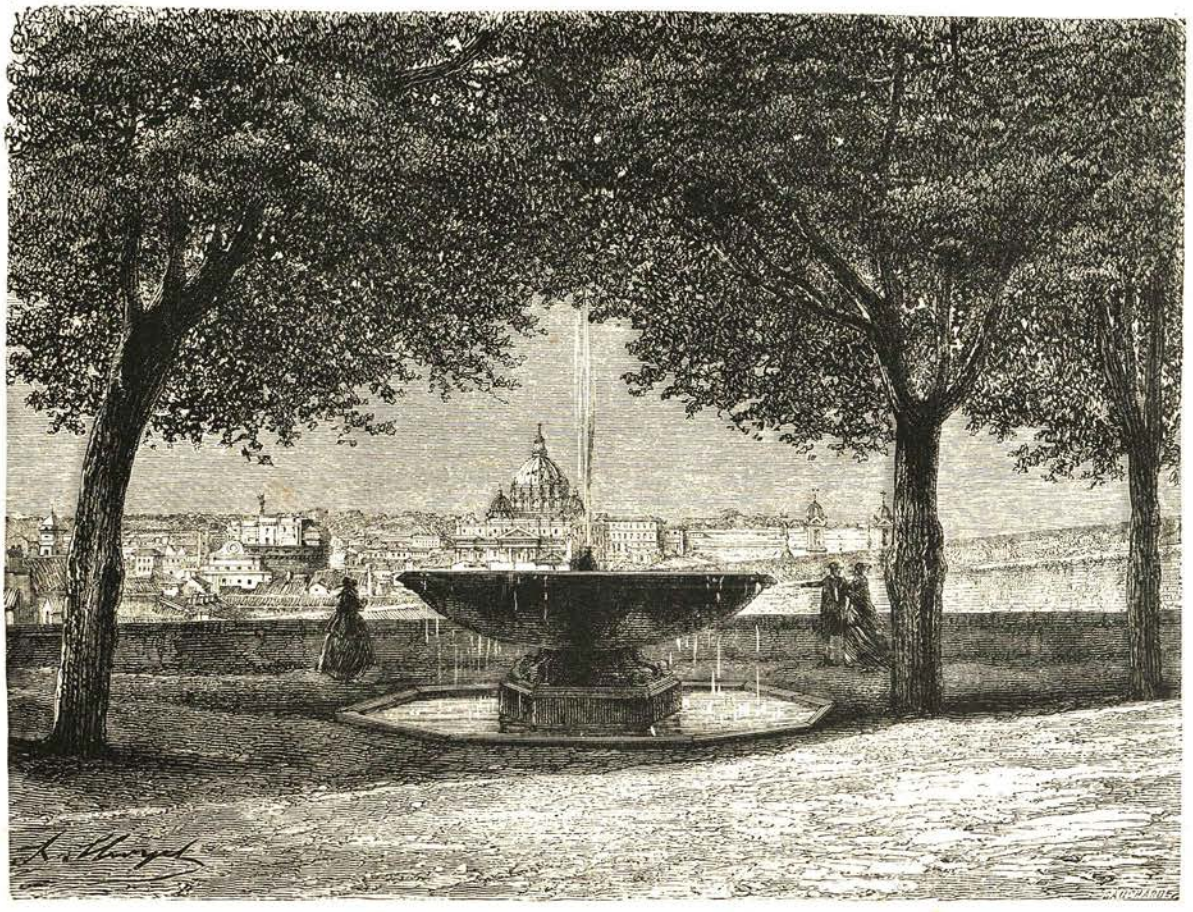
When after an aimless saunter between the ramparts and the Claudian waters we returned to the Piazza of St. John Lateran, which was already plunged, like the palace and the turrets of the church, in the shadows of evening, the obelisk rooted in the middle of it had its peak still red with the sun's crepuscular fires; this prodigious wedge, dipping its point into the freshness of the blue sky, never seemed more immense. It is, as I have said, the loftiest of the monoliths, and it is covered with curious hieroglyphics. Constantine brought it on board ship; he had it dragged to Rome and set up in the Circus Maximus. Overthrown by the barbarians, it broke into three pieces, and the earth buried it: Sixtus V., who dug it up, had it fastened together again, and then erected it before his palace of Lateran.

Gifted with most energetic activity, this pontiff had a passion for astonishing colossi. It led him to exhume the needle of Rhamses III., which Octavianus after Actium brought back from Heliopolis, and which Pliny attributes to one of the Pharaohs named Semsertes; Sixtus V. had it set up in the Piazza del Popolo. It is the second of the three obelisks which are earlier than Cambyses; the third is that of which Augustus made a gnomon in the middle of the Campus Martius; it marked the time by the projection of its shadow on a dial-plate engraved in the marble. Pius VI. disinterred the solar obelisk in 1789, placed a globe on the top of it, and made it an ornament of the Piazza of Monte Citorio, an eminence formed of the substructions of an amphitheatre erected by Statilius Scaurus. Clement XI. placed in front of the Pantheon the ancient needle of the temples of Isis and Serapis; Alexander VII. re-erected that of the Minerva, found in 1665 in the gardens of the Dominicans; Pius VI. dug up from the gardens of Sallust that of the Trinity, and from the tomb of Augustus that of the Quirinal. It was there also that Sixtus V. found the obelisk in red granite of Sta. Maria Maggiore, about the time when he planted in front of the Vatican basilica the obelisk of Caligula, which is of smaller archæological value, since it is free of all inscriptions and of *modern* origin, for Caius Caligula had it cut. Yet of all these various obelisks, the last is perhaps the most renowned, because to its erection belongs the well-known anecdote of the man who, in the midst of the silence imposed under penalty of death by the first of the absolute pontiffs, saved the compromised operation by calling to Fontana, '*Acqua alle funi!*' This spectator was a coaster of the Genoese Riviera, named Bresca.

He obtained for his reward authority to fly the pontifical flag at his mast, and the hereditary privilege of supplying the apostolic palace with palm leaves on Palm Sunday.

We may reflect with awe on the money that has been spent, and the men that have been employed, by the Pharaohs, the Emperors, and the sovereign pontiffs, to endow their capitals with these gigantic curiosities.

'A GROUP SLUMBERING OVER A CRADLE.'



ON THE TERRACE OF THE PINCIAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Colonna palace, its galleries, gardens, ruins.—Via della Pilotta.—Church of the Santi Apostoli: Canova and Volpato, Julius II., Cardinal Bessarion, etc.—Fountain and piazza of Monte Cavallo.—Appearance, character, and reminiscences of the Quirinal palace.—Santa Maria degli Angeli and the Thermæ of Diocletian.—Michelangelo and the cloisters of the Carthusians.—The St. Bruno of Houdon.—The Piazza di Spagna and the Immacolata.—The Barcaccia and the great steps of the Pincian.—Inundation of the Tiber.—The Trinita dei Monti.—Daniel of Volterra and Poussin.—The Via Sistina and Via Gregoriana.—Studio *montanari:* the Pascuccia.—Gardens of Messalina.—Galileo with the Medici.—The Convent of the Holy Heart.

I.

THE Colonna palace is situated between the Corso and the Quirinal, on the slope of which the gardens extend, contiguous to the church of the Santi Apostoli; with that the buildings occupy one of the great sides of a long piazza, bounded on the north by the narrow Saporelli palace, where died the last Stuart, nominally James III. It was at the Saporelli palace that a young maiden was brought up, who has left romantic reminiscences and a correspondence, skilfully set by Edmond About in the romance of *Tolla*. This heroine came to die near here in the convent of Sant' Antonio, which touches on the Piazza Sta. Maria Maggiore.

On account of certain analogies of style, the Colonna palace presents a curious appearance to persons who have studied the decorations of our royal residences of the

great age. It is not that the galleries are filled with paintings, but the selections are happy, the portraits of the family are of the highest value, and the Colonna palace preserves pictures that are not to be found elsewhere. Such is the portrait in profile of a young man, by that Giovanni Santi, Raphael's father, of whom our biographers have not failed to make a mediocre painter, to enhance by so much the genius of the son. Unluckily, the works of Santi are very rare, but they are in general of a warm and vigorous colour for pictures of such exquisite finish: the Giovinetto of the Colonna palace unites to the delicate physiognomy of a Francia the deep colouring of a Venetian. Among the pictures which have the privilege of attracting all eyes, one cannot help naming the Madonna and Child of Botticelli, and the same subject with St. John by Giulio Romano, two pieces of rare value; the latter of them has the charm of a Raphael of the second period. Near a small portrait of Maria Mancini, of a beauty that explains the youthful ardour of Lewis XIV., is a Last Judgment composed by Pietro of Cortona expressly for the Colonna family; a most comical idea is presented in it with the greatest gravity. You see emerging from their tombs all the heroes of the race down to Philip Colonna, who was twice married: Lucrezia, his first wife, seems outraged on her return to the light to see rising by her side another and a younger wife; but an angel intervenes to explain the matter to her, while Philip Colonna, triumphant yet embarrassed, casts an oblique glance to see how it will end.

A lively portrait of Isabel Colonna by Pietro Novelli, who has represented her on foot with her rosy-coloured child rosily dressed, does still more to justify the posthumous jealousies of Lucrezia, whom Van Dyck in another picture has armed in warlike guise, to contest her charms before posterity. This figure, clad in black like her rival, and with an expressive head framed in a heavy frill, is one of the most living triumphs of the Flemish master.

These pieces are at the end of the great gallery of the Colonna, a splendour discerned from a distance and that made us pass more quickly before a Paris Bordone, before a Bonifazio, both of which are worth remembering; before the St. Jerome of Lo Spagna, the finest work of this faithful disciple of Perugino that is to be found in Rome. We were constrained, however, to salute in passing a fine Palma (*rara avis*); then two pre-eminent portraits, one by Paul Veronese and the other by Titian. The latter represents Onofrio Panvinio, the historian of Roman antiquities, a pensive face whence the life radiates under a pale and transparent carnation. And as we were going away, Lorenzo Colonna, brother of Martin V., held us fixed under his glance: it is master Holbein who places in your way this gentleman with tawny beard, mixed with the furs of a robe, and from whose features life shines tranquilly out. Contrary to what is customary, the search for the real does not in this portrait end in dryness; the painting is rich and powerful, and as the proportions are just, the colour assumes a deep brilliance. I have never seen one of Holbein's portraits comparable to this of Lorenzo Colonna.

Established in 1572 after the battle of Lepanto to consecrate the glory of Marco Antonio Colonna, who commanded the Christian galleys against the Turks, the great gallery of this palace reminds one of that of St. Cloud, and still more of the gallery of mirrors at Versailles. The structure rests on pilasters in antique yellow; medallions and bas-reliefs have been disposed under each of the ten great windows, the intervals between them being occupied by panoplies of oriental arms; the frescoes tell the story

COLUMN OF THE IMMACOLATA.

of the Battle of Lepanto, along the arches of the ceiling. On a series of mirrors arranged down the hall, Mario de' Fiori has painted Cupids among the finest garlands that his pencil ever drew. Add to all this elegance and wealth a pavement of antique marbles; multiply in symmetrical proportions the furniture with its sweepingly-turned lines, the giant consoles of which the tables of oriental breccia are supported by Turks stooping and in fetters; Asiatic cabinets in ivory and lapis and ebony; count up the statues, the groups, the portraits, the cartouches; and you will have an idea of the vast gallery where, as at St. Cloud, the paintings like the portraits are arranged in the ornamentation. The more you look, the more convinced you are that Mansart drew his inspiration for the decoration of Versailles from the great hall of the Colonna palace, and what increases the probability of this imitation is the timidity of the copy. The vestibules which serve for porticos to this gallery, prolong it at the extremities with even greater richness; they are ornamented in such a way as to detain the visitor before the long perspective of that heraldic aisle. Swanevelt, Canaletto, Gaspar Poussin, Claude of Lorraine, Berghem, Paul Brill, Breughel, Orizonte, have enlivened with peaceful and luminous landscapes the cartouches, tympana, and medallions, arranged by the design of the architects. The Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars face a fine View of the church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, which the Venetians in their smooth dialect style the *Zanipolo.*

Enter the sanctuary: the Colonna await you there in full costume of immortality, thanks to Van Dyck, who has painted a superb equestrian portrait of Carlo Colonna; to Scipione Gaëtano, who presents to us the victorious Constable; to Agostino Caracci who stands godfather to the Cardinal Pompeo Colonna; to Sustermans who has treated Federigo with master hand; to Giorgione who, on a ground of feudal country with strong castle and glacis, has created the mighty-armed figure of Giacomo Sciarra Colonna. Other pieces, subjects taken from history and saintship, give variety to the scene, and leave space and air between all these personages, whom you will hardly leave without bowing before the poetic Vittoria Colonna, that muse of delicate and penetrative loveliness. To reach the second vestibule you ascend a few marble steps; one of the steps, it will hardly be believed, was broken during the last siege by a bullet which, having been discharged from the Janiculum, must, to come here, have passed straight through the four windows of two houses divided by a court, then entered at the end of the gallery and rushed down its entire length without an obstacle. Justly promoted to the rank of a curiosity, the projectile has been fixed in the block of marble which it indented. Quite close to these steps you find, between a false Poussin and a suspicious Ghirlandajo, the St. John the Baptist of Salvator Rosa, very curious on account of its striking personality; it is the portrait of the artist, who took this original pretext for representing himself naked in a wilderness.

Julius II. inhabited this palace for some time: it had been commenced by Martin V. towards 1420, while its gardens, extended in steep embankments up to the summit of the Quirinal, preserve the vaults of several ancient edifices of unknown origin. From the top of a terrace you lean with a sort of dizziness over the profundities of these caverns, in which the sun's rays, precipitated by the slope of the vaults, have drawn from the damp earth a few patches of verdure throwing upon the walls reflections like moonlight. At the other end of the rampart, which is enlivened by plants, streams, and fountains, are the remains of a temple which was reconstructed by Aurelian after his victories in Syria. Under this reign, they set to work to turn

back the current of the decline of art, and to seek purity of form, without renouncing their taste for the colossal, that barbarous passion alike of the youth and old age of a civilization. The monolithic entablatures of the Colonna gardens, two cut rocks of formidable dimensions, have profiles which would seem too delicate for this period, if Palmyra did not offer ruins of the Aurelian epoch quite as exquisite in their purity; it was archæology already. One of these fragments comprises in a single block, an architrave and its frieze, with corbels of nearly a foot for the iron clamps designed to bind these rocks together.

The communication between the palace and its escarped gardens is by two or three bridges, each of one arch, thrown over a deep street, the Via della Pilotta, which runs round the foot of the hill, and on which the branches of the trees pour down festooned shadows. The palace, the ruins twenty times centenary, the basins of green water, and this precipice changed into a cascade of flowers —all are in the very heart of the town, and in a very populous quarter; silence has never brooded over this solitude. But the noise there is still louder for the spirit, than it is for the ear; from the platform, which has an issue on the piazza of the Quirinal palace, you embrace the whole city, from the Capitol to the Monte Mario, and from the Janiculum to the Palatine; St. Peter's rises above the hills, and in the distance the azure of Monte Cimino refreshes the sight with the glow of the Roman suburbs, bristling with rockeries which were villas or thermæ.

VIA DELLA PILOTTA.

II.

On the long piazza, which has taken the name of the Colonna palace, is the church of the SS. Apostoli, a cold specimen of sage architecture, in which the poverty of the worthy Valadier adapts itself to the linear pruderies of Fontana; Valadier added a façade to the portico built under Sixtus IV. You find here one of those small museums of the second rank, where historical interest attaches you to works that are often mediocre, but that possess a certain value when seen in their place. Under the porch is the tomb of Volpato, the Venetian who made Raphael's Stanze so popular, interpreting them so ill with so much talent. Volpato was the friend of Canova, who drew up an allegorical epitaph for him in marble; before the bust of the deceased,

Friendship leans over in tears. Nothing is more meagre than the bas-relief, but the disconsolate figure is touching.

Here is the great nave, with the pompous Triumph of the Franciscans, diluted by Baciccio. In this glassy machine, Baciccio seems to be a Bolognese Tiepolo, of a more negligent sort, as is right enough for a Genoese of the time of Innocent XII. We may pass in review, in going through this temple, painters of the last hour, such as Francesco Coghetti, Lapiccola, Benedetto Luti, Nasini, even Muratori; I mix them all up without scruple; for the last hundred and fifty years they are all of the same age, those of the present being no more inspired than those of the furthest period.

At the right side of the Tribune is the mausoleum of the favourite nephew of Sixtus IV., of that Cardinal Riario, who died conveniently to leave the field open to Julian della Rovere. Michelangelo, so they say, designed this tomb, which recalls much more the style of Maiano, witness the two little Angels that, posed like genii on escutcheons, look sulkily at Death, as they mourn over the deceased. Nearly underneath this ambitious decoration, a glance towards the little tomb, so simple and of such exquisite taste, in honour of a French cavalier of the armies of Lewis XII.

The vault of this chapel deserves that you should raise your eyes to the disturbing matters which are being transacted there. One of the demoniacally-possessed decorators of the seventeenth century, Odazzi, has painted up here the precipitation of the rebellious angels from heaven; thrust forth by a large hole, they topple down in clusters, and roll across the vault in pulpy masses. In the same way as they commend for the name of Michelangelo the tomb of Cardinal Riario, they extol that of Clement XIV. because it is by Canova. The latter is not very good; the figures of Temperance and Mercy want character, but in the seated statue, Pope Ganganelli has too much impetuosity; he blesses with a melodramatic gesture. How many papal effigies whose movement is forced, because people insisted on drawing their inspiration from the right hand of Urban VIII.!

The church is set in a convent; to get in, you go along a corridor adorned with the most interesting commemorative monuments. One must hasten to breathe in the mystic fragrance of these inner arrangements of the cloister. Sixtus IV. was a member of this monastery; Julius II. also; and we imagine the impatience with which the latter made his sandal patter along the marble of this corridor. The coffin of Michelangelo, who died in this parish in 1564, was for some time preserved in the gallery here, where the memory of it is consecrated by a cenotaph of marble, representing Buonarotti lying among the emblems of the arts; a curious likeness, and an interesting piece of sculpture, which has never been reproduced.

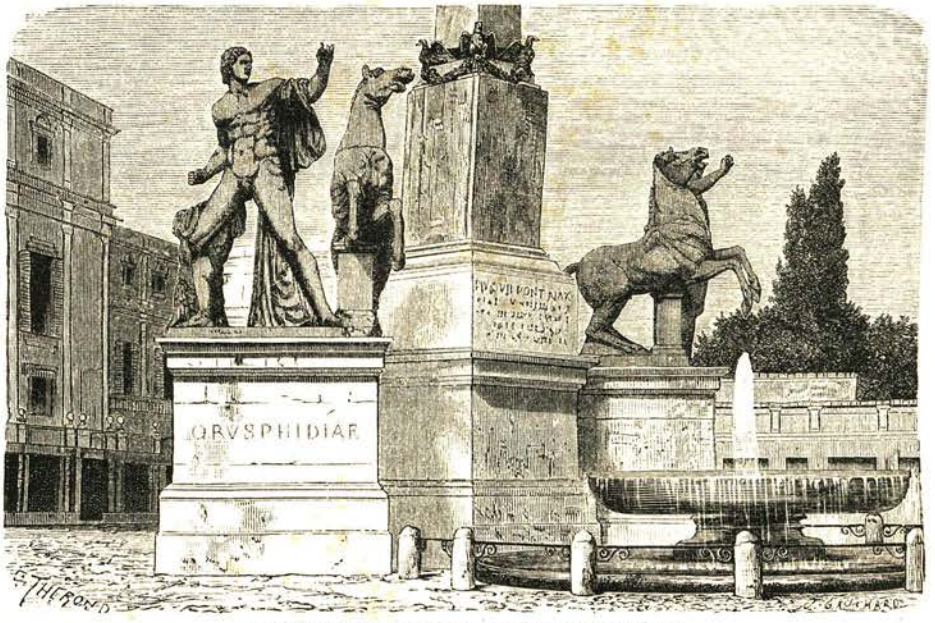
They have placed opposite to him Cardinal Bessarion, renowned Hellenist and theologian, who, being brought from Trebizond into Italy by the Emperor John VIII. Palæologus, worked for too short a time at the Council of Florence, to effect a reunion between the Greek and Latin churches. A defender of Plato, translator of Xenophon and Aristotle, born among the Greeks and adopted a citizen of Rome, where his palace was an academy, this Mæcenas, who preached union by example, came and gave up his last breath, as if on neutral ground, at Ravenna. The large medallion, with its bearded profile, representing him in a cardinal's hat of immense size, thrust far over the head, as for one going out to war, presents a strange personage.

Let us now approach the plateau of the Quirinal by the outlet from the Colonna gardens.

III.

Why has the hill which rises between the Viminal and the Pincian kept the mystic surname of Romulus? This dedication is not of formal antiquity, because under the Republic, and even under the emperors, they designated the Quirinal under the name of Mons Agonalis. Scholars bring forward Sabine etymologies; with us, when they claim to trace words to an unknown tongue, they go back to Celtic, which is nearly as thoroughly studied as the Sabine may be at Rome.

Every one knows that the popes enclosed the most notable portion of the Quirinal between the walls of the vast palace in which they have established a residence, if not for summer, at least for the semi-season, and also a residence for winter. But this erection of Gregory XIII., designed by the Lombard, Flaminio Ponzio, finished under Sixtus V. and Clement VIII. by Fontana, enlarged by Carlo Maderno, completed



FOUNTAIN OF THE PIAZZA MONTE CAVALLO.

by Fuga and Bernini, and restored under Pius VII.—the work of ten pontiffs, the Quirinal palace, has not had the honour of giving its name to the piazza which its principal façade decorates. In the middle of the piazza a jet of water plays in a basin of oriental granite; Pius VII. brought it thither from the Forum; above the basin stand in hard outline against the sky two athletic statues and two horses of marble, placed there by Sixtus V.; afterwards Pius VI. subordinated the two groups, reducing them to serve as accessories to a needle of red granite, once posted as sentinel before the Mausoleum of Augustus. These fine figures, and still finer coursers—groups in which the Quirites amused themselves by recognising their old patrons, Castor and Pollux—these masterpieces attributed to Praxiteles and Phidias, chose the hill for pedestal, and re-named it. Unfortunately, they are cut in a porous marble which the damp blackens; placed too high, they only appear like a bare outline in the air; in another way the obelisk planted between the two disperses the interest, and this conflict of precious works adorning the Piazza Monte Cavallo, produces a discordant effect.

MEETING OF THE VIA SISTINA AND VIA GREGORIANA.

It almost faces the window where, at the end of the conclaves, they proclaim the chosen of the sacred college; it is from this balcony that the popes let their first blessing fall upon the world. De Brosses, who had the good fortune to see an election, has told the story in some pages which are curious, intelligent, and indicative of sound observation; but he did not speak of the palace; in the days when he had the good luck to live, the cares and labours which the Revolution has brought upon us, had not inclined all minds to repose as in a dream in the description of sites and famous spots.

Seen from the outside, the building is a fairly handsome barrack, soberly-faced, with small architectural elegance. Ample staircases, an enormous court of cloistered appearance, the gardens of peculiar arrangement—such is the aspect of the Quirinal. As you enter, you distinguish with a certain surprise the inner physiognomy of a residence built for a sovereign to whose character there is no parallel. It presents an incongruous combination of the luxury of potentates, with the scruples of a pastoral humility bent on displaying itself: the religious sense and the consciousness of sovereign power are in continual contradiction with one another, and this rather incoherent side of the situation constitutes the singularity of the thing. The quantity of thrones and the profusion of stools for prayer; so many small chapels and better adorned rooms of state; these chambers of audience with dais of purple and gold, with a table of polished walnut and a beechen crucifix for the only manual; in the sleeping-rooms, simple little keepsakes consecrated as among homely folk to the devotion of the fireside—all helps to keep the mind undecided between respect and a smile. In this familiar Italy, the candour of the priest has no care to hide itself; between the throne and the table is a spittoon. On the whole, comfort and luxury have not come to a bad understanding in this residence, where the pontiff, loosening his girdle, takes a little rest in all the simplicity of a prince of the earth. If they had thought of such a building in the happy ages of Bramante and Pollajuolo, they would have expanded it into the most perfect monastic palace of Catholicism. The academic decline has come out of it as it best could: the ground is austere, the splendours are simple veneering. Except the small apartments, where the holy father has arranged some pretty furniture for his own use, you meet nothing in the interminable series of antechambers but noisy stucco work, daubed ceilings, doorways with cartouches. Then after the great chamber—which is very long, with the dais and chair at the end—come a multitude of special reception-rooms; a throne for receiving the salutations of ambassadors, a throne for the morning audiences, a throne for extraordinary audiences, a throne for evening receptions, a throne for dining alone in a room whose use is not shown, a throne for festivals, when the pope eats apart, a throne—but I despair of remembering them all.

Each room, then, has its rigorously appointed purpose; we see in all this multitude of special appropriations, a pitiless etiquette, which only makes a slave and a victim of the prince who is bound to submit to it, and to keep it up. Not a cabinet, nor a private corridor, nor a secret staircase; the palace is transparent; only the patience of a monk and the innocence of a dove can acclimatize themselves in this great cage, whose bars are disguised under Scenes offering all manner of free life and power—in tapestry, presented by various princes. It is our Gobelins, who under Lewis XIV. and Lewis XV. furnished the best pieces; all Jean Jouvenet has gone there; Napoleon III. only figures by the copy of a Ribera. In front of these hangings, great imperial vases from China

shine out; but the seats are of wood, waxed and polished as in the parlour of a hospital. As they have sought the subjects of the decorative paintings in the holy Scriptures, you seem to be going through a suite of Florentine or Siennese sacristies, too freely and tawdrily decorated. The severity of the cloister has shrunk from the use of mirrors and glasses, but the chimney-pieces have pannels of porphyry and antique red, as well as bas-reliefs in bronze.

And what skilful flattery has devised the emblems! The glory of religion is symbolized in the Triumph of Constantine; Julius Cæsar dictating in four languages to as many secretaries belonging to the four quarters of the globe, personifies a sovereignty that has been prolonged by the pontiffs over all empires; a great ceiling by Andrea Corsi celebrates Trajan, whom God received into paradise at the prayers of St. Gregory; Trajan, the only pagan whom hell has given up, is shown to us receiving the ambassadors of all the peoples in the world. The allusion is doubly prophetic, for by a curious chance the Trajan of Corsi, incarnate in another Cæsar for whom Europe was then waiting, is a striking likeness of the first Napoleon. Nothing is austerer nor less ornate, in spite of its columns of porta santa, than the great consistorial chapel, in which newly-promoted cardinals are proclaimed. On the altar is a colossal Madonna of Stephen Maderno, the copy of which has been adapted to the clock in the great court. At the other end they have placed a picture of the Virgin surrounded by Saints, a triptych on a golden ground attributed to Lorenzo of Florence, but which seems to me to belong to some Siennese—Vanni, perhaps, or more probably Taddeo di Bartolo. This pannel is interesting.

Among the apartments are some respectable pieces before which one hardly stops, but let us mention two very fine figures of Fra Bartolommeo, St. Peter and St. Paul, produced in 1514 under the influence of Michelangelo, at a time when our monk came to make the pilgrimage of the Sixtine chapel. The St. Paul, which is the better of the two, has some analogy to the Isaiah of Sanzio, that young friend of a too impressionable artist. Della Porta left the St. Peter unfinished, and Raphael completed it: the contemptuousness of Leo X. had repulsed Fra Bartolommeo. I remember also a chamber where Overbeck left a ceiling, which I only point to by way of landmark; this is the room in which Pius IX. received the envoys of the Revolution, and in which nearly half a century before Pius VII. had been arrested—two painful reminiscences.

The gardens of this great convent turned into a royal residence, with their terraces, their statues, their fountains, their clipped avenues, their parterres cut into arabesques, their architectural arbours, and their flaunting kiosk which Fuga erected to be a buffet, in which the holy father in the midst of the landscapes of Battoni and Orizonte offers sherbet and coffee to the greatnesses of this world—these gardens with their capricious alleys, with such far perspectives over groups of campaniles and domes, must be a vision of the infantine paradise of mysticism for our provincial clerics. They make one think of the verdant carpetings of old, of the labyrinthine grounds which decorate the heavenly Jerusalem of middle-age art; symmetrical fancies which people of taste will discuss, but which are adored by the very simple, and perhaps by the very subtle too.

On certain days, the Quirinal, where grass grows and the spider weaves, sees the carriages and rich liveries of the prelates rolling up in front of its walls. This is when the palace, deprived of its usufructuary lord, transforms itself into a hotel

for cardinals, and when, each evening, a motley populace of twenty nationalities, with eyes fixed on a large balcony, awaits the name of the master whom the conclave will give to themselves, to launch it on the echoes of the whole world.

IV.

The Via di Porta Pia which continues that of the Quirinal, will take us to the Chartreuse of Sta. Maria degli Angeli. Buonarotti was over eighty when he took it into his head to plant in the rotunda of the Thermæ of Diocletian this church, which he had been intrusted to build by Pius IV. So, while he raised the floor of the temple by twelve feet, he kept the eight enormous monolithic columns of Egyptian granite which supported the entablature, and faced the bases with marble. We know how Vanvitelli and the Carthusians dishonoured this edifice, where the eye shocked by disproportions fixes on the masterpiece of a French sculptor, the St. Bruno of Houdon. 'He would speak,' cried Clement XIV., 'if he were not kept back by the discipline of his order!' It was no small enterprise for an artist at the end of the eighteenth century, imbued with antique models and philosophy, to hit by talent and suppleness of spirit alone upon the seraphic expression which enlightens the soul of the saints. Houdon succeeded in this; his work is of his own time; the figure is angelic without recalling either the processes or the sentiment of a Fra Angelico, a Rosselino, a Mino da Fiesole.

It was to Sta. Maria degli Angeli that they brought, after adroitly carrying it off from St. Peter's and substituting for it there a copy in mosaic, Zampieri's Martyrdom of St. Sebastian; the saint, the angels, and the Christ appearing in the heavens, are most magisterial figures; in the foreground is a group of women and of common people trampled on by the cavalry, while they strangle the martyr; a veritable masterpiece of movement and execution. You pass in front of this, to reach the famous cloister of the hundred columns, one of the largest that exists. It has the greatness which the will of Michelangelo dreamed of in every circumstance.

In the centre of this cloister with its hundred pillars of travertine, four cypresses, tossed by time and grown into irregular forms, which Michelangelo planted, disguise the edge of the well like a tomb: the distant lines of the low galleries against a blue sky give to these sombre giants colossal dimensions. The square of the court makes a kitchen-garden, in which smile some Bengal roses, but nothing interferes with the grave and silent poetry of an enclosure vowed to meditation.

The monument is so enframed in the Thermæ of Diocletian, that crossing a small court you find yourself in the presence of one of the most considerable fragments of that architecture, less antique, less pure, in worse preservation, than the Thermæ of Caracalla. On my way back, going through the church, I remarked a tolerably life-like bust of Francis Alciati, professor of St. Carlo Borromeo. This nephew of Andrew Alciati, was, according to Muretus, 'the ornament of his century;' his contemporaries are all agreed in offering praises to his genius; his glory is never to pass away! He published nothing. They composed for him a very great inscription in only six words:—

VIRTUTE VIXIT, MEMORIA VIVIT, GLORIA VIVET.

Let us regain the street of the Quattro Fontane, and pass Capo le Case, to go as far as our church of the Trinita dei Monti, built on the Pincian in 1494 by Charles VIII. for the brethren of S. Francesco de Paolo. It is a mediocre monument, but with a considerable appearance; to keep a favourable idea of it, confine yourself for a long time to looking at the outside, especially from the Piazza di Spagna, at the top of which it crowns a magnificent staircase. As you come out from the cosmopolitan street baptized by the subterranean conduits (*condotti*) of the Acqua Vergine, you are dazzled by the cascade of steps, which half-way down leaves two terraces encorbelled with balustrade and pilasters, and then escaping by a division into two, proceeds to reunite on the Pincian at the steps of a church; the whole slope is absorbed by this decoration, which imparts a certain appearance of size even to narrow spaces. This construction, designed by A. Specchi and ended by De' Sanctis, is not due, as is so constantly said, to a M. Gouffier, our ambassador; France never sent to the popes any ambassador of that name. It was Cardinal Melchior de Polignac who, when French minister at the court of Benedict XIII., utilised and augmented by two-thirds a sum that had been left in 1632 for this purpose by one of his predecessors, Gueffier—a sum that had remained unemployed up to this time, because it was insufficient: the princely structure was not completed until 1725.

The foot of the steps is marked by a grotesque fountain, the Barcaccia, which is erroneously attributed by some of our writers to Bernini, whereas it is really the work of his father, Pietro Bernini, whom his adventurous temper led to seek his fortune in the region of Naples. The fountain has for its principal subject a small boat, foundered in a basin on a level with the ground; in the middle of the bark is a vase from which a jet of water shoots up. This original subject wants common sense, only the defect is so obvious as not to be worth demonstrating. The object of the Barcaccia is to recall a memorable circumstance: towards 1624 the waters of the Tiber, passing through the whole city and invading the Corso and the adjoining streets, mounted to the foot of the Pincian, and a bark was moored at the bottom of the Piazza di Spagna.

A friend told me one evening that fifteen winters before, as he was returning home one thick night, he heard a low noise making a continuous kind of bass to a curious plashing; a lantern swinging above threw serpentine flashes over black water, which was stealthily rising between the walls of the Via Condotti. People are not wanting who tell you that inundations are only due to the stripping of wood from the mountains, but the archives of our provinces prove the disasters occasioned by the rivers in the thirteenth century, and as for the Tiber, we know from Livy that in the time of Scipio Africanus the low quarters and the Campus Martius, in which are the principal streets of the modern town, were invaded by floods twelve times in one year. On the Piazza di Spagna, in front of the College of the Propaganda, the nursery of missionaries for barbarous countries, rises the column of the Immacolata, which, since 1856, consecrates the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception. They made use for this purpose of a shaft of Carystian marble, exhumed in 1778 from the Piazza Campo Marzio.

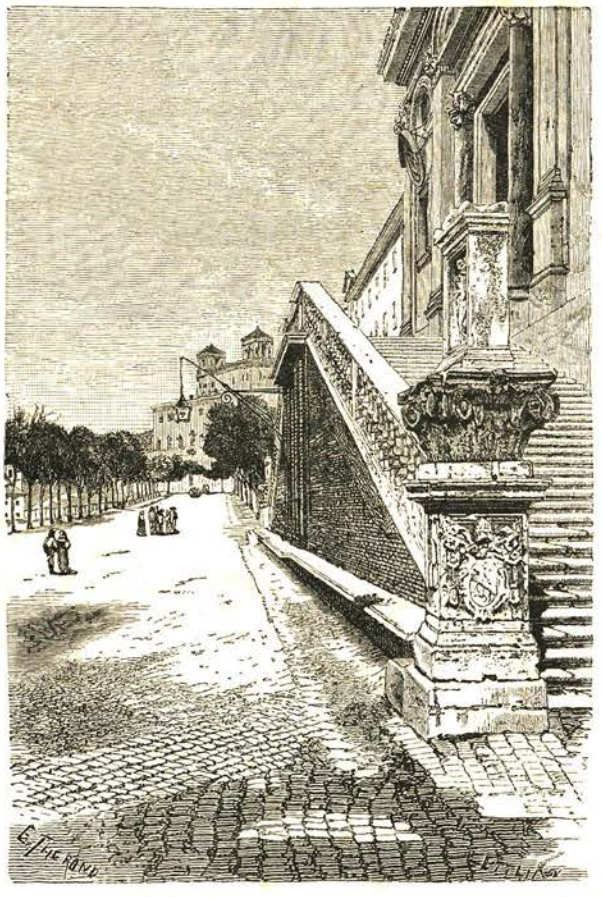
Everybody has ascended a hundred times, by its broad hollow with gentle steps, the slope leading from the piazza to which the palace of the Spanish ambassadors has given a name, to the Villa Medici and the Pincian Gardens. In proportion as you rise, you see the façade of the Trinita dei Monti lessen; it is cut in two by a little

PONTIFICAL PROCESSION AT THE FEAST OF THE MADONNA.

STA. MARIA MAGGIORE (FACADE OF BENEDICT XIV.)—CONVENT OF SANT' ANTONIO.

obelisk planted in front of the portico, where it tries to make itself big by the aid of a pedestal which is too long. It was a vexatious idea of the good Pius VI., this obelisk, which was topped in 1789 by a fleur-de-lis surmounted by a star, with an iron cross above. Two square belfries with pilasters and pediments form part of the façade; you would take them for shabby pavilions, if the pediments did not support on their four triangles the octagonal faces and roof of two campaniles. From the Barcaccia to the lantern of these bell-towers, how many discords and heresies! Yet the ensemble has a singular fascination.

On an angular pile by the steps of the church, two popes have displayed their arms; above they have placed an enormous capital taken from some temple of the third century; on this capital they have fastened a tomb-stone, and as no less has been done on the other side, this bit of bric-à-brac is an agreeable ornament to the space in which the Via Gregoriana and the Via Sistina come out, separated by the house with tetrastyle porch where Poussin died, ten steps from the house of Salvator Rosa, and nearly fronting that of Claude of Lorraine. These three sanctuaries guard the approach of the terrace, which ends at our academy of painting and at the Pincian Gardens. This park extends to the end of the hill, and descends on the Piazza del Popolo, which is so flaunting on the occasion of the festival of the Madonna, when entering the city in gorgeous procession by the bridge of St. Angelo, the carriage of the sovereign pontiff, preceded by the cross-bearer on a caparisoned mule, comes out of the Via di Ripetta on its way to Sta. Maria del Popolo.



PERRON OF THE TRINITA.

Now enter the church, which rises like a tabernacle at the extremity of the city; the monument is heavy and characterless. The French Revolution made of it a great lumber-room; Lewis XVIII. having returned it to worship, M. de Blacas had it restored according to the poverty-stricken and frosty taste of the time, by the correct archæologist of the palace of Scaurus. Exclusively devoted to the science of antiquity, the son-in-law of Alexander Duval and the great-uncle of our dear and regretted Henry Regnault, the estimable Mazois had not the art of restoring its physiognomy to a church of the fifteenth century; he modernised it after the antique of the day.

How much I should have preferred seeing it as Ingres saw it, when towards 1810 he turned it into a studio in which to paint his Romulus, conqueror of Acron! In a small water-colour the artist has drawn himself almost microscopically, and as seen from behind, busy painting on a stool at the corner of his enormous canvas; his faithful

violin rests on the ground against the picture; above you recognise the arches of the nave.

The public of to-day go there to look at some tiresome frescoes of Alberti and Rossetti, after the cartoons of Daniele da Volterra; some paintings assigned to Sodoma, by people who have never seen Sienna; then in the last chapel to the right, some frescoes contemporary with Perugino, that is to say with the foundation of the church, but weak in sentiment and not very elegant in point of taste. Let us also remark the Appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalene, only because they give Giulio Romano the credit of this mediocre piece of some more modern artist; and certain figures by Cesare Nebbia, which are rather turgid, but not without merit. Vien, Langlois, and some others are the equivocal interpreters of our school. Finally, the classic masterpiece that has received a traditional admiration for the last three centuries at the Trinita dei Monti; the Descent from the Cross, by Daniele de Volterra.

It is on the faith of Poussin that they have continued to extol this painting: 'The Transfiguration of Raphael, finished by Giulio Romano, the Communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino, the Descent from the Cross by Daniele de Volterra, these,' said Nicholas Poussin, 'are the most important works in existence.' This was to give the palm to three works of manufacture, clever, academic, weak in inspiration, and which, this supremacy being accepted, have diverted the public taste in a path too favourable to the school of Poussin: with this decree authoritatively formulated on many occasions, our artist for two centuries led a sheep-like public opinion astray. This Descent from the Cross, preserved in the second chapel to the left in the Trinita dei Monti, is a rather loaded composition, with hard reliefs accentuated by the contrast of light and shadow. The Christ presents an inert and lifeless body, more realistic than divine: the expression of the Virgin is violently forced; the accessory figures remain in an undecided kind of sentiment between naturalism and conventionalism. Beccafumi, the true master of Daniel of Volterra, often debates in the same way, when he means to fill his anatomical creatures with passion. Painted originally on the wall, the Descent was transferred to canvas in 1811 to be despatched to Paris; but, the operation completed, the work seemed too fragile, and since then it has been restored by Camuccini.

The Trinita dei Monti and the old convent of the Minimes are occupied by the nuns of the Sacré Cœur; it is a fine establishment with most extensive grounds. The pupils wander in all innocence among gardens where Messalina once took her pleasure, having acquired them from the heirs of Lucullus; they chatter where Galileo used to dream, when, after being condemned by the holy office, this great man was installed with all honour by the ambassador of Tuscany in the palace of the dukes.

It was there that cardinals and princes used to come to visit him, and it was on his return that he wrote to his disciple, father Rineceri, the letter quoted in 1784 by Mallet-du-Pan, a Calvinist who turned defender of Rome for love of truth: 'The pope thought me worthy of his esteem; they lodged me amid the delights of the Trinita dei Monti. When I arrived at the holy office, two Jacobins very worthily invited me to prepare my apology. As for repression, they interdicted my Dialogues; and after a stay of five months at Rome, they gave me my dismissal. As the plague was raging at Florence, they assigned to me for my residence the palace of my best friend at Sienna, archbishop Piccolomini. Now I breathe a pure air near my native town at my country house of Arcetri.' Such were for this great man the 'dungeons' of the Inquisition.

Nearly every morning I passed in front of the Trinita, on my way either to the Pincian

for a view of the hills lighted up by the rising sun, or to the Villa Medici, at the approaches to which the artists find ready for them some damsels from the fields clad in rustic attire, the materials of local colouring for the use of the studios. There used often to plant herself a ravishing creature, that our students did their best to see with the eyes of Leonardo—the Pascuccia, whose wide black eyes and waving hair I have seen on many a canvas. Occasionally I entered the church from which one by one the faithful issued forth. Two or three serving sisters then appeared, and I would seek an opportunity of a word with them to see if I could discover in them anything of their native land; their discreet smile and mystic aspect reminded me of our provincial convents.

LA PASCUCCIA.

THE EMBLEMS OF JUSTICE (RAPHAEL'S STANZE).

CHAPTER XIX.

Visit to the Calcografia camerale and the jeweller Castellani.—History of a band of brigands.—Protectorate of the institution.—Multiplicity of places of refuge.—The Villa Medici and its refugees.—Origin of the Academy of France, and its objects.—Comical reception ceremonial.—History and appearance of the villa.—Rome as the metropolis of art and literature.—Would our Academy be better placed elsewhere?—Services of the institution and some desirable expansions of it.—Origin and mission of the Istituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica.

I.

TO encourage the art of engraving and diffuse the works of painters, the sovereign pontiffs have created the *Calcografia camerale*, long anterior to our Chalcography at the Louvre, which has produced more and taken a happier flight within the last five-and-twenty years. One day as I was returning by the Piazza Trevi and so was following the Via della Stamperia towards the Pincian, I took it into my head to visit the pontifical workshops; I should have liked to come upon a nice engraved proof of the small Claude of the Barberini palace, and especially, *rarissimæ aves*, some pieces of Marco Antonio. But I established to my own regret that the old popes did not acquire the plates of the illustrious Raimondi, that delicate disciple of Francia whom the study of Albert Dürer made so skilful, and who, by simplifying his larger manner, placed at the service of Raphael a science of design so vigorous in its interpretations. It was this great Marco Antonio whose head Clement VII. was one day for cutting off, because he had engraved certain compositions of Giulio Pippi for an edition of the too sprightly verses of Aretino.

At the Roman Chalcography you will find those grey, heavy, soft plates which are due to Volpato and his pupil Morghen, and which have at once compromised and popularised the Stanze of Raphael. Ruined by repeated printing, retouched from time to time, so that the whole must have been recut, and heaven knows how, these plates, with the exception of the one representing the Emblems of Justice, furnish now extremely insipid interpretations. Nothing is more sad than to see what has become of the delicate heads of the Parnassus, and the Dispute on the Sacrament. For that matter, these figures were always too heavy. The Romans are convinced that all this is perfection, and so the price has gone up in proportion as the work has got worse: these Stanze

of Volpato cost two hundred and twenty francs, and are not worth anything. The Mill of Claude, a parody without relief or light, thirty-five francs. Among the painters of the later period the cameral administration has only had Camuccini engraved: Guercino, Domenichino, and Guido Reni form the bulk of the collection. By a surprising and laudable anomaly, they have reproduced the too-little visited frescoes of Fra Angelico in the chapel of Nicholas V. at the Vatican, but what a reproduction! If you insist on one's quoting some good engravings, you would have to choose the Temptation of Adam and Eve (Loggia), engraved by Carocci; the Supper of Leonardo, by Foli; and the Sibyls of Sta. Maria della Pace, by Bertini. In short, a poor collection, an administration without enterprise, a school without activity, a shop without customers.

As we are in this quarter, let us take the opportunity to visit the only industrial establishment worth mentioning. Art is its object, and archæological studies are the foundation of a business which offers us monuments of the taste and fashion of the remotest ages of antiquity. From the jewels of Assyria, Egypt, Greece, that he has exhumed and studied, the goldsmith Castellani has deduced a kind of work which was so vastly old as to seem quite new, and which has promptly produced its own school; his shops constitute a unique cabinet, formed by a man of technical skill both as amateur and dealer. From the very entrance he overpowers you; his staircase is a museum of odds and ends set in the walls. Pieces of inscriptions, mutilated bas-reliefs, lions and panthers from cabinets, heraldic wolves without head or tail, detritus of the sarcophagi; he has utilised everything, and all prepares ingenuous nabobs for the splendours of transcendent art-work. Besides, Castellani has furnished credentials of his condition; and his little books on the Jewellery of the Ancients and on Primitive Civilization have been placed by the papal government in the Index.

In the ware-rooms, too many vases and equivocal things. This is a great pity, for the collection of antique jewels, both from the east and the peoples of old Latium, is really of inestimable value. Tombs have given up entire parures; necklaces, bracelets, rings, ear-rings, brooches; there are some Tuscan gems, marvels going back possibly to the Pelasgians. There are Etruscan mirrors, in which the engraving of fairy delicacy contains figured scenes from the Iliad and the Odyssey; there is a Torques, of which the work is of a most skilful complication; a vase of Tyrrhenian silver, stamped with ornaments mixed with chimerical animals, and with a handle of miraculous finish. Among these masterpieces, the jewellery of Greece is inferior to that of Egypt; Babylon is superior to Memphis; and the aborigines of Latium to the jewellers of Athens; it is the half-fabulous nations, from whom you must ask the secret of perfection.

Castellani had travelled through Europe and Asia in search of the artifice of soldering, which enabled the jewellers of old to incorporate the most microscopic ornaments by an invisible junction in an enamelled surface. One day during the carnival he fell in with a peasant girl on the Corso, who had in her ears *barquettes* like those of the Etruscan tombs. He questioned her as to their origin, and found that they had been made by a village artificer in the heart of the Sabine hills. It was in the workshop of this obscure craftsman, that he found the lost art of Etruscan soldering, thus perpetuated by tradition for between five-and-twenty and thirty centuries. The copies due to Castellani's perseverance, and for the production of which he has had to invent a special set of instruments, are scarcely less miraculous than the Sabellian originals. It is a misfortune for art that the best customers in the world, the Americans, are at the same time the worst connoisseurs; for, to allure them, Castellani finds himself compelled to

fabricate hybrid products, which he displays before these inexperienced buyers. He has some consolation in composing veritable masterpieces to show to people of instructed tastes, who, whether they buy or not, will at any rate appreciate them.

From the old meeting of the Tre Vie and Castellani's, let us ascend the Pincian Hill. We will then enter the Villa Medici, and let us prelude by a few words on brigands, perhaps an unexpected introduction to the French palace.

II.

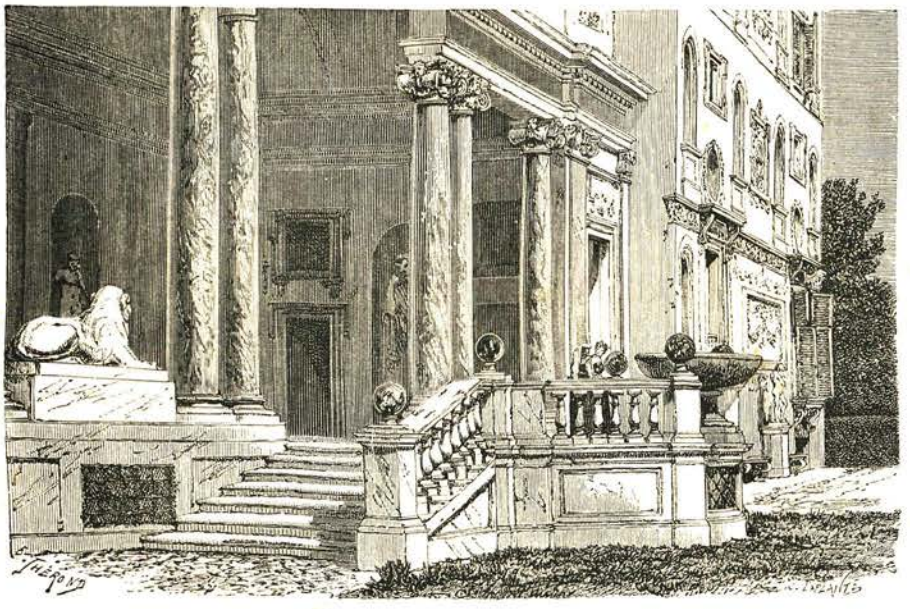
During my residence at Rome, the first half of January was marked by fifteen nocturnal robberies effected by violence in the streets, and of which information was given to the police to no purpose. These fifteen attempts in as many days, perpetrated on strangers only, imply on an average in the city and its environs a hundred episodes of the same kind in a month. An incident which occurred three weeks after, led to the amazing disclosure that there was at least one band of no less than thirty members, who had an organized system of robbery, under the protection and patronage of persons of some consideration, who shared in the profits of this distinguished calling. It was in vain that the French police pursued into the Campagna men who were suspected of the robbery and murder of a soldier. The monks, like other great landlords, shelter the *birbanti* for fear of being assassinated if they should refuse; but above all they dread lest resentment should induce the brigands to resort to arson; only able to count on themselves, the convents, palaces, villas, great farms, and manufactories, choose from out of the ranks of brigandage their clients whom they support, and by whom in turn they are protected.

This is the way in which places of asylum and refuges of impunity have come to be so multiplied, and among them rascals of distinction used to quote with eulogy and seek by predilection the Villa Medici, residence of the French artists, who owe a just popularity to this feudal condescension. The picturesque bandit has been thoroughly used by our school. His domestication in our academy goes back, it is said, to Horace Vernet, who drew certain keenly relished pictures from the 'Institution.' It has been made a reproach to one of his successors, whose administration has lasted longer than all the others, that he welcomed this studio property too warmly to the villa. Such condescension has its inconveniences; under Schnetz's administration our six-and-twenty artists, including their chief, bore the charges of sixty-four agents of an equivocal pack of attendants. Thus there was no more room for housing the pupils of our Athenian school, when they accomplished their mockery of a pilgrimage to Rome, limited to four weeks, like a notary's holiday.

The chambers and work-rooms of our scholars are for the most part mere garrets in this magnificent palace, the walls of which almost form a museum. It all struck me as ill kept, dirty, damaged; the locks hardly fasten the shaky doors. Surely such facilities provoke weakness in virtues out of practice. What can be done? By a peculiarly Italian feeling of the national prerogatives, a director may insist on maintaining the right of asylum exercised by France in her own palace, and it is certain that all this tolerance invests our academy with great popularity. Besides the fact that such tolerance seems to the Romans princely and of the best taste, it protects our

students when they face the suburbs and the Campagna. Still, Roman as he had become, M. Schnetz tried hard to moderate the too vivacious excesses in the direction of local colour; when his students complained of having been robbed, he haled the offender before him; he harangued him and compelled him to promise there should be no relapse; above all, he insisted on convicting him of the delinquency. One of them having been robbed of one or two Napoleons by a servant, 'Menez-le rondement,' cried our director, 'tenez bon! Tâchez qu'il vous restitue au moins la moitié, et même exigez-le: il faut de la fermeté!' If I dwell on these details, it is because they depict what goes on in most of the palaces of Rome, in which live lords great enough to have a pack of clients. These devouring creatures who would alarm us, are compared by them to rats, who go nibbling about the house and do not make it at all uninhabitable.

M. Schnetz, whom I found there, I still remembered in the green years of his interminable youth, tall, bony, dark-haired, with a twinkling eye; he was of the Trasteverine type, or of that of a hardy companion from the Abruzzi. A friend of war, like the people



PORTICO OF THE VILLA MEDICI.

who have seen the pomps of the Empire, and childish as a soldier; fond of his art, but without ambition, this distinguished intelligence extracted from the illusions of others, in the shape of morality, a scepticism for which I should blame him; for this leaning has held back the full flight of a talent, of which he was hardly conscious. In his eagerness to put the master out of sight, our director had an almost exaggerated respect for the independence of the students; far from imposing his own ideas or his own manner, he fell back on subterfuges, when they constrained him to give his opinion; sometimes even he would get out of it at his own expense with all the gaiety in the world. His personality made so little effort to bring itself out in relief, that one of the numerous French officers to whom he gave up his Thursday evenings, could not guess if the master of the house were sculptor or painter. Intimidated by the example of one of his chiefs, who had inquired of the laureate of musical composition, what was his instrument—this young man came to inquire of me in a corner what was the speciality of M. Schnetz. To justify such complete abnegation, you will remember

that this is by no means a school; it is a residence gained by formed artists, who are no longer pupils, and who are quite aware of that circumstance. But in France we like to see everywhere lyceums or barracks; witness the warrior who when receiving our painters introduced by their chief, benignly asked of the inmates of the Villa Medici, 'Eh bien, travaille-t-on? est-on sage *dans les dortoirs?*'

III.

France procures at a low price the honour of awarding to her best artists so glorious a crowning of their studies: our students of the Villa Medici receive two hundred and ten francs a month from the state. They have from this to deduct their board, seventy-five francs; they must besides buy their own wine, and give fees to the servants; this absorbs about twelve hundred francs, and so they have about thirteen hundred left for clothing, fires, lights, canvas and colours, payment of models, and—travelling. Such is the lot of the laureates of painting, sculpture, engraving, and musical composition: the architects have, by a special exception and in consideration of the Athenian journey, the advantage of an indemnification limited to six hundred francs, a munificence so narrow that a young man reduced to the bare official subsidies cannot ever visit Italy. Many of them out of so modest a sum will still deduct something to help a straitened family, and if there is any good work in question, they hasten to assist. I have not often observed so much generosity, as in the ranks of these young men.

The students from the Academy of Antwerp have no palace, but after winning the prize and passing a literary examination to show that they are instructed enough to profit by their journey (in case of failure in this their departure is postponed), they receive from this small state a sum of three thousand five hundred francs for a residence of some years in Italy. Our students, whom a vexatious decree, recently introduced, had confined to a limit of age curtailed by five years, have before them, and I must regret it, only four years instead of a lustre: they have got permission to spend half their time in travelling, if they have money enough to pay expenses, and they are allowed, considering the absence of all intellectual instruction, to remain as ignorant as the writer of a vaudeville. There are some among them who would like to be placed in a situation for acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the Roman annals, and for appreciating more correctly the ancient schools and the works of art that twenty centuries have accumulated in them; but some persons consider the prohibition of general studies as the pledge of a freedom most wholesome to genius. There is a doctrine that would have surprised Michelangelo, Leonardo, Raphael, Van Dyck, and Poussin!

It is not then without thinking twice that a man of tact, who does not feel sure of being the equal of Apelles or Phidias, would venture to play the master with young blades who may believe themselves to be sprung full armed from the brow of Jove, and that is the reason no doubt why Schnetz, with a slightly ironical circumspection perhaps, contented himself with offering examples rather than counsels. A Roman in carelessness and sobriety, he did not regret for his students the extreme modesty of their provision; as for the interior comfort, which leaves so much to be

VILLA MEDICI (GARDEN FRONT).

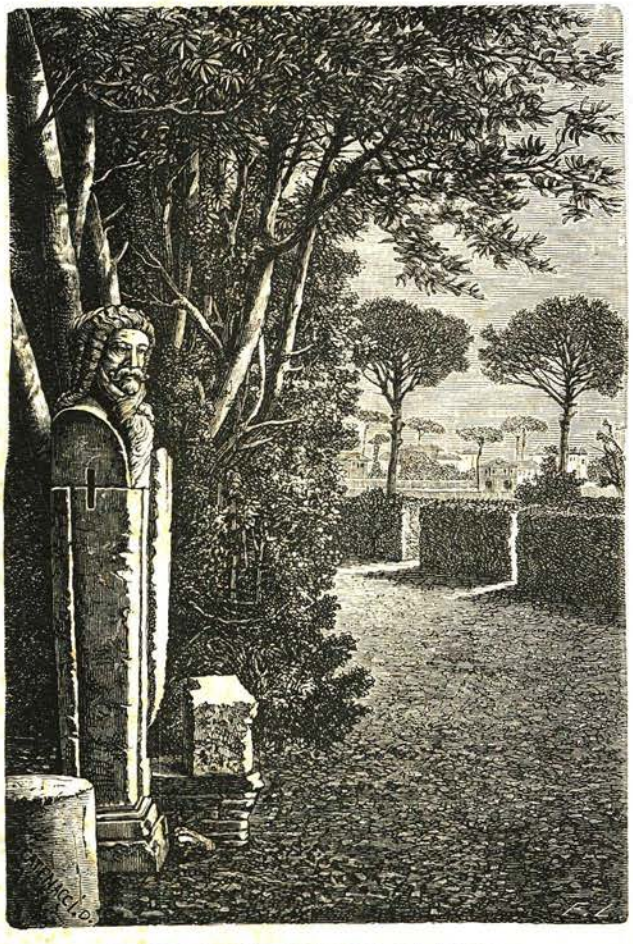
desired, this philosopher found it no bad thing that his young friends should feel the sting of distress in the midst of a palace, and should be preserved by straitened means from Capuan luxuriousness.

Yet how radiant they all are, and how an artist who has dreamed for five years of his youth under the Elysian shades of the Villa Medici, will love for all the rest of his days the memories which he takes back with him to his native land! With what ardour, when exiled in the north, he longs to see them again, with what intoxication he crosses once more the threshold of this palace! This was shown to me towards the end of my sojourn by an old laureate since become famous, and now proud to spread his wings by the nest whence he took his flight. Like the Olympio of the poet, M. Gounod insisted on seeing everything again, but not for the purpose of awaking the melancholy of recollection. The moment after his arrival, all dirty as he was, he climbed the steps of the Trinita dei Monti. On the threshold of the villa, he recognises with emotion the window of the room appropriated to the laureate composer; it was open, when suddenly, O flattery of chance! the pupil within set up on his piano the march from *Faust*. Then the happy master invades the house, mounting the steps three at a time, and falls with transport into the arms of the amazed scholar: '*Almaviva son' io!*' The little scene might have figured in *Corinne*.

Some ingenuous customs bring out the turn of mind and way of living peculiar to these youths. From time immemorial the new laureates were expected on a given day by the inland road, and their reception was turned into a festival. At daybreak, the old scholars, mounted on asses and leading trucks for the baggage, went out by the Porta del Popolo on the road to Viterbo, and after a meal at the Ponte Molle, they went on until they met the berlin, which the joyful band stopped in order to seize the new-comers. They have at length touched Roman ground! They all fall upon them, they embrace them a score of times, they *thee and thou* them instantly, and such is the warmth of greeting that many of them in the midst of peals of laughter are softened even to tears. But all this was the insidious prelude of a series of ordeals. The embracing came to an end, the troop returned on foot and from the farthest possible distance to the suburbs of Rome, where, under pretence of shortening the way, they introduced the new-comers into a labyrinth of frightful alleys: they kept them trudging along until evening, mentioning the name of some famous palace before hideous buildings which the others were led to admire on trust. This trick did not even spare the directors. Alaux on one of these occasions so distinguished himself by his credulity, that his pupils preserved for him the surname of Alaux de Rome. Night has fallen; worn out with fatigue and stupefied with the immensity and the hideousness of the eternal city, our young friends enter the Villa Medici, which is designedly plunged into the profoundest darkness. They are directed to grope their way to the kitchen, where, by the light of sorry candles they are presented with a small bit of black bread, and where, at a table without a cloth, they partake of a meagre and detestable supper, served by attendants in rags or got up as mendicant friars, as brusque and rude as they can be. Still the seniors do not cease to extol the charms of the house before their new comrades, whose spirits are fast clouding over; then with always increased tenderness and attention, they escort them to the most hideous garrets of the palace, where their apartments are prepared; a truckle bed, a chair without a seat, a jug without a basin, or a basin without a jug. We need not tell how mattresses on their trestles treacherously fall to the ground, how tuneful cats give concerts, and how in

the hideous nightmare of their Eldorado these poor lads, worn out with weariness, are aroused by terrific noises.

This original and lugubrious phantasmagoria is arranged so as to prepare a most dazzling awaking. All at once sunlight and gaiety break into these darkened garrets; the sleepers still stupefied, are pulled out of the caverns where they believed themselves imprisoned, and carried off amid loud and joyful shouts into the midst of the marbles of the portico, before the façade of the palace with its walls worked over with antique bas-reliefs, on to the terrace whence they behold all Rome stretched at their feet; then into those joyous rooms, whence the eye reaches to the Sabine hills; finally to their studios, deep buried in their verdure. The ecstasy of these dazzled youths —this is the delicious spectacle which their elders waited for, and had prepared for. A feast in the fine refectory of the Academy crowns these mad days. Neither intelligence nor feeling is wanted to these diversions, and the imbroglio has been devised with a view to an idea that makes it not unamiable.



VIALE COPERTO, IN THE VILLA MEDICI.

The evening of the next day is devoted to a reception, of which the honours are done by the musical laureate, who executes for his new family the victorious cantata which won him his place among them. Behold them all full of attention to the work of the young brother, impatient to distinguish in it the germ of genius. No rivalries yet; no heed of money, or of that future of which they all feel assured. Surely it is the very golden age for these young souls, all proud of one another, all rejoicing in a triumph which is not divided, and all victors at the Olympian games.

IV.

Elevated on the hill of the gardens whence it dominates city and fields, the Villa Medici, which you see from all sides, is masked by the two pavilions rising out above the trees, over a broad and clear façade. From the exterior side which faces towards Rome, the building has a cold look; windows of tolerable simplicity and very spacious, a very high doorway crowned by a balcony—such is the unostentatious arrangement adopted in 1540 by Annibale Lippi, when he erected the palace for the Cardinal Montepulciano. This soberness has been well conceived, especially if at the time they

had the intention of making of the opposite side a gem of architecture enriched by a collection of bas-reliefs, the precious fragments of antique sculpture. This façade with its portico sustained on splendid columns and watched by lions, is in vivid contrast with the other, of which the design has without the slightest proof been attributed to Michelangelo.

It is probable, for the rest, that the plan was modified when Cardinal Alessandro de Medici acquired possession of it, and gave it a name. He amused himself by decorating it in the few periods of leisure which he was allowed under Clement VIII. from the negotiations with which he was charged at the courts of various sovereigns, and among others at the court of the Béarnais, Henry IV. On the death of Aldobrandini, the cardinal having been chosen pope on the 1st of April, 1605, he took the name of Leo XI., and died only twenty-seven days after, leaving as many regrets as he had inspired hopes. The Cardinal de Medici commenced collections which under the Florentine sovereigns continued to enrich the villa on the Pincian: on the vase placed in front of the steps was once seen the Mercury of John of Bologna; a document recently published informs us that in 1671 the young marquis of Seignelay admired in these gardens a Cleopatra, Ganymede, Marsyas, as well as Niobe with her fourteen children. It was Cosmo III. who, towards the end of his interminable reign, despoiled the Roman villa for the benefit of his gallery of the Uffizi at Florence; the deserted husband of Margaret of Orleans died an octogenarian in 1723.

At this period our school of painting was installed in the Corso in the palace of Nevers, so called since Philip Julian Mancini, Mazarin's nephew, had inherited the duchy of Nevers, which his uncle had bought in 1660; he was the brother of the cardinal's pretty nieces. The twelve scholars of Charles Errard, the first director of the Academy which had been founded on the proposal of Colbert, having been sheltered in the Corso, their chief lost no time in returning to Paris, since in 1672 Coypel had replaced him, and two years before that, the same Errard, painter and architect, completed the construction of our church of the Assumption and its unsuccessful cupola. They had chosen this artist to inaugurate the new institution, on the ground that he knew Rome, whither Richelieu, resuming by the advice of Poussin a project of Francis I., had sent him to collect works of art for France, and have copies and casts executed in the interest of the national studies. Charles Errard was from Nantes; he returned to die at Rome in 1689, at the age of eighty-three.

De Troy (1738), Natoire (1751), and Vien (1774), in turns brought ability to the directorial functions, which at the outset of the Revolution were exercised by the allegorical and graceful Ménageot; a bond of union between the school of Boucher and the reforms of Vien his second master. In 1722 Lewis XVI. appointed Joseph Benedict Suvée, born at Bruges in 1743, and who had gained the chief prize in 1771, but this estimable artist had not time to start before the 10th of August; he was cast into the prisons of the Terror, while the Academy of France at Rome was suppressed.

Suvée did not arrive at his post until 1801, when our schools were re-organized by the First Consul; it was then, by negotiations of which he was the soul, that this adopted son of France contributed to endow her with the most magnificent domain she possesses abroad: he died in 1807 in the establishment whose royal aspect adds marked lustre to our school. To obtain the transference to the fine arts in 1803 of this inheritance of the Medici, Suvée had many obstacles to surmount; but as he made

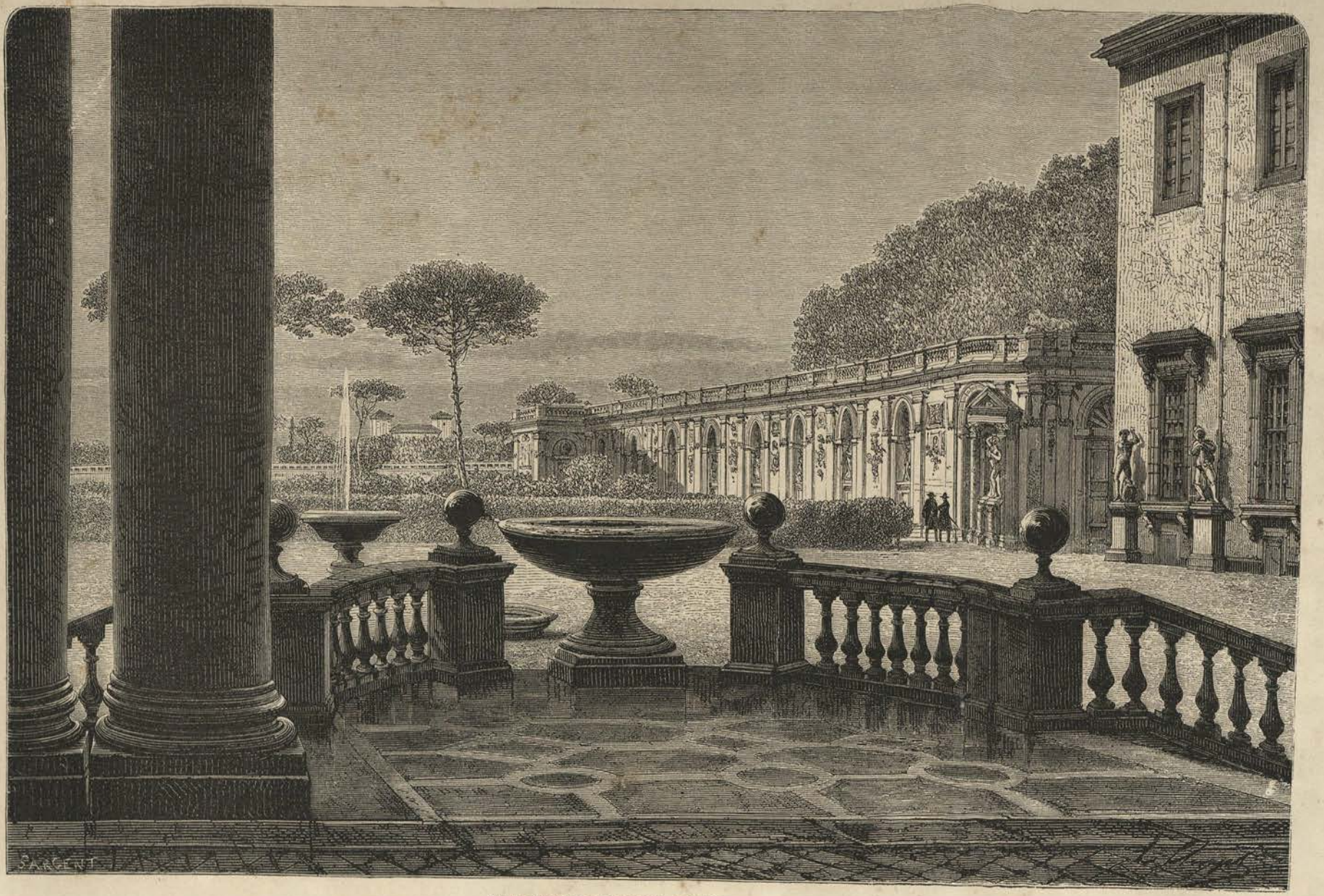
sure that the purpose of the building could not be changed, he did not hesitate to add to the insufficient resources of the state his personal fortune, which being nearly altogether sunk there, consecrates the destination of the Villa Medici, if not for ever, at least so long as our country shall preserve its respect for the engagements contracted in its name. Diplomacy, which is lately said to have coveted this residence, could not know to what universal blame it would devote any sovereign, who should banish from their sanctuary in Rome the fine arts of the French fatherland.

The principal directors at the Villa Medici since the beginning of the century have been Guérin, who was more remarkable as professor than as painter, and Horace Vernet, who had more prestige than influence, and who poured some of his own popularity round the Academy. He was administrator from 1828 to 1834, and was replaced by Ingres, who for six years had extreme influence over our laureates. After him, the chiefs of the institution, having less tenacity and less robust faith in their doctrines, and much more of that subtlety of spirit which engenders doubt, rarely looked on themselves as masters with this or that system to propagate. Guérin had preached in the matter of art that liberty of which Schnetz was the most respectful support, and also the most disinterested. The administrator hardly ever administers, supplemented as he is by a steward with an unlimited commission and hardly any responsibility, a combination which is not without its inconveniences. This is very clear from the material state of the house, which, probably not having been repaired since 1803, presents the dilapidated aspect to which I have referred, and which contrasts oddly with the splendour of such a palace.

The most remarkable of the domestic apartments is the dining-room, adjoining a kitchen whence issues that disturbing and too familiar odour of such offices in lyceums and boarding-houses. This fine refectory is vaulted, and the arch has been divided into compartments, in which since 1811 the portraits of our laureates have been placed by their comrades: a brotherly idea, which too often suggests melancholy reflections, for how many are unknown among these laurelled heads. Independently of the bad taste that belongs to every period of fashion, two things struck me; how little common are passable portraits, and how rare on these young brows is the luminous halo of youth. One of the most extraordinary is Hector Berlioz, with high tufts of hair over the head of a cock, strangled in a cravat half a foot high. In the features of F. Halévy, nearly a child to look at, we have some trouble in recognising the amiable and saddened man, who bore with visible resignation the burden of his life. Ambrose Thomas (by Flandrin) and Francis Bazin are the models whom years have done least to alter; one of the masterpieces of the gallery is the profile of a musician painted by M. Henner. Among these likenesses, the epic laureates of 1812 and the romanticists of 1827 have, the one a sombre mien *à la* Curtius, the others Byronic expressions, which seem ridiculous to the more citizen-like realists of our own day. I may add that the establishment possesses a library, which is treated by the majority of these gentlemen with a respectful consideration.

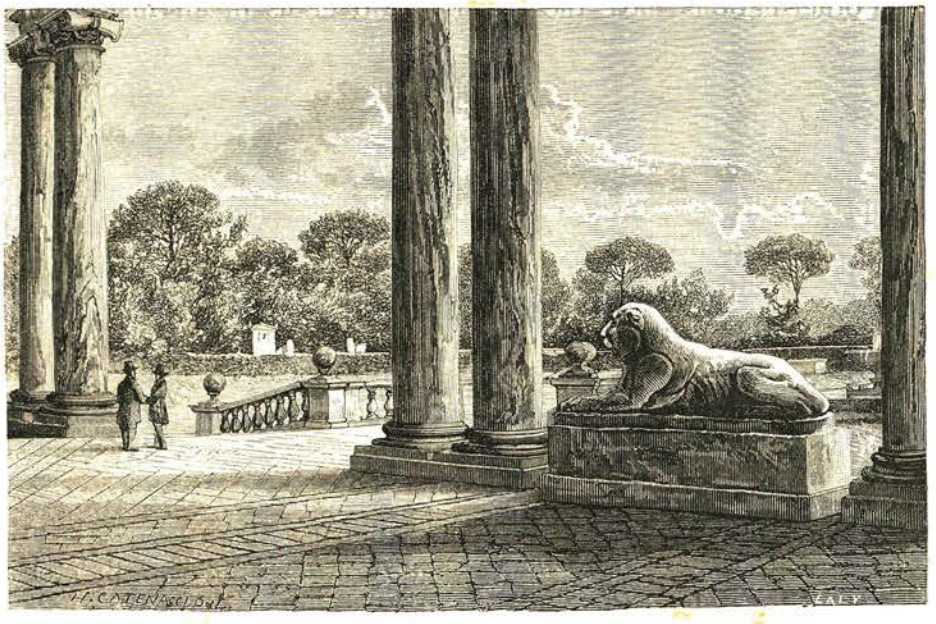
V.

Rome is the last city of our busy century, in which abstinence from labour has kept its ancient dignity. Free from the thirst of amassing money and from the desires of luxury, withdrawn by its indolent independence from the deterioration produced by



VIEW FROM THE PORTICO OF THE ACADEMY.

manufactories, exempt from military conscription and from our heavy taxes, as from the envious prejudices which seem to flow from the possession of political rights, the Roman people, living in the open air in perfect freedom, has preserved its original beauty: it keeps a proud air, imperious gestures, and the attitudes of sculpture. In no other country can you find such a collection of creatures worthy to furnish models in the highest style. Go a few furlongs away; the slopes that mirror in the Tiber their ruins and domes, the Sabine and Alban hills, will revive all the inspirations of Claude and Poussin. Their historic landscapes, formed by the masters of the world, have preserved the balanced lines and grave aspects which, reminding us of far-off ages, make a way to the soul like some sounding harmony:—that majesty of nature, which is the language of art is expressed by the word style. In a word, this city, the ancestress of our civilizations, is the storehouse of the most numerous and the most perfect monuments of ancient and modern art alike. In later times the germs of the Renaissance which had been developed in the neighbouring states, came and flourished in the



UNDER THE PORTICO.

capital of Martin Colonna, of Nicholas V., of Julius II., and of Leo X.; so that for all branches of art Rome is the vastest studio and most complete museum that exists.

Assuredly it was here and not elsewhere that it was right to establish for sculptors, painters, and architects a centre of studies, a home for observation, where everything comes to take its just place and reach its own end. Only I ask myself whether it would not be well to help in the development of the talent sent to these intellectual pastures, by giving an impulse to cultivation of intelligence by means of a programme of studies. The painter Pamphilus, who under Philip of Macedon founded the school of Sicyon and was the master of Apelles, required of his pupils a profound study of history, the natural sciences, and the poets. We know that the artists of the Renaissance, beginning with Giotto who was the friend of Dante, and Memmi who was the friend of Petrarch, used to live with the philosophers, the scholars, and the writers of their time. I was saddened, I confess, to find so generally in our Academy, great gifts along with intelligences left uncultivated for want of elementary studies; to see men of such

superiority in technical skill reduced to instinct alone, before so grand a book which they had never been taught how to read.

These virtuosi need intellectual direction: I would prefer to seek it in the lettered class, rather than among painters. It is agreed in fact that the latter have no longer anything to profess before artists who are expert enough, and that, even if they did exercise an ascendancy, it would be at the expense of the originality which is peculiar to certain impressionable natures, that run the risk of losing it by passing under outside influences. A scholar, on the contrary, an archæologist, a critical historian, even a poet, would produce advantages: for outside of all literary culture, the statuary will only be a workman without style or poetry: the painter will rarely know how to compose. It is not merely by courses of lectures, but by close communication with men of study and science—a resource by the aid of which they may at Paris make up for an inadequate classical education, but a resource that at Rome is absolutely wanting to our artists;—it is by the habitual communication of a group of scholars of a solid stamp, that the state would develope in our Academy the benefits of education.

Why should other nations have the advantage over us in an institution of the kind I have suggested? M. de Blacas, our representative, shared with Bunsen and Ghérard in founding at the Capitol the Institute of Archæological Correspondence: this establishment, which was destined to prosper, was assisted at the restoration by a subscription for fifty copies of the Annals of the society, but after the Revolution of 1830 M. Guizot suppressed this allowance. Vainly did the munificence of the Duke of Luynes take up for a number of years this debt owed by his country to literature: official influence was wanting, and the ascendancy of Prussia became undisputed. She established an archæological library, the richest in Rome at this hour; she organized, in the palace of her resident, academic saloons; scholars of different nations were associated, professors of archæology installed, and in a short time the Academy of Berlin was enabled to send to the Institute of Correspondence, with scholarships, young writers devoted to works of erudition. They are provided for two years with an inadequate allowance of 1,200 francs, which compels them to work in the public libraries for the German booksellers. Placed under the ægis of the director and the two secretaries of the Institute, who give courses and readings, and under whose guidance they explore fruitfully all the monuments and museums, the students are brought into relation with the correspondents, and both co-operate in the collections of the Society and profit by its labours, which are considerable. Forty-two volumes of Annals, thirty-three volumes of Bulletins, two volumes of Memoirs, show the fruitful industry of this international institution, to which our government has lost its right of sending scholars, but which we are bound to speak of with all praise, as an example to imitate and a subject of emulation to our country.

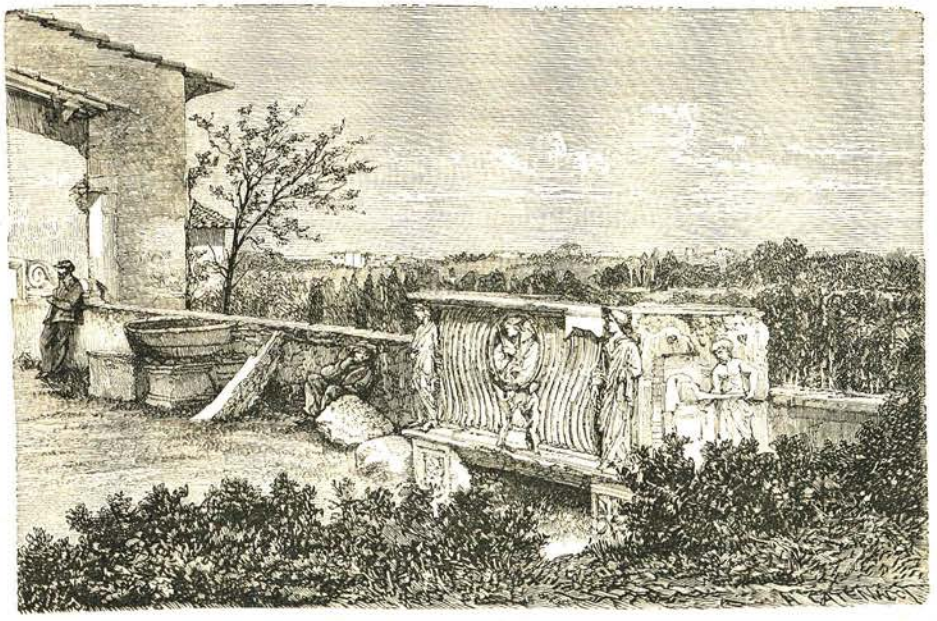
Would it not be both reasonable and wholesome that France should instal at Rome at her Villa Medici, literary laureates as well as sculptors and painters? Whence comes our literature, if not from the Latin schools? As for the humaner letters, Paris is no more than a provincial centre; the capital is Rome, and the highest studies must go back to that. And since in our democratic age, when every one must live by his work, literature has become a profession, would it not be well to raise its level, to strengthen by elevated study and the most precious of journeys, those talents which with us, brought face to face from a tender age with the necessity of producing, tend more and more to go down, so as to make a mark more rapidly? You have for painters

a school at Rome, where they only learn by involuntary absorption; you have one at Athens for four slips from the Normal School, and it has no notoriety because it has no programme and the competition has no glory: you send engravers to Rome, where people engrave no longer; you exile musicians to Rome, who hear no music there, and who on their return invariably imitate at Paris the music of Germany:—and you have no room for the writers, the art critics, the historians and poets, in a place where everything would exalt their spirit, and every object would be a source of lofty instruction!

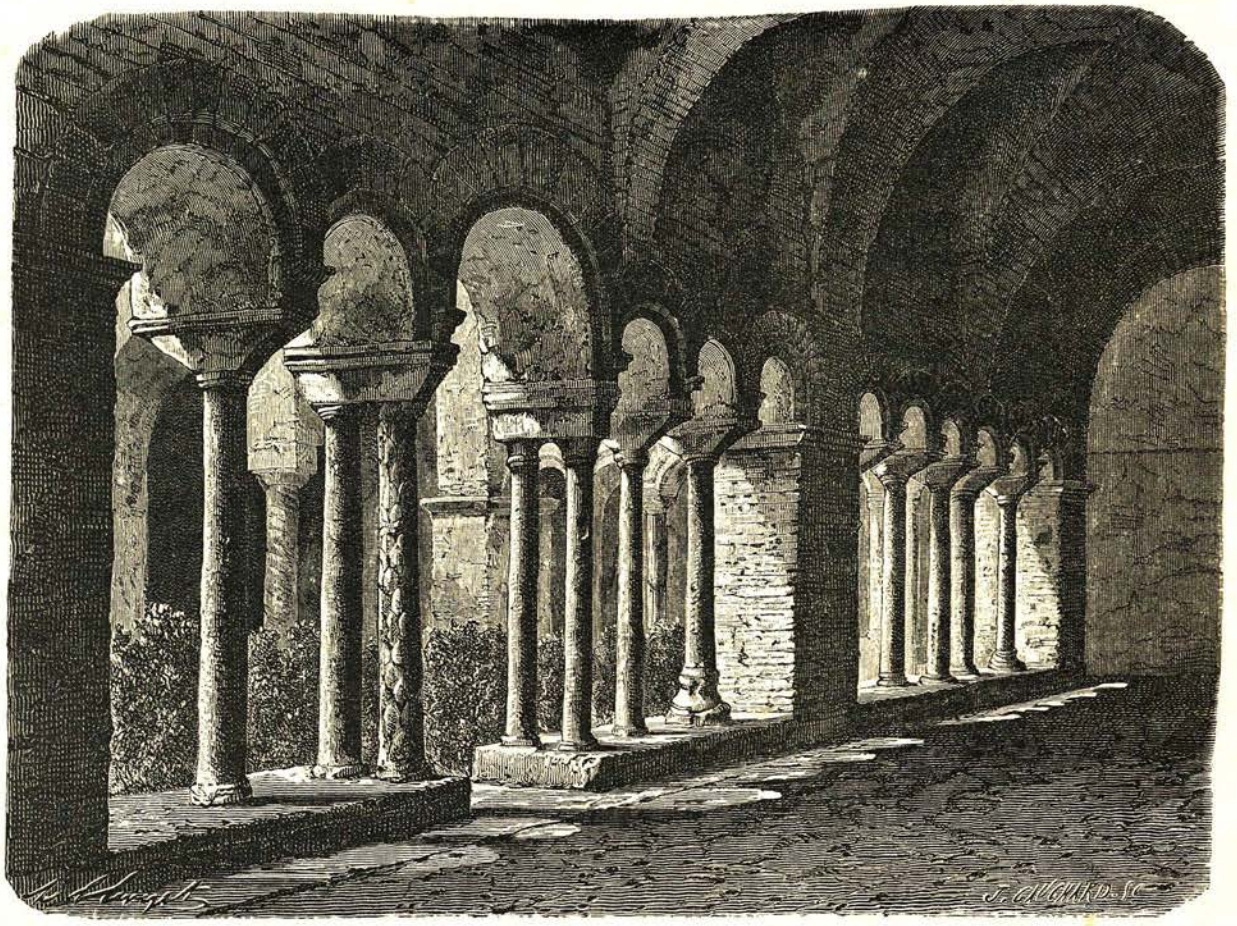
An incomplete institution, the Academy of France leaves much to desire; does it follow that it is sterile in influence and results? Let us leave such an opinion to levity and ignorance. To what degradation would the current commercialism have brought decorative and monumental painting, already deteriorated, if one may not say debased, if from generation to generation a few leaders, taking their impulse from the Villa Medici, did not return to uphold traditions, to perpetuate style while modifying it, and to uphold a sinking level? Without Roman initiation, where would Pradier, Ingres, and so many others have been?

If it had no other advantages than that of isolating in a spot where horizons expand and even silence is eloquent, a number of young men who at home would be made heavy by the triple prose of interests, examples, and dangerous pleasures, the Academy of France would still be an advantage.

There is a grace which must leave in the understanding, the feelings, and consequently in the works, an ideal that is ineffaceable, in having lived for five years away from the commands of fashion and its purveyors, and having breathed the air with the marbles of Greece and the creations of Raphael and Michelangelo, who are there in their integrity; in having contemplated the beautiful under the horizons of Rome, and having absorbed the aroma of all its majesties; in having passed through the decisive phases of youth in the shade of the gardens where Armida is replaced by study, and where, as in the Elysium of the poets, you daily frequent, and almost hear speak, the great masters of the world by their own hearth.



ON THE TERRACE OF THE MEDICI GARDENS.



CLOISTER OF SAN LORENZO FUORI LE MURA.

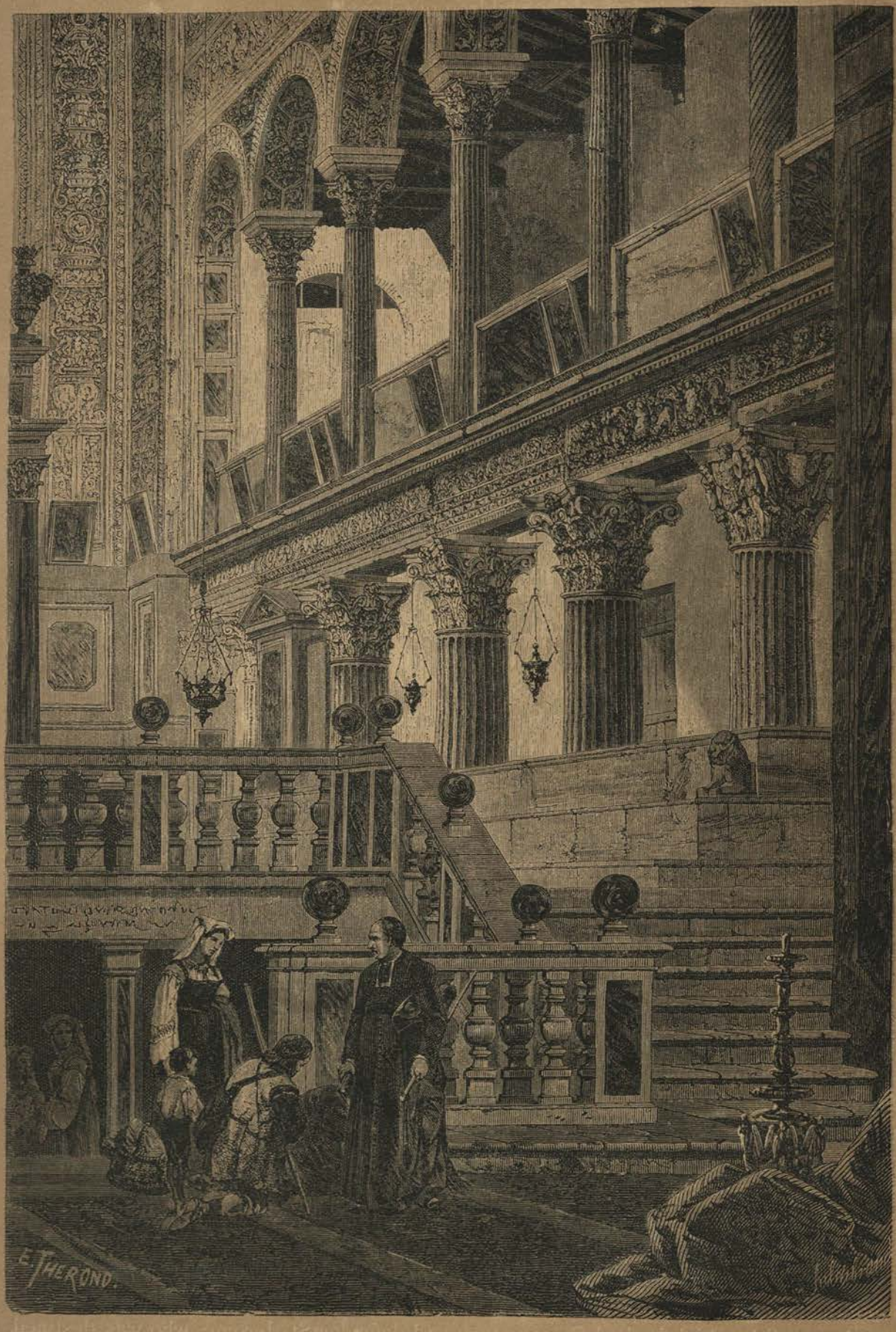
CHAPTER XX.

Punishment and prophecy of St. Sixtus.—Tomb of the deacon Laurence.—Origin of the basilica of San Lorenzo fuori le Mura.—Electoral battle in the sanctuary in 366.—Description of the church and the cloisters.—Santa Pudenziana and the guests of St. Peter.—Two words on the legend.—Mosaic of the Pudentii in the fourth century: opinion of Poussin.—Tullia and the Via Scelerata.—Mosaic of SS. Cosma e Damiano.—Souvenir at S. Prassede.—Popular *funzione* at Sta. Maria Maggiore.—Decoration and curiosities of this basilica.—Symbolism of its mosaics.—Iconographic legend of Our Lady of the Snows.

I.

IN the times when the emperor Valerian was chastising the Christians at Rome, the pontifical see was filled by an old man who was a native of Athens, honoured under the name of St. Sixtus: he was put to death in 259, as his predecessor Stephen had been two years before. As he went to punishment, a young deacon followed close behind him, and cried to him with many tears, 'Will you go without your son? Shall I not help you more in this last sacrifice?' 'My son,' replied the old man, 'thou shalt rejoin me in three days.'

The deacon who thus invited martyrdom was called Laurentius. Sixtus II. intrusted to him the treasures of the church, and when he found himself being dragged to the prætorium, he bade him sell the sacred vessels and share the price of them among the poor. The bishop having been slain, the prefect enjoined on the deacon to hand these riches to the Ærarium, and Laurence having begged for some hours in which



TRANSEPT AND CONFESSIONAL OF SAN LORENZO.

he might bring them together, reappeared with a crowd of mendicants in his train. 'Behold,' he said, 'the treasures of the children of Christ!'

Taking for a mockery these words which he could not rightly understand, the prefect commanded that the young Laurentius should be beaten with rods; then he had him stretched all bleeding over a gridiron heated red hot by live coal. His courage and gentleness appeared so superhuman, that many people were converted to the Christian faith, seeing this execution, which took place on the 10th of August, the fourth day after the death of St. Sixtus, as he had foretold.

When the night was come, the faithful brought the body into a cemetery belonging to the property of Veranus, a mile beyond that Tiburtine gate which Honorius reconstructed, connecting it with the aqueduct of the Marcian, Tepulan, and Julian sources, restored by Octavianus. At this time the Christians, already tolerably numerous, had brothers and protectors among the patrician classes, who acquired the fields under which reposed the martyrs in the Catacombs. The old possession of Veranus, near the Tiburtine gate, had been bought by a lady named Cyriaca, who has transmitted her name canonised to the crypt of which she was the last guardian: she gave the ground to her co-religionists, and they afterwards dug out two tiers of Loculi round the burial-place of St. Laurence, to construct the aisles of a church. Thus granite, porphyry, and marbles gladdened this tomb, where lamps and incense burnt. When Constantine came to inaugurate the church of St. Laurence, the oldest among the old could recall the death of the martyr, the translation of his remains, and the underground vigils before the relics of the blessed one.

But by a return, which betrays the fragility of institutions and their swiftness in degenerating, the faithful who had in their childhood seen the consecration of the basilica, had in their last days also to see within the same sacred enclosure cabals and murderous scenes, which did little to recall the ages of St. Sixtus or St. Sylvester. It was at St. Laurence that in 366 took place the tumultuous election of Pope Damasus, which was disputed by Ursinus or Ursicinus, who was supported by the party of the deacons, strengthened by the vagabonds, buffoons, and charioteers of the circus. They fought round about the church, even in the very sanctuary itself, which was taken and retaken, and while the partisans of Damasus protected the altar where the newly elect was consecrated by the bishop of Ostia, the electors shouted and stamped their feet in blood.

Three weeks after, Ursinus took his revenge and had himself ordained in his turn by the bishop of Tibur, but seconded by the soldiers of the prefect, the partisans of Damasus intervened, armed with axes and swords, and as their barricaded adversaries resisted the assault, they climbed on to the roof, from which they tore off the tiles, and then they showered them down like arrows on the heads of the defenders of the anti-pope; finally they set fire to the building and burnt them. According to Ammianus Marcellinus a hundred and thirty people perished, and according to Rufinus a hundred and sixty. In the time of the Catacombs the bishopric of Rome was not an object of such controversy; but since then the emperors had turned their function into the most enviable of posts. 'If you will make me bishop of Rome in your stead, I am ready to turn Christian,' said a prefect to the pope who was trying to convert him.

It was in the midst of persecutions that Damasus passed the first sixteen years of his pontificate, until the moment when, despairing of finding judges, he assembled a general council in which he had for secretary and defender St. Jerome, who was destined

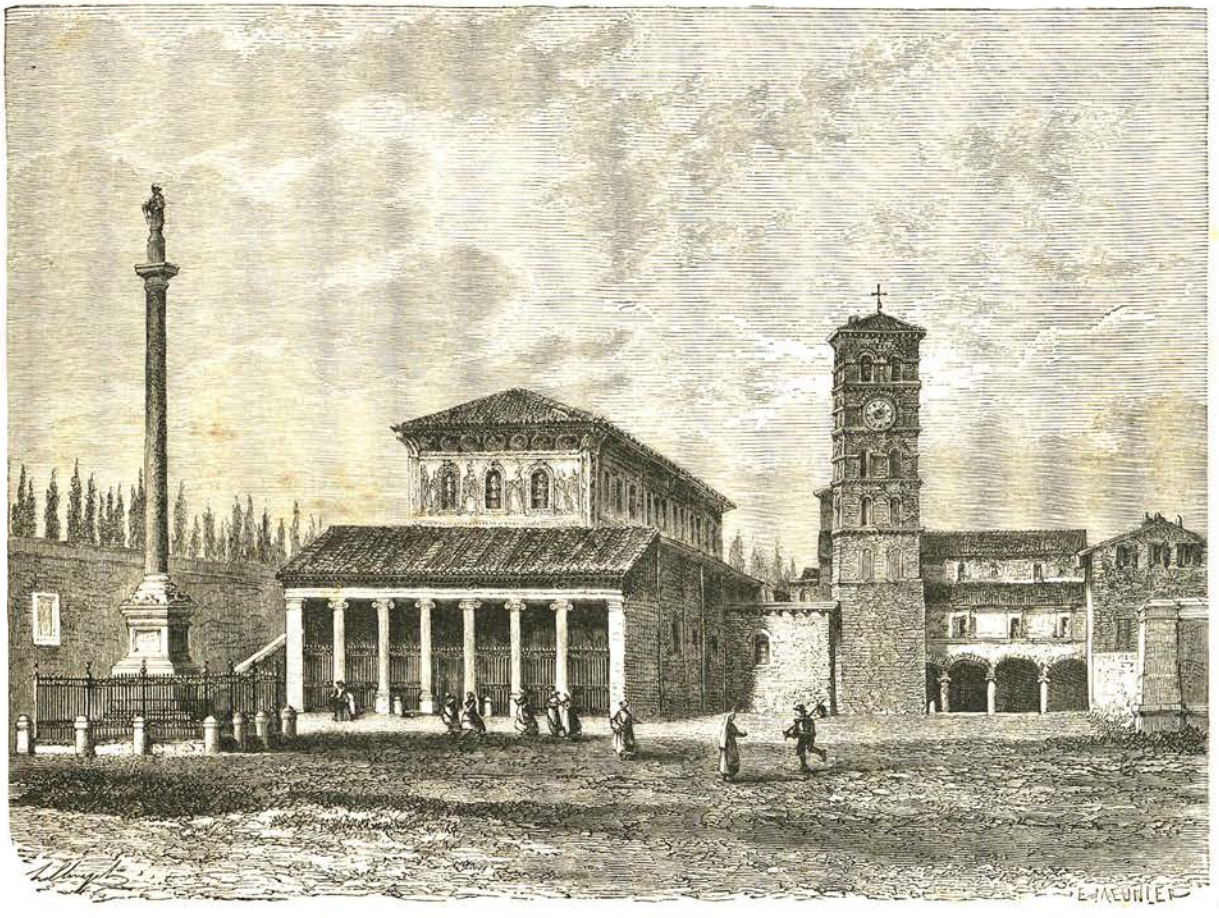
to help this old man in reforming the church, and in extending his jurisdiction over the sees of Constantinople, Antioch, and Alexandria. Son of a scribe, a reader attached to the basilica where he was chosen, the pontiff Damasus may have counted the church of St. Laurence in some sort as his country. The quarter was witness of more tragedies than one. It was at the Tiburtine gate, become the Laurentian gate, that on the night of the 20th of November, 1347, Rienzi crushed, almost to the youngest offshoots of the stock, the whole race of the Colonna, who had formed a coalition among the barons of the country to recover Rome. Gregorovius has reproduced in an admirable narrative this epopee, which recalls the old massacre of the Fabii at the Cremera.

In the sixth century St. Laurence extra Muros, one of the patriarchal basilicas, was half buried; Pope Pelagius had it disimprisoned; making a centre of the apse, at the foot of which rest the remains of the deacon, he doubled the extent of the church by erecting aisle facing aisle. Towards 1216 Honorius III. simplified the temple, which had two levels, by raising the presbyterium, of which the foundation was to a large extent filled up; the altar since then has been at a still greater height above the sepulchral vault. Pius IX. wished to exhume the whole: having completed the isolation of the church from the hill, he disengaged the eight fluted columns with Corinthian capitals of the Constantinian basilica, to which Pelagius had added two pillars crowned with trophies and figures, and resting on bases adorned with rosettes and crosses. It is to Pope Honorius that we owe the fine mosaic which, on the arch of the vault, represents on one side St. Laurence and Pope Pelagius II. led before the Saviour by St. Peter, and on the other St. Paul between St. Stephen and St. Hippolytus, draped in white. The Christ is seated on the globe; Bethlehem and Jerusalem, his cradle and his tomb, are drawn at each end of this important composition. The pulpits, which Innocent III. had decorated with pannels of red porphyry and green serpentine, are heightened in effect by settings of small mosaic. Rome possesses nothing in this kind which attains such charm of effect with so much simplicity. The choir having been freed by Pius IX. from the rubbish which supported it, they had to stay it on a colonnade, which upholds a ceiling of modern taste and out of harmony with the style of the church; this space isolates the tomb of St. Laurence, which you discern in shadow through a gilded grating. These restorations disturbed me from the first; Virginius Vespignani's talent, which is less supple than it is correct, was not calculated to reassure me; as I walked round the peristyle, I was only too well reminded of Fontaine and Percier, those Dioscuri of our Thermidorian Greece. At the corners of the basilica they found doors walled up, which continued the aisles through the Catacombs.

It happened that the illustrious author of *Roma Sotterranea*, M. de' Rossi (who did me the honour to explain St. Laurence extra Muros), having one day gone down at a considerable distance in the plain to the bottom of an unexplored cemetery, and lost himself, he began to walk on, trusting to accident for an outlet, when finally he heard with amazement the sound of religious singing accompanied by the organ. He pushed on, thrust against a door which was rotten and blocked up, and having cleared a way, he saw himself to his own stupefaction in the basilica of St. Laurence. These labyrinths furnish the most terrifying perspectives to the imagination: they tell the story of one archæologist who, having lost himself three miles from Rome in a maze of the cemetery of St. Agnes, wandered in despair all through a long night of forty hours between two hedges of tombs, and finally returned to the light of day under the Trinita dei Monti, in front of an air-hole in the Piazza di Spagna. Everybody

remembers the adventure of Hubert Robert, which has been versified by the abbé Delille. The Laurentian basilica has been planted so deep in the Catacombs, that niches and pieces of wall painted in the third century still subsist in the church; even under the burial-place of St. Laurence there is a third tier of Loculi. It will soon be brought to the light, which has never yet descended into it.

This basilica, one of the five cathedrals of the pontifical Roman bishopric, possesses in the centre of its Presbyterium an antique and massive seat, which was decorated in 1254 with two graceful torse columns, was edged with fine mosaics, and was set in a facing of marble, with porphyry coffer-work framed with gems. We cannot omit to mention the ornamentation of a monument, on which so many centuries have left their traces.



BASILICA AND CONVENT OF SAN LORENZO FUORI LE MURA.

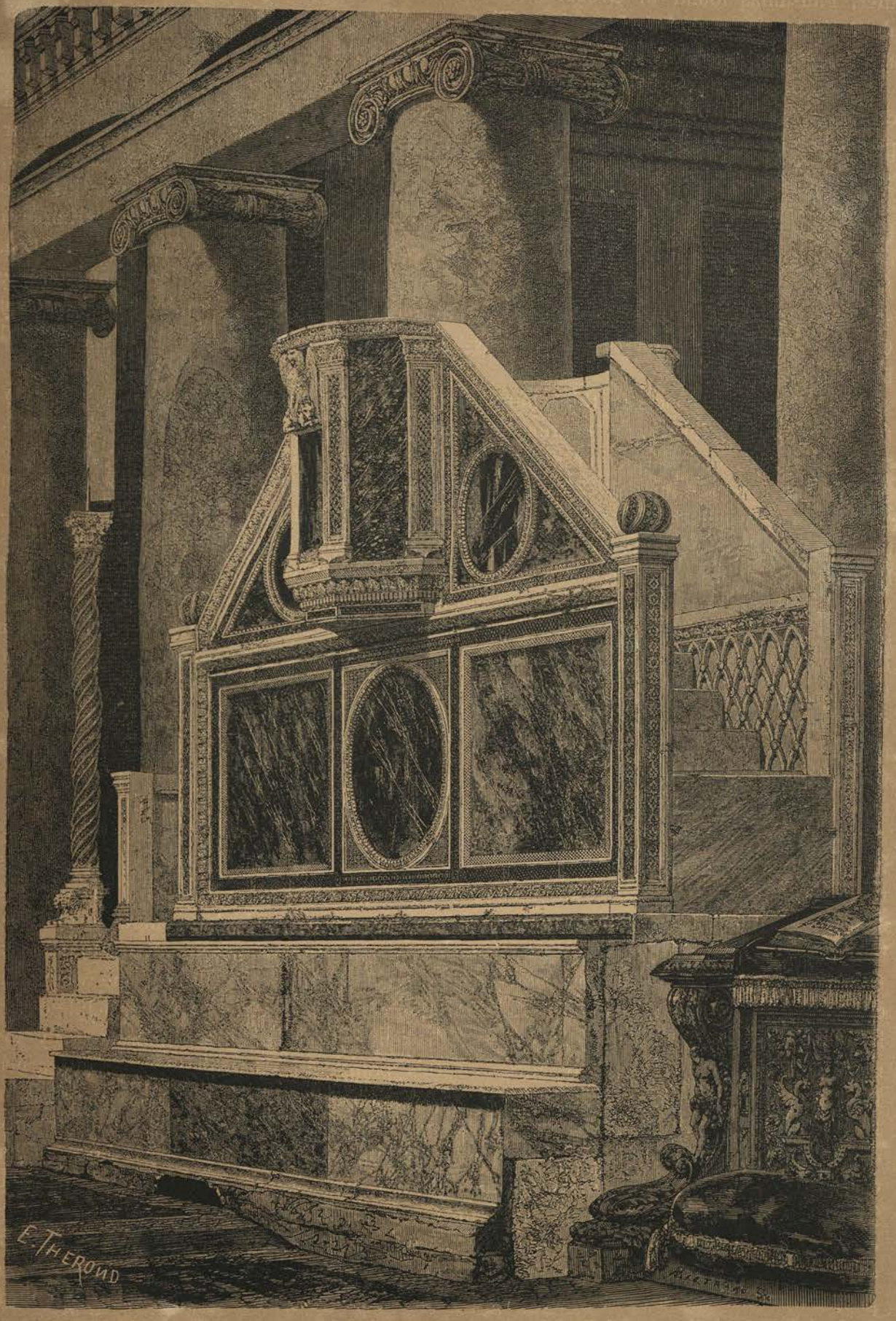
In fact the sculptured débris of palaces or temples, entablatures preserved from the primitive basilica, are supported on twelve antique columns of violet marble with Corinthian capitals. The upper gallery forms a square enclosure, resting on twelve other small columns with Ionic capitals, also fluted, and a greenish granite from Egypt, the rarest in the world. These materials suggest a curious identification. Thus, for one peculiarity, with which not many persons concern themselves, the Ionic capitals of the Constantinian portion have received among their foliage two strange figures, a lizard and a frog. Now Pliny informs us that in the time of Agrippa, two artists from Corinth, whose works he admired, not having been able to obtain the favour of placing their names on the temples they decorated, translated them into hieroglyphics. He adds that one was called Σαῦρος (lizard), and the other Βάτραχος (frog). A century

after, Pausanias found in Greece the trace of these famed artists, and described in his Corinthica some of their works. Thus are the sources of the Laurentian basilica explained by the contemporaries of Tiberius and Marcus Aurelius.

The following ages have upheld these traditions. After the works of the sixth century, and the mosaics embellished from age to age, the abbé Hugo in 1147 had placed on four columns of porphyry the elegant open cupola of the tabernacle or ciborium; in the nave of Honorius, supported by twenty-two Ionic pillars of granite, a mosaic interrupts the Alexandrine arabesques of the pavement, representing two knights of the crusades, with their escutcheons; one is Peter of Courtenay, Emperor of Constantinople, whom Pope Honorius consecrated in the Laurentian basilica. Near the door below a mosaic of the early Renaissance, seek in that antique sarcophagus the ceremonial of Marriage in pagan Rome; it contains the bones of Cardinal Fieschi, nephew of Innocent IV. How many marvels have thus been saved by devotion to the arts!

To close what concerns this church, let us not forget under its vast porch forty frescoes of the thirteenth century, consecrated to the legends of St. Laurence, St. Hippolytus, and that other saint who perished nine months after the Saviour—St. Stephen, the first martyr, and the second who prayed for his executioners. From the year 415, when the remains of Stephen were dug out from the field of Gamaliel, the Roman deacon Laurence, and the archdeacon of Jerusalem—St. Irenæus gives him this title—were gathered together under the altar of St. Laurence without the walls. The frescoes are extremely curious in point of movement and of costume, and for the usages which they reproduce; but they have been repainted with a heaviness which lessens their worth. After taking a last glance at the heraldic lions at the foot of the two pilasters of the doorways, and seen from the piazza the walls, with deep open cornice, of that house which, though so little striking without, is a magnificent temple within; after looking at the buildings of the Franciscans with their low cloister and sombre campanile, at St. Laurence on his pillar, at the cypresses of the cemetery—even then the interest of the place is not exhausted.

On the polite pretence of seeking our opinion upon some inscription, Signor de' Rossi introduced us into a cloister that is very rarely visited. Its galleries have arches fully vaulted, narrow and low; their pillars, which are unlike one another, and are sometimes joined in pieces, adapt the gorge or cavetto which surmounts them to bevelled entablatures; three-lobed niches ornament the upper story, resting on a frieze in a romantic taste of a very accentuated kind. Earlier than the wonderful cloisters of St. Paul and St. John Lateran, this which shows the same principle of art in its beginnings, belongs to the eleventh century; an amateur instructed by the monuments of Gaul could only agree on this point with the opinion of the learned De' Rossi. By his care, the galleries of the cloister of St. Laurence, the oldest in Rome, filled with inscriptions, bas-reliefs, and fragments collected in the catacombs of Cyriaca and in the basilica, become a museum of history and archæology. The centre of the court has been transformed by the Franciscans, who kept coming and going, weeding or handling the watering-pot, in a diminutive garden of rare plants from distant climates. When we had scribbled some notes on the corner of a sarcophagus, we had to give a smile to the aloes, orchids, and Syrian plants, of the good brothers who have deserved so well of learning by the favour they have shown to the labours of Signor de' Rossi.



PULPIT OF THE GOSPEL, AT SAN LORENZO.

II.

After returning to the city by a long rectilinear street, in which high walls hide the gardens of the Esquiline from you, and when you have crossed the piazza and turned the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, you observe at the corner of the Via Urbana a small church placed on a lower level of ground.

St. Pudentiana is announced by a square bell-tower of brick, of solid and firm look, although on its four fronts it is opened by a triple row of three-lobed arches, supported by two columns. Each of these stories, adorned with small medallions of black marble, is finished by a cornice of round tiles, with modillions with projecting denticules; a double coping runs round the arches; a low roof surmounted by an iron cross crowns the whole, while tiny bits of vegetation mingle green veins with the tone of the brick. Such bell-towers are numerous at Rome; their form, derived from the antique style, ennobles in them a certain indefinable look of poverty and dilapidation.

At the corner of the street there comes into sight one of those convents of an indefinite age, its bare walls stained with ancient marks, of which time only possesses the art, and in which the taste of the ages of beauty is only betrayed in a few details of a not very striking kind. Beyond these buildings, some steps go down into a square court, at the end of which is the church-door, always kept shut, possessing an air of mystery, and stirring one with a desire to go in. The uprights of this door are framed by half-a-dozen mouldings of gentle relief; it has ancient columns with torse flutings, whose capitals, baskets of lotus, support on broad abaci an entablature surmounted by a frieze of the twelfth century, and which is decorated by five medallions connected by leafage (see p. 411). The church is associated with the first patricians of Rome who professed Christianity; you still distinguish under the crypt the foundations of a palace of which Pius I. made an oratory in the year 154: this palace was that of a senatorial family, who are supposed, under that pontiff, to have given hospitality to St. Justin, as its ancestors had given to St. Peter. Thus the Catholic *fasti* must have begun there, with the earliest preachings.

Perhaps we have all become somewhat too contemptuous of legendary documents, those instructive gazettes, so to speak, which the churches of different countries interchanged with one another. Although epigraphic discoveries occasionally arise to contradict the historians of paganism, yet Suetonius, Polybius, Livy, who often contradict one another, Sallust who was a good-for-nothing, Quintus Curtius even, are all powers, while the annalists of the primitive Church, who lavished their blood in pledge of their sincerity, are not even so much as discussed. For having had doubts about Tacitus, and with good reason, Rollin and Voltaire were well scolded by D'Alembert, Thomas, and La Harpe. Yet it seems as if the enormities charged by the profane historians against the Cæsars lend some probability to the cruelties described by the historians of the Church. They were among the practices of the time; it was in this way that they were accustomed to treat slaves, prisoners of war, and even senatorial families, and if the historians say little of the martyrs, it is because the victims were mostly obscure, and because they aimed at stifling, not bringing into full light of publicity, those who countenanced a dangerous sect. How can we help

becoming fearful of denying, when we see one of the least probable monstrosities, the Massacre of the Innocents, attested by the Platonist Macrobius, who among the Ana of his Saturnalia, recalls on this subject, as alluding to a notorious fact, a certain saying of Augustus perpetuated by tradition? 'Having learnt,' says Macrobius, 'that among the infants under two years old who were massacred in Syria by Herod, King of the Jews, that prince had also caused his own son to be slain, Augustus exclaimed, *It were better to be Herod's hog than his child!*'

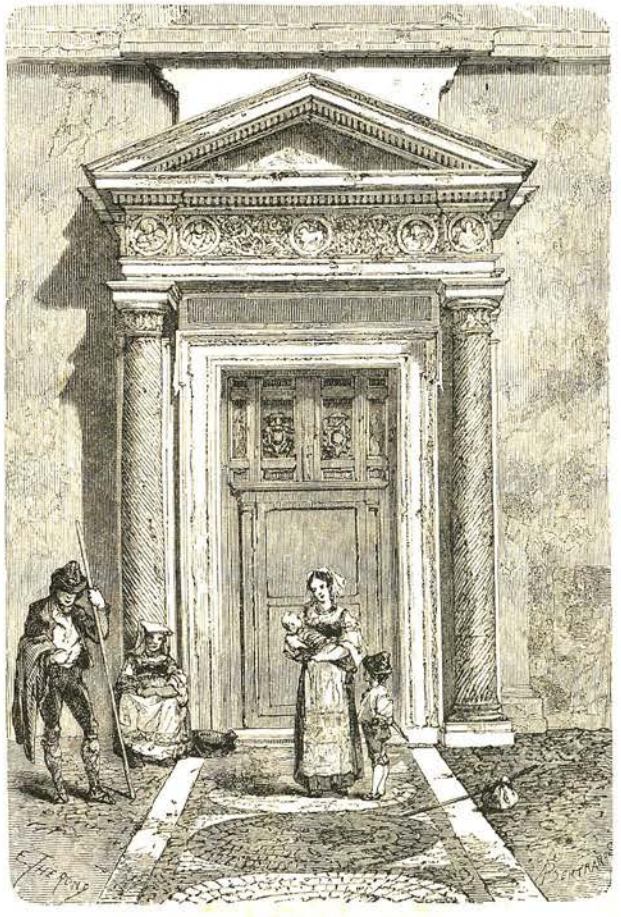
So let us not be afraid of admitting as authorities the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Paul, the Acts of St. Justin, the chronicles of Eusebius, the works of Anastasius and of St. Jerome, the Annals even of Baronius, and the Bollandists, who have compelled all to enter in. These writers follow for more than a century the family of the senator Punicus Pudens who, with his mother Priscilla, had welcomed and protected St. Peter; the Acta have transmitted the memory of the children of this patrician, Pudentius and Sabinella; finally, that of the third generation represented by two brothers, Timothy and Novatus, and two girls, Prasseda or Praxedes and Pudentiana. Inscriptions confirm the witness of the sacred historians: the cemetery, underground, where, close to the Viminal, beyond the Salarian gate, Punicus Pudens and his wife were buried, has kept the name of Priscilla; St. Peter was represented there in the third century between the two daughters of Sabinella (see p. 414); in the eighth, Pascal I. discovered and brought to Rome the bodies of St. Praxedes and St. Pudentiana, the two hostesses of St. Justin: we still read in the catacombs of Priscilla the inscription of a Cornelia Pudentianeta which attests the immense duration of this family burying-place.

CONVENT OF SANTA PUDENZIANA.

From so many facts thus corroborating one another, it is not unreasonable to conclude that, after founding the church of Antioch, the prince of the Apostles arrived at Rome in the reign of Claudius, preceded no doubt by a certain renown; for he had been recently called to Cæsarea to baptize a centurion, and Simon Magus, who had gone before him to the eternal city, had probably made his name known while seeking to cast discredit on him. As in all the countries where the aristocracy had not yet sunk into sensual degradation, the great lords in Rome no doubt made it a point of honour to welcome the philosophers of Greece and the East: St. Peter then may well have been quartered in the house of some partisan of the new ideas, and the proof

of such leanings existing might be inferred from the rapid conversion of Pudens and his family.

This house, where St. Peter is supposed to have lived and to have professed before approaching the basilicas, and to have sat in the curule chair of the senator, which has probably been preserved,—this house was so marked that after an interval of less than a hundred years a pope consecrated it, and under Constantine the modest chapel was replaced by a church dedicated to Sancta Pudentiana. This emperor divided the aisles by twelve ancient columns of grey marble, which in 1598 it was necessary to surround by pilasters; he had placed in a chapel to the right an altar, on which St. Peter was said to have sacrificed; he left open under the pavement the *Puteolus* of a domestic catacomb where Pudentiana had gathered together the bodies of a legion of martyrs, whose remains are still to be seen. In the cemetery of Priscilla they have recovered several portraits of this family, a fact that adds to the interest of the important work of which I have now to speak.



DOOR OF SANTA PUDENZIANA.

The Constantinian mosaic, of great size (see p. 413), executed in the tribune of the choir at the back of the high altar, and composed in honour of the family of Punicus Pudens, is something more than a document or a curiosity; it is a masterpiece of Christian antiquity. Giulio Romano must have loved this rare piece, which Poussin could never weary of contemplating and extolling. The composition is simple and well arranged in its symmetry; in the centre is seated the Christ, draped in a toga of gold; to his right and left are placed St. Peter and St. Paul crowned, the one by St. Pudentiana, the other by her sister Praxedes; around these principal figures are grouped Pudens and his descendants, Pudentius, Novatus, Timothy, and Sabinella. The draperies of the Saviour are well distributed; the calm of the picture, the character and arrangement of the figures, are all alike remarkable. It is the most ancient Christian picture that can be studied at Rome from the point of view of art; those of the catacombs are rather curious documents, the mosaics of S. Costanza and of S. Agnese hardly represent more than ornament and decoration, those of Sta. Maria Maggiore are feebly lighted, and are so small that from below you cannot examine them; finally, those of Ravenna are later. Some Italian critics have attributed this mosaic to the reign of Pope Adrian I.; but one must have had little experience, to plant a work of this kind in the very depth of the decline, towards the end of the ninth century. If we consider the revolutions in art

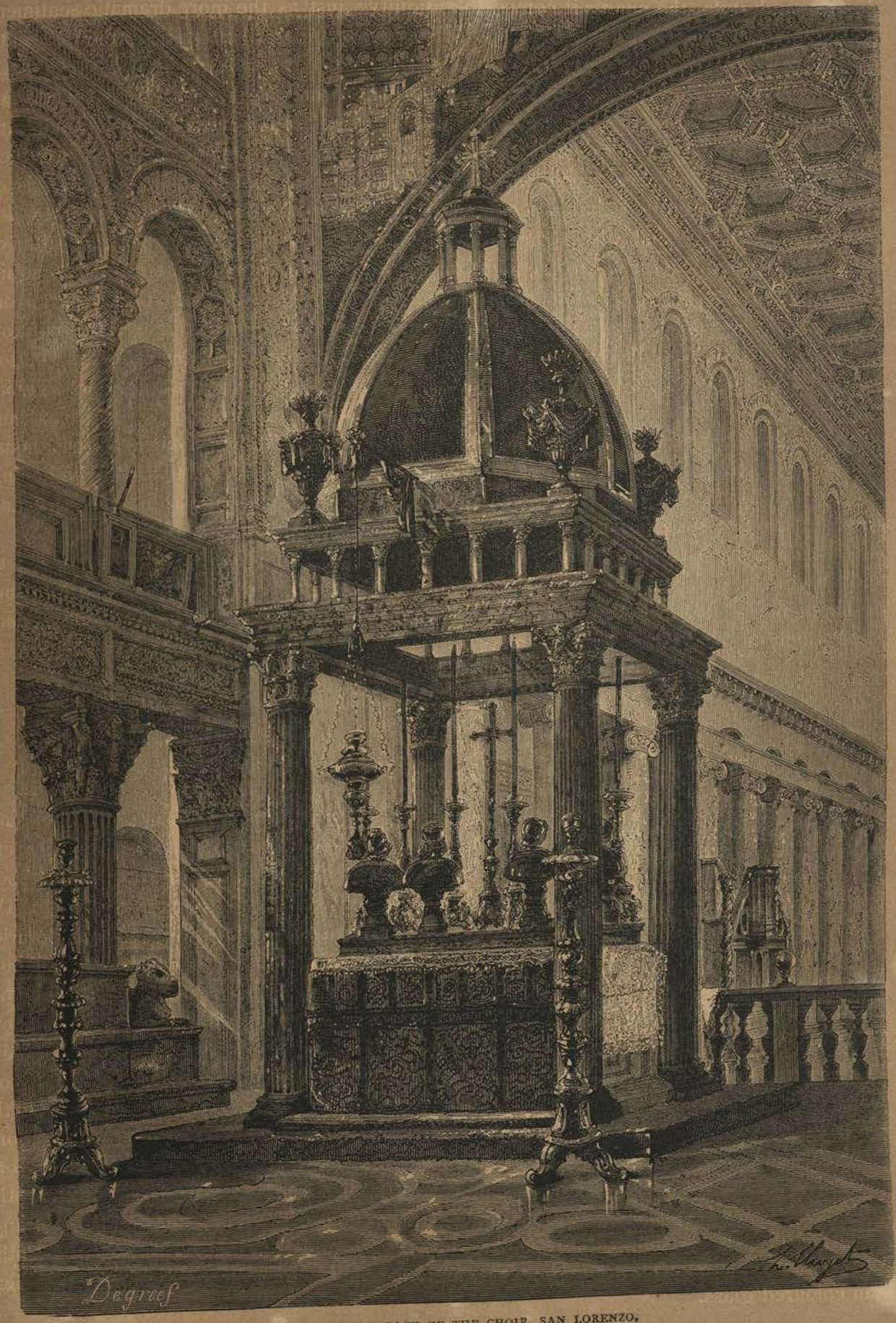
between the second and the twelfth, we shall understand that the purer a work appears in form and style, the nearer it comes to antiquity; just as the more dramatic sentiment or tender and mystic expression you discover in it, the closer will it be to the thirteenth century.

In following to the bottom the Via Urbana which Urban VIII. had laid out, but which under the kings, as Livy tells us, was already called *clivus Urbius*, you fall into the quarter of the Suburra which figures so often in the Roman annals. If you then ascend a certain alley escarped on one side, which winds and leads to St. Francis of Paola, you tread ground that a legend has made very famous. 'Tullia regained her house,' says Livy, 'and when come to the top of the Cyprian Way, where the altar of Diana had been, she turned to the right to go down the Urbian slope, so to go up again on to the slope of the Esquiliæ, when suddenly the driver of her car stopped in terror, and holding the reins showed to his mistress Servius lying slain. There, as tradition says, was wrought a hideous deed, and this spot is the commemoration of it, for ever since the name of Vicus Sceleratus has been given to that, in which Tullia, delirious and tormented by the furies, urged her car over the corpse of her father, and being splashed with the blood from the wheels, carried with her to her own home her share of the gore and slaughter: this is why the gods, angry at that bad beginning of the reign, made ready an evil end for it.' The Vicus Sceleratus has the foul and horrid aspect of spots that have a curse upon them.

As curiosity has brought us down into the Suburra, let us turn our digression to advantage by going to the entrance of the Forum, in front of the choirs of SS. Cosma e Damiano, to look at other mosaics, nearly as important as those of St. Pudentiana, and which ought to find a place here.

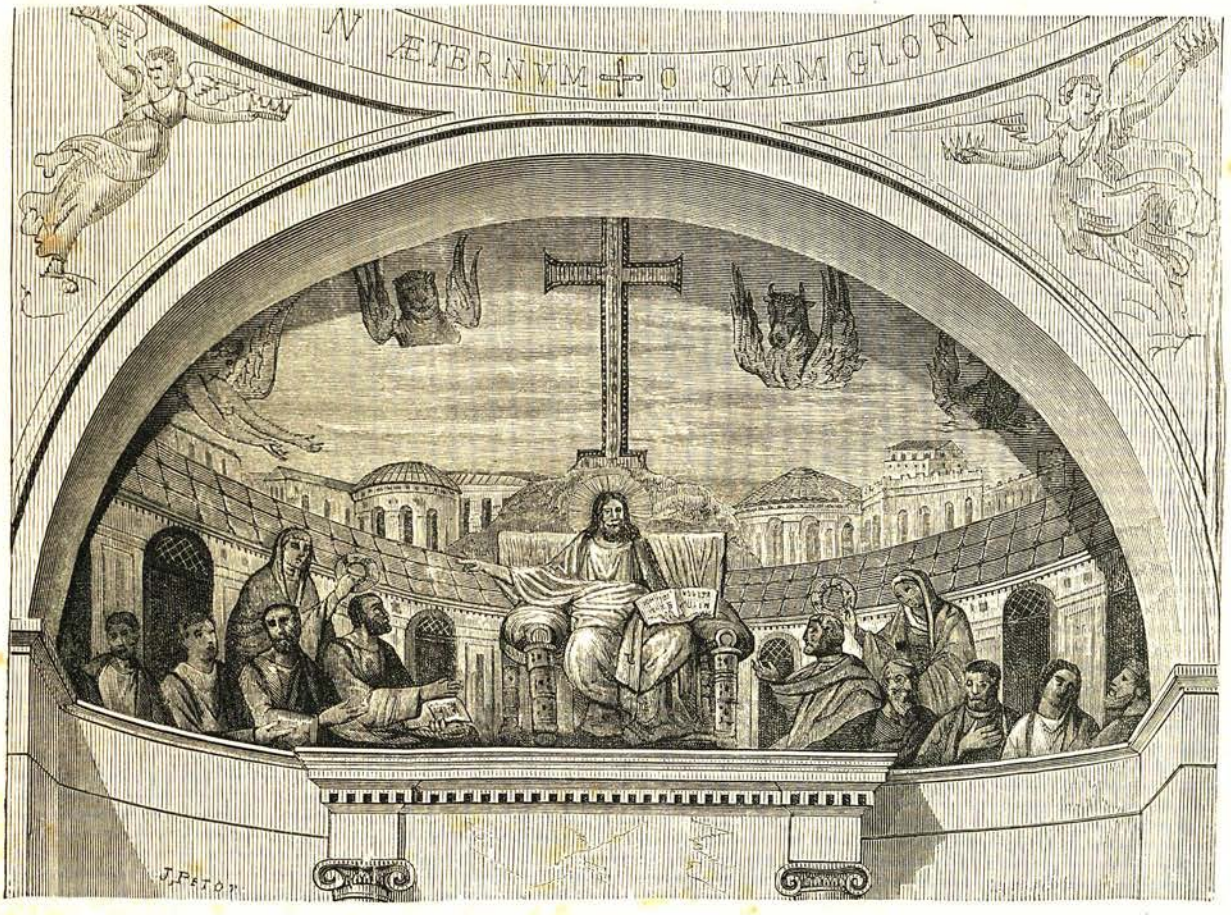
III.

Like St. Lorenzo in Miranda, its neighbour, the church of St. Cosmus has enclosing it the colonnades and the sanctuary of an ancient temple. You will read everywhere that this temple was consecrated to Romulus and his brother; the truth is, that nobody knows to whom it was dedicated, and that probably from 526 to 530, when Felix IV. erected this little church, and gave it the pagan *cella* for vestibule, contemporaries knew no more than we do. This rotunda possesses an antique door of bronze, adapted to its primitive marbles: that circumstance throws a good deal of doubt, in my opinion, upon the tradition which brings from Perugia, at some indeterminate date, a door whose curious ornamentation, like the temple itself, probably belongs to the end of the third century. It was Felix IV. who gave the order for the mosaics of SS. Cosmus and Damianus which, in style and taste of design, still preserve some connection with the expiring schools of antiquity. To make me appreciate them the better, a young monk informed me that the noun *mosaic* comes from *Musivum*, and means *worthy of the Muses.* What a glorious etymology! It would be worth discussing, if it were proved that the mosaics of the Temple of Fortune, erected at Præneste by Sulla—the first, says Pliny, that were seen at Rome—represented Muses. He adds that the Greeks received the processes of mosaic from the Persians, and that in his time they began to make them in coloured glass.



VIEW AT THE BACK OF THE CHOIR, SAN LORENZO.

In examining, on the arcade of the choir of St. Cosmus, which is unhappily cut at its extremities, the ensemble of the compositions by which it is decorated, we recognise that in those times the Christian revolution had brought to artists, along with a new inspiration, special means of effect to palliate the decay of the sense of the beautiful, and the skill which lights it up. Placed upright on the summit of the arch, between St. Damianus and St. Cosmus, who are presented by St. Peter and St. Paul, the figure of the Saviour, blessing with his right hand, and with his left holding the Gospels, and clothed under an ample white mantle, with a purple dalmatic,—this figure with its nimbus possesses an incontestable majesty. St. Cosmus bears one of those crowns of flowers which covered the bread of oblation, offered by the faithful—a usage perpetuated down



MOSAIC OF SANTA PUDENZIANA.

to our own time. Distributed with great dignity, the draperies are well suited to the attitudes and forms; it is still somewhat antique art, but under another law. To the left is represented the fourth of the popes canonized under the name of Felix, a precious portrait, the head of which, over-restored by a mosaic-worker of the sixteenth century, seems very weak by the side of the rest. On the other side St. Damianus is followed by St. Theodore. Below this large subject, at once monumental and simple, the Twelve Sheep surrounding the crowned Lamb come out in a line, as predella, from the two holy cities, Bethlehem and Jerusalem, the birthplace and the tomb. On the frieze flit cherubs, beside the Book with the Seven Seals and the Golden Chandelier; above the Christ, are spread out the four views of the terrestrial paradise, emblems of the truth which comes down from heaven and fertilises the cardinal points of the earth. Let us not omit

the Phœnix—winged prototype of the resurrection, and having a star for nimbus. These mosaics can only be compared to those of St. Pudentiana, and to those which we shall soon see at Sta. Maria Maggiore. Let us not forget that nine centuries afterwards, when he designed for the tapestries of Leo X. the cartoons of which seven originals are at Hampton Court, Raphael did not disdain for figure of the Saviour, to copy, or almost copy, the Christ of SS. Cosma e Damiano.

Let us return to the Esquiline and salute, before entering the basilica of Our Lady of Snows, the grand-daughter of the senator Pudens—the younger sister of St. Pudentiana.

IV.

Above the old theatre of Florus, and the piazza where the house of Propertius was, which Ovid and Tibullus used to visit, a few steps from the house of the Pudentii,

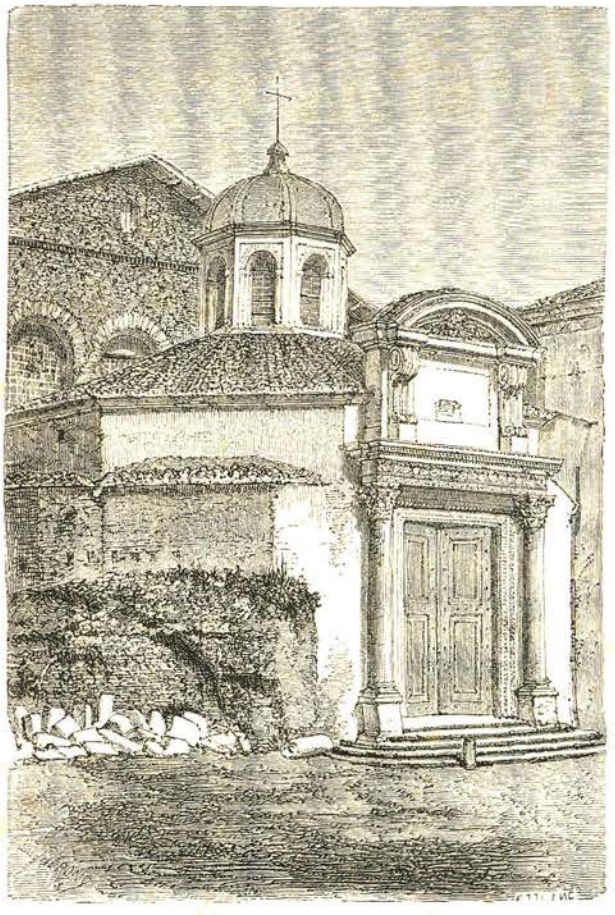
SS. PRASSEDES AND PUDENTIANA (CATACOMB OF PRISCILLA).

and probably in their grounds, were the Thermæ of Novatus, brother of Prassedes. Pius I. founded an oratory there, which Pascal I., in the eighth century, erected into a church. Innocent III. ceded this temple to the monks of Vallombrosa, which is still very interesting, though it was *embellished* by St. Charles Borromeo, cardinal of S. Prassede.

So far as restoration goes, saints are undoubtedly not so bold of hand as the other princes ; for St. Prassede has preserved a venerable and attractive air. Aisles divided by sixteen columns of granite, an altar-canopy supported on pillars of porphyry ; a choir with two flights of steps of enormous blocks of *rosso antico*, the most valuable of stones since it is no longer to be found—such are the materials which throw back into antiquity a Carolingian temple all decked out with fragments of the pagan era. The great arch and the Tribune have mosaics also, belonging to the ninth century, and curious from various points of view. While at St. Pudentiana the two sisters are crowning the apostles, here they are presented to the Christ by the guests of the family, St. Peter and

St. Paul. In memory of their high birth, the artist has clad them like great ladies of the time of Stephen V., in their very finest apparel. At the angles of the semicircle appear Pius I. and Pascal I.—the last being a likeness. Above the great arch the Twenty-four Old Men of the Apocalypse, draped in white, offer their crowns.

This mosaic has a strange style about it; the taste and execution of it are of a wildness, which proves long secular distances between the almost classic work of St. Pudentiana and that of St. Prassede. You find there, by way of lower border or band, the Twelve Sheep and the Lamb, which being substituted more and more under the successors of Theodosius for the real representations of Christ and the apostles, threatened to annihilate Christian art at the outset. A council in 707 had to be appealed to, to pass a decree on this question, and they promulgated a prohibition against transforming Jesus and his disciples into sheep; a prohibition which cannot have been very absolute, for more than one hundred years later, from 817 to 824, the mosaics of St. Prassede reproduce these emblems. They only fell into desuetude along with the subjects taken from the Apocalypse; that is, after the year 1000, when the vision of St. John, who assigned this date for the end of the world, was for the moment discredited by the undisturbed continuation of the century. Other mosaics, inferior to those of St. Pudentiana, that is more recent, decorate the closed chapel where they keep a shaft of a column of oriental breccia—a piece brought from Jerusalem in 1223 by John Colonna, who brought it with credulous piety, in the persuasion that Christ had been bound to it at the Flagellation.



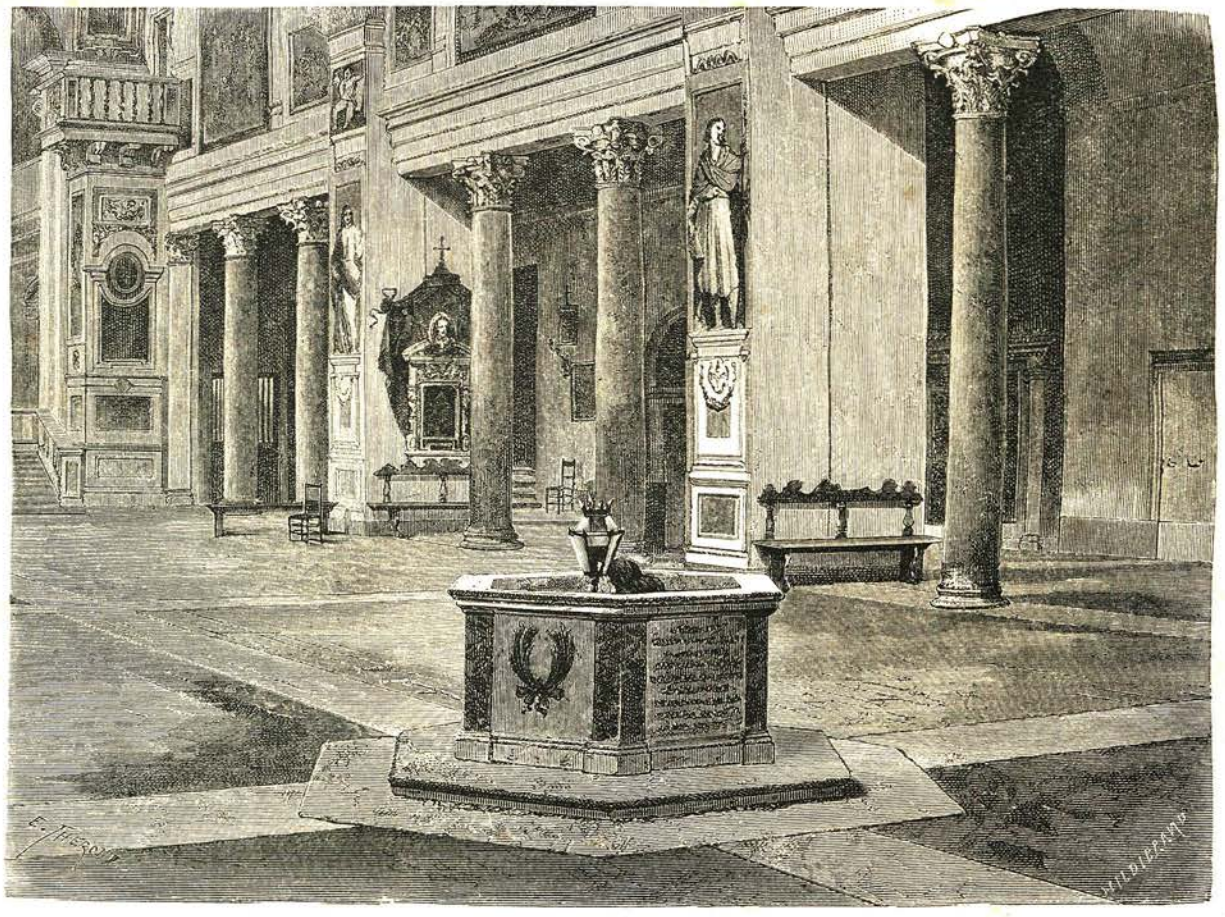
CHURCH OF SS. COSMA E DAMIANO.

Enriched with mosaics, mostly with a golden ground, curious in arrangement, adorned with exquisite splendour, this chapel is a perfect jewel-casket; the thirteenth century, completing it, was content to give it a certain fineness or delicacy which enhances the oriental character of the whole. On three sides the base of the wall is faced with marbles of an amber shade; at the corners are raised on antique stylobates four granite pillars with gilded Corinthian capitals, and pedestals of four angels in mosaic, whose heads touch the top of the vault, which is occupied by a figure of Christ. The space is filled by several of the blessed, singularly apparelled; above the door are represented Sabinella, and SS. Prassedes, Pudentiana, and Bridget: on the altar, between two columns of oriental alabaster, they have executed in mosaic a very incongruous Madonna. Nothing can be more unexpected in a half darkness, than this little sanctuary, which shows us in its sparkling richness the sentiment of the beautiful

among the Barbarians, expressed with originality, and served by precious materials. If one does not speak of the Flagellation which is in the vestry, it is because this Giulio Romano, treated with elaborate search after archaism, has a most frosty look.

V.

With its crushed domes, its seventeenth and eighteenth century façades, its double porticos vaguely degenerate from St. Peter's, the patriarchal basilica of Santa Maria

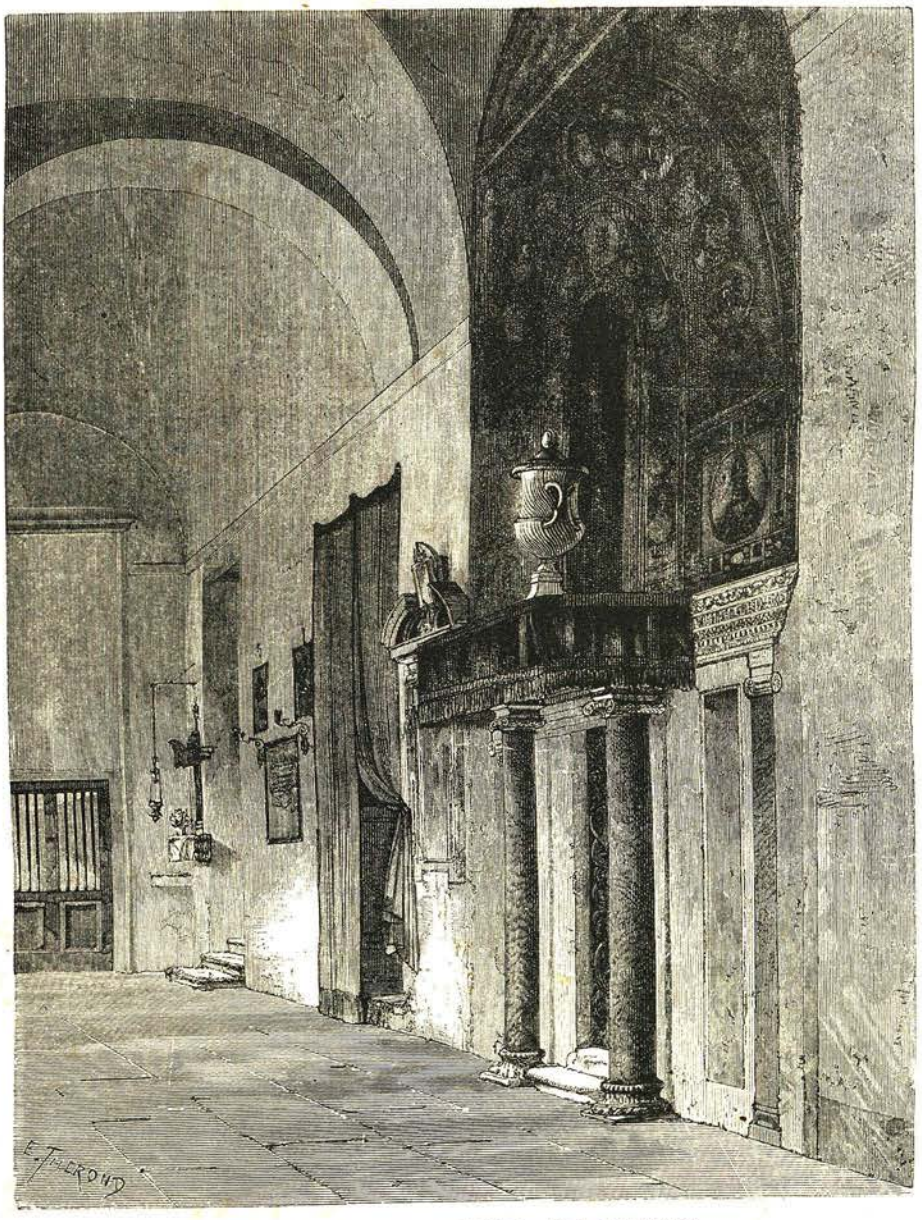


INTERIOR OF S. PRASSEDE.

Maggiore would only announce a modern monument, if our countryman, Gregory XI., had not presented it with a great bell-tower of four stories, with a conical roof, which is the highest in Rome: that is not saying much. You see the tower from the two ends of the very long street which this church interrupts and divides,—the street which from Santa Croce to the Trinita dei Monti, touches the Esquiline, Viminal, and Pincian, going through populous regions and through deserts.

Santa Maria Maggiore is a great name: Peter the Venerable says that the basilica of Lateran apart, that of Liberius is the first (*major dignitate*) of the churches of Rome and of the world. A foundation so venerated as this, so favoured with indulgences, and endowed with the Porta Santa, must have become rich enough to enjoy a frequent change of decoration. As I was only moderately attracted by a bell-tower of 1376, a

very early date for Rome, and as I was not much attracted by the common and modern look of the outside facings, I had got into a habit of passing before Sta. Maria Maggiore with indifference. I used in passing to salute the obelisk of Augustus and the high fluted columns of the basilica of Constantine, turned into the pedestal of a Madonna; farther on, I would give a glance to the lively and multiplied mouldings that frame the fine door of the convent of Sant' Antonio, and a smile to the pillar that com-



DOOR OF THE COLONNA CHAPEL, AT S. PRASSEDE.

memorates the conversion of Henry of Navarre; and after that I used to proceed about my business.

One night, however, as the crowd was pouring into the church, the fascination of example and the urgency of a friend made me follow the rest. It was Christmas Day. At the bottom of the nave I was suddenly intoxicated with fragrant perfumes and with harmony; out of the clouds that were raised by the incense, mixed with the dust stirred up by the faithful, was seen the depth of the three aisles divided, under a

magnificent entablature, by thirty-eight white columns of polished and lustrous marble from the old Temple of Juno. The ancient arrangement of the primitive basilicas revealed itself, in spite of modern settings, in the life and unaccustomed pomp of a festival. Sta. Maria Maggiore amazed me, as I might have been amazed, if I had recognised under a peruke the features of a father of the church.

The Nativity is a solemnity everywhere, but most of all in the basilica which prides itself on possessing the very cradle of the Saviour. All day long on the 25th of December, the church is illuminated with candles; behind the altar a numerous body of clergy, presided over by cardinals, celebrate the offices until the evening; on the seats figured abbés and oriental bishops, with long beards, clad in copes crumpled with much travelling, and their brows buried in vast episcopal coifs, supple and shapeless, which a friend called night-mitres. There is a perpetual concert, and this melodiousness mingles through the naves with the sharp perfumes of the box and myrtle, broken and strewn along the pavement, and with the fragrance of the incense, whose rosy vapours envelope the officiating clergy in a kind of transparent fog, through which you see the glitter of the gold of the sacred vestments. All through the church and in the chapels, all classes of people are mixed up together; they chat with one another, and form groups, and the movement of a great gathering accompanies the hymns with a singular murmur; it is the stir of a drawing-room, kept in by a sordine.

In the midst of this musical promenade under the colonnades, you come upon people prostrate in a row, who move quickly along on their knees, praying and kissing the pavement; you move a little out of the way, to let them have clear path to the cradle of Christ: they will come back and chat with the passers-by, as soon as their business is finished; for here each acts for himself without heed of anybody else.

When a temple of this antiquity has not ceased to be held in honour, bad taste is sure to introduce a good many caricatures; still time has left some precious treasures here. The mosaics which behind the papal altar decorate the great arch of the transept, and those which on the architrave of the nave run on both sides under the windows, form no less than thirty-eight compositions. The object was to expose in a logical series the points in the life of the Virgin and her Son, corroborating the dogma of the divinity of Christ. These would be the oldest known in this kind, if those of St. Pudentiana did not exist. Criticism in Germany and even in Italy has thrown doubts on their antiquity, and for lack of precise arguments, taking a reasonable middle term, it has attributed to the eighth century what really belongs to some time between 434 and 438, as we shall show without difficulty.

We know that at this epoch, eighty years after its primitive foundation, Sixtus III. rebuilt the church; we know too that this pontiff had just resisted the heresy of Nestorius, who denied the divinity of Christ; now the examination of the mosaics by Ciampini, and the study of them by special scholars, demonstrate that the symbolism of this great work resolves itself into an iconographic demonstration of the truths denied by the Nestorians. The pope of that time, appreciating the importance of the work and of the instruction it presented, inscribed on the arch of the apse, 'SIXTUS PLEBI DEI.' Let us add that these pictures were referred to at the second council of Nicæa, as a proof of the antiquity of image-worship.

They are interesting compositions, in which art, already become religious in the movement of the figures and groups, goes back rather for design than costume to ancient tradition. Their place is between the mosaic of St. Pudentiana and that of

St. Cosmus. Unluckily these small subjects crowning the friezes are placed so high, that to study them you must have either good spectacles or the eyes of a lynx. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, Nicholas V. refitted the pavement of the nave with some old *opus Alexandrinum*, composed of rosettes on a ground of porphyry and granite: this carpet is superb. Let us also note that the two Borgian popes made Julian San Gallo devise the richest ceiling that is to be found at Rome. The catholic Isabella sent to gild it the first ingots that Columbus brought from the American archipelago.

Leaving on right and left the tardy mausoleum of Nicholas IV. and that of Clement IX., where Charity gives suck before the whole world, you come to the high altar and its canopy, of which I have only to say that it limits the nave and masks the mosaic of the hemicycle; but Benedict XIV., the most philosophical among popes, was not without some acquaintance with the 'good taste' of De Brosses. The confessional ought to be superb, for its reorganization cost Pius IX. very dear; only the coloured marbles with which the walls are faced, in such a way as to form circles and rectangles, recall the wood-work with which they decorate fashionable steamboats in the United States. The balusters do not harmonize either with the style of the nave, or that of the baldachin.

At the risk of being incomplete, let us leave to the admirers of costly objects the porphyry basin of the baptismal fonts, their columns, their paintings; the Assumption of Bernini, and even the polychromatic bust of the Ambassador of Congo; but let us make our way into a small chamber adjoining the baptistery, in which is hidden a fine bronze statue of Paul V. by Silla of Milan. This mitred figure is a life-like and individual portrait; the pontiff is represented younger than in the posthumous statue executed by the same artist for the tomb. In the dazzling chapel which Paul V. built for the Borghese, he erected to Clement VIII. a mausoleum of a very ambitious sort, but cold in its look.

The guides will not fail to stop you before the altar of the Virgin, while they lie in watch for the symptoms of a speechless admiration on your face; it is only oriental jasper, gilding, medallions of agate, and bas-reliefs of gold framing, in the midst of a ground of lapis nearly fifteen feet high, an image of the Madonna very old and very black, but framed by precious stones and supported by five gilded Angels. Luckily the picture which is crushed in this way is worth nothing, but is that any reason for attributing it to St. Luke?

I should pass over in silence the chapel of the Sforza, in which the canons go through their offices, if it did not happen to contain some works of Sermonetta and did not adjoin two French tombs, one over the other, and of a handsome style—the Cardinal Philip de Levis and his brother, both archbishops of Arles towards the end of the fifteenth century. But I prefer, at the back of the aisle to the right, a simple tomb of the first years of the fourteenth, adorned with charming mosaics by John Cosimato, who has added to them a portrait of the deceased, Cardinal Rodriguez, who died in 1299. The works of a Roman artist are rare, especially at such remote epochs.

How many times, wandering with our countrymen, have I not quitted them on the threshold of the chapel of the Holy Sacrament! In the compartments of these storied shrines, even if they were by Fontana, I forget the monument and I produce on myself the effect of a weevil fallen into a jewel casket. Yet there are here two fine

pieces of sculpture, or even three, on the tombs of Pius V. and Sixtus V. The last, planned in a certain style, is surmounted by a statue of the pontiff at prayer, by Valsoldo; a very interesting portrait. A statue by Leonard of Sarzana represents ascetic and smiling, the blessed Pius V.; the figure, here so full of life, you find again in the lower portion of the mausoleum, all unstrung and chilled by death, in a gilded bas-relief of a very delicate significance; this second is by Nicholas Cordier, who drew his inspiration from our French tombs. It is under the cupola of this great chapel, formed like a Greek cross, that the faithful honour the cradle, the true cradle of the Lord: *beati qui crediderunt!* This little church in the great basilica was specially constructed for the Santo Presepio. Sta. Maria Maggiore possesses besides a quantity of relics, among which figure the remains of twelve canonized popes.

Legend being the poetry of churches, the nearer you approach the legendary ages, the less meaningless and common is the ornamentation: in this respect, Sta. Maria Maggiore is greatly indebted to Nicholas IV., that very enlightened and slightly romantic pontiff, who favoured the Ghibelines, who dreamt of new crusades, and who founded our university of Montpellier. He enlarged and consolidated the apse of the basilica; he caused to be executed between 1288 and 1292, by Fra Jacopo da Torrita, mosaics of great extent, the finest of that century. Towards the same time, he confided to Philip Rossuti, pupil of Torrita (he signed *Russuti*), the task of decorating the external façade fronting the piazza with an immense picture, presenting for the instruction of the populace the iconographic story of the Festival of Snows and the Liberian foundation, which Benedict XIV. masked with the galleries of a vulgar façade, designed by Ferdinando Fuga. It remains to speak of these two mosaics, which are of no common importance, to attract the attention of tourists to those of the Tribune, and perhaps to reveal the others to many ill-directed travellers.

On the large hemicycle which goes round the Presbyterium, behind the master-altar, the Franciscan monk, Turrita or Torrita, with the suavity peculiar to a disciple of the Siennese school at the dawn of the prosperities of that republic, painted in an enormous medallion in a ground of starred blue, the Crowning of the Virgin. The divine throne, a seat with two places, occupies the centre of this composition, in which the Christ is of a triumphant beauty. The remainder of the vault is equipped with saints on a gold ground, who are divided from the Virgin by two groups of Angels, having above them and at the sides a sort of frame of intertwined branches, enamelled with flowers and animated by birds: nothing is richer or tenderer to the eye, than the fair harmony of this decoration. In the figures you come upon the style of our artists of the reign of St. Lewis, with a less frosty majesty; the Madonna is posed and arranged with unspeakable charm. It marks the apogee of an art whose first rise we have not seen, and which gives the pleasure that is inherent in the perfect works in which neither effort nor imitation betrays itself.

Between the windows and in the well-lighted thickness of the wall, Gaddo Gaddi has devised other mosaics of happy effect, among which we have to remark the Death of the Virgin, a delightful piece, too near a formidable rival; Gaddi seems less free from Byzantine stiffness. Cardinal Colonna, and it is an honour for this noble house, helped Nicholas IV. with his fortune in the endowment of Our Lady with these masterpieces. So Torrita has placed at one of the corners the likeness of the prelate kneeling; he has represented himself in modest proportions, on his knees, in his monk's dress: he belonged, as I have said, to the Minor Brothers, among whom the pope had

been. This work, which is not wholly completed, struck me as more luminous than those with which he adorned St. John Lateran, and in which Gaddi did more work.

I have indicated other still more considerable mosaics, the execution of which Nicholas IV. had confided to Rossuti, a pupil of Torrita, and which Benedict XIV. caused to disappear behind the arches and great balcony of his façade. To see them, one has to slip between the wall which they decorate, and the colonnades which the last century introduced in front. Now everybody does not know that to hoist one's self up here, you ought to climb the steps of a capitular building lately transformed into a barrack—a staircase along which have been deposited, together with a number of tomb-stones of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, taken from this church, some bas-reliefs of the same time, torn by Vespignani from the old Confessional, where some facings have but poorly taken their place.

These captive mosaics, with the arms of Cardinal Colonna, must have been finished before the death of Boniface VIII., at the dawn of the century which opened with the Jubilee of 1300; they belong to an art which is less chaste and less elevated than those of Master Torrita, but they form a more considerable series of connected subjects, handled with a dramatic intention and an air of reality, that are very interesting. There is a bed-chamber with the furniture of the time, palaces having their Loggia and their Guelfic battlements, the interior of a painted basilica, a throne elaborately figured, very peculiar civil and pontifical costumes—that of the pope among others, who is draped in a green mantle, and who was even then preceded, not only by the cross of gold, but by a dais in the shape of an enormous Indian parasol with conical top. These precious contributions to the history of manners, and even of etiquette and furniture, describe the legend of Sta. Maria Maggiore; they are unintelligible, unless you know the origin of the Festival of Snows.

In the time of Pope Liberius, a rich bourgeois named John Patricius, and his wife, resolved to give all they had to the Virgin Mary. But in order to know how to employ their riches so as to please her, they prepared themselves by fasting for the receiving of inspiration from on high. Shortly, deigning to appear to each of them in a dream one burning night in August (the 5th), the Queen of the Angels bade them go at dawn on to the Esquiline, and build a church on the spot which they should find covered with snow. Awaking at the same time, the pair described to one another their vision, and did not wait for the day: they hastened to the sovereign pontiff, who was expecting them, having been also warned by a dream. The priests were summoned, and the people gathered together, and the sun was hardly up, when Pope Liberius, followed by Patricius and the clergy, set out in procession from the Lateran palace. On the Esquiline hill they perceived that a considerable space was covered with a carpeting of snow; they marked out its limits, and the pious couple raised thereupon the first church dedicated by Rome to the Virgin Mary. So they named it at first Our Lady of Snows and the church of Liberius, because this miracle came in his time. Afterwards it was described as the Basilica of Sixtus, on account of that successor of Celestinus, who had it rebuilt and adorned by rich mosaics. But after they had devoted so many other churches at Rome to Our Lady, that of the Snows was called Saint Mary the Greater, to show its excellence and primacy.

It occupies a site that had been dear to the Apicii of the empire—the old market of Livia, which Tiberius had sumptuously rebuilt, and in which were retailed the rare dainties from distant provinces.

Such is the adventure of which Nicholas IV. wished the narrative to be exposed to the eyes of the faithful. Hence in a series of pictures the artist calls up the house in which slumbers the good Patricius, and the palace in which the pope sleeps,—two interiors too precisely marked in their details, not to be taken from reality; then the rich citizen coming to tell his vision to Liberius; the Virgin and her Son with a smile making the snow fall on the Esquiline; finally, the procession escorting the pontiff, who wears the pointed tiara of the thirteenth century, as he goes on to the hill to discover the site of the future basilica.

To erect his façade with columns, a poor reminiscence of that of the Lateran, the sage Lambertini rent the most gigantic miniature—if the antithesis be allowed—with which a page of the Golden Legend was ever illustrated.

'ORIENTAL BISHOPS WITH LONG BEARDS,' ETC.

CAR OF THE ACADEMY OF FRANCE LEAVING THE PINCIAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Roman Carnival.—Unforeseen consequence of a pastoral mandate.—Sights in the Corso.—*Colezione* at the Simonetti palace.—Queen of Naples and Francis II.—The Academy of France and its car.—Official ceremonial for the organization of festivals.—The Moccoli.—Burlesque scenes.—Origin and description of the great masquerade of the Germans.—The gardens of Sallust.—Historical illustrations of the Ponte Salario and the Colline gate.—The Villa Albani.—Homage to Winckelmann.—Return by the Villa Ludovisi.—Paul Delaroche before the Aurora of Guercino.—The Juno of Argos, &c.—Effect of the malaria.

I.

THE pope, during the winter of 1865, having issued an edict in which modern ideas are abused, some French bishops felt themselves authorized to preach a crusade against the transalpine revolution, and it resulted from this that the Italian committee resolved to suppress in Rome the rejoicings of the carnival. The four previous years the same thing had happened on other pretexts, not without harm to trade, nor without gloom for a people which has not much amusement, and especially for country-people, who have such a passion for the secular joys of the carnival, that the obligation of taking a bride to the great city is stipulated in the contract. The pontifical states were going for the fifth time to obey a party edict, when an incident that happened far enough away from the Corso, changed the arrangements of the secret power. Persuaded of the danger to the pontifical cause of placing it in antagonism with the French government, and of satisfying political animosities at the expense of his holiness, the archbishop of Paris published a moderate and conciliatory pastoral letter. Then the party of action, who thought they read in the writings of four or five bishops the opinion of France, suddenly deducing it from the new charge in the opposite sense, hastened to make merriment the order of the day, and to prepare travesties *per la liberta*. Mgr. Darboy scarcely suspected that in calming by his memorable *Quos ego* the too lively ardour of his colleagues, he would cause the consumption at Rome of so many *confetti*, nor that among the fruits of

his vigils would be the most brilliant carnival that had for a long while made holiday in the city of Romulus.

In old days the confetti were really of sugar, and even now the use of them in this form is not wholly lost; they have, for economy's sake, substituted hailstones of plaster, and such is the consumption of them that an hour before the opening of the games, the facchini carry up to the houses the supply for the day, filling baskets as big as barrels; they shoot them forth with horns of pasteboard, like those used for tric-trac. Majestic personages, noble ladies, sovereigns in exile, do not disdain these pastimes; you will recognise them in their chariots, under disguises which defy every outrage; their faces are preserved by wire masks, like those worn in fencing-rooms. In a moment this rout, in which all classes are mixed up, seems covered with flour, for they pour on to the equipages thick clouds of plaster made into powder. From the Piazza del Popolo to the foot of the Capitol, the Corso, which is long and moderately broad, and the houses of which,—made motley for the occasion by stuffs shaken in the wind, have their windows covered with people from garret to ground floor. The Corso resounds with a chattering that deafens you: between the carriages and palaces is a constant interchange of lazzis, compliments, epigrams; it is sharp-fire of words, projectiles, and flowers. Woe to the unhappy mortal who is obliged to cross the Corso, and ventures to do so in black clothes; in the twinkling of an eye he beholds himself turned white. Platforms, at once militant and besieged, connect the base of the houses with the spectacle in the streets, so that movement, disorderly animation, and infernal uproar, are everywhere at once. These games, which are like a battle, extend from one Tuesday to another without a quarrel, in the midst of an equalitarian license, such as you cannot imagine; whoever enters the arena knows that all is permitted to him, and that he ought to endure all with laughter. I have seen grave personages, who were nothing but shapeless ragout of yolk of egg and flour, half blinded, receive a pelting of small shot, delivered from some one close at hand, and yet, though red with anger, go out of it with the forced bursts of a gaiety, proof to every provocation.

A hospitable fellow-countryman, General Polhès, who resided in the Simonetti palace, had invited the fine Roman and French societies to come and watch the procession of the masks. It was from this balcony that I watched the saturnalia of the Corso. As my eyes turned to the right, out of the agitated waves of the crowd, they saw rising up the walls of Sta. Maria in Via Lata, where once, at the house of the centurion his host, St. Paul baptized neophytes whom he had converted. In front of our windows, by the side of St. Marcel, consecrated to a pope whom Maximus had tortured, was a monastic house, which replaces the quarters in which St. Lucina lived; a house that the Servite brothers had placed at the service of the populace. Under this claustral pediment, which was contemporary with Urban VIII., appeared at the top windows several groups of soldiers; on the lower story monks were leaning with their elbows against the windows; on the draped balcony of the entresol were vigorous peasant women and Trasteverine couples hurling confetti. This is the way in which Rome every instant offers you opportunity for noting a contrast, or shrinking back from an antithesis.

On the cars and in the street, millers with enormous felt hats, and pierrots with pointed caps, formed the immense majority, but I was not long in recognising that each people marks by its national colours the disguise that it adopts; from this come

RACE OF THE BARBERI: THE START.

terrible fights when, on two vehicles meeting one another, these figure rival empires. Nothing is like confetti for dealing with burning questions; you should see in full conflict with the tricolour factions of Italy, the yellow millers who disguised the Zouaves of the holy father. In the high regions courtesy had concluded some armistices; at the Bonaparte palace, where I went to pay a visit, when the young Queen of Naples came under the balcony of the French princesses, she threw enormous bouquets, to which we replied by a shower of flowers. When Francis II. went by, wearing a peaked cap and covered with white powder, the balconies stopped their fire, but it was not the same in the street, where I saw the royal couple shot at with fury.

Returning to the Simonetti palace, which is now called Buoncompagni, and under the open cloisters of which the uproar of the street could not come, I found myself suddenly transported afar off by the sight of a broad winding staircase, spiral, supported on coupled columns, imitated by Alessandro Specchi from that which I had seen the previous summer in the deserted convent of San Nicolo, near a silent quay at Pisa. As I ascended the steps, I represented to myself the tranquil banks of the Arno and the tower of the monastery—Our Lady of the Holy Thorn—leaning over the stream like a forgotten shrine; and the wide streets through which none pass, with fine houses of brick and yellow stone from which none come out; and the mosaic of grass, which makes the pavement green around the Baptistery, the Duomo, and the Campo Santo; and the great pines of the Cascine under which you see, as in the solitudes of the East, the dromedaries that have been in exile here ever since the time of the crusades. I saw them in memory jogging along the beach where the sea-wind continues up to the violet hills of Carrara the mysterious song of the waves.

II.

It is on Shrove Tuesday that the diversions of a populace fallen into childhood, and collected together into a single street, reach the very phrenzy of their gaiety. An hour before the Ave Maria, a moment when a cannon shot will suddenly extinguish all this merriment, you ought to go through the Corso, from the piazza del Popolo to the Piombino palace, at the risk of being torn by Mænads. I do not know how the women with bouquets for sale succeed in moving between the close lines of carriages, or the dealers in confetti coming with fresh supplies for the sort of trays which hang on the edges of the cars.

Peasant-women in their dazzling and beflowered costumes, polichinelles and harlequins, roaming dominoes, small boys with colossal heads, dragons on horseback, among these human floods, where rows of masks pushing through the crowd leave mark as of winding currents; military music, stray fanfares, rattles from the carriages, artificial detonation; soldiers of every arm, and women of every colour; Turks and *chauchardes*, motley processions following a tabor, horses covered with festoons and staring rosettes, handsome damsels blinded and laughing, balconies overflowing; incessant hail pouring down from the windows, and forming on the pavement a sunny carpet of crushed plaster; packets of flowers continually mounting or falling through the air; lobsters, dolphins, and other monsters vomiting from monstrous throats great mouthfuls of chalk—all in a word, all with every disorder of contrast that you can

imagine, is joyous, insensate, like to turn heads and intoxicate the eyes. If you were alone, you would lose the sense of isolation, for everybody accosts you, and making merry with you or at you, offers himself as a butt for your whims.

The students of our Academy of France had organized a break, hung with white, with escutcheons at the corners and gilded wheels: the enormous box was placed, like a nest, in a bed of leaves; the four horses had garlands of flowers for reins and harness. Clad in white, with African burnouses or flowered hoods on their heads, our young artists hurled such a profusion of bouquets, that they seemed to grow under their fingers. In the centre of the car, incense smoked in an antique tripod; at the back, behind a griffin, was a graceful little model, whom our gentlemen had

PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.

Via del Babbuino.—S. Maria di Monte Santo.—Entry to the Corso.—S. Maria de' Miracoli—Ripetta.

daubed over into a negro. The Apollo of the Egyptians, Orus, carried a thyrsus on the front of the equipage.

Equalitarian and popular, these festivals, which for a few moments level all classes, have no resemblance to our ignoble carnival, which is abandoned by the taciturn prudery of our time to the lowest ranks of the populace. The carnival, among these childish people of Rome, is taken seriously by all the nobility, and this associates everybody in the common madness; it is an institution. So, as in old times by the Consuls, now the games are opened with all solemnity by the Senators of Rome and the Conservators, municipal dignitaries much richer in honours than in power.

The Monday and the Thursday after Sexagesima, the cannon fired, the magistrates of the commune, preceded by runners and macebearers in costume of the sixteenth century, make their entry by the Porta del Popolo between two troops of cavalry; they traverse the Corso as far as the foot of the Capitol, in five state coaches of princely magnificence. Everybody presses forward to see the distant posterity of prætors and ædiles. Salvoes of artillery solemnise this procession, which ranks with that of the Lord Mayor, while the golden cassocks awake reminiscences of the doges. This is the inauguration of these real diversions, the only ones, O reader, that this century offers you, and on condition of your going to Rome; for everywhere else in our poor old utilitarian and constitutional world, public recreations are over: the festivals of the national family are at an end with the youth of peoples. These pastimes have preserved, along with their vivacity, a certain candour; not a quarrel, not a drunken man, not a battle, in the thick of a populace so ready at shedding blood to wipe out an insult!

Four times while the carnival lasts, they end the day by a spectacle that it would be impossible to improvise with a people gone mad with the glory of never obeying. The preparations are as curious as the representation itself. Towards half-past five, the soldiers have made the carriages pass round by the adjacent streets; there only remain foot passengers on the Corso—a moving mosaic of hats and bonnets. Then the carbiniers, in files two broad, invading the middle of the street, divide the compact crowd in two; they heave it aside, so to say, on to the causeways, as snow is swept back on mountain roads. The centre is nearly empty, but unequally; the edge straggles over its border; so hardly is this first operation complete, before a squadron of cavalry rushes forward at full gallop to finish the clearing of the street. After this double expedition the road is made, and the field swept clean. Almost immediately, from the piazza del Popolo, where they are held back by cables that they not unfrequently break through, there are let loose on the Corso six Barbary steeds, wild, and without any gear, without riders, or bits, or bridles, free as in the desert. The mane plaited, with glowing eye and foaming mouth, they fly down this long narrow avenue, in which even the houses seem full of life and passion; they finish this straight course in the twinkling of an eye, terrified at the loud cries and shouts of the crowd at their side, and of the great quantity of people up at the windows. The swiftest are applauded and goaded on by an uproar that makes them rear, while the last are escorted by hissings and hootings. The cavalcade clears the space like some dark flash; behind it the throng resume possession of the street, which once more becomes choked up. At the outlet of the piazza of Venice the *barberi* come rushing to the foot of the balcony where the Senator sits, who hands to the winner the prize of the race, as well as a great standard of precious stuff from ten to twelve metres long. These are of woven silk and gold thread of extreme magnificence, because the Israelites of Rome, bound ever since the Middle Age to furnish this standard by way of feudal service, make it a point of honour to be generous.

For many years past the horses of this sport, winners and losers, belong to Cecchi, the banker, who was so sure of winning that he ceased to find rivals. His triumphs would have led to the abolition of the races, if he had not made himself the *entrepreneur* of them, so the prize is no longer a crown, but an indemnification.

In olden times they did not confine themselves to making horses run. Montaigne saw running *au Caresme prenant*, children and old men quite naked, asses, buffaloes . . .

and Jews, from one end of the town to another. Each race had for prize *il palo* (*palio*), because it consisted of stuffs of cloth or velvet. But what was still better, 'the gentlemen ran the *quintaine* before the ladies, among whom there are fewer ugly ones than in France.' Yet, adds Michael Montaigne, 'en France le corps est mieux fait; car ici, elles ont l'endret de la ceinture trop lâche.'

As soon as the horses have vanished, madness resumes its course until the hour when authority, by a monosyllable uttered by the cannon of St. Angelo, suddenly restores the delirious city to its right mind. The confetti cease to rain down; the cries all stop; you see on the Corso only tranquil citizens making their way home.

III.

The birth of Arion, the most ancient courser with the gift of speech, caused, as we know, so much shame to Ceres, that she withdrew into a grotto, where she would be still, if Pan had not pointed her out to the master of the gods, who exhorted her to seek distraction in travel. The goddess had just quitted Corcyra to visit her Sicilian harvests, accompanied by the brown Pherephalta that she had had by Jupiter, when Pluto met the pretty child gathering flowers, and carried her off among the fiery furnaces of his realm. Ceres in despair complained to Olympus, where the thing was taken coolly, and she was counselled to take infusion of poppy by way of recovering her slumber. Then trusting only to herself, the mother of Proserpine yoked two winged dragons, she girt up her long robe, and armed with a torch which she kindled in passing the flames of Etna, she hastened swiftly through the air, calling for her daughter with piercing cries.

It was the custom among the ancients in the festivals which they kept, to perpetuate by certain imitative rites the memory of the exploits attributed to the gods. So when the noble Quintus Memmius imported from Greece and instituted in the Circus Maximus the festivities of Ceres, which had been instituted by Triptolemus, he added some ceremonies already in use in Sicily, and notably the practice of making women run round the temples at nightfall, clad in white and furnished with lighted torches, followed by a clamorous throng. It is not merely to trace, as many scholars have done, the rites of the carnival from the Cerealia of April combined with the Lupercalia of February, that I have recalled these doubtful origins; I supposed that for the people who are enamoured of erudite amusements, this association would heighten the significance of the final scene of the Roman carnival which I have still to describe.

The last evening of the carnival, the *barberi* gone and the night closed in, the carriages return to the Corso where the masquerading pedestrians throng more thick than ever. Small candles have been distributed, and around cars illuminated with torches, tapers, fireworks, every one holds up in the air his lighted *moccolino*. In the stands, balconies, windows, up to the roofs and inside the rooms, the *moccoli* are sparkling everywhere. To the prolonged shouts of the crowd have succeeded short and stifled laughs, little panting breathless cries—slight and chirping noises of a most singular effect: a struggle has begun, which produces an indescribable animation, everybody trying to blow out the candle of his neighbour, and to keep his own alight;

GERMAN MASQUERADING: THE MARCH PAST.

and this, not only in the street where nothing is seen but people jumping and blowing, but also in all the houses as well.

If a man is too tall, or if he has got his *moccoletto* at the end of a long pole, they mount on his shoulders, or hang on to his arms, they pursue him with other poles, armed with bunches in the shape of extinguishers. On the cars, whose sides are scaled, the lights flicker and vacillate, twenty times extinguished and twenty times rekindled. From the street you will see through the open windows of palaces, the lights moving rapidly on the ceilings, and madmen jumping about in continuation indoors of the exhilarating drama of the Corso; universal movement, and of a contagious fascination! I have seen princes, ambassadors, even prelates, battling in real delirium, and the noble beauties of Rome, lost in the war of the streets, sacrifice, in order to extinguish tapers and resinous torches, their embroidered handkerchiefs, India shawls, and muffs of the finest furs.

If, pursuing on to the balcony some fugitive Ceres, you lean behind her over the perspective of the Corso, all paved with heads, starred with fires, full of carriages that describe a river of light—if plunging into the distance, you look at that wave marked by golden points dancing on every story, you will be tempted to suppose that the heavenly Urania has turned miller, and is amusing herself with winnowing the harvest of the stars.

IV.

Rome has other festivals like the carnival, but of German importation, and celebrated the 1st of May, a day of joy across the Rhine, where they still solemnise the new season. The masquerade which we are going to see, was created by the artists of the German club, organized at the beginning of this century, when the Tedeschi borrowed from us the custom of going forth to receive at the Ponte Molle the new recruits on their arrival at Rome. To affiliate them to the colony, they made them pass with a certain ceremonial the Milvian bridge, after a common repast where the neophyte paid for his welcome to the company—a usage the opposite of ours, where it is the candidate whose expenses are paid. After the peace of 1815, this Society of the Ponte Molle having been organized and extended, it instituted the festival of Spring, which has diverted the Roman populace ever since 1820. Its most brilliant period was from 1832 to 1845.

The character of the fêtes recalls the middle ages, like every burlesque exhibition of pagan rites: it has its dignitaries, its militia, its corporations of musicians, of high priests, of cooks, of scullions, of poets, of masters of the ceremonies, and of Vetturini, who must all accept the office to which they are appointed, and dress themselves out in grotesque costumes. At daybreak the whole band goes out by the Porta Maggiore, and proceeds as far as the Torre de' Schiavi, a general meeting-place, whence the procession makes its way for the grottoes of Cervara, seven miles from Rome, near Teverone. At the moment of departure, on a car festooned with garlands and drawn by four great oxen whose ample horns have been gilded, appears the President in the midst of his court of chamberlains, of madmen, and poets: he passes his countrymen in review, makes them a solemn and grotesque discourse, and distributes to the worthiest the knightly order of the Baiocco; then the procession proceeds on

its way, escorted by its fourgon of wines, its cooking battery, and its cup-bearers, towards the grottoes, chosen for a monster festival on account of their freshness and their darkness, which is favourable to effects of illumination. As at the Feast of Unreason, asses furnish a heroic mount to the heroes of the masquerade; they are harnessed in toys from Nuremberg; their riders are clad in garments which make them look like good men of the woods.

Soon commence, under the title of Olympic games, parades which not long since used to attract to Cervara the elegant population of Rome, and even the official representatives of different nationalities: donkey races, foot races, sack races, and other diversions, in which the victors have decreed to them burlesque diadems and Campanian vases, decorated for the occasion. At the bottom of the grotto a high priest calls up the Sibyl who, appearing in the midst of Bengal fires, recites in comic verses the exploits of the school, and prophesies the destinies of its artists for the following year.

A Homeric supper prepared and served by our friends on stone tables in the heart of the cavern, which is lighted by torches and festooned by garlands, precedes the return, which is animated by torches and noisy trumpet-blasts. I do not think a foreign colony ever organized abroad a national festival with spirit and originality to compare with this; the enormity of the farce in it represents the old German gaiety, while the picturesque display of the spectacle could only have been imagined by artists. The era of the Festival of the Germans is reckoned by Olympiads; interrupted by the Revolution of 1848, it was resumed in 1853, in which the procession took Castel Giubileo for its theatre; in 1855, when they met in the dell, misnamed from the Nymph Egeria; quite recently (Werner Olympiad) they went back to Cervara.

V.

The tumult of crowds at last awakens the desire of silence and repose. The Roman carnival was still in high flow, when I promised myself to go and seek in the mountains the holiday that I needed after such laborious recreations; but the uncertainty of the weather confined my ambition to the suburbs, and it was on the side of the villa Albani-Castelbarco that, on Ash Wednesday, I followed some artists of our academy, whom the dissipations of the week had thrown out of the working groove.

As the city belongs to a government which never goes on foot, the roads are barely practicable; we went skipping from side to side along the Salarian way, a very ancient road by which they used to convey salt to the Sabines. On the right, the break in the walls allows you to perceive the half effaced outline of the circus where they discovered the obelisk that is now placed in front of the Trinita dei Monti. It was an ancient proconsul of Numidia, the historian Sallust, who for the embellishment of his villa had this hippodrome drawn, whose ruins support a perfect fleece of verdure. On the other slope, below the festoons formed by the walls, extends the Barberini vineyard, where the Agger of Servius Tullius begins, near which was enclosed the Campus Sceleratus, where they buried alive the unchaste Vestals. The Salarian gate, which makes a break in the wall of Honorius, and which you pass under, is a double postern of military aspect; it was by this that in 409 Alaric made his way into Rome; he

burnt the palaces of Sallust, which were inhabited after that writer by Nero, Vespasian, and Nerva, who died there.

The road leads to the ancient bridge over the Teverone, where Manlius won the surname of Torquatus; it was there that Tullus Hostilius defeated the Veientians, and that Metius Fuffetius was quartered, which hastened the ruin of Alba Longa. The last Garibaldian invasion caused the destruction of the Ponte Salario, rebuilt by Narses. The postern which you go through to reach it, has replaced the old Colline gate, by which Hannibal very nearly surprised Rome, for this is the weakest side of the city.

The Italian leaders who had coalesced against Sulla with the remains of the party of Marius, knew it, when one gloomy night Pontius Telesinus pushed up to the Colline gate to surprise Rome, 'and smoke out that warren of wolves.' The battle, a battle of giants, in which Sulla fought from morn until the evening of the next day, lasted more than thirty hours. It was on the day following this affray that, when he was addressing the Senate in the temple of Bellona, he saw his hearers disturbed by horrible cries that were heard in the distance; they were massacring eight thousand prisoners. He started thence for the recovery of Præneste, and the proscriptions began.

The undulating Campagna, covered with aggeres and tumuli, is the theatre of these tremendous struggles; it is a cemetery fallen into disuse. Its still and taciturn aspect prepares you by striking contrast for the spectacles of the villa Albani Castelbarco. Here all seems happy and youthful, all is splendour and light. The porticoes and their statues, the verdurous terraces, the masses of tropical trees rising in clumps out of a foreground of flowered beds, stand out with a firm harmony against the rosy distance and the azure of the Sabine hills. The silvery snows in the sky make a wonderful frame for the lemon trees, the pine, the laurel of the poets, the cypress, and the palms of the desert, bringing to the city of the apostles a reminiscence of Jordan.

The constructions of the villa, bedizened in the Greek manner of the last century, were designed with a view to a museum of antiquities, and made worthy of a family originally from Epirus, which after the wars of Skanderbeg quitted the glades of Pindus for Italy. Winckelmann, a skilful renderer of the ideas of the learned Cardinal Alexander Albani, purified the idea of the nephew of Clement XI.; the illustrious archæologist realised theories, which with us have only produced the school of David and the antiquity of Thermidor. It was a question of introducing into their various household gods the divinities and heroes of Athens and Rome, without misplacing them; from this point of view, the success is striking; the theatre becomes the actors.

I will not exhaust myself in describing the galleries and small temples of these habitations all open to the sun, from the vestibule of the Caryatides, who escort the fine Canephoræ marked Crito and Nicolaos, up to the stylish edifice prosaically denominated *Bigliardo*, and to the charming semi-circular portico built for scenic masks, statues, and Hermes, which are symmetrically arranged in it. This pavilion, placed in the midst of an ornamental garden divided into parterres, is probably a faithful image of the shrines in which the proconsuls of the time of the Flavians grouped the masterpieces of the Greece they had despoiled, and this reminiscence of pure antiquity is called, O barbarism! *Coffee-house.*

Among the marbles of the Villa Albani you will notice a number of mutilated copies of statues of renown, and many pieces of the later ages; but besides that the

study of them is profitable, these are more than compensated for, by the astonishing profusion of pieces of the rarest quality, and of monuments which you do not find anywhere else. It was, we have to remember, in these galleries, the richest of all private collections, that Winckelmann found most of the material for his writings on the art of the ancients. Among the pieces of value and importance, I observed one reproduction of the bas-relief of Zethe, Antiope, and Amphion, so called in the catalogues of the Louvre, and which evidently represents Eurydice carried off by Mercury, and whom Orpheus would fain keep back. The compositions of the great masters contemporary with Pericles were reproduced in copies from age to age; this is extremely fine; the copies of Paris and Naples struck me as inferior to the type of the Villa Albani.

From the gardens to the galleries, from the saloons to the porticoes, and even to the greenhouses, all is peopled with a throng of marble figures, among which we sought personalities who were peculiar either in point of race or costume—a thing not to be seen everywhere. How many times have I not heard our young students cry out in presence of certain audacities, 'With us they would tolerate nothing like that.' It is certain that for lack of having seen antiquity in its caprices and freedom, our taste has become too narrow and severe. We found there statues of Hierophants, and Etruscan bas-reliefs which were very curious: Berenice-Euergetes, a Hercules, an Apollo, are submitted to conventions in attitude and outline, which no longer mingle any of the wildness of old Egyptian art with expansion of form.

It would be to run the risk of mistake to attribute an Etruscan origin, as Winckelmann has sometimes done, to many statues, tomb-stones, bas-reliefs, which are handled with deliberate archaism and intention to imitate; just as we now make Gothic or Roman, so they then manufactured Etruscan or primitive Greek. The villa Albani possesses many of these pasticci; it is good to learn how to distinguish them. One of the best results of a stay at Rome is to extend the horizon of our ideas by diversity of observation: we must not, as was once said, 'content ourselves with peeping at the temple of art through the keyhole.' We made these reflections in passing the graceful bronzes of Pallas and Apollo, and the bas-relief of the Repose of Hercules; in saluting that medallion of Perses, supported by such charming figures; in passing by that great marble tazza, on which a delicate chisel has cut the Labours of Hercules, and in admiring the sarcophagus of the Nuptials of Peleus. Among our party, some flitted here and there as scouts; we grouped ourselves at their summons round the most remarkable pieces; it was thus that we were stationed for a long time in front of a monstrosity, which is one of the strangest monuments in the villa Albani.

Should we not be very curious to know how the great artists of Athens could have introduced into art the popular deformities of a Quasimodo or a Richard III.? A Greek sculptor surmounted this difficulty by a skilful exaggeration, subjected to certain conditions of a strident harmony. The likeness of Æsop, the poet philosopher, the famous hump-back of Phrygia, includes the entire trunk to the thighs. The angular outlines, the bony projections, the reliefs of the protuberance, have been balanced in so ingenious a fashion, the curiously contorted arms are so vigorous, and so little heavy in their articulation; from this trunk, in which a horizontal section would almost give you the lines of a star, rises with grotesque look a queer head, so attractive and of such penetrating intuition, that before this brow, knotted and amazing as it is, but which still by force of style almost reaches a certain beauty of monster or Chimæra,

THE GERMAN FESTIVAL: ENTERING THE GROTTOES.

you stand so charmed, that you can scarcely tear yourself away from it. The visage which suffers, which thinks, which judges, and which seems to penetrate all like the serpent of Genesis, is an apparition which you cannot forget.

At the side of the Bigliardo, bas-reliefs, cenotaphs, tombstones, and figures of the god Terminus, animate the thick shades of the green oaks which lead to a pavilion, placed like an observatory before the open fields. From here, by parterres cut geometrically, which we call French, but the design of which was taught in Italy in the middle ages by the religious orders, you return to the Coffee-house, the portico of which, with its Doric columns taken from the Villa Adriana, is adorned, as I have said, with scenic masks collected at the theatre of Marcellus.

Arranged in edifices with wide and free openings for them, as in the villas of Cicero,

TERRACES AND PORTICO AT THE VILLA ALBANI.

Hortensius, and Pompeius, these collections have nothing of the sepulchral aspect which is given to them with us by the vaulted prisons to which we condemn them. I have preserved the confused memory of a series of monuments, which initiate the traveller into a quantity of usages and mythological rites. Let us note in passing, an extremely fine Juno; a Marsyas whose legs and nose have been restored; a very fine Egypto-Grecian Ibis in antique red:—in the greenhouses, a Brutus, rather trivial, attempted in violent reality, but rather negligently executed than ill conceived; an elegant bust on a pedestal, which is supposed to represent Leonidas:—then under the great portico, two seated statues, one of Augustus, a little too much repaired, the other of Faustina. In the niches, I will only cite Julius Cæsar, whose head has been fitted on to a body contemporary with Trajan.

The paintings are not very numerous; I scarcely remember more than a triptych representing the Annunciation, the Cradle, the Crucifixion, and which must be one of the early pictures of Perugino, unless you attribute it to Lorenzo di Credi; the Virgin adoring before the Infant-God has a sentiment that recalls the inspiration of the Umbrian school. Let us also cite the two cartoons of Love and Psyche, by Giulio Pippi, to recall that these sketches of Giulio Romano were executed by him at Mantua, at the Palazzo del Te.

The definitive impression left upon us by this wonderful place, is at once that of a rich bazaar and that of a sanctuary; many interesting pieces, but some jays in peacock's feathers. In general, at the Villa Albani the bas-reliefs are superior to the statues: if you go there several times, this is the important section to which you will do well to attach yourself. A grove adjoins the palace—a sacred wood, where the columns of mighty oaks neighbour the trunks of granite and marble, supporting together a leafy vaulting, which passes the grains of light through a sieve on to the gods disposed in the woods beneath.

At an opening in this Elysian grove, just recognition and gratitude have erected a colossal bust of Winckelmann, in the middle of that fairyland which he created and which depicts him; nothing is more singular than that twice Germanic head (for Wolf was the sculptor), among all these people from the land of Alcibiades and Aspasia.

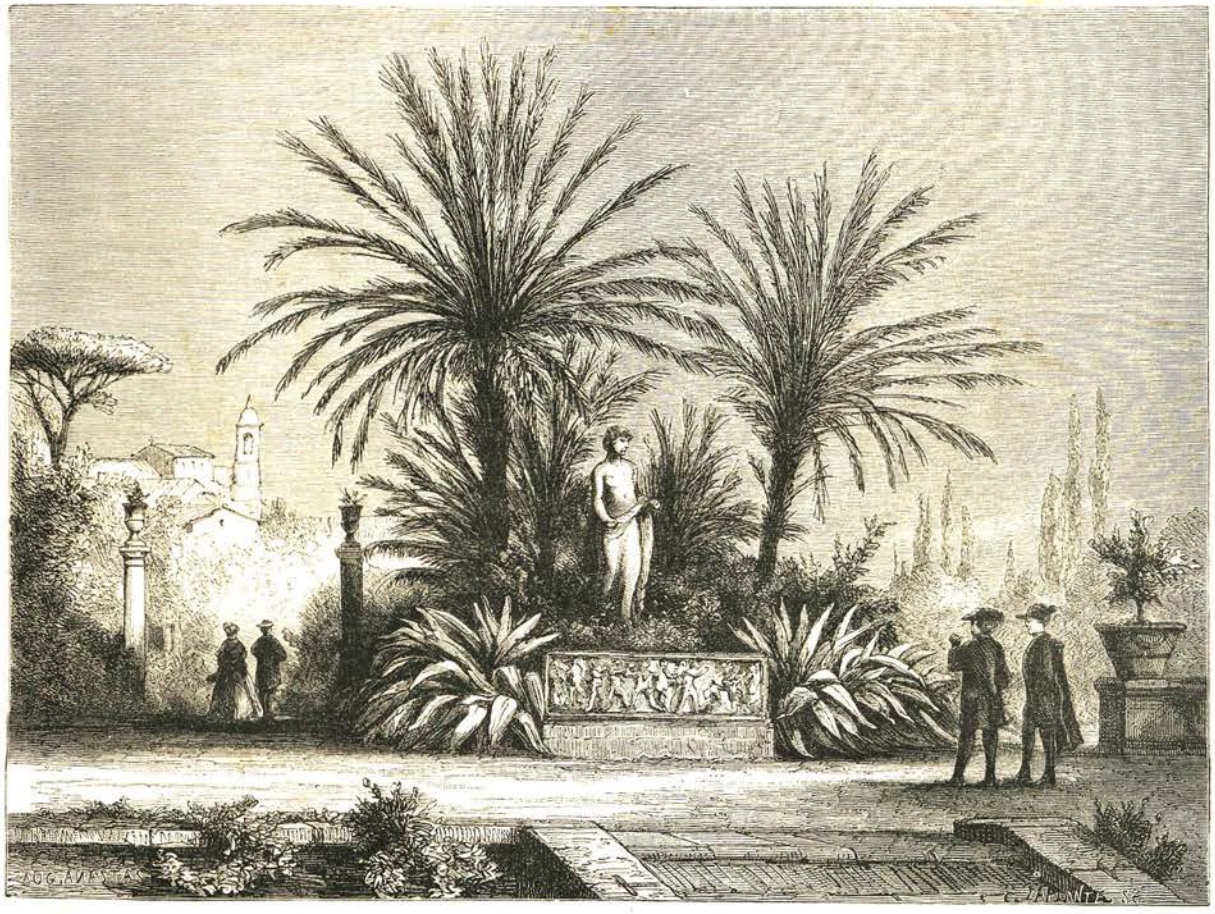
VI.

We were too near the Villa Ludovisi, which you pass on your way back to Rome, not to avail ourselves of the permission to visit it, which we had obtained with sufficient trouble. The park is limited on one side by the wall and towers of Honorius, and on the other by the Via Salaria. One of the three mansions of the estate, the principal one, was built by Domenichino Zampieri; it offers no very curious feature. The second is a museum of statues; the third leaves only one moderately agreeable recollection, that of a fresco representing Aurora on her car, banishing Night, and casting flowers before her. More dull than the famous pictures of a decayed school sometimes are, the Aurora of Guercino is far from being comparable to the Aurora of Guido Reni in the Rospigliosi palace: it is a piece of a discordant and inadequate effect; the types are common, there is nothing aërial, the design has no selectness; and the composition is set in heavy architectural ornaments, which do not help to increase its value.

To console me for this deception and some others, they told me that for twenty years the Villa Ludovisi had been closed to the public, so much had Prince Piombino, its owner, been irritated by the indelicacy of an Englishman who had mutilated one of the statues in the garden, for the sake of carrying a fragment away. This Englishman, who is marked everywhere, must be always the same person, for by an exception which his countrymen must deplore, he damages the reputation of the English gentry for discretion and decency; possibly too they place the misdeeds of all other nations on the head of that which travels more than any other in Europe. However this may be, it was to steps taken by Paul Delaroche that the public is indebted for the removal of a rigorous obstruction: he would not enter the saloon of the Aurora, until

he had obtained the same favour for the public; and his friends tell how in face of this over-praised fresco, which gained much by being admired on trust, our illustrious countryman regretted having taken so much trouble for such small result.

I like to think that the colossal head of the Ludovisi Juno, a masterpiece of the poetic ages and inspired by Greek art, when purity of form renders itself without dryness in that generous model, which only belonged to the age of Pericles, must have made the lamented artist who reopened the villa to us, quite forget Guercino. All supports the presumption that in contemplating this marvel, we are in the presence of a very old and very faithful copy of the celebrated Juno of Argos, by Polycletes: it was before this divinity that Goethe is reported to have said his prayers every morning.



GARDENS OF THE VILLA ALBANI.

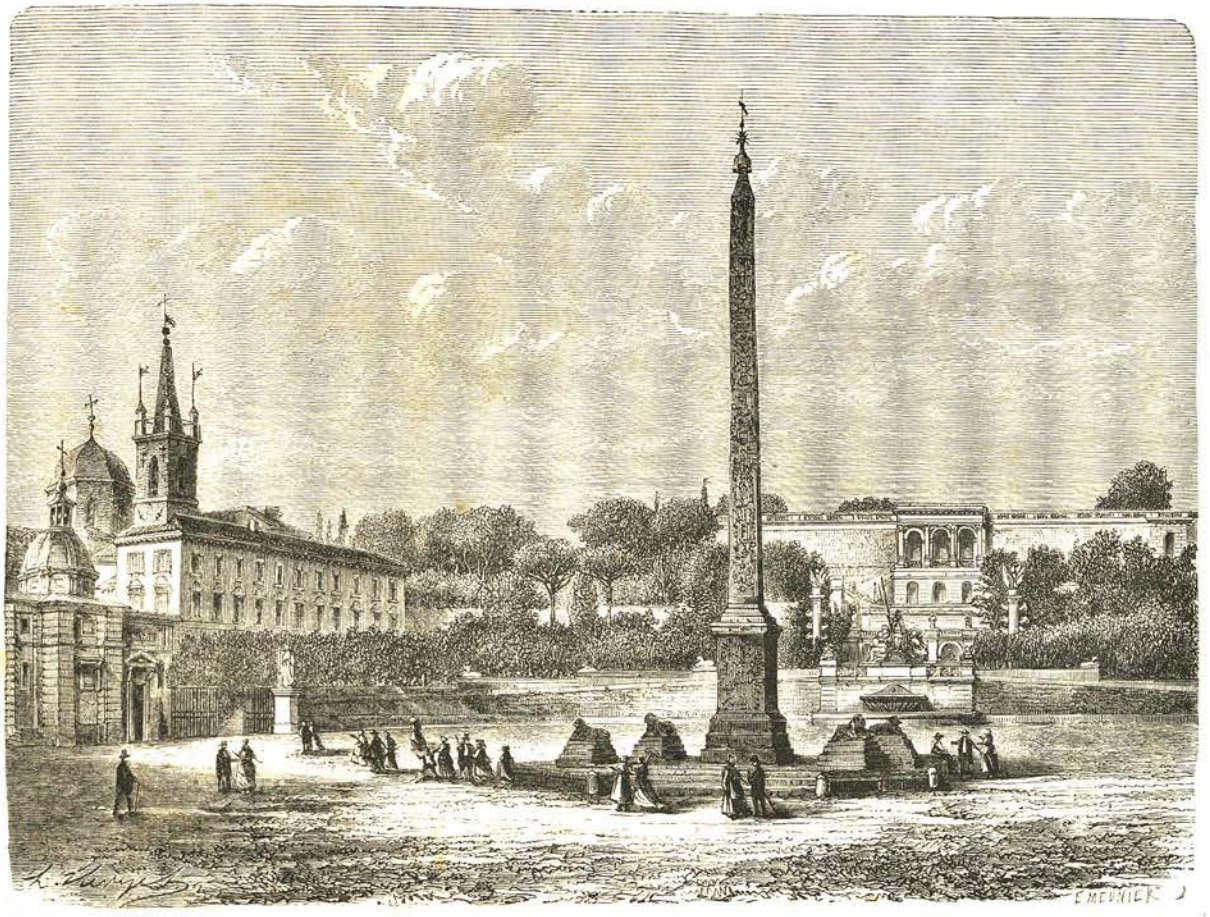
The building that contains the sculpture gallery, offers other works that are worthy to attract amateurs. We will mention—the Mars at rest; a bronze head of Cæsar already old, a realistic likeness, of a very strange expression, and which must be compared with the Cæsar as Pontifex Maximus of the Vatican (no cast of either of them has been made); a thrilling group of Orestes recognised by Electra, two likenesses probably, and of an indescribable sweetness; the Gaul, who after poniarding his wife, kills himself to escape the conqueror (another masterpiece of expression and feeling); finally, a charming little Faun. Such are the most striking pieces among good works. My friends had some trouble in finally leaving the group of Electra, where the breath of a modern spirit seems to play in antique forms. The names

inscribed on the marble respond to this double impression; the sculptor was called Menelaos, and his master Stephanos.

In these gardens, which are of vast extent, you stop in front of a colossal bust, though too much retouched, of Constantine in his youth. It is one of the two known portraits of the son of St. Helen; the other, which is on foot, decorates, as we have already said, the porch of St. John Lateran.

When after admiring the two giant planes adjoining the block of Egyptian granite on which they have placed the obelisk of Sallust, you lose yourself among the great trees of the park, you are not slow in forgetting Latium in a sort of vision of the melancholy produced by Swiss solitudes. All through the woodland meadows, ruminating cows of the north, goats, châlets, conspire in the illusion, which is only incomplete because the privet, cypress, and other green trees, have too hard tints to lend themselves to the changing and shaded effects of our climates: in this Helvetian guise, Ausonian nature seems to shiver with weariness. In the gardens of glowing Italy you need terraces, projections from which the light may rebound in joyful cascades, with perspectives artistically open over the azure freshness of the mountains. Whatever our old romanticists may have said, the symmetries of the architectural garden harmonize with the sites of old Rome, where two thousand years of possession have acclimatized them, and where they answer to the impression of the ruins; the artificial has become the second nature of these villas, which have remained, as everything concurs in proving, what they were in the time of Germanicus and Octavia.

We remained the latest at the Villa Ludovisi, free from all heed of study, like folk who have done their day; chattering eagerly, as people do when the fatigued spirit reposes, and letting our eyes wander without any longer seeing things over a horizon of wonders. Night was falling as we quitted these domains, in face of which, on the side of the road touching the Quirinal, Sallust gave himself the patrician luxury of a cemetery. To give celebrity to his catacomb, he showed there in *loculi* the skeletons of Posion and Secundilla, two giants of ten feet and three inches: Pliny the Elder pretends to have measured the bones.



PIAZZA AND PORTA DEL POPOLO—CHURCH OF STA. MARIA.

CHAPTER XXII.

Passion of the ancients for collections.—Borghese palace and galleries.—The school of Ferrara, Garofalo, Francia, &c.—The Danaë of Correggio.—Incongruity of Caravaggio.—Decorative peculiarities.—The Nuptials of Alexander and Roxana.—Bellini, Titian, Bonifazio, etc.—Maria de' Medici and Maximilian of Holbein.—Piazza and church of Sta. Maria del Popolo—Legend as to Nero's tomb.—Pinturicchio, Lorenzetto, Rossellini, and Florentine work at the church del Popolo.—Raphael as sculptor.—Bas-relief of the Pisans, etc.—Borghese villa and gardens.—Early work of Bernini.—Canova and the Borghese Venus.—Van Blömen at Rome.—Belisarius and Justinian.—Scene of Messalina's death.

I.

THE love of collections has distinguished the Roman aristocracy at all times; at the end of the Republic, the habitations of notable citizens were filled with paintings, Greek sculptures, and Etruscan curiosities. The public was admitted to see the galleries of Lucullus, as well as the statues which peopled the gardens of Servilius; Cæsar had only collected works of irreproachable purity; Pompeius, less refined, had a preference for pieces that were strange, colossal, or made of very costly material; Pollio, who lived in the Aventine, where he opened his library to the public, possessed statues by Praxiteles, as well as the group which has been so famous ever since as the Farnese Bull; the villas of Hortensius, Cicero, and Agrippa, were crowded with marvels that had been collected at a great price. Yet the philosophers never ceased to declaim against luxury; the most ancient authors who

fix the war against Antiochus, 187 B.C., as the date of the invasion of Oriental effeminacy, hand down to us the diatribes of contemporary virtue against the importation of beds adorned with bronzes, of carpets, of sideboards. Such riches will seem modest, if we compare them with the treasures that are heaped up in certain modern houses, like the palace of the Borghese.

This vast and solid idea of Martin Longhi, which was completed by Ponzio under Paul V., is so near the Via Condotti and the Corso, that in general it is among the first that are visited; and there is no harm in this, for being built in the last years of the sixteenth century, it gives a fair idea of those Roman palaces where they strove to dazzle contemporaries by pleasing the wandering shades of the patricians of antiquity. The friezes and the cornice of the Borghese palace, its spacious doorway, correspond with the style of the court, which is surrounded by two ranges of arches, supported on the ground-floor on ninety-six Doric columns of granite, joined in pairs, and supported on the upper story by Corinthian pillars. A number of bas-reliefs and sarcophagi contribute, with the ornamental colossi of Ceres, Sabina, and Julia, to clothe the whole with a truly majestic aspect: the imperial effigies are at home, and the princes of to-day continue past generations.

The galleries are the principal attraction of this hospitable house, where artists and the public are admitted to copy, as freely as in our own museums, the masterpieces which have been so long in collecting; twelve saloons (the whole ground-floor) are filled with pannels and canvasses. One of the principal merits of this collection is that better than any other it makes us acquainted with the school of Ferrara, not in its primitive masters like Galassi or Cosimo Tura, but in the disciples and grand-disciples of Francia and Lorenzo Costa, in that pleiad where round Dosso-Dossi and Garofalo gravitate artists like Mazzolino, Francis and Jerome Cotignola, Ercole Grandi, Scarcellino, Ricci, Girolamo da Scarpi, down to the Bonona, who was such an imitator of the Caracci. It may even be remarked that the chiefs of the school figure more extensively here than their satellites: Benvenuto Tisi, called Garofalo, is represented by a Holy Family, and by the Marriage at Cana, a small but precious reproduction of a great picture that is lost; by the Resurrection of Lazarus, painted for the church of St. Francis at Ferrara; by a Madonna between St. Joseph and St. Michael; by that Descent from the Cross, so justly famous, which opposes to the same subject treated by Raphael in his youth, the rivalry of an inspiration drawn from his third manner by a disciple of genius. Both pictures are in the Borghese gallery. Let us also mention the Adoration of the Magi, by Mazzolino of Ferrara, the rival of Tisi; and the Circe of Dosso-Dossi, one of the rare masters among the Ferrarese; the colouring is almost Venetian. This indeed is the tendency of the school; we feel in it already the approaches of the Adriatic lagoons, the less embrowned Holland of Italian painting. We remark among the artists of Ferrara at this epoch, and especially in the numerous works of Garofalo, a constant anxiety to charm by elegant harmonies: the pure tints smile as in a posy; only the general tone is raised to such powerful intensity, that it is not without surprise that you see a soft palette free itself from so deep a scale. It is not impossible that the superior qualities of Garofalo as a colourist, may produce some illusion as to the real value of his compositions: let us say, too, that a pure and worthy soul, reflecting itself in its work, rendered more sympathetic the compositions of this lover of beauty and goodness, of nature and light, who expiated the joy of his eyes by ten years of bitter sightlessness.

Let me be allowed not to describe this gallery, but to chat about it with the reader, as if we were wandering through it together. I stopped my companion before a Madonna of Sandro Botticelli, surrounded by a choir of angels; it is a more important piece than the Holy Family of Lorenzo di Credi, attributed to Verocchio. The Cæsar Borgia, counted among the Raphaels, about which there has been most talk, is a very remarkable figure, strangely arranged; but nothing proves that it represents the nephew of Alexander VI., while everything shows that it is not by Raphael; the absence of certain supplenesses and the uniformity of tone would make one presume rather that this portrait was painted by a skilful artist after an ancient engraving. The neighbouring portrait, a Cardinal, belongs to Raphael, but you are reduced to a guess about this, under the retouchings with which they have plastered it over. There is no necessity to think oneself obliged to take for masterpieces of Leonard or Francia all the works of the old school of Milan and that of Ferrara, which seduce you as you pass along these galleries; the first glance attracts, but if you approach, you soon distinguish that the subjects inspired by these masters and composed in their manner, are of a less delicate execution;—here and there some hardnesses, drier outlines, a simpler model, pieces less studied. However, the Borghese palace possesses one pearl of Francesco Francia, which may serve for a touchstone; that is the small kneeling and ecstatic figure of St. Stephen, a clear painting of a supreme finesse, and of a feeling that is almost beyond this world; round this picture everything grows pale and heavy, and seems effaced. And to think that for nearly three centuries this artist had fallen into oblivion! Cochin and Marigny, in their enumeration of the paintings of Bologna, have not even mentioned it; later on, at the time of our conquests, they did not think it worth while to carry off to the Louvre a single Francia.

If, reader, we had to visit this gallery together, we should go straight to the Danaë of Correggio, and we should look at it for long in every possible light without uttering a word; before wonders like this, where science expends itself to realise the charm of forms, we ought to open the eyes very wide, and not to talk, for the impression, like the description of it, only translates itself on such an occasion by stupidities. The Antiope of the Louvre is asleep, her sister Danaë is employed differently, and this piece is worth the others. What seems even to give it the advantage are two small Loves, which, with an arrow in the hand in the form of pen or stilus, write Jove's last conquest promptly down. As you see very badly in the Janiculum the Christ of the Column, of Sebastian del Piombo, one is not sorry to find here in a fine sketch what you sought at St. Pietro in Montorio. Let us follow Domenichino in that Hunt of Diana, a fine piece, about which Dupaty went mad. In truth the president did not perceive that the painter, who imitated the ancient Romans so far as to be without women, instead of carrying off some Sabines, has made all the nymphs of the chase from the same model, save a few ingenious variations devised at the moment. One of Diana's followers, bathing in the foreground of the picture, must have been surprised at being plunged once more, some time later, into another bath under the name of Susanna, and looked at by senile Actæons whom their dogs did not devour: it was at the Corsini palace that I found this old acquaintance again.

Then came the Caracci, Guido Reni, Carlo Dolci, and the Paduan, with his Venus at her Toilette, and Albano with his Seasons—small nudities served in verdure, to enliven the Jocondes of 1818, and provoke the swoonings of Stendhal. Here is the only profane picture of Federigo Barocci—Æneas carrying away his Father. The

movements and the heads possess grace; but what a singular notion for an ascetic, to seek the sensual and redundant manner of Correggio. A picture to rejoice Jordaens or Goya, is the Holy Family of that Caravaggio who compromised with such adroit cynicism the name of Michelangelo. What a hectorer of a painter! Yet a leonine tread, after all, bringing out of the canvas a splendid relief and fleshliness of scandalous opulence.

Hardy ornamentation has at all times been relished among the Romans, as their monuments show; less obliged than the Greeks to reason about their decorations, less pure and therefore more audacious in taste, withdrawn from the criticisms of constituted blockheads who find barbarous every original idea which they could not have conceived, the artists and architects of Rome have admitted sometimes, at the Renaissance as well as in antiquity, ideas that are almost infantine. Such is the perspective, quite incomprehensible at first, which by cheating the eyes prolongs the Borghese palace into imaginary gardens. You are at the extremity of the house; by a window you look down on to a narrow street, and on the same side an opening in the wall shows you beyond flowers, a jet of water; then the banks of the Tiber towards the harbour of Ripetta, with a distant glimpse of the grounds in which Fabius Maximus, when they came to seek him for the dictatorship, was hoeing lettuces without taking any heed of Hannibal. This avenue, at the extremity of the galleries, seems a path in some vast park. Return to the adjoining window; all has vanished; you no longer see anything but an obscure *vicolo*. To obtain this decorative effect they pierced in the wall, at the end of the galleries making an obtuse angle with the alley, a door slantwise, after buying the house opposite; this house, which looks on to the quay, has been perforated from room to room, following the axis of the Borghese gallery; in the middle of the oblique passage thus procured, they made a fountain of water in a small court, and the opening gives to the palace a landscape background.

This amusing problem furnishes the visitors with an interlude, which allows them to give a less wearied attention to the paintings in the last saloons, by which you return to the first starting point, and to begin with, in a chamber next the Stanza degli Specchi, to three renowned little frescoes of Raphael, saved in 1848 from the Vandals who sacked the Villa Borghese. The Nuptials of Alexander and Roxana, forming two subjects in which allegory and emblems of gallantry come in as in the time of Gessner, show us points of Moreau the younger, of Boucher, or of Lancret, raised to the dignity of the beautiful. What an absence of primness and affectation in this heroic pastoral, and yet how the artist has dissembled his vigour under a grace in which nothing is enervated! I marked a group of Loves who are carrying off another in their arms; they have a movement and design truly adorable. Another fresco of the master, the Vices attacking Virtue, is not less remarkable. Virtue, under the likeness of the god Terminus, receives on a buckler a hail-shower of darts launched by the Passions in full alliance: the spirit of the figures drawing the bow is worthy of the happiest bas-reliefs. This piece is curious from the fact that it is not imitated, but improved, from the style of Michelangelo: the preoccupation is manifest, the intention of lightening, or of spiritualising it, as we should say, is no less so. Giulio Romano seems to have proceeded in a contrary direction in his Discovery of the Tomb of Numa, and in the no less heavy subjects of the Clelia, brought from the Villa Lanti. It is from the Villa Aldobrandini that two graceful frescoes of Domenichino came: the Apollo flaying Marsyas, and the Death of Coronis; from the midst of the sky into

which he is thrown the god launches an arrow at the nymph. A charming thing is the landscape of these pictures, especially of the second; nobody has presented a view at once more simple and more splendid of the Roman Campagna.

It is proper to refer even in haste to what one cannot forget: a Madonna and Child of Gian Bellini, a piece of blonde harmony, a pearl not very common in the work of a master inclined to the sombre; the masterpiece copied from Titian, representing seated on the brink of a wall, two young women of a supreme beauty, one draped and the other naked, in such a way as to torture critical allegorisers. Is it Vice and Virtue, or Artifice and Truth, or Sacred Love and Profane Love, the most common but the absurdest, for these poetic themes do not belong either to the time or the country or the habits of Titian? Jacopo Palma, a rare master, figures in this gallery, where Paul Veronese has put his name to some screens, such as St. John the Baptist in the Desert. What is worth more is the illustration of the Legend of St. Anthony of Padua; he preached on the sea-shore to ears that were distracted; to shame them he turned and addressed the fish, who rise in the water to hear him. Some good portraits, one by Pordenone, the other by Giorgione (the latter too much restored); the Virgin between

NUPTIALS OF ALEXANDER AND ROXANA.

two Saints by Lorenzo Lotto, a Venetian of high worth, who remained more faithful than Titian to the traditions of Gian Bellini, their common master, could not be passed over in silence; nor the three graceful pictures of Bonifazio, a tender and gentle Venetian, who sometimes finds power by only seeking to please; nor the Family of Pordenone, also a Venetian of the great epoch; nor so many other pieces which would do honour to any collection. In the midst of these constellations, I have only marked the planets.

Among the Italian galleries, I am inclined to neglect the exiles from Holland and Flanders. Yet the Borghese palace possesses in this series, besides some pieces of merit, two gems which neither the amateur nor the historian can despise. One is the portrait of Maria de' Medici, by Van Dyck, very delicate in physiognomy, very expressive, and remarkable for the differences which it offers in point of expression and character, as compared with the more common interpretation of Rubens. The other is one of the finest Holbeins and the best preserved that I have seen; it represents, in full light and facing you, a person clothed in furs and with a bonnet on his head. The Notice tells us that the original is unknown; in reality it is the portrait of the Emperor Maximilian, while still only archduke and before he wore a beard.

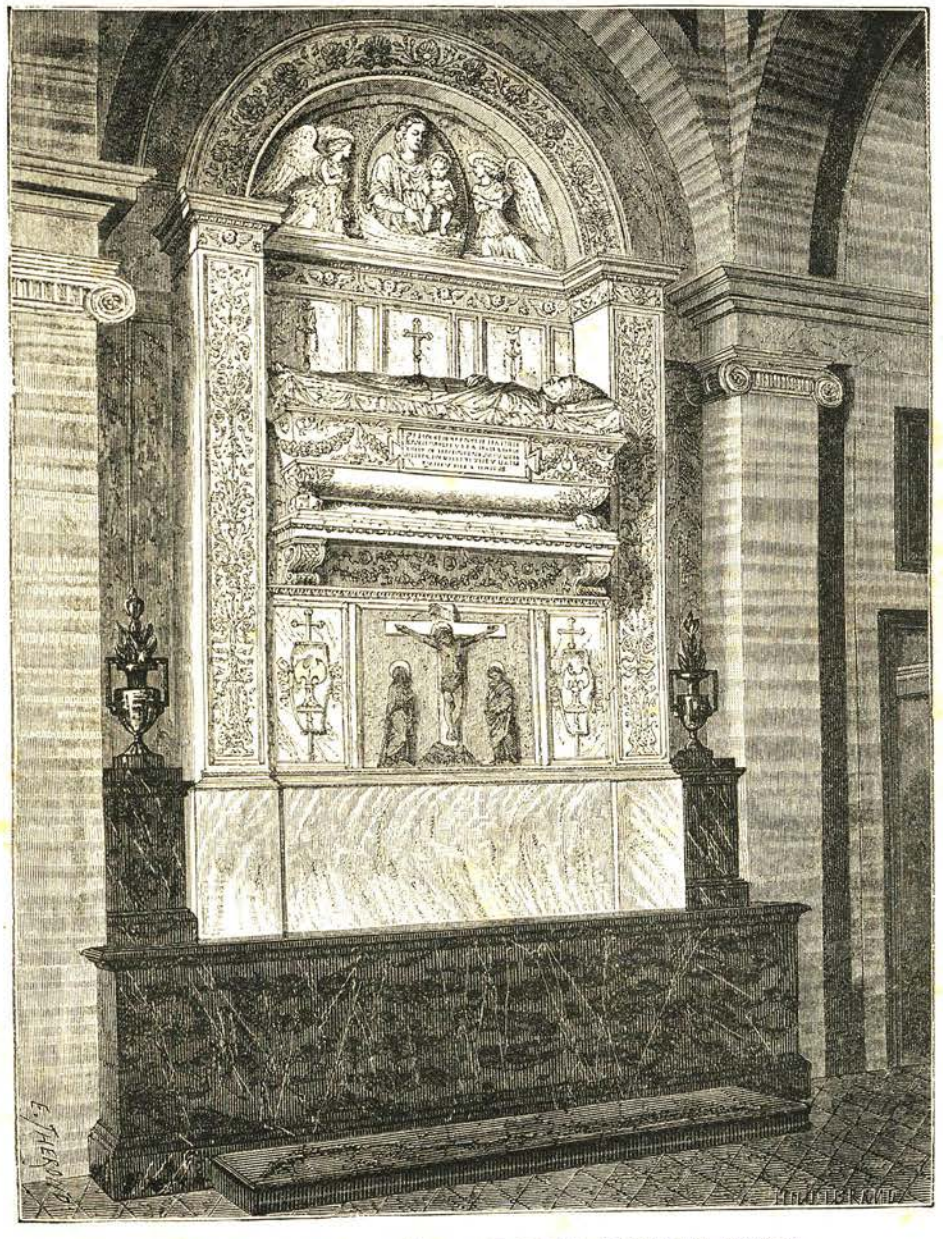
II.

Since we have gone through the Borghese galleries, let us finish the afternoon at their villa, so as to appreciate the collections of the family as a whole. The distance is not long; you have only to follow the Corso as far as the Piazza del Popolo, which is ornamented by the terraces of the Pincian, an obelisk of Rameses III., taken from the Circus Maximus and set up again by Sixtus V., the two small corresponding domes of Sta. Maria de' Miracoli and Sta. Maria del Monte Santo; and finally the important church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, which will stay our steps.

Although Nero was the most popular personage of Rome, it cannot be denied that there were troublesome stories about the successor of Claudius. In the middle ages spectres and demons used to come roving under the gardens of the Pincian, round the tomb of the son of Agrippina: repulsed by frequent exorcisms, they discovered an ingenious means of retaining possession of the sepulchre. On the tomb of the Domitian clan where, as Suetonius informs us, Nero was buried by his nurses Ecloge and Alexandra, they planted a nut-tree which took gigantic proportions, in which these maleficent genii chose a home in the shape of a cloud of black crows. The tree, a dome of verdure, became at nightfall a cupola of basalt, and the birds infested the whole quarter. To free it from them, Pascal II. had recourse to the Madonna, who in a dream commanded him to fell the *albero malnato*, to cast its ashes to the winds, and to raise a temple on the site of the mole of Nero. Whether Pope Pascal offered this propitiatory edifice to his people, or the Quirites of the thirteenth century raised it at the public charge, it is at any rate true that the uncle of Julius II. had it rebuilt in the fifteenth century by the Florentine Bacio Pintelli, who invited for the embellishment of his work the great artists of his country at the very time when they had their best inspirations. Hence to go through the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo is to go back to Florence, and make a summary revision of the fruitful art of Tuscany.

At the threshold you are attracted to the first chapel to the right, which was established by the family of Sixtus IV., as is proved by the Rovere arms, that rooted oak which was so good a symbol for Pope Julius. Pinturicchio by some luminous frescoes lighted the angles of the vaults and the tympana, where he drew some anecdotes from the life of St. Jerome, who reappears in the altar-piece, representing one of those cradles where the Madonna kneels with the saints, to adore the child-god whom she has brought. The subject lends itself to subtle interpretations of physiognomy, for it is necessary to render at once the protection of maternal sentiment, and the respect commanded by divinity. In the circumference of the altar the artist has lighted up one of those landscapes, which every one has dreamed of, and which the mystic painters discovered in the horizons of the future life. In the midst of these splendours rises the tomb of Cardinal Christopher della Rovere, by a Florentine of the good time, Rossellini perhaps; the perfections of this sculpture remind one of the famous mausoleum of San Miniato. You will find Pinturicchio again in the third chapel, the whole of which he decorated for Sixtus IV.; it was here that he surpassed himself in the picture of the Assumption, near the bronze statue of a sleeping bishop, which Pollajuolo would not disavow. Pinturicchio in the following chapel has given for guardians to two fine Florentine monuments, the Fathers of the Latin Church.

Finally, he painted in the vault of the choir at the back of the high altar, the Coronation of the Virgin, surrounded by compartments ornamented with pale lightness, containing the four Evangelists and four Fathers, as well as the Sibyls stooping. Pinturicchio shows himself the immediate forerunner of Raphael; the charm of his figures, the ordering of the compositions, all make one think of the Vatican. As we have seen, this church is important for the work of a great master nearly unknown in France.

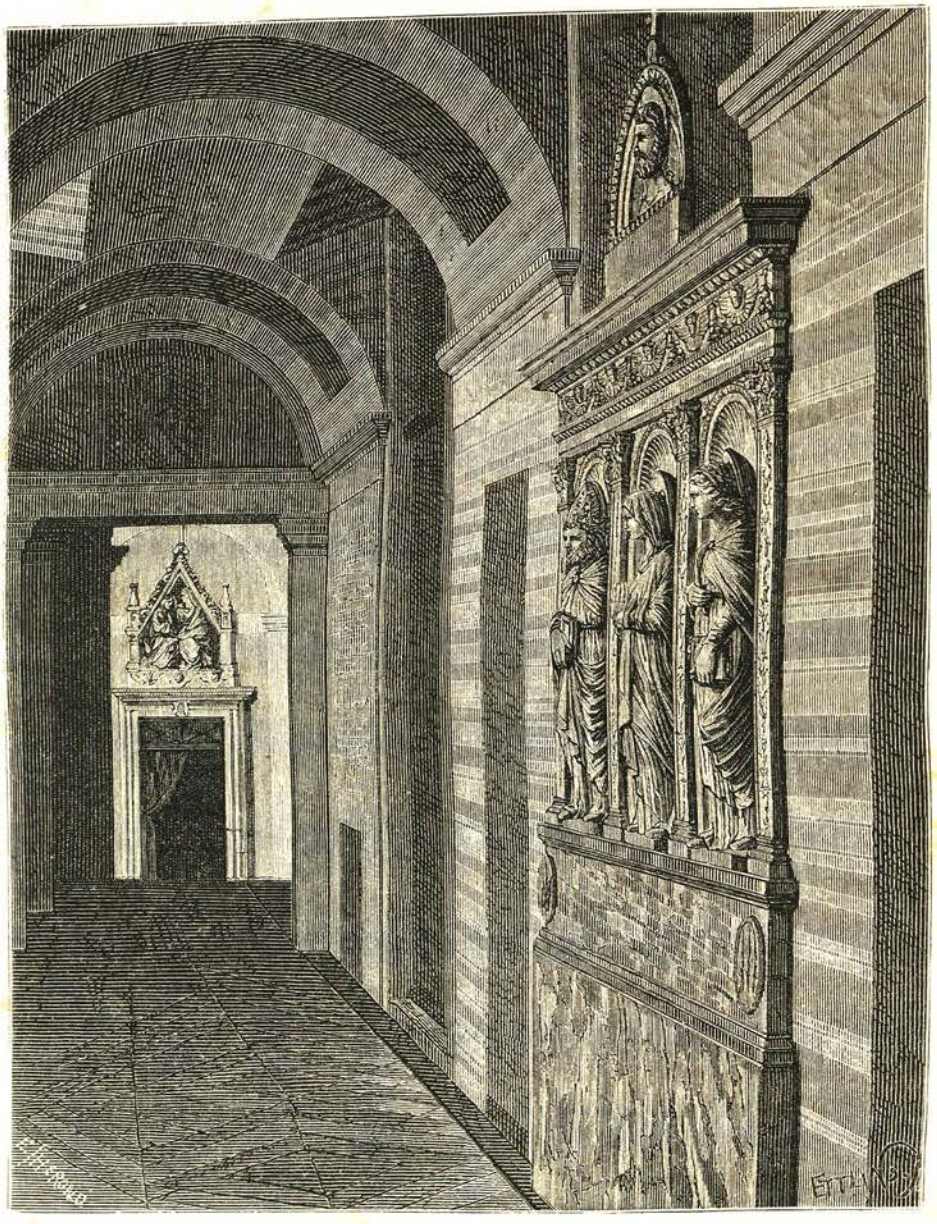


TOMB OF WILLIAM ROCCA (SACRISTY OF STA. MARIA DEL POPOLO).

and whom we shall find again, less brilliant and less pure than here, at the Sixtine and in the apartments of Alexander VI.

It is in the choir of Sta. Maria del Popolo that there rise to right and left, up to the vault, the two finest Florentine tombs that Rome possesses; Julius II. had them executed by Andrea Contucci for the Cardinals Basso and Ascanio Sforza. In the second, the statues of the Virtues, and especially of Force, are splendid pieces. The arrangement of the compositions, their delicacy which is never dry, their opulence

which remains sober, that sumptuosity which remains grave, and so much grandeur without emphasis—all contribute to recommend these monuments. We ought not to forget the windows of Peter and Claude of Marsillac, and not of Marseilles, as so many critics have written it. They were Dominicans from Limoges, whom Leo X. summoned to paint the glass of the Vatican, an art in which our country was without a rival in the middle ages. Of all the works that these masters executed at



FLORENTINE STATUES, BAS-RELIEF OF THE PISANS (CORRIDOR OF THE SACRISTY).

Rome, where they acquired such reputation, there only remain these—a Life of the Virgin; John della Rovere had them designed by Pinturicchio. Carlo Maratti, the Caracci, and Contucci, who restored with tact a portion of the frescoes of the Perugian master, also made their mark at Sta. Maria del Popolo. We will neglect them, to make our way into the chapel of the Chigi, who unluckily re-handled and modernised this church.

The Chigi were bankers of Julius II. As is usual with financiers arrived at the

plenitude of fortune, these, in the decoration of their chapel, strove to eclipse the powers they had ransomed; they wished that Raphael should design them a statue, and they had it executed by Lorenzetto: it is Jonas, gracefully seated on his whale. Lorenzetto made for pendant an Isaiah, whom Jonas depreciates by the comparison. The painter of Urbino designed the whole chapel; its cupola, its mosaic, cartoons for the frieze, as well as for the altar-piece (Birth of the Virgin, intrusted to Sebastian del Piombo, and too meanly completed by Salviati). In the last chapel let us not omit, besides two Florentine monuments, one of which was erected between 1501 and 1507 for a Cardinal Pallavicini who, having so fine a shrine prepared for himself, wished to enjoy it before being closed fast in it—let us not omit to recall that among the flags of the pavement are set some figures from tombs of the fourteenth century, the well-preserved remains of the earlier church—a frequent and always praiseworthy usage.

These hints would give a very inadequate idea of the importance of Sta. Maria del Popolo, if we did not add these which are wanting everywhere, namely—the mention of three other Florentine tombs of the fifteenth century, very admirable, and one of them, that of William Rocca, Archbishop of Palermo, may be attributed to Benedetto da Maiano: they were remounted in the sacristy, when they cut the ancient cloister to consolidate the terraces of the Pincian. Finally, in the corridor of this sacristy, where you will find in an *ex voto* three statues of 1497, there is over a door a bas-relief belonging to a school that is rarely represented at Rome. It is a sculpture of the Pisans—the Crowning of the Virgin. The piece is remarkable; you already feel in it the approach of Giotto. Out of the fine things scattered here, they would form with us a brilliant museum of Florentine art of the fifteenth century, the golden age of the modern muse.

III.

Let us now pass the wall of Honorius by the old Flaminian gate which Narses opened at the foot of the slope, and whose paltry decoration, in spite of Vignola and Michelangelo who designed it, was compromised by Bernini; then a few steps away, let us leave the road to Viterbo and turn to the right. We shall come to the propylæa of the Borghese villa. Its gardens, into which you enter at once, do not more than half justify their reputation; we will soon say why. The enormous number of the statues assembled in the palace occasions a lively astonishment, when we learn the origin of so rich a gallery. When after his marriage with Pauline Bonaparte, Prince Camillo Borghese, *invited* by his brother-in-law to sell his collection, had seen it depart for the Louvre, where it constitutes our museum of antiques, he was seized in presence of his depopulated galleries with a very natural regret: then he had all his estates thoroughly explored, and they gave him, like the sowing of Cadmus, a second crop of men in marble, yet more abundant than the first; such is the source of the present collection. What treasures must be hidden in a soil out of which, without leaving your own property, you extract a quarry of statues.

At the first saloon, you will be stopped by the mosaics of the pavement, representing Gladiators in action—a work of the end of the empire, found at Tusculum,

and which gives us precious hints as to the equipment, costume, and arms of the combatants. They have set in the wall the extremely projecting relief of a Horse leaping from a precipice; the movement is so just, and has so much power, that Bernini was not too proud to restore the piece, and to throw on to the back of the creature a Curtius, disposed with a singular conformity of style. It is not often that we can condemn without appeal a man of celebrity and the age which glorified him; certain well-chosen works of Bernini restore him to the front rank. Among these will be comprised the strange fountain of the Borghese gardens, composed of a circle of Hippogriffs coming out of the waves, and their interlacing tails supporting the basin — a decorative masterpiece of great originality.

BERNINI'S DAPHNE.

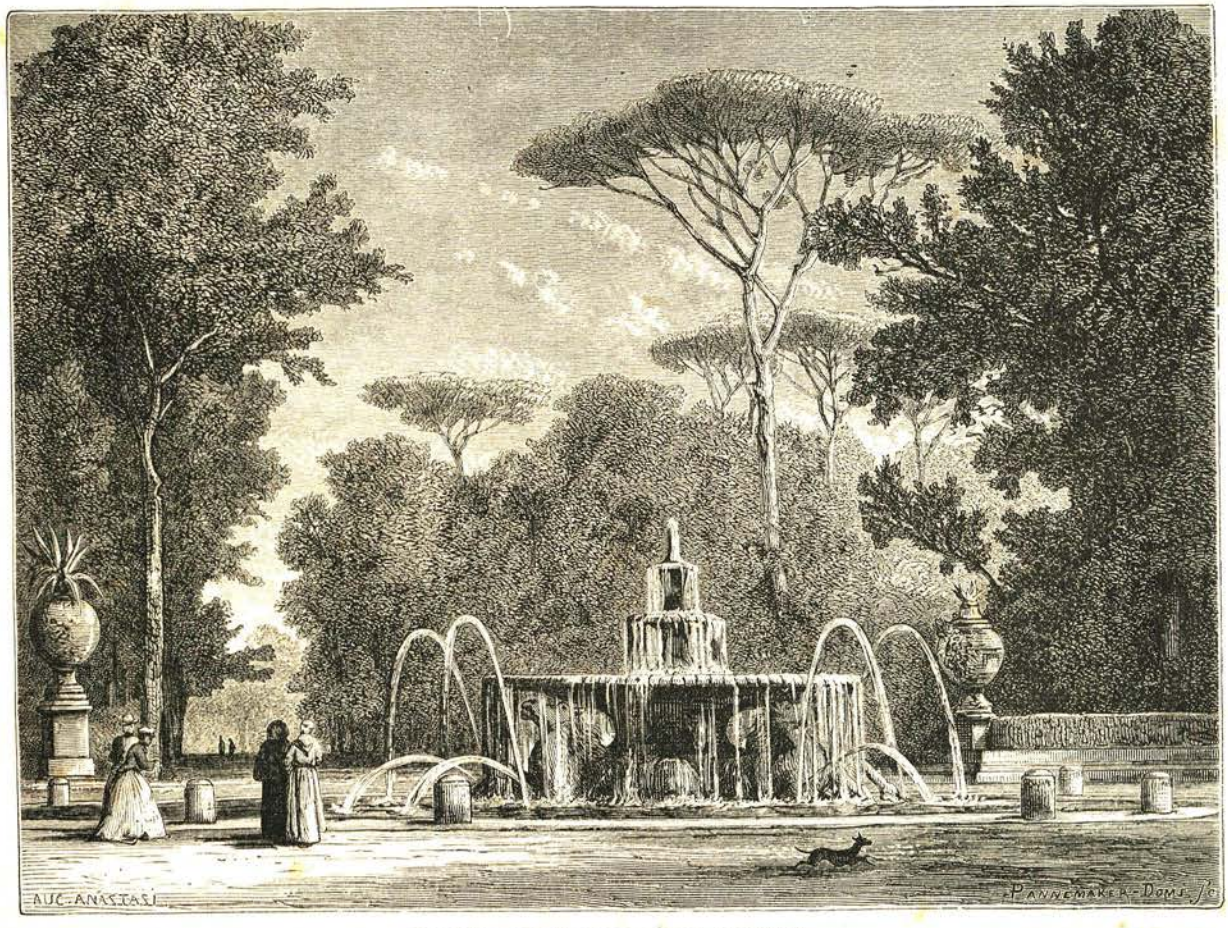
In the saloon of Hercules, the statue of the hero in female draperies is remarkable enough, but the great sarcophagus representing his labours is still more so. Winckelmann has described its lid, on which are figured the Amazons going to the succour of Troy. The small triangular altar is more ancient; it goes back to the school of Ægina. And let us not forget the Daphne, whom the laurel already wraps in its bark, and whose fingers are growing out into branches; it is the only antique statue that represents her during her transformation. In the gallery is a line of clever modern busts of the emperors, of red porphyry, with draperies of alabaster, placed on pedestals of African granite. Let us note a splendid urn of porphyry, and an exquisite bronze representing Nero as a child.

On the upper story are grouped three interesting works of Bernini's youth. Æneas carrying away his Father is a rather cold group, without great elevation, but in which the legs are very fine and the execution consummately skilful; the artist was fifteen when he worked with this authority. David with his Sling is a portrait of Bernini at twenty; his Daphne, pursued by Apollo, struggling in the arms of the god, and crying out while undergoing transformation, is a work of just renown—a vivid piece, executed with great force and knowledge in its minutest parts, and which must have shed the halo of masters round a brow of only eighteen springs. Before becoming Urban VIII., Cardinal Barberini improvised at the foot of the group the following moral :—

Quisquis amans sequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ
Fronde manus implet, baccas seu carpit amaras.

Bernini, who is very well represented in this palace, executed a magnificent bust of Cardinal Scipio Borghese, who built the house. Among so many marvels, in the number of which the Borghese Gladiator figures, purely modern art is introduced by Canova, thanks to the beauty of his most celebrated model. It is here that the Princess Pauline lends to Venus—made young once more—forms made for the marble which seems to have created them, and the outlines of a visage inspired from the Athenian cameos of the time of Alexander. The imperial Cypris holds the apple triumphantly.

If I mention fairly pure reproductions of the Venus stooping, of Corbulo, of the Hermaphrodite, of the Faun—an interpretation of Praxiteles which is less delicate perhaps, but broader and simpler than that of the Capitol, which in its turn yields the



FOUNTAIN IN THE BORGHESE GARDENS.

palm to the original fragment found in the Palatine—it is in order to recall that once, instead of exacting incessantly something novel as we do now, and expecting an unknown masterpiece from every workman who handles plaster, they used to adopt and consecrate certain interpretations, that were really worthy of the veneration of peoples and of the majesty of the gods, and thenceforth, until the arrival of another type, not intruded or offered, but invited from some great artist for a new temple, they reproduced with traditional piety the idea of the favourite heroes of the muse. From this circumstance results an almost perfect certainty that most of the figures of Greek art are translations, more or less faithful, from Phidias, Zeuxis, Apollodorus, Praxiteles, and some other men of genius, whose names have come down to us. With these statues, as with the proofs of an engraving, the first produced—that is, the oldest—are best in accent

and purity. But in Rome, where they poured out the treasures of the world, not to preserve them, alas, but to destroy in mass with a blind fury, how uncommon it is to see rising, out of the heaps accumulated by so many barbarisms, a copy from the time near the heroic ages, such as the Venus of Milo, such as the Hercules of the theatre of Pompeius, such as our Achilles, or even as the Torso of Ganymede at this Villa Borghese, where are collected so many fine things which our fathers did not know! Let us remark a mosaic of the second century, representing a Sacrifice of the Fetiales: three peasants conclude a bargain or ratify a pact on a goat-skin before a statue of Mars. Nothing is more curious in point of costume or type, or as a document, than this ceremony of the ordinary and domestic rites of the last pagan ages. Thanks to the variety which enlivens these villas, you will make acquaintance to a considerable extent with a Dutch landscapist, of whom there is very little with us—Van Blömen, who died in 1740, after passing part of his life in Italy, where he is known under the name of Orizzonte. This

THE BORGHESE VENUS.

master has decorated a saloon of the Villa Borghese with fifty-two pieces, and the grateful princes have placed in it the portrait of the guest to whom they gave such long shelter. Van Blömen's painting is large, and has even a certain looseness of truth, though it is keen. His points of view, which are complicated in position, so as to offer the eye the amusement of varied perspectives, accumulate abrupt forms for the advantage of distance; but he displays them harmoniously. His colour is warm, his sites curious and effective; he handles landscape as a delicate ornament, with a dexterity that complacently proves itself transcendent.

I have said that the gardens of this villa—the ordinary close of a walk for the quality of the Pincian—have lost their splendour. Since the nephew of Paul V. had them laid out, this noble family has placed them at the disposal of the Roman populace. So when, in 1848, demagoguism replaced the pontifical régime, the grateful mob, by way of repaying the hospitality which they had received for ten generations, made haste to fell the great trees, to destroy the statues, to sack the palace, and to burn the pavilions

GARDENS OF THE BORGHESE, AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

which had for so long given them shelter. Prince Borghese has replanted, but the trees are still young: let us hope that the good people to whom he has opened his domain will let them grow.

Formerly you could leave the park by the Porta Pinciana, which dates from Honorius, and which Belisarius rebuilt without succeeding in bequeathing his name to it. Yet it is here, on the pedestal of a broken column, that tradition seats the blind disgraced general, with his helmet in his hand, praying an alms. On the top of the Pincian, a public park of French creation, and formerly Hill of the Gardens, used to be, as you know, the gardens of Lucullus, which were afterwards appropriated by the wife of Claudius, who postponed payment until the Greek kalends. It was here, behind the Villa Medici, in the groves amid which she had taken refuge, that Messalina was slain by a tribune whom the freedman Evodius had guided in pursuit of her.

A STREET AT TIVOLI.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Excursion to Tivoli :—Temples and Waterfalls.—Old houses of Tibur.—The Villa d'Este and its gardens.—Ælius Adrianus and his Album of Travel.—Borders of the Villa Adriana.—Thickets and ruins.—Opening of spring.

I.

THE cascades of Tivoli have often been compared to those of the Alps, and as one does not come into the Roman Campagna merely to find Switzerland over again, I felt little attraction for the excursion. The very name of so celebrated a spot inspired me with a sort of aversion, for Tibur takes one back to the sentimental classics of the Restoration, and Tivoli appeals to gay remi-

niscences; the whole answers to an idea of dejection. During this mood, the winter, which in this latitude finishes its course with great rapidity, rolled back towards the north; the tepid breezes wafted from Sicily had brought all the gardens into festival and all the trees into full blossom. The spring here has an opening song, rapid and indescribable, with all the themes loved of all climates; sad the day before, Italy, which will be burnt to-morrow, presents an ideal spectacle for the moment. Some feeling of this reached even the city, where all sorts of pastoral provocatives filled the air; we allowed ourselves so quickly to be seduced by it, that at the moment of departure the abbé treated us like young folk, with one of those saddened smiles of which we were only too soon to discover the mysterious meaning. We made a party of four.

The equipage was quickly improvised, too quickly even, for it very nearly left us on the pavement before we had passed the walls, the horse having fallen down at the end of a street which is terminated by a gate constructed by Sixtus V. in the aqueduct of the Marcian, Tepulan, and Julian waters, at the time when this pontiff supported his Felice aqueduct on walls successively restored by Octavianus, Titus, and Caracalla. Under this arch of solid structure retreated in perspective the trees of an avenue all radiant with fresh verdure; they half veiled the battlements of the city and of the Tiburtine gate. We had time to contemplate this glimpse, while they refitted with cords of rope the most tattered, the most funereal equipage that ever held a joyous company.

There is no better preparation for a miniature Switzerland than the steppes among which the road to Tivoli winds. At ten miles or so, the *osteria del Tavernucole* amused us by its sign, a neo-Pompeian fancy, on which some drinkers make merry in company with a blue capon, a lost genus. Farther on, the broken outline of Castell' Arcione, a ruin isolated on a sharp mound, then the bridge of La Solfatare over an ill-coloured, fetid, and sulphureous stream, an overflow channel for the Lago de Tartari, contribute to darken the aspect of these fallow lands;—nature in her ugliest poverty. Pausanias described Albula as water that recalls the stream of Baréges; but this term, which Strabo gives also to the Anio, is assigned equally by Pliny the Naturalist to the Tiber: '*Tiberis, antea Tibris, et prius Albula.*'

When any plant grows there, the water petrifies it; the pond which feeds the trenches of this unclean Naiad, agglomerates its bituminous weed in little islands on which parasitic herbs languish; Augustus, who had a skin disorder, used to bathe in it. Along these plains, which are not quite level, you find enormous blocks of travertine half hewn: slaves rolled them thus far at the time of the erection of the Coliseum; abandoned for seventeen centuries, they come at length to their destination, and find shelter in the buildings of the day. If you did not meet the Ponte Lucano in a picture from which Poussin drew something, and the burying place of the Plautian clan, a tower with battlements of the middle ages, no journey would seem so ungracious as this. So gaiety reigned without restraint, for the amusements of the road did not hinder conversation.

When our jade began to travel the final slope, wearied at her slowness, we jumped to the ground to ascend directly to Tivoli by a rough and dry incline, marked at intervals by some old and twisted trunks which on the grass, pierced here and there by rock, take the look and colour of squares of stones that had thrown out branches and leaves; this is what they call a forest of olives. So far the Tibur of the poets did nothing to recall the land of William Tell. On the site of Tivoli, the Sabine hills open

out in a horse-shoe: the old town, founded, they say, more than four centuries before Rome by refugees from Argos, occupies the southern extremity of the semicircle, and looks to the north, which contributes to the freshness of the site. This hill is now utilised by various works, but through the boundaries of the fields ruins are seen rising; names sung under Augustus appear among the owners of the factories.

A number of old houses, and hilly streets with shops which have nothing in them; substructures on every side; old postern-gates where the aloe kindles his taper in the crevices of the wall; a chattering populace; long alleys, low rooms whence in the evening issues the sound of rhythmic songs, with the tabor; cascades on every side, even under the caves of a crest in which the houses, piled one over the other, seem to be on the point of being launched into the abyss; below terraces the sheer rock; finally on the side of this cavernous arch, a stream shot forth in three leaps with frightful uproar—all that is Tivoli.

RAVINE: TEMPLE OF HERCULES, CALLED OF THE SIBYL.

This Niagara of the Teverone, a wild device of nature over which time has no power, gives a primitive aspect to a spot where art holds a strange position. Viewed from the front, the falls have for their crown gardens, arches resting on rocks, battlements, campaniles; the masses of water rush down from these structures, and gush out from their foundations. When the cloud of vapours collected by the boiling of the foam receives a transverse ray from the sun, its broken fires describe an arc with prismatic hues, of which the lower extremity is extinguished in the cold depths of the abyss, while the other throws above the cascades a halo round the circular Greek temple of Hercules, as well as upon the little square temple of the Sibyl, both standing on the edge of the precipice. Nothing is more charming on these denuded rocks than the rotunda, which is earlier than Tiberius, with its Corinthian fluted columns supporting an entablature, adorned with festoons and bucrania. Its execution is of extreme delicacy, and we have the contrast between rugged creation and the refinements of art. It was under the foundation of the temple that five-and-forty years ago, the great cascade of the Anio still poured its waters; an inundation came, which carried away the upper sluice and unchained such a deluge over the town, thus perched on the brim of an abyss, that the swollen torrent swept away a whole cluster of houses. How could all that hold? We cannot understand it. You see pieces of wall launched into space, cellars pierced in the rock with windows to which you cannot any longer reach, and a paved street which ends in void.

ARCH OF THE ACQUA FELICE, NEAR THE TIBURTINE GATE.

THE CASCATELLE OF TIVOLI.

In order to save the ancient houses and buildings, it was necessary to turn this terrible scourge aside, and by digging a covered channel for the Anio in the heart of Monte Catillo, to open another outlet for the stream, which now falls more to the left. But only the main sheet of water goes down here: the town being placed as it were over a sieve, from all sides of the hill and over an enormous breadth the waters make their escape from the town, like columns from a besieged town making a furious sortie. They form little cascades in a carpet of thick verdure, and it is only at the opening of the valley that after this dispersion over half a league of fall, the army of waters proceeds to reconstitute itself compactly in the channel of the Teverone. To heighten the splendour of this long spectacle, each point of elevation is crowned with a monument of the Renaissance or of antiquity: there is St. George with his bell-tower on a temple contemporary with Marius; there is the convent which has replaced the house of Catullus; there is the pretended villa of Mæcenas, a vast block of ruins which were the great temple of Hercules, once the seat of a public library, where a friend of Aulus Gellius went to seek in Aristotle a proof that melted snow is an unwholesome drink; there are the green campaniles of the house of Ferrara, the highest cypresses in the world; farther on are the much-contested villa of Horace, and the incontestable fortress of the Varus who let his legions be massacred.

'SOME PECORARI LIKE CLEPHTS.'

As soon as you arrive up here, you want to see and embrace all, and as from this little hotel of the Sibyl, where so many travellers have come to perch themselves, the eye wanders over the exordium of the drama, you only pass through the house to plunge immediately, with or without guide, into a sort of perpendicular labyrinth. The descent to the cascade by an intertwining pathway is one of the most entertaining, so much has the work of ages cut and slashed the rocks and complicated the vegetation of this brilliant cascade. Galleries, niches, grottoes, porches, have been worked in the tufa, which is all honeycombed with pigeon-holes, with black pigeons flying in and out. Helping the work of men, the waters have fashioned aqueducts; they have excavated, and then petrified, tree-trunks in which rivulets make their way. Alpine plants wed with those of Greece; the acanthus with the erodium, the myrtle with the cyclamen; the orchises of Amalfi with the fiery periwinkles dear to the Etruscans, who cut this charming species in their jewels.

As we were standing on an angle of the rock, three shots made us jump, and on turning round we saw in the distance a white-clad cook, who not being able to make

us hear in such an uproar, called us to him by signals. It was the master-cook of the hostelry; he had just slain the meat for our dinner; three of the black pigeons, which, crammed with grape and myrtle, coo in the hollow of the Tiburtine rocks and are the exquisite game of these mountains, where they grill them with a primitive talent that is beyond reproach.

You are entertained here by worthy folk, not spoilt by travellers, whose reception is cordial, and whose service has a gaiety that recalls the good old times. The artists in fact have won the victory over the nabobs, and given the tone, because they stay there more. Indeed everybody here tries to join in the festival of sight; groups of people are posted here and there as if only for the express purpose of giving animation to the scene. On a Saturday evening, the town puts on an air of happy holiday; on Sunday morning the men with their long gaiters, their green cloaks, their picturesque frippery; some Pecorari like Clephts and incongruously attired; the women with their corslets, with their handkerchief cut square upon the neck, and their red or white coif, bring out the southern character of the locality. Both sexes group themselves at the street corners, round fountains whose water flows over into antique sarcophagi.

The inspiration of antiquity and of the palace of Armida erected by Tasso lends a strange charm to the villa of the Cardinal Hippolytus d'Este, uncle of the Eleonora whose beauty was so fatal to the poor Torquato. With its grottoes of mosaic where the water drips in sounding drops, its pieces of green water where the lotus languishes, its theatrical magnificence and its neglect, this deserted and lordless fairy-land produces the impression of a palace of romance and adventure.

Between Tivoli and the Villa Adriana at the head of the plain in the last recess of the mountain, you could recover a host of subjects worked by Claude and Van Blömen, and nearly all the grounds of Poussin; the younger schools, beginning with Joseph Vernet, have all illustrated this district. We made our way down into it the next day, by the slope opposite the cascatelle which you count on your left, as from the winding glades through which you pass, you watch the many changes in the outlines of Tivoli, crowned by loftier crests. Its slopes are of such richness that I would willingly with Flaccus have wished the repose of Tibur for my near decline: like him we hung over the stream, as we wandered among the woods where orchards ripen,

> 'Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis.'

We seek involuntarily the shades of that L. Munatius Plancus, who governed the Gauls and was the founder of Lyons: '*densa Tiburis umbra tui.*'

II.

When Adrian on his return from Syria which he had governed, from Athens where he had been archon, from the wild regions of Britain and Armorica which he had explored as a traveller, from Judæa which he had held subject, from Asia Minor and Egypt which he had studied as an archæologist—when this crowned patron of all tourists, wearied with the toils of empire and travel, wanted to instal his souvenirs, he laid out as gardens some leagues of a country that was varied with many dells and

slopes. To find, as in an album of souvenirs, what had charmed him in his journeys over the face of the world, he bade his architects reproduce the Academy, the Lyceum, the Prytaneium, the Pœcile of Athens; the temple of Serapis at Canopus, a theatre at Corinth, and the Pyramids of Giseh. He even had Tartarus executed just as Homer had described it, '*etiam Inferos finxit*,' says Spartianus; and the Elysian fields as Virgil dreamed them. Thanks to the topography of the district and its richness, he succeeded, by excavating green basins and transplanting mountains, in creating a second time the wonder of Thessaly—that Vale of Tempe, where the river Peneus under its mighty trees hid from Olympus the pranks of Pan, unveiled by Ovid.

For this immense villa the emperor employed materials stripped from three parts of the world: the workmen of twenty nations helped in the enterprise. From the hut of the Scythian to the mysterious grottoes of the Armoricans, from Babylonian palaces to the hypogea of the Pharaohs, the Villa Adriana offered everything remarkable that had been presented to the master of the world by the usages and customs of the countries through which he had gone. In his youth Ælius Adrianus, with the aid of his fleets, had skimmed from the conquered universe the paintings, statues, even mosaics and bas-reliefs, the masterpieces of Greece and Egypt; he had despoiled the temples, and dug up from among the tombs, and by his command his commissioners stripped the palaces of tributary sovereigns. The colossi of India, the Greek vases which were earlier than the Eupatrids; the Sphinxes and Pharaohs of basalt and onyx of the first dynasties; the idols of gold and silver; the gods of Parian and alabaster set up by Zeuxis and Praxiteles; the bronzes that were contemporary with Alexander; the decorations of Athens and Corinth and Argos—everything came to swell the most monstrous cabinet of curiosities and antiquities the world ever saw.

For seventeen centuries this poetic bazaar has become the inexhaustible quarry, whence they have taken columns and friezes; mosaics for paving palaces, blocks for building ten cities for fairies, works of art to gorge most of the museums of the west. It was from this great storehouse that the collection of philosophers assembled at the Vatican came; hence came the Medicean Venus, the Antinoüs, a set of Egyptian statues, a menagerie of animals in marble, the four pillars in porphyry of the Ciborium of Sta. Maria Maggiore and its thirty-eight Ionic columns of cipollino polished like ivory. The Faun in antique red of the Capitol, and the Adonis of the Villa Albani, have slumbered amid these thickets. Even in our own time, if an antique pavement is wanted for a gallery, and African granite to sustain it, they know that it will suffice just to remove the earth.

By the reign of Caracalla, this sublime madness of Adrian was only a storeroom; after Totila, who besieged Tivoli, the villa became a quarry. Its gardens, in turn abandoned and restored to cultivation, owe to these changes of fortune an aspect of wildness, which raises them to the majesty of true nature: its trees are enormous; but under the meadow-lands you divine substructures, and vaulted abysses open in the turf. Perhaps it would be proper to speak both of the Pœcile and of the Grecian theatre, and of the Cento Camerelle, and of the temple of Serapis, and of the porticoes. Among all this collection of vaults and galleries, before these masses of red brick swallowed up in verdure, it would be a meritorious work to decide the purpose and destination of such a mass of architecture; it would be proper . . . . But it was noon; the first heat of the south had aroused the crickets, the forerunners of the grasshoppers; above the lofty pines, the sky was of the sweetest blue, their spreading branches sung the song of the

sea; perfumes so penetrating ascended from a bed of double violets, married to varieties of white and rose colour, that to give oneself up to archæology, one must have had Etruscan pottery in place of heart.

No park translates so poetically the impressions of solitude and many recollections. The grounds are carpetted with vegetation renewed for centuries by the breezes from the mountains; the olive plantations have become a forest; the cypresses announce ruins from afar. Along the avenues, under the arches of porticoes which crumble over a bed of new flowers, you discern in distant glimpses the ancient Præneste, where in the time of Petronius roses dropped; on the opposite side the villas of Zenobia and Martial; farther on Mentana, perched in a clump behind Nomentum. For the last four centuries the Villa Adriana has been the cartoon of painters; in the time of Pinturicchio, they provided themselves here with materials and groves for the grounds of their frescoes. No region can offer what the Roman country gives to the landscape painter with such prodigality.

We wandered about all the day, dispersing for the sake of being alone, reuniting to admire in concert; passing the hours on beds of moss, watching the blue sky through the pines. When they are very lofty, with a trunk of two or three feet in diameter whose smooth bark has turned red, the spreading cover of the tree seems to rest on a column of porphyry: the pine in Italy assumes monumental grandeur in the midst of rustic architecture. Without any untimely incident to disturb our dreams, we were content merely to go on living in these Elysian fields until the evening, when, touched by the red of twilight, vegetation recovered a livelier splendour. The birds saluted the close of a glorious day; the nightingale sang over them all, and seemed from the highest tree-tops to be answering the first star.

REMAINS OF THE VILLA ADRIANA.

VATICAN LIBRARY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DIVINE CITY OF THE VATICAN.

Origin of this residence.—Entrance by the Court of St. Damasus.—Appearance of the Loggie.—Visit to Pinturicchio in the apartments of the Borgias.—Portrait of Alexander VI. and other paintings.—THE LIBRARY.—Enumeration of manuscripts.—Bibliographical curiosities.—Sequestration of documents.—Appearance of the galleries.—Vittori Cabinet: religious curiosities.—Collection of Benedict XIV., Gregory XVI., Pius VII., etc.—The Charters of Ravenna in the Cabinet of the Papyri.—Aldobrandini Nuptials; antique landscapes.

The Forty of the Vatican PINACOTHECA; Beato Angelico, Crivelli, Mantegna, etc.—The St. Jerome of Leonardo.—Resurrection of Perugino and the prisoners of the Louvre.—Curious fresco of Melozzo da Forli.—Guido, Guercino, Poussin, Caravaggio, Giulio Romano, etc.

EGYPTIAN GALLERIES: Mummy of Amosis.—Sarcophagi, symbolical animals, queens and goddesses.—Colossi of Arsinoë and Nepthys.—Egyptian pasticci of the second century; statues of Antinoüs, the Nile, etc.—View of the Hall of the Greek Cross.

ETRUSCAN MUSEUM: general aspect.—Vases, etc.—Cippi and bas-reliefs.—Various curiosities.

I.

AT a distance of a mile from Rome, at the extremity of a narrow valley between the western slope of the Janiculum and the little chain which on this side doubles the Trasteverine hills, near a road which from the Villa Pamphili takes a course towards the old camp of Vitiges, there once flowed, with little noise, losing itself in the thicket, a fountain much frequented by shepherds, who had adorned it with a rustic nymphæum. In the reign of Valentinian II., the successor of Liberius imprisoned the water in a subterranean aqueduct, and led it, by turning the basilica of St. Peter, into the court whose buildings have been many a time renewed since, but where the fountain has perpetuated the name of St. Damasus, friend of St. Jerome, the exile of Gratian. It is the great court of the Vatican palaces, through which you approach the pontifical apartments, the venerable library, which in the fifth century St. Hilary had commenced in the palace of Lateranus, the museums, which contain the richest collection of the ancient arts, as well as the sanctuaries where the masterpieces of the two sovereigns of modern art contend, Michelangelo and Raphael of Urbino. Pure and salubrious over all the waters of Rome, which are renowned for being pure and salubrious, the spring brought from so far to this court of St. Damasus, which all the powers of the world have crossed, is the most ancient sign of a habitation of the popes in the fourth century at the foot of the basilica. We know that at the end of the eighth century, before putting to flight the rooks of the Palatine to take possession of the palace of the Cæsars, Charles the Great drank the waters of this fountain, at the house of Leo III. his host.

No one, that I know of, has ever verified the statement that the Vatican contains eleven thousand rooms, and if it is true, no pontiff has visited them: what is certain is that among the buildings of this assemblage of palaces belonging to all ages, and where Bramante, Raphael, Pirro Ligorio, Fontana, Maderno, Bernini, and so many others have worked, they count up twenty courts, and that to move among them, they have had to construct two hundred and eight staircases. The right side of the court of Damasus is occupied by a double thickness of buildings, in the upper stories of which, in front of the Piazza Rusticucci, are lodged the first dignitaries of the state. You had to climb not far short of two hundred steps, to have audience of Cardinal Antonelli. The holy father lives below his ministers, at the angle of this high building; a situation which you do not very well make out, except from the approaches of the Porta Angelica, behind Bernini's colonnade, whence you see the pontifical residence towering above the crenelated walls of the Borgo.

To raise the edifices surrounding the court, they pulled down a façade of Julian of Maiano which looked towards the Castle of St. Angelo, and it was Raphael who

designed those round arcades between pilasters, Doric in the first story and Ionic above, the whole surmounted with composite columns to sustain the architrave. Of the three wings, he only finished the longest; Gregory XIII. and his successors had it copied, when they continued the work. The principal characteristic of these galleries is their lightness; the walls aim at the sober taste and freedom from ostentatious projections, which distinguish Raphael's architecture. The spectator's interest was formerly attracted under these arcades, where from below you caught glimpses of the paintings of the master, framed in the ornamentation of John of Udine and the school; but some years ago, by the care of Cardinal Antonelli, the Loggie have been protected by glazed sashes, so that these enormous windows give the appearance of a green-house or clock factory to the porticoes that were formerly open, and substitute an overwhelming platitude for what used to be elegant simplicity. During the summer the galleries of the upper story, the most precious, are turned into a furnace, and thus expose the paintings, as rumour says, to far more perils than those of wind. Nine pretentious inscriptions tell in lapidary's style of the Flavians and Agrippa, how the sovereign pontiff fitted windows to a series of arcades; it might be the erection of St. Peter's or the Coliseum, the result would hardly justify such loud fanfares. As we have touched on this point, let us set down among the vanities of Rome the eulogistic inscriptions about even the most insignificant works of ædileship: a wall rough-cast, the pipe of a fountain repaired, a window enlarged, a door walled up, will give rise to a slab of marble in which triumphal epigraphs, supported by the pontiff's armorial bearings, tell the tale of such famous enterprises. Rome and the Campagna are infested with these tablets; the churches, which are subject to frequent repairs, are so variegated with lapidary pretensions, that the popes seem to dispute with one another as to who among them was the builder and founder.

It is by a staircase on the left, facing the pontifical perron, that you ascend to the Loggie, a gallery of thirteen arcades, to reach from there the apartments of the former pontiffs Nicholas V., Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., Julius II., Leo X., Clement VII., etc. These dismantled rooms only serve for the pleasure of intelligent strangers, the instruction of artists, and the glory of the Della Rovere and Medicean popes. For to-day we will not go beyond the first story of the buildings, which have been constantly enlarged since Celestine III. rebuilt them in 1192, and since, after the return from Avignon under Gregory XI., they held a conclave there in 1378 for the first time, in which the Neapolitan Prignani was chosen, who took the name of Urban VI. Largely restored, if not rebuilt under Pius IX., the Loggie of the *primo piano*, though decorated by John of Udine, have kept the name of Bramante who commenced the edifice. Their paintings, an unpretending amusement for the eyes of the passers-by, are distributed on the vaults in rectangular covings along the gallery, where architectural perspectives stand out, mixed with trellis-work, on which are drawn a hundred varieties of grape clustered in their vines, and groups of birds of every hue. People think too much of the galleries of the upper story, almost wholly devoted to the muse of Raphael, to linger before this fanciful tracery, which seems to lead you to some rural feast.

Their lightness is a curious preparation for entering two garrets—of the most pompous sort, but still garrets—the most heavily decorated in the world: I speak of the long Ducal Hall with its hanging, its enormous cornice, its stucco Children, its great landscapes of Brilli and of the Piedmontese Cesare, and its Labours of Hercules

by Matthew of Sienna; then the Sala Regia, finer but still heavier, for Paul III. insisted on having the 'noble style' delivered to him by the bushel; Antonio of San Gallo did not fall behind in this, nor Perino del Vaga, nor Vasari, nor the Zuccari, nor Mario of Sienna, those victims of Michelangelo, swollen and convulsive at his feet at the threshold of the Sixtine chapel. I happened one day to be wandering along this hall in search of a door and a guide, to make my way into a little-visited section of the arcana of art, earlier than the illustrious rivals whom Julius II. pitted against one another. Some countrymen were passing, escorted by a prelate who possessed the Sesame, and I followed them to the Borgia apartments, which were in great part decorated by Pinturicchio for Alexander VI.

Bernardino Betti, called Pinturicchio, is the most interesting personage of a group of artists who, following by the side of Raphael the discipline of the Renaissance, still preserved to a larger degree the simplicity of sentiment, episodic, tender rather than noble, which inspired the schools of the middle age. Preserved more pure in the mountains of Umbria, at Perugia where Pietro Vannucchi marks the culminating point of the period, this tradition to which Raphael is indebted for a peculiar charm, is still more strongly impressed on the works of Pinturicchio, a fellow-worker of the angel of Urbino, submitted to his influence, and instructed by his teachings. Pinturicchio is much closer to the old time; he was twenty-nine when Raphael was born; his first masters are earlier than Perugino, to whom they have insisted on giving him for a disciple, and who could only have preceded his pupil by eight years. Both were formed by Benedetto Buonfigli; both with distinct sentiments follow the same track; but while Perugino in his trouble ends by discouragement and loss of himself, his rival, not so highly strung perhaps, continued to progress to the end, by that time representing alone and the last the tradition of Umbria. It seems even that this resistance contained a certain involuntariness; for this pupil of the cloister and the mountain had been so touched by the passion for antiquity, that he baptized his children by the names of Camillus and Julius Cæsar.

What I wished to see in the small apartments of Pope Alexander VI., were works less heavily overwhelmed by retouchings than the frescoes of Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme, and than those of the Belvedere. At the epoch when Bernardino executed those of which we are about to speak, recently tried by the atmosphere of Rome (which was ever so little mephitic under the Borgias), he had not yet produced either the paintings of the Libreria of Sienna, or those with which he afterwards decorated, by order of Sixtus IV., the vault of the choir and three chapels at Sta. Maria del Popolo. Without reaching so high a value, the works executed for Alexander VI. on the spaces of the roof, decorating four halls, are touched with slightly timid grace, and with a freshness of colouring that is peculiarly tender. Perhaps too deeply impressed by the moral sense of ideas, the most serious writer of our time, M. Rio, in his aversion for the Borgias and his wrath against Bernardino for taking their pay, seems to me very severe in respect of these works, where, better than anywhere else, you find the simple elegance of the time already united to a science which was far removed from all anatomical pedantry.

Before coming to these chambers you pass through apartments transformed into a library, which come out into a first saloon, dismantled by Leo X. and decorated afresh by Giovanni da Udine and Perino del Vaga. In the next you come to some scenes from the life of Christ and the Virgin by Pinturicchio. As I was thinking in this

abode of Lucrezia, Francis, Cæsar Borgia, of the melodramatic figures who walked here, of the incidents that came to their crisis here, of the words that these walls muffled, the young monsignore who was the polite guide of my companions, begged them to admire in the pictures of Bernardino Betti the candid devotion and sincere faith of the good Pope Alexander VI., who to adorn his house chose a painter so edifying and subjects more edifying still. This attempt at rehabilitation only half astonished me; for some years worthy scholars have been collecting historical testimonies for the revision of the verdict against Alexander VI. A curious fact is that Voltaire was the first who tried to relieve him from the atrocities imputed to him by Guicciardini. They may perhaps end by proving him a man instead of a monster,

A CARDINAL ENTERING THE VATICAN.

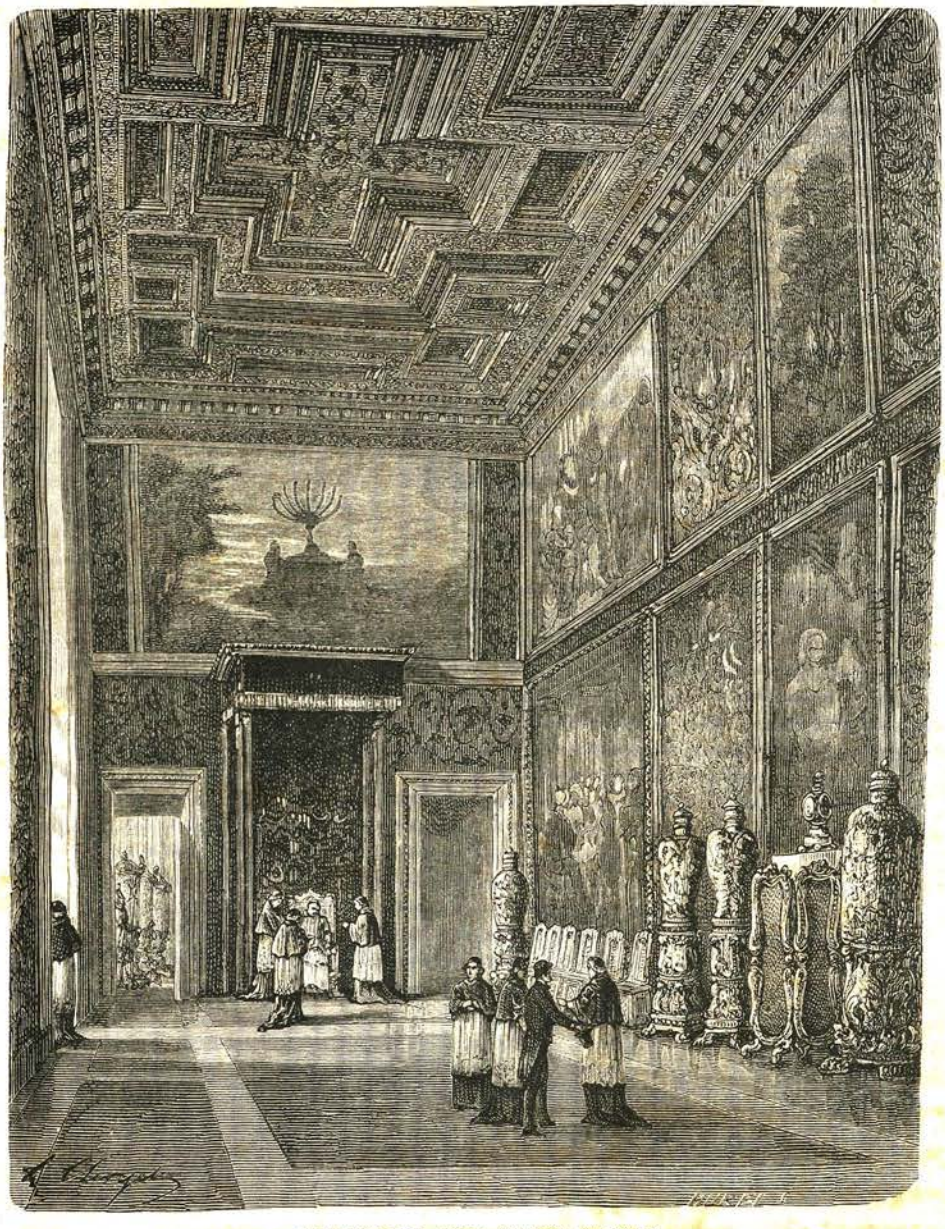
but a priest, never. I ought to say that having visited him at home and having been received by his Portrait, I found the look of this personage peculiarly disturbing; his round squat body, his twisted mouth, his magpie's eye, his parrot's nose, the bilious tinge of his skin, all denote a sensual, changing, active and wilful character; the short and fat clenched hands help to complete this image of a prickly spirit, and a master of turbulence.

There are charming things in the scene representing the Child-god addressed by the Virgin and St. Joseph, escorted by angels. The Ascension is less successful; it is one of those pieces in which the vexatious co-operation of Benedetto Buonfigli, Pinturicchio's old master, makes itself felt; yet the type of the Christ is absolutely the same as in the chapel of St. Bernardino at the Ara Cœli. Rich and sombre, the decoration of this room causes some brilliant details to sparkle, which yet leave all

their value to the Prophets, painted as busts in the medallions of the vault. That of the next room, which is also nearly square, is more sumptuous; bas-reliefs mingle with the painted figures. As for the great subjects traced so profusely, they indicate by their diversity the idea of lending every imaginable attraction to the pious works; it is religious art for the habitation of a lord of the great ecclesiastical world. Against the wall at the end facing the window, the artist has presented with superb accompaniment St. Catherine of Alexandria appearing before the Emperor Maximilian, and carrying away by her knowledge a whole areopagus of philosophers assembled to dispute with her. She there gained the honour of becoming the patroness of schools, but while they burnt those she had beaten, she still suffered martyrdom on the wheel. In the middle of the picture, a triumphal arch executed in relief bears this inscription, *Pacis cultori*, but it has no date, so ephemeral were the truces in a reign when the prince only cultivated peace very privately. You pass the Martyrdom of St. Juliana, and a St. Barbara fleeing from her father's house, an adorable figure of youth, of simple attitude, and singularly well draped. It is neither in Baronius, who makes her a disciple of Origen, nor in Metaphrostus, who places her death in Nicomedia under Galerius, that St. Barbara is the heroine of the legend in which she has for executioner her own father, who is suddenly struck dead by lightning. Yet this version has been popular from Greece to Muscovy, and from the Orientals to the Latins, since the lightnings of artillery have been placed under the protection of St. Barbara. In the picture of the Visitation, the Virgin seems to be a portrait; this was a novel profanation at that time. The landscape and the buildings of the ground add to the charm of this painting, which is however less seductive than that in which St. Anthony and St. Paul the hermits divide the bread brought to them by a crow, while three angels and two white monks look on. Pietro Vannuchi alone, and after him Fra Bartolommeo, has combined to such a degree the humble and the elevated style proper to give life to cloister heroes. In the Death of S. Sebastian, which comes next, the principal personage and the fine bowmen who have taken him for target, are original figures; but the eye willingly loses itself across a very charming landscape ground, in which you recognise the Coliseum and a small convent which already existed on the Cælian. Pinturicchio was among the first to launch his figures in the full air of true horizons; the exquisite composition of these landscapes and their tender shades surround the subjects with harmonious reality.

The room which comes next, takes from the old scholastic vagaries a kind of decoration that has often been imitated since, and with much less simplicity. Seven subjects are distributed here, representing on as many thrones the Attributes of the Divine and Human Sciences, allegorical queens at whose feet are the personages illustrious in each branch. Nothing can be more interesting or better conceived; nothing seemed to me so graceful, so new in aspect, as these symbols, which are earlier than most works of the same kind. Instead of being planted upright like two or three faggots, as would certainly be the case to-day, these celebrities, under the presidency of the Genius to whom they belong, are represented at work according to their calling, full of inspiration and fervour. Here and there on golden grounds, cut in small cubes which simulate a chequer of mosaic, project borderings, fringes, or arabesques, incongruous specimens of the liberties they used to take in internal ornamentation. Such license in my eyes only attenuates in a very small degree, the merit that results from the graceful variety of the figures and subjects which animate them.

The following rooms are sensibly inferior, because Bernardino Betti in them had himself supplemented by his old master Buonfigli. One of them presents, in a series of semicircles, Prophets and Angels in pairs. Charming biblical subjects fill the pendentives of the last chamber, in which is the end of those series of Archangels, which connect tolerably closely the tradition of Perugino with the forms of Raphael. It is in the mixed character of these compositions that, in spite of their having made of Umbria the seat of a distinct school, the Florentine, and still more the Siennese



THE THRONE ROOM AT THE VATICAN.

filiation, is so easily seized. Nowhere can we better study this tradition at its apogee, and Pinturicchio in the expression and characteristic of his talent, than in front of the works of the Borgia chambers. Engraving has not reproduced them, authors have hardly described them, or else have criticized without seeing them, and this is why we have tried to estimate them with somewhat less brevity. In the judgment of any one who has examined them carefully, Buonfigli can only have painted a portion of the last rooms, at the time when, busy in decorating the cathedral of Orvieto, the master,

whom they all disputed with one another, found himself rated by the religious of the chapter for his absences, and for his too costly debauches in ultramarine and in white wine.

From the great court of the Belvedere, the austerest possible, you recognise at the southern extremity this old home of the brood of the Borgias. The windows of the upper story have cross-bars, and from the side of the aged walls runs a projecting balcony supported on small arches, so narrow for their height, that you would suppose them ogival.

II.

The Vatican museums form so vast a labyrinth that, before involving ourselves in them, it would be better to prelude by the LIBRERIA VATICANA. A broad nave, ending in the middle of a long transverse gallery,—such is the place that Sixtus V. had arranged by Domenico Fontana for the manuscripts of the pontifical library, leading out of the Borgian apartments, where since 1840 they have arranged a considerable portion of the printed books, now reaching the number of 100,500. What raises the Vatican Libreria above other collections is the value and number of its manuscripts; of these they reckon now 25,577, some of which go back to the fifth century. All ages and all peoples of Europe and Asia have furnished their contingent to this treasure. It is to be regretted that, to furnish us with striking points of comparison, Pliny did not transmit the numerical inventory of the first library of Rome, founded for his contemporaries by Asinius Pollio, who placed in it the statue of Varro, while that writer was still living.

The establishment is of ideal magnificence; all is arranged so as to give a festival to the eyes. While in places like the Bodleian at Oxford, and still more in the typographical cemetery in the Rue Richelieu, the people who write, as well as the people who read, are overwhelmed by the sight of a great mass of books which they will never be able to know, which prove to you the vanity of composing more, and which are piled up over your head in endless walls, at the Vatican, on the contrary, you do not see a single volume. It is under cover of a multitude of shut and gilded presses, illuminated by fresh colouring, a really magical decoration, that to the nine thousand manuscripts of Nicholas V. are added the collection of the learned Fulvio Orsini, who in his childhood begged alms, and who has left a splendid cabinet; that of the Benedictines of Bobbio, so rich in palimpsests; that of the Castle of Heidelberg, stripped by Maximilian of Bavaria, chief of the Catholic league; the substance of the Libreria of the Dukes of Urbino, collected by Guid' Ubaldo of Montefeltro, and increased by the Della Rovere; the fine books of Christina of Sweden; the library of the Ottoboni, commenced by the old Pope Alexander VIII., who, pressed in his old age to enrich his kinsmen, gave for reason, '*Son'gia le venti-tre e mezzo;*" the Capponi collection, bequeathed in 1746 by the Marquis Alexander, who in his quality of *Foriere maggiore*, was charged with organizing the Capitoline Museum for Clement XII., and who enriched the Kircher collection with so fine a bequest; the complex cabinet of the Cardinal Zelada, another librarian; finally, the Greek manuscripts of the convent of Grotta Ferrata, and those of Cardinal Maï, acquired by Pius IX. There are eighteen Slave manuscripts, ten from China, twenty-two from India, thirteen from Armenia;

two from the old land of the Iberians; eighty in Coptic, and one from Samaria; seventy-one from Æthiopia; five hundred and ninety of Hebrew origin, and four hundred and fifty-nine of Syrian; sixty-four from Turkey, seven hundred and eighty-seven from Arabia, and sixty-five from Persia, illustrated with fine miniatures.

If you have adequate authority, for you these will come forth from their shrines—the Bible of St. Gregory the Great, the Roman manuscript of Terence, and the palimpsest in which Cardinal Angelo Maï deciphered unknown fragments of Cicero Pro Scauro, In Clodium, Pro Flacco, and De Republica, which he published in 1814 and 1822. You will not obtain sight of the Codex Vaticanus, that vastly ancient manuscript of the gospels, which the learned prefect of the library had such difficulty in obtaining permission to comment upon; but among the less ancient *codici* you will have no trouble in exploring 'THE AFFIRMATION OF THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS *against Martin Luther, by the Invincible king of England and France and lord of Ireland, Henry, Eighth of his name.*' This book, written in Latin and printed in London in 1521 at Pynson's, bears on the last page from the hand of Henry VIII. this word to the sovereign pontiff: '*Anglorum rex Henricus Leoni X° mittit hoc opus ad fidei testem et amicitiæ.*' The *Assertio* against Luther procured for the apologist of Catholic unity the title of *Fidei Defensor*, which was decreed to him by the pope, and afterwards turned against him by the schismatic sovereigns of Great Britain, who continued to use it. The Correspondence of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn is known; the Letters of Bossuet have been carried into a neighbouring room, to the Archivio instituted by Pius IV., and in which we have gleaned. There too is the Trial of Galileo.

Must I cite the Homilies of St. Gregory, the Dogmatica Panoplia, the Monologue of Basil II. (of the eleventh century); the Book of Joshua (of the seventh); the Dante and Missal of Matthias Corvinus, King of Bohemia and Hungary, masterpieces of the fifteenth century; the adorable pontifical Antiphonaries, illustrated by the mystical geniuses of the Umbrian school; the Book of Venery of the Emperor Frederick II., the Virgil of the twelfth century, the Terence of the ninth; another Virgil, said to be contemporary with Pope Pelagius, and which I should be inconsolable not to have seen?

When in our country they choose librarians from among the marshals of France, that happy piece of progress will render our collections as unapproachable as that of the Vatican, which has a guardian who wears the purple. One single small room for work, whence you are banished at noon, and which, thanks to the number of festivals, does not open on a hundred mornings in the year; manuscript catalogues, which are said to exist, but which are not shown, with the exception of the Inventory of Oriental Codici, the only one yet printed; the necessity of a fresh permission for each volume, and of sending an ambassador on a campaign to obtain it—these are enormous obstacles! On account of the multiplicity of steps which it is thus necessary to take, the exploration of these virgin forests of erudition and curiosities would absorb the days of Methuselah. And things have always gone so, since Montaigne, who owed a more polite hospitality either to the caprice of the people or to his own comely address, tells how our ambassador, obliged to quit Rome without seeing the Vatican Libreria, 'se pleignoit de ce qu'on lui vouloit, pour cela, faire faire la cour au cardinal Charlet, maistre de cette libreria.' We may deplore that these splendid collections are hidden under a bushel; but as if to make us forget the marvels that it conceals, with what magnificence this bushel is adorned!

As soon as you have traversed the office of the copyists, of which the vault is

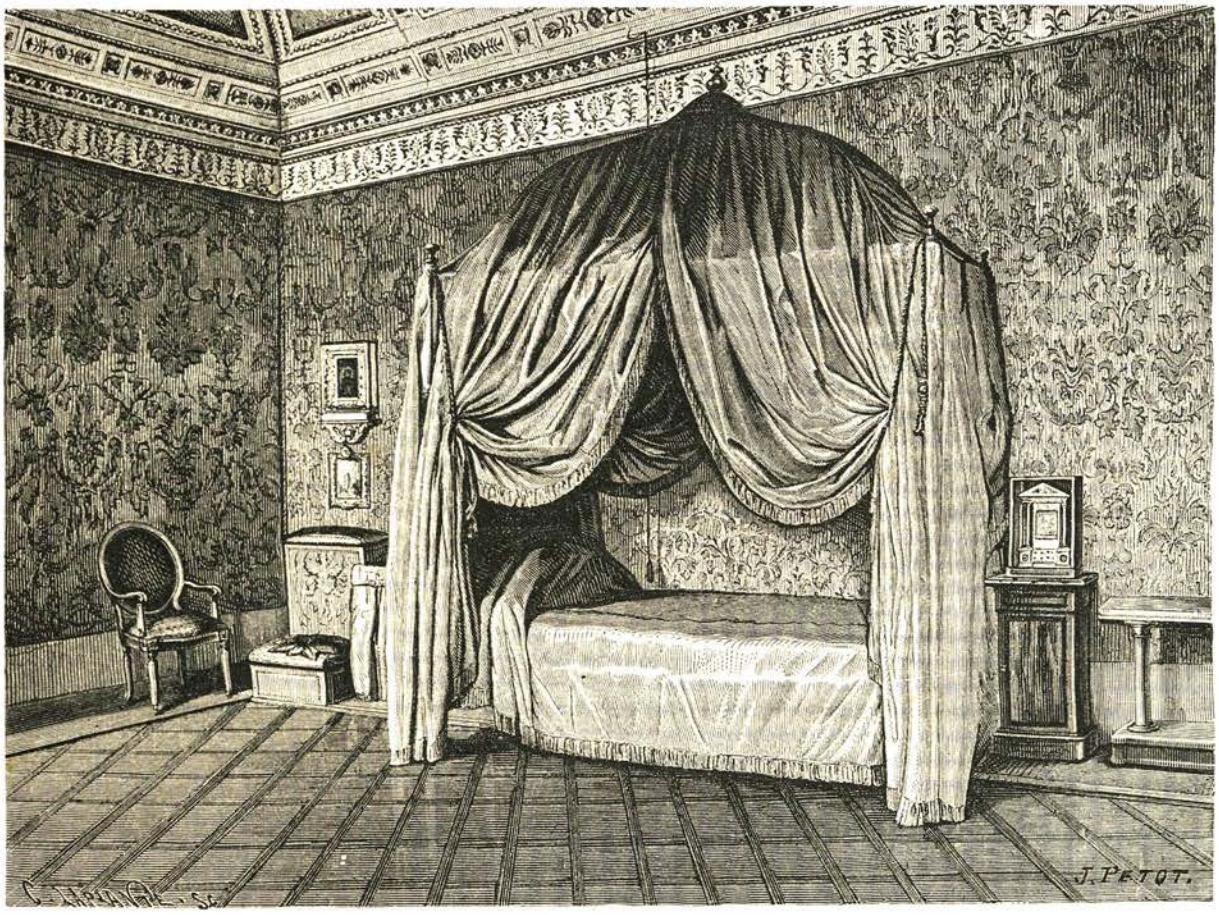
painted in grotesques, that is to say in imitation of antique paintings found in subterranean constructions (*grotte*), and cast a glance on the Sibyls of Marco da Faenza, enlivened by some landscapes of Paul Brill, you enter the great chamber constructed by Sixtus V., and as the modesty of the entrance (a small iron door to the left in the gallery of Inscriptions) has not at all prepared you for such splendour, you stop for a moment on the threshold, dazzled. Decorated, illuminated, painted, gilded, furnished like a boudoir, a reliquary, the hall which developes its luminous perspective before your eyes is scarcely less than fifty feet wide by two hundred and twenty feet long. Seven large pillars, lined with frescoes, with pannels covered with miniatures, divide it into two aisles; on the buffet is exposed a collection of Etruscan vases. Viviani, Salviati of Florence, Cesare di Nebbia, Salimbeni of Sienna, in old days covered the walls, friezes, and vaults with instructive, animated, and graceful frescoes (those of Ventura Salimbeni especially). Let us note among the principal subjects, Domenico Fontana presenting the plan of the library to Sixtus V., the work of Scipio of Gaeta; the representation of the Œcumenical Councils, assemblies in which theological science makes laws, placed opposite the Creation of the most celebrated Libraries of Antiquity; then the Legend of the pontifical Founder, in which among the anecdotes of his life, the fable does not figure of the famous crutches falling at his feet while he intoned the Te Deum. You behold the Coronation of Sixtus V. in front of the construction of the new basilica of St. Peter; the drum of the dome appears in exactly the state in which the work was in 1585, nineteen years after the death of Michelangelo. Against the pillars they have drawn the Fabulous Inventors of the Alphabets peculiar to different tongues, with the very characters in frieze above the figures. Along the bays you will see all sorts of precious objects, gifts of sovereigns, among whom figure even Turks, and all the schismatics except the English. These curiosities do not always miss being ugly, when they are like the enormous vases offered by our King Charles to Leo XII., pieces of work whose merit is purely industrial, or even like the large font, also of Sèvres, made for the baptism of Napoleon II.

The junction of this hall with the long and rich gallery is marked by two candelabra in hard porcelain, adorned with griffins and bucrania, on a pedestal of elegant outline; these with the ornamentation of 1805 have the double merit of being at once studied works in point of style, and extraordinary achievements in point of execution. Near these candelabra, in the centre of the three arms, of which the one supports itself at right angles upon the two others, you are struck with amazement at the rich avenues which attract you on each side. Making a sort of small cupola with four mouldings, whence luminous pictures stand out in large arabesques, like windows opening on real scenes, this transept is surrounded by a frieze with flying Loves, interrupted by three flattened arches varying the curves of the bays. One would fain return to the point whence one started, to such a degree has change of position removed the optical effects of this lantern of colours and images: but as the eye measures to right and left the perspective of the gallery, into the middle of which you are transported, the passion of divining and knowledge calls you to both extremities at the same time. Have patience: you will see a line of seven hundred and ninety-four metres of paintings. Is it conceivable, I wondered, that I am in a library!

As at the British Museum and our own national establishment, they have combined the literary collections with those of a museum and a cabinet of enamels, cameos, and other precious things; but while at Paris and London the specialities are separate, here

all is in the same spot, and these artistic people, the Romans, have only displayed what offers an attraction to the eye. Still, as order is indispensable, instead of cutting up the space in special apartments by partitions, they have only marked the divisions by slight barriers, bare of ornament, so as to be plainly seen: so the eye roves without an obstacle beyond the libraries to the very extremity of the cabinet, in which are preserved the remains of the Trireme of Tiberius, once ashore in the lake of Nemi, and now, in an opposite sense, at the bottom of the sacred museum.

It is along this Appian Way of books that they have placed the collection of Count Cicognara, facing the books of the Marquis Capponi. But you will only read on the road the succession of literary history, from Nicholas V. to Paul V., written by the



BED-CHAMBER OF POPE PIUS IX.

brush by the easy and unpretentious school of the Knight of Arpino. Further on, these lectures are rather hard for a Frenchman to undergo before witnesses; and I confess that I gladly suffered my attention to be distracted by some columns, so as to lose the savour of the commentaries with which a too zealous cicerone seasoned for me the picture of the persecutions inflicted on those two poor disarmed old men, Pius VI. and his successor. An antique sarcophagus found in 1777 near the Porta Capena gives us the plaited hair of a Roman lady; a fine text in carved poetry for a romantic! Finally you come to some handsome silver chasings: the Death of Medusa, the Titans struck by the Thunder, pieces assigned to Benvenuto Cellini; then to some delicate mosaics of the Villa Adriana, and to four famous bronzes—Nero, Balbinus, Septimius Severus, and an Augustus of speaking truthfulness. There is close at hand an even preferable

piece—the small bronze Head of a graceful girl, extremely youthful, and whose charms are rendered with admirable sincerity.

The branch to the left, which you take after retracing your steps as far as the Sèvres candelabra, leads to the sacred museum, of which the origin goes back to Benedict XIV., who, admiring the collections formed by Francesco Vettori, conceived the ingenious idea of appointing him conservator of the Vatican museum. The learned professor did not fail, in 1770, to bequeath his treasures to the establishment which he had administered. They might therefore have conceded him the posthumous favour of placing his bust among the cardinal-librarians, on one of the eight presses of his collection; to which Pius IX. has joined six tables with glass cases, filled with small curiosities connected with the worship of the first Christian ages. There are episcopal rings through which, maybe, the finger of some saint has passed; ivory diptychs of the eighth or ninth century; cinerary vases; the glass lachrymals in which they collected the blood of martyrs, according to a doubtful tradition; antique lamps of terra cotta, like those of Pompeii, but collected from the Catacombs, and having the symbols of the faith figured upon them; as well as a quantity of small pannels, interesting as they are rare, of the mystic masters of the epochs that were nearly Byzantine. This section completes the exhibition of certain ancient pictures collected by Gregory XIV. in one of the following compartments, and in which you come upon precious pieces of Cimabue, Guido, Duccio of Sienna, Giotto, Masaccio, Lorenzo Monaco, and the blessed John of Fiesole. As the passion for works called Gothic had not yet, at the epoch when Gregory XIV. lived, crossed the mountains of Etruria, the collectors of those primitive paintings, who did not criticize them in so systematic a fashion, were hard to please: they could only be seduced by plain native quality, or the attraction of an evident curiosity. It follows from this that no gallery of the Giottesques of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, or fifty years beyond that, fails to contain as fine examples of these paintings. Originality of composition, uses and symbols that are lost, revelations as to costume, buildings, and great unknown artists, at epochs which have left nothing else;—this is what these presses offer you, and what you see nowhere else.

In the neighbourhood is a cabinet in which Pius VII. had classified all the stamps on terra cotta which they have been able to collect, and which under the empire served to mark tiles, brick, pipes, and other material for building. This collection was begun by that abbé Gaëtano Marini, who defended the archives of the holy see against our robberies. After that, a decree interned Marini in France, and constrained him to assist in the classification of the Vatican spoils; subsequently, another decree having driven him from Paris, he died there before he could change his place of exile, a month before Waterloo. The idea of collecting these stamped marks was natural enough in an antiquary who consecrated a volume to their elucidation; the energy with which this idea was developed, does honour to the pontiff, for in fact the stamps disclose the dates of buildings in ruins, signs doubly useful, most of the ancient monuments having been more than once rebuilt or partially restored. Among the paintings exhibited in this cabinet, they will present to you as authentic a portrait of Charles the Great, with beard and crown; it is the *Karles à la barbe florie* of the romances of chivalry; this likeness with the toneless eye must only, like them, date from the eleventh or twelfth century.

The Stanza dei Papiri is one of the richest of all the compartments, from its profusion of porphyry, granite, and gilding, and from the splendour of a decoration of Pius VI.,

GREAT GALLERY OF THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

which Mengs has enhanced by a fine fresco, representing on the vault of the ceiling the Muse of History writing, with the shoulders of Time for desk. Here are unrolled, and here I saw with singular satisfaction, the fine Charters of Ravenna, originals on papyrus of the ninth or twelfth century. Gaëtano Marini published them in 1805 in his *Papyri Diplomatici descritti ed illustrati*, comprising one hundred and fifty-seven bulls, diplomas of sovereigns, and various contracts and charters, of which the oldest goes back to the year 441. We know none earlier.

The cabinet of Frescoes, in which Guido Reni has fixed certain incidents in the life of Samson, preserves the most celebrated piece of painting bequeathed to us by antiquity. It was in 1606 that, on the Esquiline, near the Arco di Galliano, were discovered the Nozze Aldobrandini: the great-nephews of Clement VIII., represented by Cardinal Aldobrandini, surrendered it to Pius VII. for a price of 30,000 francs. Previously to the exhumations of Pompeii, we possessed no other complete monument of antique painting; but I ought to add that Pompeii has not so far produced anything comparable in style and intelligence of composition to the Aldobrandini Nuptials. Scholars have wondered whether it is the marriage of Thetis and Peleus, or of Bacchus and Cora, or of the Julia of Catullus with Manlius. It is more probable that it is simply the marriage of the heads of the house where this gem was discovered, doubly precious for the light it throws on usages and rites. The figures of Canace and Myrrha, of Pasiphaë, and Phædra, found likewise on the Esquiline some years ago in a spot where Virgil is said to have lived, are also of a broader style than the pictures at Pompeii. There are also large bright landscapes, with figures moving in them which represent some scenes from the Odyssey: they were found in a crypt in the quarter of the Monti. The difficulty is to tear oneself away from the solicitations of a museum so opulent in rare pieces, so distracting in its unpretentious economy; but the *custode* protects you from all temptation to such halts. Still as we returned by the same way, I resolutely lagged before the too little explored presses and glass cases of the museum of Benedict XIV., and in spite of the pantomime of the guardian I persisted in a revolt of inertia, founded on the very rational ground that he would not be strong enough to thrust me forward by the shoulder, and that the scoldings of his bad temper were utterly indifferent to me. So for twenty minutes I was an imitator of Horace's *tenacem propositi;* for it was under the last glass to the right, in the midst of a crowd of curiosities, that I perceived in a medallion of bronze the profiles of St. Peter and St. Paul, which I have described and criticized already. (See Chapter XI.)

This is all the view I can give you of the Vatican Library. Except a few papyri and two inscriptions or legends mixed with the paintings, I had not seen a line of writing nor discovered the back of one book. It would be well for the diplomacy of different nations to procure a more liberal set of regulations; but if ever they come to handle this matter, it will be for France to interfere with some deference, for in 1799 our countrymen pillaged the medal case of Queen Christina. If we had not a few years after decreed the robbery of the manuscripts of Rome by the strong hand, it is probable that the pontifical court would have less repugnance to reveal its riches. This reflection, inspiring me with just modesty, at length made me tolerably docile before the urgencies of the *custode*, and in my profound gratitude that they had not shut the door in my face, I consented to have it shut on my heels.

III.

You may fall back before difficult tasks, but you have to come to them after all. The more I frequented the Vatican, the better did I understand how my predecessors had shirked traversing this labyrinth with their readers, to the very end and throughout. Before penetrating to the very quick of the old world, a long pilgrimage in which when once engaged there is no possibility of turning back, I still catch a glimpse of one episodical diversion, the Gallery of Pictures. This famous collection being, according to the Notices, only a very small bouquet of pearls, let us hasten at once to these celebrated frames of which the list will be speedily exhausted.

Transferred in 1857 from the Borgian apartments to the top of the Vatican Loggie, this gallery passes for a wonder, because it is composed of hardly forty works, which are signed with the greatest names. Pius VII. who instituted it, placed there, in 1816, the pictures which were restored to Italy by France after the robberies of the first empire, and since that time the pontiffs have slightly enriched this museum, which owes more than one gem to the munificence of Pius IX. It is not uninteresting to make some remarks on the subject of this collection, which is of real importance, both for the value of many of its pieces, and for the illustration it affords for the annals of mode, studied in its influence on the conception of the beautiful.

The first of the four halls is set apart to smaller subjects: Raphael, Beato Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Garofalo, Crivelli, Mantegna, Perugino, all shine in this saloon, where, close to these small pannels, so delicate and minute, three charming pieces by Murillo seem more negligent and slovenly than a Jordaens would seem by the side of a Titian. The two small subjects taken by the angel of Fiesole from the legend of S. Nicholas of Bari, bishop of Myrrha, were carried to the Louvre, where they most likely figured among curious 'Gothicisms.' Even now at Rome, to raise this exquisite master somewhat, the author of the Notice of this museum feels himself brought to imagine that Beato Angelico 'was considered the Guido Reni of his time'! The charming predella (No. 5) of the Miracles of S. Hyacinthe, animated subjects full of costumes and the elegant architecture of the fifteenth century, is attributed to Benozzo Gozzoli, the pupil of Fra Angelico; but it is more likely that the work belongs to Francesco di Giorgio, a painter of the Siennese school, unknown in France, who died young in 1524, and of whose work the gallery of fine arts at Sienna possesses a Triptych, representing Susanna at the Bath, and two subjects from the history of Joseph. I was sorry they had not given a better light to the Dead Christ of Crivelli, that Venetian of the middle ages who was even then a colourist, at a time when Venice did not yet draw. He was the master of John Bellini. What a distance between this simple workmanship, in which expression is overdone, so much is it felt, and the small grisailles, so pure in style, so full of grace, in which Raphael has symbolized the Theological Virtues; they are the originals of those little masterpieces, which are so well known by the engraving, which has made them larger. We must also notice in this first room the St. Jerome, an authentic sketch by a very rare master, Leonardo da Vinci. With it is connected a singular anecdote. The pannel having been cut in two, as

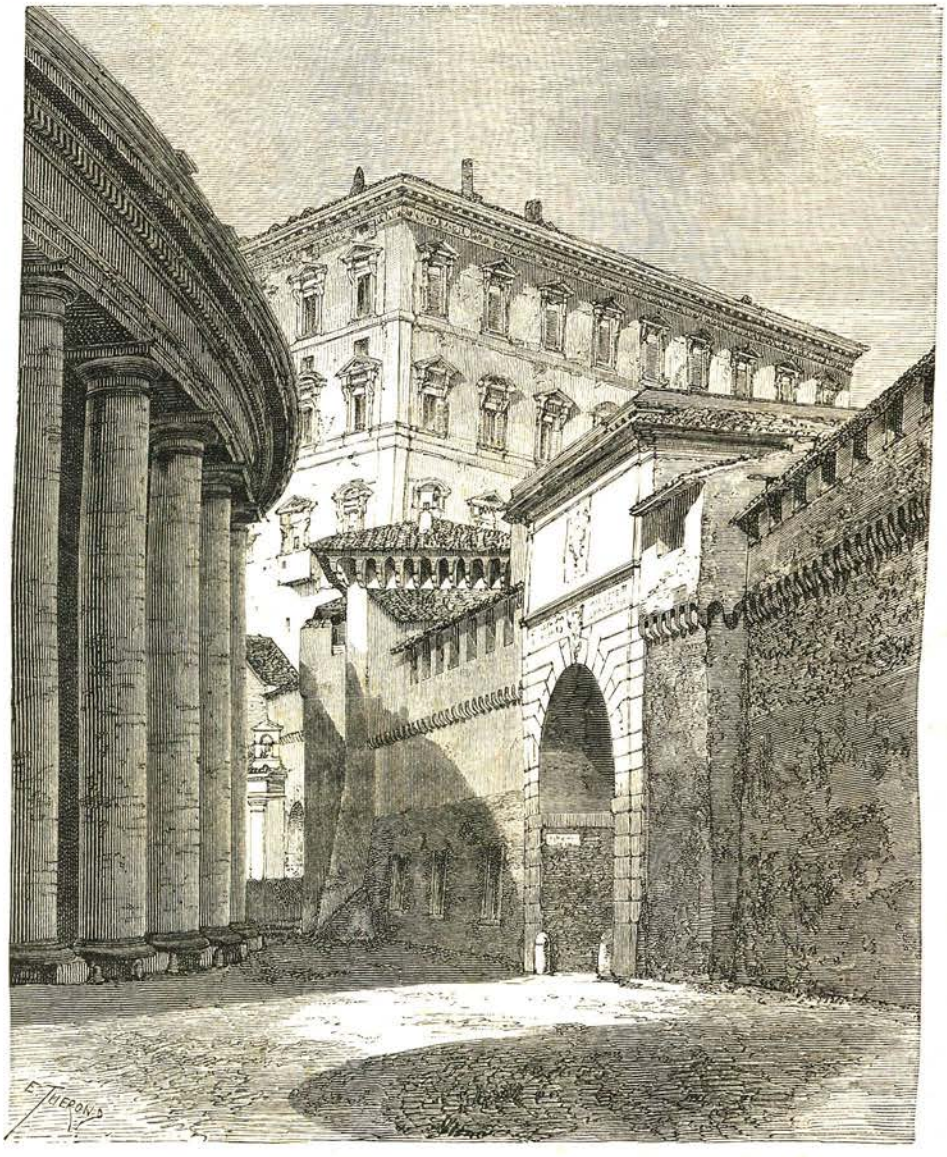
one easily perceives, Cardinal Fesch found among some old lumber the lower portion of the body, which served as lid for a chest. Some years after, chance discovered to him the other of the pieces, containing the head and bust, at his cobbler's, who had nailed it under a stool; the two portions fitted in with one another exactly.

Reserving to the last some pieces that will occasion certain reflections, let us find the third room, over which presides the magnificent Doge whose profile Titian has drawn with such vigorous majesty. Close by is the Resurrection, by Perugino, at which it is erroneously supposed that Raphael worked, because the master has given to the youngest of the sentinels asleep in the sepulchre the youthful profile of his pupil. The work is interesting for more reasons than one: it is here that the painter has represented himself, under the tunic of one of the Soldiers who were witnesses of the Lord's rising; the strange expression which he has given to his features, betrays the bitter scepticism into which this spirit was plunged after the martyrdom of Savonarola. Pietro Perugino stands incarnate in this veteran; the only one roused, he darts upon the Christ a smile marked by suspicion, almost enmity, and stamped by a questioning fixity.

The near kinship of Sanzio with his master, particularly at the time when the disciple first came out, appears in the Coronation of the Virgin, which Raphael executed in 1502 for the Benedictines of Perugia. It is a Perugino without leanness, with the same simplicity ennobled by an instinct of style; the taste of Raphael discloses itself with unconscious originality; you will recognise higher aspirations in it, than in the work of Perugino. Still the Virgin on the Throne, by the latter, surrounded by four Saints at prayer, is more clearly a master-work: we have a more perfect conviction that the artist has given complete expression to his whole idea. It is the apogee of the art which preceded the Dioscuri of the Renaissance, and perhaps Perugino's masterpiece; containing exquisite figures, powerful in colouring, on a fine horizon with cleverly sketched buildings. He painted it for the Commune Hall of his native town; France who carried it off, did not care to keep it: it was one of those unappreciated gems, with which the Thermidorian school reproached Bonaparte for loading his baggage waggons.

How trivial seems the Pieta of Caravaggio beside these mystic inspirations, and how academic and discordant in tones seems the ugly picture of the Martyrdom of S. Erasmus, the most serious error of Poussin! He was not made for melodrama, with which indeed didactic purity does not go well. So that no great name might fail to answer the call, some brokers inspired Pius VII. with the ambition of acquiring at a very high price the Christ the Saviour, of Correggio: I have not to describe this piece, which is numbered 40, and which in the eyes of a serious connoisseur of experience might be worth one hundred crowns. They took the trouble to transport to Paris the Saint Michelina of Baroccio, but the allies reclaimed this dull painting. The Madonna alla Cintola is the weakest or most retouched of the pictures of Cesare da Cesto, the eclectic pupil of Leonardo. As an illustration of history, the fresco of Melozzo da Forli, brought by Leo XII. from the Library to the Loggie, then from a wall on to canvas, and representing Sixtus IV. receiving Platina his librarian, is one of the most interesting pieces, for it gives the portraits of Jerome Riario, lord of Forli, of John della Rovere, of Bartolommeo Sacchi, called Platina, author of the History of the Popes, a fine head and subtle face; of Pope Sixtus; finally, of his nephews, the cardinals Peter Riario and Julian della Rovere,

the first renowned for his prodigalities and who died young; the second very famous, for he became Julius II. These personages are treated with a master hand, and we recognise the talent of an artist whom Raphael Maffei classed in the front rank of the portrait painters of that time; consequently we can put confidence in the truth of the interpretations, and fix the changes which age and the practice of authority wrought in the countenance of Julius II. Here, he is a young man, brown and spare, of reserved attitude and modest mien; the expression is intelligent and



PORTA ANGELICA—PONTIFICAL RESIDENCE IN THE VATICAN.

graceful, the nose is extremely projecting, because its roots are not yet hid in a fleece of moustache: Julian della Rovere is drawn beardless. When one remembers the portrait by Raphael, of which the original is at London, and the Venetian copy at the Pitti palace, or the vigorous profile of the Mass of Bolsena, this head of the warlike pontiff in his youth causes one lively amazement.

Out of the forty-two pictures of this gallery, the Louvre received and then gave back one-and-twenty. But the works that were taken away from the pontifical states at the time of our victories, were not restored by the popes to the cities or

to the establishments which had lost them: the convents and basilicas of Rome, the cities of Perugia, Pesaro, Foligno, even the sanctuary of Loretto, remained stripped for the benefit of the Vatican; is not this abuse of sovereignty rather like the excesses of victory? Let us also observe that the paintings which in 1797 gave rise to these spoliations of ours were by preference academic works due to Guercino, Valentin, Nicholas Poussin, Guido Reni, Andrew Sacchi; to the Bolognese, or the Romans, or the French who followed them. The Virgin and St. Thomas of Reni is one of the most mediocre pieces you can look at; yet they dragged it from Pesaro to Paris, and the Italians brought it back with honour from Paris to the Vatican, instead of restoring it to Pesaro, so much did the name of Guido dazzle people! As it may be curious to draw up, in connection with the Pinacotheca, the list of our compulsory restitutions after 1815, we will remind the reader that out of twenty-one pictures taken back, Fra Angelico, Poussin, Valentin, Guercino, Michelangelo of Caravaggio, Giulio Romano, associated with Penni, called Il Fattore, figured each of them for one subject; Baroccio, Andrew Sacchi, Guido, each furnished two; Perugino three; Raphael five, among them that famous Transfiguration which occupies a room apart, facing the Communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino, a cardinal piece which we had also to restore, and which, owing to a tradition of admiration, caused more bitter regrets to amateurs fifty years since, than the sacrifice of all the rest of the gallery.

It remains to us to speak of the St. Jerome and the Transfiguration, which face one another from each side of a vast casement, leaving in the background at the bottom of the room a picture which the fine world looks at far less—the Madonna of Foligno. Such is the influence of a certain pedagoguishness over the ciceroni, who are only professors, alas, for the favourites of fortune: this monument of an ideal purity and tender colouring, which marks the apogee of the second manner of Raphael, fails to captivate the crowd, which, rivetted by order to two admirations, casts a glance without stopping on the Madonna of Foligno, as on a secondary and respectable object. I have passed long hours there, and my observations are faithful.

The Transfiguration of Raphael is assuredly a fine picture, although the author has emancipated himself in it from unity of action, which is cried up as a general thesis by the classic admirers of this master; they have had to admit the double vision of a poem in the clouds, and a drama with its peripeteia on the earth. Jesus, transformed in the azure between Moses and Elias, the mystic figures of the apostles, the kneeling bodies of St. Laurence and St. Julian, the patrons of Cardinal Julius de Medici who was destined to become Clement VII.—the whole of this scene of Tabor goes back, further even than the youth of Raphael, up to the primitive Florentine traditions; only the prestige of an extremely ennobled style and design has prevented the filiation from being striking. This evangelical legend of the Transfiguration Raphael took as a theme before the first door of Ghiberti, and Ghiberti himself found the arrangement in Giotto. There is a shocking contrast when we see in the same frame two episodes, one flowing from Gothic traditions, while the other answers to the absolutely opposed doctrines which were cried up by Vasari under the influence of Michelangelo, and accepted by Giulio Romano, who partly executed the Drama of the One Possessed, joined on by an effort to the Transfiguration. In this lower part, where the colouring takes a harder force, where the theatrically posed figures are thinking of the spectator, where feeling and nature are replaced by impression and effect; before this

piece where Raphael may contend with the masters of ages to follow him, you recognise all his skill, but you no longer enjoy his genius. It is not without curiosity that you watch the coldly arranged convulsions of the little energumen, to whom his father sets an example of surprising attitudes; round them, everybody plays his part as in the arrangement of a tableau vivant, and this method is to become a law of composition, for ever, it may be!

From the time when Raphael Mengs classified this above all the works of the Sanzio, even to the day when Quatremère de Quincy proclaimed it the finest picture in the world, such doctrines must have exercised over taste an influence which explains the common infatuation for the Communion of St. Jerome. That was, as has been often enough repeated, the only picture fit to be compared with the Transfiguration. What a lesson for Raphael, if only it had not been posthumous! Nicholas Poussin, who placed on the same line two painters above all others, Raphael and Domenichino, considered the St. Jerome as one of the finest pictures in Rome. If we preserve independence and candour enough to shake off imperious prejudices, we shall recognise that the composition of the St. Jerome, too sensibly inspired by Augustin Caracci, is cold. Its principal charm is derived from a background of admirable landscape, under a sky on which hover some tolerably stiff angels. But how full of defects the principal figure! The greenish body of the dying man, of an ill-studied design, in which we imagine the ravages of a merely conventional senility; the sinking head without a halo, which has no longer any consciousness of the great eucharistic act, nor in the distinction of the lines any traces of what St. Jerome was; the familiarly benign expression of St. Ephraim, bearing the viaticum as a nurse would present a draught; and the figure of the Arab, who has nothing to do with the scene, and who, they say, represents the east; finally, in the whole, the absence of emotion, of poetical faith in the mysteries which are being unveiled, in the mysteries which it is desired to summon before us . . . . It is a composition executed with much splendour, but of inferior significance, and with a good deal of theatrical flashiness. It will keep the rank it has usurped: Panurge and his sheep assure me of it.

IV.

It is time to penetrate into the numerous galleries consecrated to the masterpieces of antique art. This long journey, we will begin with the primitive ages; chronology serves us as bond for the schools, as well as for the facts of history. It is to Gregory XVI. that the Vatican owes two collections, which take us back even beyond historic times to the origin of the arts in the farthest east and old Latium. The Pope Capellari was a Venetian; the establishment of the Egyptian museum, and the erection of an Etruscan museum, express the ideas of an artist and a scholar. Let us first make our way through the Egyptian galleries.

I do not know whether the Vatican collection, like that of the Viceroy of Egypt, possesses effigies that go back to Chephren, that Pharaoh of the fourth dynasty who built the second Pyramid, and whose pensive portrait displays a youth unchanged by sixty centuries. But from Amosis, who commences the eighteenth, the husband of Aah-Hotep, whose ornaments also figure in the collection of Boulak, some monuments

of the New Empire are dispersed in the Roman gallery. This new era corresponds with the last years of the patriarch Jacob, about 1800 years B.C. To this epoch belongs the Mummy, only too well preserved, for it is horrible to see, of a priest of Ammon, who bears inscribed on his breast the name of Amosis. The face still preserves its skin, stretched with effort over the teeth, which pierce through, so as to offer in a violent rictus a sight of derision at the living reality. At the bottom of the principal hall you come upon a statue in black granite, which is said to represent the mother of the hero of the nineteenth dynasty, of that Rameses II. whom the Greeks called Sesostris, and whose son Menephtah was swallowed up in the Red Sea at the time of the flight of the Children of Israel. It was in the gardens of Sallust that they exhumed the grandmother of this Pharaoh; the head-gear, surrounded by a vulture of the strangest description, the bizarre lines of this naked figure, which is very delicately executed, will prevent you from forgetting it. The enormous Sarcophagi of the vestibule, in which arabesques mingle with symbolical figures, might possibly not be earlier than the time when Egypt, temporarily delivered from the yoke of the successors of Cambyses, rises up again with the twenty-eighth dynasty under the first Nectanebo: this period is rich in fine sarcophagi. One of these, however, is more ancient; it is that of a priest called Neith Mah, who lived under one of the Psammetichi, at a time when, according to Herodotus, the city of Sais became the capital of a civilization which was travelling northward. The Egyptians thus went before the Greeks; in the same way the Hellenic influence made itself felt in their art before the Macedonian era, although subsequently to the era of which we speak the country fell back under the domination of the Persians of the thirty-first dynasty, of which Manetho alone reveals the existence. It is to the last three races of the New Empire, that we have to assign such monuments as the fine Lions which so long decorated the Acqua Felice fountain, and which were found near the Pantheon in 1443. They date from King Acoris, who continued the temple of Philæ, and are a very free and sculptural representation of leonine forms. For these antique peoples animals were a theme for ornamentation; they did not feel themselves obliged by zoological scruples to post two huge beasts, stupidly realistic, as sentries at a palace gate. The horses of Phidias, which are more true than nature, only existed in the Iliad.

I would willingly connect with these later epochs the Statues of Women, half natural. One is draped in a fine and closely adhering gauze; her features have a mysterious expression; you expect her lips to open with an enigma. The other, wearing a kind of peplum, and carrying a horn of plenty, is evidently Egyptian also; but she might just as well represent some matron of the early ages of Rome, cut by one of those Etruscan artists who had discovered in the east the land of their origin. The statue of Acoris, of which only the lower part remains, the granite colossi of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoë, so frequent a name in the Ptolemaic dynasty, offer objects of valuable comparison, though less significant perhaps than the giant idol of the goddess Nepthys, whose function was to watch at the feet of the dead, with Isis who guarded their pillow. This figure offers in a degree not surpassed by the Greeks themselves, skill in outline and in feminine expression. A ravishing piece, the little Crocodile of basalt, evidently belongs also to these skilful days.

I need only speak of the Papyri, to bear witness to the admirable arrangement of this part of the collection, and to point out in the rooms whither you go for them, a quantity of small curiosities—enamels, bronzes, little figures of terra cotta and of wood, small gods

wearing enormous perukes, animals (including a most marvellous parrot), mummies of cats only tolerably pleasing, etc. I observed also a large jasper scarabæus, bearing the date of the eleventh year of Amemphis III., the hero of the eighteenth dynasty, the same who on the architraves of the temple of Luxor, plumes himself on being the Bull who rules by the Sword, the Lord of the two Worlds, and the Child of the Sun. Less rich than ours in extremely antique pieces and of colossal dimensions, the Egyptian museum of the Vatican commends itself by its diversity; it allows us to penetrate more deeply into the life of this mysterious people; the very arrangement of the subjects is less cold, less lugubrious, than in the ground-floors of the Louvre, and less prim than in the presses of the first story, where the dispersiveness of a monotonous classification transforms the frightened curious into swift passers-by.

After getting together the elements of this colossal collection, the judicious Gregory XVI. undertook the task of separating, so as to make them the object of an instructive study, the Egyptian pasticci that fashion or caprice produced under the emperors, and particularly Adrian. The colossal marble Antinoüs, the last-born of the demigods of sculpture, is the capital piece of this section of the museum; it was found in the Villa Adriana. Like all the Antinoüses, this is executed with a feminine exquisiteness of rounded and velvetty outlines. It is a figure cut by a Greek, under the hieratic arrangement of the sacred royalties of Egypt, and in the attitude of a Roman: this threefold character is clearly indicated. The Nile, an enormous recumbent figure, is equally allied to Greek art. What is generally wanting in the profuse imitations under Adrian is *accent*, is that perfume which every artificial flower lacks; these figures do not think, nor do they suggest thought: their expression, their pose, involuntarily modern, almost lead you to guess what was the fashionable type of beauty at the beginning of the second century. In the sterile and skilful time of the Antonines, these interpretations seemed identical with the art of Egypt; time has dissipated the illusions for us by placing us at a distance: do not our own pasticci run the risk of an analogous destiny? Without speaking of the differences inherent in the material processes, of which we take no account, and yet which have extreme influence over the most, let us observe that the Osirises, the Ptahs, the Horuses of Adrian, no longer restore the forms of a definite race, which the true Egyptians unconsciously gave us; so there only remains an episode in the history of taste: the worth of the monuments results from the price of the material, from the difficulties of the finish of the execution. When Time turns workman and intervenes with his patience in the works of men, he bequeaths to them a part of his own duration; but in these affairs of pasticci and of passing fashion, he lowers them to the level of industrial art, at which it hardly becomes us to express ourselves much shocked, for it is to be feared that with the future our own epoch may have no other representative.

V.

After having seen among the Egyptians the remains of an art earlier than our written traditions, it is well to go and compare on the spot that primitive æsthetic (it is primitive for us), with that of the Etruscans, of whose history we are ignorant, and who, having emigrated from the regions of Asiatic Greece, occupied not only Tuscany, but

AWAITING THE ILLUMINATIONS, ON THE STEPS OF THE BASILICA.

a part of Latium, before the historic ages of Italy. To pass from one study to the other, and from the first museum to the second, the eyes receive a very stirring distraction in the quarters of the Vatican Greece which you have to go through. It is impossible to help stopping in a certain hall which forms a vestibule, and which, being open on several sides, with a splendid staircase in three flights for ascending to the galleries, forms a centre in a very labyrinth of wonders of which you have vague glimpses.

This, through which we are passing, is called the Hall of the Greek Cross; one of those architectural gems, in which the end of the old régime sometimes found out proportion and grace, and which answer to our ideas of the antique palaces. The mosaic in the middle, the red granites, the columns of coralline brecchia and green porphyry which support the arched vaulting and lateral entablatures of the marble steps; those bas-reliefs set to right and left of the central archway; the vase of green granite which serves on the architrave as a point for the perspectives of the upper vault; the simplicity of a frieze in which lilies, stars, and eagles mix, and that Boreas of the storm,—pieces detached from the new arms of the good Pope Braschi; the Sphinxes which guard the stairs, and that happy arrangement which allows three stories of splendours to be embraced under different lights; the animation, the modest richness, the delight one has in visiting at home, in an abode prepared for them, the gods and heroes of Attica—all this seductive harmony and peaceful movement affect one with a fulness of contentment so rare, that there results a lively intuition of the superiority of classic works when brought to such a point of perfection. This sanctuary where you are surprised not to meet Alcibiades and Phryne, forms part of the charming constructions which Pius VI. intrusted to Camporese and Simonetti, two artists of high worth, and yet which no Biography has thought it worth while to name. The great doorway of the hall is set up in Sienese granite; its two shafts supporting Egyptian colossi serving as caryatides, rise under an entablature that bears vases of red granite; an entrance of severe beauty, brightened by a bas-relief which occupies the centre. You see those glorious profiles moving and ever renewed, as slowly and with eyes drawn away on all sides at once, you ascend the steps leading to the Etruscan museum, the second creation of Pope Gregory XVI.

This collection struck me as more curious than the other, for it was newer to me. Emanating from uncertain epochs, perhaps anterior to our petty notions of history, the art of the Etruscan which Mommsen almost denies, has only a distant resemblance to Egyptian art. Before works of Tuscan origin, you are not stunned, as you are before the basalts of Thebes or Memphis; you have no longer to do with the gods of another race, propounding in a frightful immobility enigmas to which there is no solution. Families from Asia naturalised in Latin lands—Seneca expressly says this—the Etruscans only suffer themselves to be half divined; the movement and expression sought by their artists, are identified with our own dramatic sense: the various expressions seem nearer of kind to our peoples of to-day, than the models who are represented by the artists of the Renaissance. And the reason is simple; the Etruscans were not constrained by a school didactic to assimilate mere borrowed types.

Researches having exhumed small objects, which belonged to usual life, in such numbers that this gallery is for the Etruscans, and Sabellians perhaps as well, what the Pompeian museum at Naples is for the Romans, we are in a position to characterize so many different works by establishing certain distinctions among them. I observed that in the domestic carvings, such as bas-reliefs, small bronzes, terra cotta, funeral monuments,

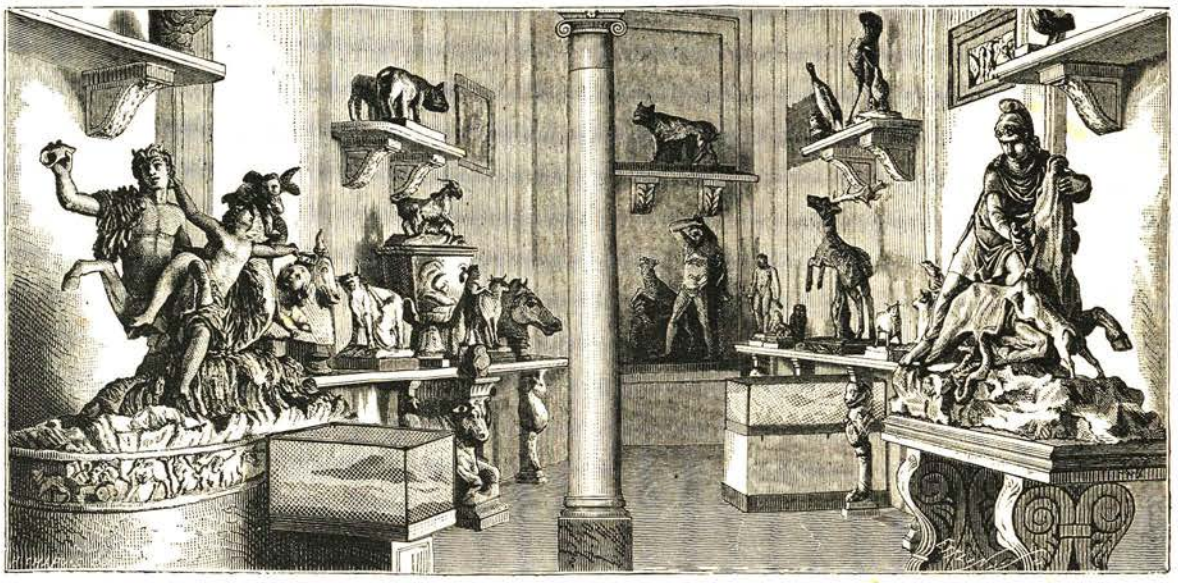
the sentiment of the ideally or conventionally beautiful is, just as among the peoples of the west during the middle ages, subordinate to animation of expression; while in the decoration of ceramic works appears a certain idea of heroic form, made slighter, it is true, by the wish to put the subjects on the stage in a clear and definite action. To bring out these characteristics by means of contrasts, they have exhibited Greek vases by the side of Etruscan vases with white grounds, which are the most ancient —two distinct sources that were for long confounded together. The potiche of the Education of Bacchus, the great tazze or pateræ of the Argonautic series, are like our paintings and statues of the Roman period, but with more elegance; a superiority of taste that seems to be inherent in the Ausonian soil.

As I entered, I remarked among the terra-cotta and alabaster urns of Volterra four great tombs, one of which, in stone like peperino but of smaller grain, is surmounted by the recumbent statue of the dead, escorted by wife and children; the bas-relief represents a human sacrifice. On the second sarcophagus, which is of travertine, sleeps a priest surrounded by the attributes of his functions; the two others also bear reclining figures. In style and arrangement, but above all in the mien of the persons, these monuments seem to have been executed in the middle ages; they would lead you to suppose that in the twelfth century the inhabitants of Chiusi, Cornetto, Arezzo, and more southern regions, forgetting Greeks and Romans, resumed by instinct the autochthonic tradition of the Etruscans. In many cippi the grotesqueness of Asiatic conception is allied with the finesse of Greek art; but more commonly the types resemble the 'primitives' of Florentine art. It is especially by their physiognomy that most of the Busts attract you: I will point out two in terra cotta, which you would suppose to have been moulded after blonde Englishwomen by some pupil of Lawrence. Before a bronze statue found at Todi, which represents a warrior with a winged helmet on his head, and with a doublet under his cuirass—a figure of a superb head, a true attitude, legs firmly designed, you seem to see an Æginetan equipped like one of our crusading barons. Genii, winged and grotesque divinities, have an aspect so fundamentally eastern, that their apparitions carry the mind back to the extremity of India. They have discovered a complete Biga, or two-wheeled car, in wood covered with copper: the nave of the wheels is adorned with Cynocephalai; assuredly nothing is more rare or curious than such an object. I had begun a small drawing of it, when I was forbidden to continue that dishonest occupation.

This museum does not seem as if it had fallen from the skies like the Greek collection, the Olympus of divinities with nothing human in the neighbourhood. Here, on the contrary, is a profusion of the furniture and utensils of domestic life; seats and beds, mirrors, vases, arms, and battle harness; chafing-dishes, frying-pans, utensils of every sort. The excavations at Cære, Tarquiniæ, Volsci, Bolsena, have given up treasures beyond hope, from the inscription in a legible but unknown tongue, up to the most ancient and delicate cups of Etrurian art. At Cære one single chamber has given up, besides pottery and a cooking apparatus, all the trinkets of a family, a real jeweller's shop, which has given rise in our days to the fashion of Etruscan gems, and began the fortune of Castellani. To immortalise such a find, and to give a more complete idea of these mausoleums, they have constructed, here in the Gregorian museum, the sepulchral chamber of Cære. All the objects are most conveniently exposed in revolving cases of glass, cylindrical or pyramidal.

These Etruscan remains are fruitful in information as to the customs which the

Romans borrowed, and whose origin is cleared up by them. We possess furnaces for the incineration of the bones of the dead before enclosing them in tiny sarcophagi of terra cotta, where the dead slumber in effigy, holding in their hands poppy stems, as well as the round mystic mirror, so frequently found in sepulchral chambers. The paintings of Tarquiniæ and Volsci, which the learned Gregory XVI. has had copied, represent dances, funeral feasts, players on musical instruments, and gladiators, who thus confirm the presumption of the Etruscan origin of that institution. There is also a great iron bed for the incremation of the dead. From the notable diversity which even in similar objects proves clearly marked schools, we may infer the enormous duration of a period that we are accustomed to sum up in a word. Etruscan population, usages, processes, lasted up to the era of the Cæsars, as writers tell us and as architecture showed. In certain works in which we note the intervention of a Greek inspiration, this tardy influence lends them an ingenuous grace whose attraction you cannot resist: the oval Toilette, round which an unknown artist has thrown the Combat of the Amazons, is one of those works in which the rays of Polycletus and Myron are reflected. Before such charming marvels, it is hard to accept with Mommsen that the heirs of the Tyrrhenians, given up to sinister rites, sanguinary and darkened by horrible phantasmagorias, introduced no art into Italy, where they are supposed to have remained below the Sabines and even the Samnites.



HALL OF THE ANIMALS (MUSEO PIO-CLEMENTINO).

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DIVINE CITY OF THE VATICAN (*continued*).

Lapidary collections.—Museo Chiaramonti.—The Bracchio Nuovo.—Entrance to the Pio-Clementine Galleries.—Court and portico of the Belvedere.—The Laocoön.—The Hall of the Animals.—Galleries of Statues.—Decorations and statues of the Cabinet of Masks.

I.

THE Vatican necropolis has as many inhabitants as one of our sub-prefectures, and these populations of marble belong entirely to the great world: what time we should need to become familiar with them! Built under the shadow of St. Peter's by the heirs of the good shepherd, who in guise of sheep have brought back so many lost or buried gods, this pagan city is divided into seventeen regions, corresponding to as many special collections. Each princely house has brought its tribute here: and zeal and sacrifices have redoubled for a century past, in spite of the evil fortune of the time. In paying homage to the persevering liberality which has endowed the universe with its most magnificent museum, we cannot help pointing out to the recognition and gratitude of nations four sovereigns of our age, who to crown so great a work surmounted many obstacles. These missionaries of art are Pius VI., Pius VII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX. We should add Clement XIV., if by beginning the Clementine collection, Pope Ganganelli had done more than yield to the impulse of his treasurer-general, Cardinal Braschi, who was shortly to become Pius VI.

You penetrate into this labyrinth by a long vaulted avenue, which Bramante built, and where Pius VII. organized the lapidary museum. At the bottom of the perspective you perceive a distant grating; it cuts the wide corridor in two; it is the barrier which limits this suburb. Tombstones and sarcophagi are drawn up in a double row along the preliminary alley, whose walls are a mosaic of inscriptions; just as to come to

THE CHIARAMONTI GALLERY.

Rome, you follow the Appian Way all lined with tombs, so you get into the Vatican city by a road of sepulchres. These monuments succeed one another over a length of nearly six hundred feet; all is classed by kinds, centuries, creeds, purposes. On one side extend, in rows over one another, family epitaphs; then friends, consular personages, patricians of imperial lineage; finally people belonging to the different trades. In front of this inlaying of marbles, set in the right wall, are arranged between the windows the sarcophagi as well as the inscriptions of new-born Christianity, pages taken from the Catacombs and written in Latin or Greek; sometimes in a hybrid tongue and illustrated by symbolical designs. These inscriptions are usually short but expressive; in presence of them we still perceive the ardent anguish of beings, turned to air these eighteen centuries past.

Nothing is more instructive than the bas-reliefs devoted to the craftsmen of a time when every dealer was an artisan. We see them in the workshop in the midst of their tools; the cutler forges, tempers, beats the iron; hatchets, pincers, scissors, are hung up in the shop, where we see the knives in rows, and, lower down, the counter with its drawers. The architect has the compass in his hand; the potter or the locksmith handles the wheel or the file. This Roman world, in which they lavished so much marble for artisans, for freedmen, and even for slaves commended by the name and certificates of the masters, this people so reverent towards the dead, was it predestined for a spiritualist and equalitarian religion? In the middle of the gallery, on the pagan side, where the inscriptions bear the impress of the same manners, you are inevitably stopped before enormous lions' heads decorating a sarcophagus contemporary with Titus, on which dance in escort upon Dionysus draped Bacchantes, of a charming style. Scenic masks fill up the voids of this sculpture, which its purity would no doubt allot to very remote times, if the Greek artist to whom it is due had drawn out its reliefs to inferior depth.

Interesting as this public vestibule is, on the first days you do not linger there; the treasures accumulated behind the grating and which sparkle from a distance like blocks of snow, make you impatient to penetrate into the reserved enclosures. Under these large vaults, you march one hundred and fifty metres between two close hedges of groups and busts set up in rows on consoles with statuettes, figures seated or upright, on pedestals adorned with bas-reliefs, and surmounted by other bas-reliefs set in the walls.

The first gallery of the Chiaramonti museum, organized by Pius VII., contains nearly eight hundred works of art; the heroic figures, the tombs with their masks, the portraits, the Gods accommodated to Latin rites, all tell you the ideal history of Rome, but written in Greek; not one work has come forth from the soil; the works of elegance and beauty are tribute paid to the conquering race by the vanquished of Athens and Argos; the sons of Homer formed to poetry, but they could never raise to sculpture, the soldiers who had to subdue a world. The Romans were masters only in architecture; it belonged to the legislators of property to teach nations the art of construction.

To approach all the marbles in these galleries would be to paraphrase a catalogue, so I shall do no more than mention what remain in my memory. The first is a bust of Julius Cæsar, the head draped as high pontiff on the point of sacrificing. Cæsar is represented in the last years of his life; his face seamed and furrowed, betrays a supreme lassitude, the dry expression of a man who has exhausted everything. No

word would convey the contemptuous majesty, which on this luminous and ruined head, unites with a mixture of nobility, pedantry, and moral desolation. How is it that they have not made a model of the masterpiece, which transmits to us so profound a revelation? Further on, the fine sarcophagus of Junius Evhodus and his wife, found in the excavations at Ostia, represents the legend of Alcestis, copied from older bas-reliefs. This romance of conjugal love traced on the marble is a homage of Evhodus 'to his very dear and very blessed wife Metilia Acte.' These people, who had little dread of death, prepared tombs most tastefully adorned, and gallantly offered like a madrigal to the loved object. Close by is a magnificent Urn, where you see the grapes being trampled in a vat, and above, Bacchus seated with Ariadne—a work of the time of the Antonines. The colossal bust of the Pallas taken from old Laurentum would be worth a description. The Athlete in Repose, which the waves of the sea had rolled to the port of Antium, where it was found, is a figure of peculiar elegance; the bas-relief of Azzia Agela presents us, as surprised in the practice of the habits of domestic life, the deceased seated on a Triclinium before her work-table. Near a colossal head of Octavianus, represented young, is a statue of his successor at the opening of his reign; Tiberius is seated, clothed in the chlamys, knotted over the shoulder, and crowned with oak-leaves; he holds with one hand a long sceptre, while the other rests on the Parazonium. This statue, found at Veii, is splendid; the aristocratic beauty of the features, the kindly animation which shines in the expression, give to the head a fascination that throws suspicion on the veracity of Tacitus. The unique bust of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was exhumed under Pius IX. at Ostia, in the same place as the youthful Augustus in Parian marble, the most delicate likeness of the first of the emperors.

SARCOPHAGUS OF THE BACCHANTES.

Let us be on our guard against incarnating the supple spirit of Cicero in that big, good-natured face, which we see in plaster in our French museums and provincial schools. The real Marcus Tullius, conformably to the authentic Greek medal published by father St. Clement, is that lean head with meagre cheeks, with penetrating and caustic expression: a strangely living figure, whose expressive lines Themis and Apollo seem to have hollowed together. The great man has not on his nose the traditional mole; for he was called Cicero like his father and like his brother Quintus, and not because he had a wart like a vetch on his face. The true bust of the Chiaramonti museum is numbered 423; and we have no cast of it.

To manufacture for themselves an emperor that would last awhile, the provinces were occasionally less ceremonious than the prætorian legions. They took a Jupiter or a Meleager, they put a globe or a sceptre into his hand, and the effigy served equally well under all reigns. The statue numbered 453 offers an instance of this.

A curious statue, the unique portrait of a Cæsar whose medals are most rare, is that of Diadumenianus, the son of Macrinus, whom Heliogabalus's soldiers massacred at the age of sixteen. Ælius Lampridius describes to what a degree the army was dazzled, when for the first time it saw this youth appearing in the imperial vestments, '*siderius et cœlestis.*' The colours of life play in his cheeks; the sculptor has warmed the marble by investing it with certain effects of painting. Here, close by his side, is another Tiberius, of Pentelican marble, still very young, half naked, with drapery treated by a very skilful hand; the latter, more real, has an air of astonishment, almost of brutishness; the man of Capreæ seems to show himself. The head of Antoninus Pius (505) is of a fine character. The Cato (510), an empty face with hanging lower lip, is apocryphal. The Marius, seen from a distance and sideways, reminded me of our poor Halévy during the last months of his wasting existence; but nearer, the head becomes vulgar, and Marius is only a Terrorist porter of the faubourg St. Marceau. The colossal bust of Isis, 'queen of the elements,' as Apuleius says, a perfect testimony of the emigration of this worship among the Greeks in the time of the Ptolemies, is of Pentelican marble. Near the draped bust of Annius Verus in his infancy (559), there is another, the free execution of which, stripped of every mere school process, deserves a glance; they suppose it to be Domitius Ænobarbus, the happy sire of Nero. Let us observe also a grand statue of an emperor whom his decapitation makes anonymous, and between whose shoulders, in accordance with a too frequent practice, they have planted the head of Claudius. Although it has no longer arms or head, the statue numbered 638 has forms of such heteroclite beauty, that everybody fancies he sees an androgynous representation; the set of the drapery assigns it to a fine epoch of Grecian art. Treated with greater fancy and a purity which is not any less, the Ganymede carried away by an Eagle is a piece of irresistible effect; the wings of the metamorphosed Jupiter form a little pavilion over the head of the tearful *giovinetto:* 'they often asked from the sculptor Leucares,' Pliny tells us, 'the reproduction of so successful a statue.' It was near the mole of Cæcilia Metella that they discovered the bust 698, bearing the name of Cicero: it is only mentioned here, to prevent confusion with the real likeness mentioned above. Against the pannel before this, the important sarcophagus of Nonius, in marble from Luna, deserves mention, though it is mediocre from the artistic point of view, and contemporary with Caracalla. These Nonii were a family of freedmen, grown rich in the oil trade, and having on the road to Ostia their villa and sepulchral mole. Between the pilasters of the sarcophagus they have cut a *Mola asinaria;* but here the ass is replaced by a mare. The bas-relief represents the implements used in squeezing the olives; the hollow vessel for collecting the liquid, the *quartarius* and *sextarius* for measuring it, the pierced trowel for keeping back the kernels and the pulp, panniers and baskets—everything connected with such a business. In the midst of so many curiosities, you have no leisure to examine the small frescoes, interesting and unpretentious, which decorate the lunettes contrived in the archways. In a time of distress, shortly after the return of the pope in 1814, Canova, in order to give bread to young painters as well as to keep up the practice of fresco, had these pictures executed at his own expense, and he devoted their subjects to the memorable acts of a pontiff by whom he was beloved.

When one has once passed from the grating to the bottom, then from the extremity to the point of departure, through this fine but rather cold Chiaramonti gallery, you are perfectly ready to approach the rich arrangement of the second hall, into

which you might have penetrated at once; for immediately beyond the railings it opens at right angles, by two granite columns surmounted by imperial busts in basalt and alabaster. As you go through the Bracchio Nuovo,—that construction of Pius VII. in which the shafts, red oriental granite, Carystian marble, Egyptian granite, brocatelle, and coralline brecchia, may be counted by the half-score, you still feel some suspicion at finding so many and still so many precious columns, of which the treasure seems inexhaustible. We know how the Romans set to work in the production of this endless number; and that besides the thousands of pillars, handed over completely polished to modern buildings by those of antiquity, the earth still holds in reserve unexplored workshops whence smoothed pillars could yet be extracted. Full of passion for their country, and devoted to the task of making it splendid, the Roman armies in the distant garrisons of Greece, Asia, Egypt, cut the finest marbles into blocks or beams: the soldiers polished a corner of it to show a specimen of the grain; the legion or the cohort marked it, and the marbles thus despatched came and were disembarked under the Aventine. I have seen many of these columns in a rudimentary state, with the designation of the army and the number of the legion; if they went on digging, they would get them up by dozens.

II.

What for me invests the galleries we are about to enter with a most fascinating harmony, is that they were expressly constructed to receive the marbles of a museum of antiques, and by men who had studied the ancients in ruins as well as in books. There is no complicated conception in a hall twenty-four feet broad by two hundred and eight long, with a small apse in the middle, forming the rudimentary arms of a Greek cross; but before building the Bracchio Nuovo, Raphael Stern was aware that he would have forty-three very important statues to put in relief. So he divided the length of his gallery into twenty-eight niches, and the apse into fifteen, and he was thus able to set the statues in a series of arches; then before the pilasters which separate them, he placed a row of as many busts on pillars of red granite. At the intersections of the arches are other busts supported on consoles; between the frieze and the keys of the arches bas-reliefs are set; an entablature with very projecting modillions serves as base for vaults, ornamented with coffer-work cut hollow into the stone, vaults supported by twelve Corinthian columns of the finest cipollino. Each of the doors has its pediment resting on precious columns; the light falls amply distributed upon charming mosaic pavements; in the middle of the gallery rises a Greek vase of black basalt on a pedestal of red granite. Thus the gallery is constructed for what furnishes it, and the statues only form a natural decoration.

This characteristic value of a museum built to be a museum cannot be held up too constantly for an example in our country, where economy frequently houses works of art in old monasteries, empty palaces, desecrated churches, garrets, or cellars. The animation of the placing in the Vatican also enables us to understand how essential it is, under naves of middle height, that the vaults instead of remaining bare should be worked over by sculpture and painting, and to what a point the diversity of many-coloured marbles is necessary in all architecture that is reduced to linear severity of style.

When, to lodge the masterpieces with which he had presented the world, Pius VII. realised between 1817 and 1822 a project elaborated in 1806 with Cardinal Consalvi, the pontiff set up the last pure and brilliant building that our modern ages have planted on Roman soil.

One of the important pieces of this gallery, the statue of Augustus, found some six years ago at the villa of Livia, has replaced, in consequence of the munificence of Pius IX., the Antinoüs with the attributes of Vertumnus, which had been restored by the pupils of Canova. The Augustus is one of the good statues of the Vatican; it gives rise to observations which will perhaps seem novel. The body may have been modelled from the prince, but the head, which perhaps remained only sketched, is treated, or at any rate finished, in a manner that seems contemporary with Trajan. Pliny the Naturalist tells us that Augustus had the ball of the eye very large and very white, which gave to his greenish pupil so strange an expression, that in speaking to the prince, people could not help staring at him with curiosity, which caused him to wax impatient. This particular characteristic is faithfully translated by the marble; only certain surfaces are excessively smoothed, the accent of the face is rendered with a certain leanness, and this contrasts with the drapery, and with the armour, which is a masterpiece. In composing it, the artist appears to me to have taken a delicate flattery out of Virgil. It is told in the eighth book of the Æneid that Venus gave to her son a suit of war harness, in which Vulcan had prophetically represented the lofty deeds of the Romans down to Cæsar Augustus; now the sculptor has clad the emperor in the arms of Æneas. In the middle of the breastplate, commanded by Jupiter from the heights of Olympus, below whom Venus starts forth on a car in face of Mars and a Victory, you recognise Cæsar, thrice invincible, consecrating to the gods of Italy the walls and the eagles of Rome:—

'Triplici invectus Romana triumpho
Mœnia, diis Italis, votum immortale sacrabat.'

The she-wolf of Romulus walks like a faithful hound by the side of Octavianus; a few allegorical figures mingle in the design of the bas-reliefs, in which the statuary has been content to hint an intention, without trying to introduce the illustrations of the history of Rome within the limited field of a cuirass—a prodigy for which the magic art of Vulcan is indispensable.

In one of the niches people admire the statue of Modesty, a large figure with a diadem on its head, whence a long veil falls back over the peplum, which covers a robe of heavier stuff with majestic folds. These three different draperies arranged over one another are admirably wrought; but we should only give a reserved acceptance to the hand, which is heavy, and to the head, which is only tolerably noble in its pose: both are modern; the head has been composed from medals, with a superior appreciation of antique art. Two very singular statues fronting one another, the one of Titus, the other of his daughter Julia, often stopped me by their pitiless reality. The son of Vespasian is short, squat, thickset, with a good-humoured and sensual face; he wears big winter shoes; his figure and shape are particularly individual, you would recognise him from among a thousand, by back or side, as if you had lived in intimacy with him. A hive of honey is carved at his feet, the panegyric of a delicate symbolism. Fleshly, short, stout, like her father, Julia is of a masculine ugliness, cynically portrayed. Discovered near St. John Lateran in a garden, father and daughter represent to the

life one of those unceremonious families where they eat enormously. It is curious to compare the second of these likenesses with a deified figure of the same Julia (No. 56). The Faun of the gardens of Lucullus belongs to a pure art, and would be a gem if it had not been so much restored; the Euripides is an authentic likeness of a simple work, old, therefore, and of the best style; the Demosthenes, in a natural and collected

AUGUSTUS (BRACCHIO NUOVO).

position, with rather thin arms, a developed neck, a deep eye, a laborious brow, a lip on which eloquence is stamped, is the figure of a thinker and a master of expression. Here, here truly, is the orator of the Olynthiacs, and not that athletic and shorn mask, portrait of some good liver, which for so many years has been passed off in our schools of design for a famous Greek.

What a contrast with the true figure, so expressionless and morose, of an Athlete,

a supple and vigorous frame in which people consent to recognise the pure reproduction of a statue of Lysippus, that which the murmurs of the people forced Tiberius to restore to the Thermæ of Agrippa! If this work is really Greek—I mean by that, executed in Greece—the Ceres of the Ostian excavations, placed near an Adrian which resembles Francis I., cannot have the same origin: it was at Rome, and to please the *gens togata*, that the Athenian refugees executed these draped divinities with their long severe folds. We cannot say so much of the statue of Fortune.

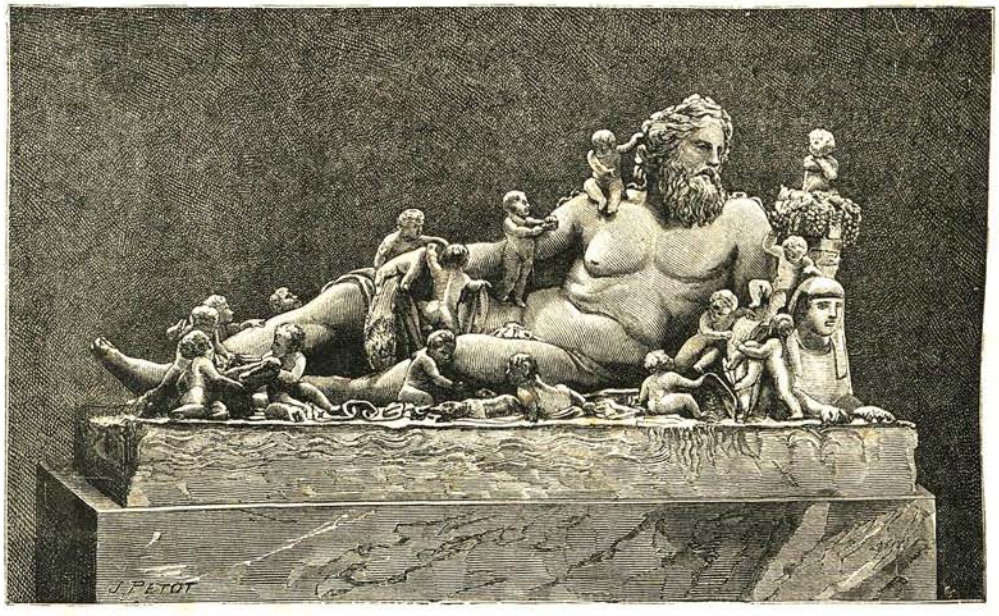
Fallen into the pay of a people who were rationalistic, positive, and unskilled in the matter of art, the statuaries of Greece modified the style and in some sort the manipulation of their likenesses; they had to seek *immediate* resemblances, and to ask for the secret of life in details which had hitherto been nobly neglected. Physiology begins to find some gleanings in spelling out faces which, like the bust of Marcus Antonius, exhumed near the Porta Pia, with those of Lepidus and Octavianus, describe the personage. There is plenty of character and spirit in the face of Antonius; the man here seems above his part; the mouth especially has a slightly mocking delicacy which expresses a versatile intelligence, almost one of our own time, and, what is so unexpected, the madman who lost the empire of the world to follow Cleopatra, has an air which is rather profoundly vicious than sensual. What a contrast with the face of Lepidus,—the head of a bird, with a toneless eye, a soft brow, a retreating chin which throws out an inert mouth; he is too like the part he played. A fine and curious statue is the Nile, half recumbent and surrounded by sixteen nurslings at play about his big body, and trying to climb up on to it; they represent the ascending degrees of the fertilising overflow of the stream, which to give a prosperous year has to mount sixteen cubits. The sixteenth seems to be coming to life out of a basket of fruits. The base represents ichneumons, plants, oxen, ibises, and even hippopotamuses. It was under Leo X. that near the Minerva, where Serapis had her temple, they exhumed this splendid piece. Let us still mention for their rarity the statues of Lucius Verus, of very studied finish: of Domitian, who recalls so closely the fraternal personages of Titus and Julia; and a superb bust of Luna marble representing Philip the Father, the predecessor of Decius—a very fine likeness for the time. You also pass a statue of Claudius, in which they have only had an arm to remake, and on the features of which is plainly stamped the credulity of the husband of Messalina.

DEMOSTHENES (BRACCHIO NUOVO).

This is, as everybody will understand, only a feeble sketch of the hundred and thirty-six works of art among the Bracchio Nuovo; among which, it is well to remark, between the bas-reliefs, a Marriage Scene, the Triumph of Marcus Aurelius, and that of Titus, in which you see better than in the arch of the Via Sacra, the ordering of the procession, the spoils of the Temple, those of the conquered, and the retinue of Israelite prisoners. The very mosaics of the pavement are important, especially that representing the Travels of Ulysses, whose vessel, having just doubled the rock of Scylla, traverses the waves where they hear the song of the Sirens.

III.

As on your way to the Pio-Clementine Museum you pass a second time before the statues of the long Chiaramonti gallery, these monuments, in their rather bare locality, after the splendours of the Bracchio Nuovo seem to be no more than the plebs of the Vatican city; but the return to this avenue is an inappreciable preparation for the crescendo effect, which will again quicken the attention by a series of surprises. One flight of stairs takes you to the great museum, where by a singular contrast you only meet at first a labyrinth of small chambers, sanctuaries each preserving its patron divinity. Clement XIII. and Clement XIV. began to unite together the collections formed by their predecessors from Julius II. downwards; but Pius VI. is the true founder of the Pio-Clementine museum: he constructed seven large cabinets or galleries;



THE NILE (BRACCHIO NUOVO).

his excavations and acquisitions enriched it with nearly fifteen hundred statues. The public approaches the Belvedere by a square vestibule, whose ornamentation accompanies some frescoes of Daniele da Volterra, in which I only remarked four pretty landscapes, two of which have been spoiled by the openings for two doors. Here, just as you enter, is the tomb of the ancestor of Scipio Africanus, found in 1780 under the direction of J. B. Visconti in a vineyard, before you come to the gate of St. Sebastian, near the old Porta Capena. This great square chest of Albano stone or peperino, is a rude work, whose material is common and its ornamentation elementary: a cornice simple but salient, with denticules surmounting a frieze, in which hieroglyphics define metaphors that have a rare interest. The profile is a little deteriorated; but the proportions of the work clothe it with a superb style. In the burial-place of this family they found inscriptions, which give an idea of the forms of Latin at the time of the war of the Samnites, in the year 469 of Rome. That of Cornelius Lucius Scipio Barbatus is of a very marked archaic spelling; but the inscription of his son, who was consul in

495, is hardly less primitive. Although it has been copied, I will reproduce it from an accurate presentation of it in a guide-book: "HONCOINO PLOIRVME COSENTIONT R. UONORO OPTVMO FUISE VIRO LVCIOM SCIPIONE FILIOS BARBATI CONSOL CENSOR AIDILIS HIC FVET A. HEC CEPIT CORSICA ALERIAQUE URBE DEDET TEMPESTATEBVS AIDE MERETO."* The skeleton of Scipio Barbatus was entire when they opened the sarcophagus: it had upon the finger a ring, afterwards given by Pius VI. to Lord Algernon Percy.

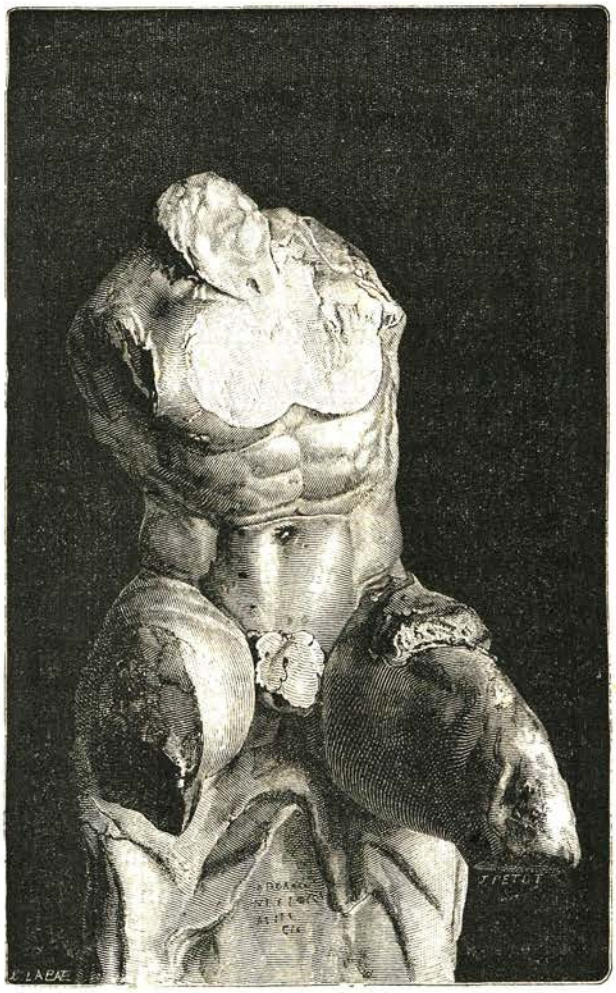
In the middle of the vestibule is the Torso of the Belvedere, a colossal fragment of Herculean stature in Greek marble. In the time of Alexander VI., when this marble was found near the theatre of Pompeius, models contemporary with Pericles were rarer than they are now. This possesses great value; for its author, Apollonius, son of Nestor of Athens, has affixed his name to it. And it made a revolution in art; Michelangelo studied it to such a degree, that he was wont to call himself pupil of the Torso. In the round vestibule which comes next, is a fragment of a statue with some remarkable drapery, a document which Raphael analyzed, and a fine statue of a woman seated. But you will now leave all, to watch from the neighbouring balcony the splendid horizon of Rome, the ranges which enclose it, the course of the Tiber, and of the Sabine mountains,—a point of view that has given the name of Belvedere to the portion of the Vatican where it presents itself to the eye.

The next cabinet, containing the inscription of L. Mummius, the conqueror of Corinth, and a colossal bust of Trajan, is dedicated to Meleager, the ideal of beauty in the time of Canova. This celebrated figure, in which the hero rests on his lance between his dog and the head of the Calydonian boar, unites in a rare degree those qualities of elegance which began, seventy-five years ago, to mark that lower kind of beauty which is sometimes called distinction. The marble is dealt with, as by a lapidary; the forms have the purity assigned by the vulgar to smooth surfaces: but how cold the head is, and how soft the dog. They will tell you that Michelangelo did not dare to replace the missing head; the popes found in this a neat excuse to prevent some *fattore* from begging and intriguing for the commission. It is a very graceful statue: visitors who wish for instruction will not do ill, after having tasted this, to return to the Torso of the Hercules in repose.

We come to the Octagonal Court, of which you would convey a more just idea by calling it a square, with portions cut out. It was Simonetti who, under Clement XIV., constructed round an antique fountain this court, whose space widens out in porticoes, supported on sixteen Ionic columns of red granite and oriental grey, with pilasters of coralline brecchia. Eight large Masks of the time of Agrippa occupy the pediments, eight bas-reliefs furnish the intercolumnar spaces; statues and sarcophagi are arranged against the walls, and you perceive other figures under the archways of the galleries. Nothing can be more animated than this little court; nothing, I fancy, gives a juster idea of the peristyle of a lover of antiquities in the time of Verres. Under the arches are placed separately, in a series of cabinets, so as to be seen without distraction, some pieces that are known to the whole world. Under this portico is the great sarcophagus found against St. Peter's, in digging the foundation of the sacristy, and which represents, in an exquisite design, a Dance of Bacchantes; there is also the famous sarcophagus of

* Hunc unum plurimi consentiunt Romæ bonorum optimum fuisse virum Lucium Scipionem. Filius Barbati consul, censor, ædilis hic fuit . . . . Hic cepit Corsicam, Aleriamque urbem. Dedit tempestatibus ædem merito.

Varius Marcellus, the father of Heliogabalus; its inscription edified us as to the dignities exercised by this person, and as to the senatorial origin of his wife. This text also reveals that the prefects of the prætorium had lieutenants. Turning to the right, you come to a Sacellum dedicated to Canova, in the presence of the Perseus and the Pugilists. If Canova sometimes gives us his inspiration somewhat chilled, we cannot deny its power. The Perseus reveals rare gifts; but besides that the pose recalls with a less expressive accent the bronze of Cellini under the loggia of the Orcagna at Florence, the limbs have not the same bounding suppleness; the free, exquisite, one might almost say, tender limbs of the marble of Canova, fall in the elaborate search for the distinguished. Yet this interpretation of a certain school is strong; it shows a distant descent from the Apollo and the Meleager; the artist should have gone back to the Mercury, that model of serene beauty, which we find in the neighbouring division,—a work done in Greece, and according to which Poussin fixed the proportions of the academic figure.



TORSO OF THE BELVEDERE.

Before the great figure of marble, lustrous as an onyx, of the Apollo of the Belvedere, unexpected sensations awaited us. As it appeared to us in all its luminousness, against the greenish grey ground of the cabinet which it occupies alone, you are dazzled at the real incarnation of the god—*Deus, ecce Deus!* And suddenly an idea presents itself,—the copies are not faithful; people do not know it. Seized in a moment by an effort of supreme happiness, the pose has something more determinate, the expression of the face justifies it more formally, than in the multiplied reproductions in plaster. The head has nothing collected or cold; it is associated in every muscle with the power of the eye, of the lips, of the swelling nostrils; the glitter of the polish renders it moist and quivering. No one who has seen it, will ever again recognise Apollo except by his affinity with this type, a synthesis of his characteristics: it is, therefore, reasonable to describe in it a traditional reproduction of some model, historically consecrated from the times of Euphranor and Lysippus, names which conclude the heroic and fabulous ages of the history of the beautiful. Whether the Apollo of the Belvedere is a Greek marble or marble of Luna, whether it has been copied from a bronze or not, these are secondary questions; the criticisms of the restorations of Montorsoli, the disputations of grammarians of the line, seem to me mere puerilities. Found near the sea at Antium, and acquired by the Cardinal della Rovere, who first of all placed it in his palace

adjoining the SS. Apostoli, the Apollo with which Julius II. crowned the Vatican, is one of its most ancient conquests. It would have exercised a more prompt influence on art but for Michelangelo, who, under the charm of the Torso and some fragments (for he did not see the Parthenon), made the aberrations of the second Grecian epoch prevail over those of the third, which was less wide, but more seductive for the contemporaries of Canova.

Three Rhodian sculptors, Agesander, Polydorus, Athenodorus, have left no less renowned a group, occupying a separate division, and which was found in 1506 in the ruins of the palace of Titus, in the spot where Pliny had described it; this is the Laocoön. The effect of the original marble is so superior to that of the representations that we are led to consider them all as derived from copies, and not from a cast. In replacing a missing arm, Giovan Angelo Montorsoli has extended it, while from certain signs left in the hair, it is presumed that this arm was convulsively folded back behind the head with an expression of desperate grief. Others attribute this arm to Bacio Bandinelli; it would be difficult for me to explain without periphrases why I think it more modern. Pliny, who supposed the group to be cut in a single block (the sutures not then being visible), describes the Laocoön as *opus omnibus statuariæ artis præponendum*, and Michelangelo called it a miracle of art.

THE PERSEUS OF CANOVA.

Yet there is not a drawing-master in our primary schools who does not know how to demonstrate the gross faults, which these three ignorant souls have committed. They did not perceive that the sons of Laocoön, whose bodies show full-grown men, are too small in comparison with their father, the high priest of Neptune! So I have heard sculptors making merry over our admiration most triumphantly. Some of them, at any rate, end by confessing that by favour or chance, from the point of view of effect, the thing does not go badly; that the group receives a pyramidal form which is very happy; that the person and torso of the high priest derive from the contrast a lofty and superhuman greatness; but what these critics remark, they never suppose that the artist can have sought. Long before the Greeks, for a long while after the Romans, and down to the distant times when philosophers passed the scissors of absolute logic over the wings of the Muse, artists have never made any scruple in presenting to the imagination figures proportioned to the importance of the person. At Nineveh as at Mayence, at Corinth as at Ravenna, we see gods, genii, saints, commanding, gigantic, over the humbler crowd of lords or kings. In the idea of Agesander, Laocoön, the prophet of the woes of Troy, was, and ought to seem, mightier than his sons.

Round the five chapels, whose patrons we have now celebrated, you meet many monuments which ought to be examined at leisure, such as the bas-reliefs and sarcophagi, in which the usages of the life and rites of præ-Christian faiths are described. Some historical figures diversify the curiosities of which the court is the centre; I

remember a Venus-mater, with her Bambino, a likeness of the wife of Alexander Severus, at the foot of which is written that this statue was offered to their ancient mistress by her two freedmen, Sallustia and Elpidia. The figure, as we see, has been treated with affection; the head is that of a person surrendered to a kindly reverie, and the charm of an inmost expression lights up the lines of an antique face with a peculiarly modern radiance. Trunks of columns in red porphyry, two cornices of antique red coming from S. Prassede, the great Bath of Carian marble, a tender rose and grey, veined in concentric zones, contribute to the variety of shades.

In the cabinet of Mercury, a bas-relief on which they have cut an Egyptian procession in a primitive taste, struck me as remarkable for simplicity and ingenuous grace. Let me also mention the pannel of an ancient tomb (60) on which, between likenesses and genii, you discover through a half-open door the interior perspective of a temple; and the bas-relief of the Sacrifice to Mithra, on the cornice of which we read, *Soli invicto deo;* and the Roman lady as Bacchante, lying with graceful abandonment on the sepulchre where she sleeps so fast; and the large bas-relief (81) representing a Sacred Procession, with lictors, and likenesses of consuls and pontifices; and the Ossuary in form of a house, which held the remains of Quintus Vitellius; and the elegant sarcophagus of the Nereids. . . . . To be equitable one ought either to mention all, or to refer to nothing; but when the memory is full, it is not easy, it would even be cruel, to pass through a whole world in silence, repulsing the shades which throng in chase of your attention.

IV.

To effect a diversion before penetrating into the other galleries, it is well to take a turn in the Jardin des Plantes, and amuse oneself by seeing the life in their special domain of the rich menagerie which antiquity has bequeathed for our admiration; the collection is unique in the world, for it contains hardly less than one hundred and fifty subjects taken from all kinds of species. In seeing how the Greek artists applied the style and processes of their art to the form and character of the beasts, we have a better appreciation of the principles that guided them in their interpretation of the human body. This hall is brilliant with red granite shaped into Ionic columns, and it is paved with imperial mosaics, in which barn-door fowls, eaglets, and hares disport.

Begun by Pius VI. and established by his successor, this collection has been cleverly arranged by Francesco Franzoni, whose numerous restorations are generally supple and well conceived: Franzoni, one of the celebrities of modern sculpture, a name well known in Rome, is absent from all our biographies miscalled universal, which ignore equally a good half of the masters of the Florentine school. Once engaged in this zoological excursion, you soon enjoy it, because the most familiar species put on a certain ideality, while the Hippogriffs, Minotaurs, Sphinxes, and other Chimæras, are impregnated with a verisimilitude that almost makes you a believer. It is curious also to notice in some kinds, and specially in the horse and the dog, the types which the ancients knew and appreciated. In the Attack on a young Stag we find a peculiar species of hound, of a spring and muscular power excellently rendered, and with rare beauty; the type is less flat-nosed than ours, the ears are cropped as we crop them

now. At the side is the Combat between a Bear and a Bull. The two Greyhounds, of which one playfully bites the ear of the other, are the Apollo and Venus among greyhounds: you would say as much of the Hunting Dogs, of the Whelp putting out its paw, of the Setter of violet brecchia; of a Bull of the same marble; of the Cows, of the Running Greyhound, and so many other subjects. Horses are rare, but in the midst of this marble menagerie an important place is given to grotesques and to animals for food; the pleasures of the table flourished at the beginning of the empire. There are ducks, cocks and hens, quails, a goose whose pose is a masterpiece of observation; a lobster in green Carrara marble, which cheats you into thinking it real; water-fowl, a hare, a bustard; a turkey, the merit of which can only be fully appreciated by people who have had to contend with this humorsome beauty and its gobbling anger. Among the burlesques one must not leave out a toad in antique red; nor the rats and crabs of green porphyry, and the scorpions; nor the lynx, and some curious storks quaintly represented. In the Group of Mithras, where a bleeding bull

ANTIQUE GROUP (HALL OF THE ANIMALS).

has his blood licked up by a dog stretching to reach the wound, the accord of the style with reality is surprising. In composing the Rape of Europa, the artist has skilfully made the divinity of Zeus radiant on the head of the bull. Hercules drags away the Nemean lion, which is dead enough, and whose slackened limbs possess a surprising reality. I should omit the Commodus on horseback in hunting-dress, if it had not inspired Bernini with his equestrian figure of Constantine under the portico of St. Peter: this landmark will help to find, close by, the group of the Eagle with its brood of eaglets, huddled together like the voracious dynasty of the pelican. It is a work of astonishing vigour. The Panther of veined alabaster, with its stripes given by the marble, is a gem; but the recumbent Tiger in Egyptian granite, coarsely modelled in surfaces in so stubborn a material, is still more remarkable. The Lion in grey marble, larger than life, with a calf's head between its claws, is curious in point of execution; the body of superlative polish has a fleshy solidity that is exaggerated, to give lightness and crispness to the mane, which is very abundant, and is still left

shaggy and heavy. There are the head of a cow and the head of an ass crowned with ivy, which are models; the second, in grey marble, seems a depository of the soul common to the whole race of nags. And what charming groups! The small Goat bitten by an asp, the Stork defending against two serpents a frightened she-goat and the kid at suck; the Sow with her litter, superb in mass, with much character extracted from a simple hint; the Pelican holding her young in her open sides, the Chained Cerberus carried away by Hercules, ... one ought really to refer to all.

Among the subjects in which the fantastic comes as a substitute for nature, and it is especially this we see revealing itself to the imagination of the contemporaries of Lucretius, Ovid, and still more of Apuleius, I will name a two-winged Sphinx, a Sea-Tiger, a Chimæra of most powerfully consistent extravagance, a sort of Loup-garou, singularly engendered of the incongruous mixture of fox, wolf, and stag, as well as the lugubrious and terrifying bovine figure of the Minotaur, in which the head is connected with the human body by hybrid articulations of the most skilful kind. To show the variety that commends these collections, let us mention at hazard, as we go along, some of the subjects mingled among them—such as the Early Paradise of Breughel: a Hedgehog, a simple outline in bas-relief of extreme delicacy; a head of a Rhinoceros, a surprising production which derives a relative truth from its similitude; the Peacock and Peahen from the Villa Adriana; the clever Baboon holding an apple; the Elephant in extreme bas-relief, with a small bell on its neck; a Horse, with the look of the courser of a Slavonian ballad; the Wild Boar rearing on his hind feet, recalling that of Florence, of which the repetition is in the Mercato Nuovo; a Crocodile minutely studied, and nearly of life size; the fight of a Griffin with a Porpoise, an enchanting group of oriental alabaster; a colossal head of a Camel, which has served for a fountain; lastly, the Cow in grey marble (209), represented in a style so noble that only one shepherd, he who tended the flocks of Admetus, would be worthy to milk it; it was found at Genzano. One more word for a rural scene represented in a curious bas-relief; its subject is a Lustration, a religious practice which perhaps the Etruscans taught to the Romans, and which is not without an analogy with certain Semitic rites. They proceeded to these regenerations by fire, water, or incense: mothers after their delivery, animals after bringing forth, and new-born children, were purified by aspersion, while they burnt laurel, juniper, and sulphur; after which the shepherds, having thrice gone round the fold, offered wine, pure milk, and a cake or a bunch of millet to Pales. Our bas-relief describes the lustration of a heifer, who suckles her calf, an antique work as perfect as it is rare. We recognise the temple and its enclosure, the sacred fountain under a tree, the lustral bowl and the brush, an olive branch; the shepherd carries strung on his crook two geese, which he is about to sacrifice. While all is thus being prepared, the cow, as she lets her young one suck, dips her muzzle into the cup and drinks the consecrated water.

Nothing is fuller of life than this gallery; but it is especially by young nations, still passionate for nature and movement, that these representations of the wild and savage world are relished; the old nations only seek melodrama and phrases. The cockneys of Italy and those of France march along these halls without stopping, yet I have seen Americans and Swiss forget the hours. Before returning within the domains of the statues, I took breath at a window through which you contemplate under torrents of light the burning slope that stretches beyond the Leonine enclosure. Among the rock-work and bushes of this slope, I seemed to see running,

as in some fantastic chase, the spectres of the ancient animals, and the apparition of which remained in my memory: I seemed to hear the distant sounds of the horn, borne along the whirling blasts from Samnium.

V.

A short time after the death of Sixtus IV., a pontiff of Greek origin, a native of Genoa, and probably a lover of nature, Pope Innocent VIII. constructed for himself, in the middle of the Vatican enclosure, in the very Belvedere, a rustic house which he had decorated by Mantegna and by Pinturicchio, assisted by their pupils. It is from this villa that there went forth for all Christian realms his philippics against the Turks, and it was there that subsequently he received from Bajazet the quarters of a pension of 40,000 crowns, for keeping in a fast prison Zizim, a dangerous brother of the sultan. There was sealed with the leaden bull of the Fisherman the brief of excommunication against Ferdinand of Naples, to the advantage of Charles VIII., who was invited to possess himself of the realm—an investiture which cost us dear, and Italy too.

But antiquity, which takes the Vatican little by little for its own, and chases away the pontifical shadows by its statues, has since the reign of Clement XIV. invaded the rural domain of Pope Innocent. The marble gods have thrown the partitions to the ground, to instal themselves, with imperial beauties and goddesses, in this transformed house in a gallery which had to be enlarged under Pius VI. Continuing the work which he had inspired a love for in Ganganelli, so dear to philosophers, Cardinal Braschi when he became Pius VI. renewed the decoration of the vaults; he had constructed the archways with their ample mouldings, whose entablatures rest on fine Ionic capitals of white marble, supported by shafts of porta santa, veined in brown on a yellow ground; finally, he enriched with garlands, with escutcheons, and bas-reliefs, the spaces in which have been preserved, in the tympana and between the tops of the arches, some paintings of Mantegna, as well as of the school of Pinturicchio. This long avenue with its walls of marble, its vaults loaded with arabesques, its bas-reliefs, its frescoes, its mosaic pavement, and its double procession of masterpieces, a perspective closing at one extremity with the Ariadne, and at the other, beyond the cabinet of busts, with a Jupiter seated sceptre in hand, this avenue has thus become the gallery of the Pio-Clementine museum.

To enjoy these creations without excess of fatigue, you must be on your guard against hunting with too much eagerness and solicitude among so many works. It is best to walk about there as at a kermess, and to be content with answering by a glance the sculptured personages who allure you by the way. Half-a-score of visits will bring you new acquaintances, so numerous is the assembly: the very pedestals even are most of them adorned with bas-reliefs: if one were to insist on reckoning up every piece worthy of remark, the figure would amount to two or three hundred. I would fain therefore pass on, but the torso and the features of an adolescent Cupid copied from Praxiteles, which strike me at the first step, rob me of the courage of silence; the head, whose expression distils poison and honey, is the most exquisite that any chisel ever created. Then there is the Paris seated, a figure

in which grace of pose unites itself with a magisterial puissance. The Penelope, which by a frequent caprice in primitive art, is rather smaller than nature, has the folds of its robe arranged like pipes as on the Etruscan bas-reliefs; the work goes back to the most ancient periods of Greek statuary; it recalls the terra cottas of the Kircher collection. The Apollo Sauroktonos, trying his arrows upon lizards, is also a reproduction from that renowned Praxiteles, who survives by the grace of literature far more than by a few copies at third, nay seventh hand: the Borghese gallery possesses another copy which is more complete and less cold than this. On the same side rises, in Parian marble spangled with diamond dust, an Amazon of great antiquity, for Augustus had it placed in the portico of the physicians.

Two personages seated at the end of the gallery attracted me so that, to rejoin them the more rapidly, I neglected plenty of other wonders on my way. The one to the right is Posidippus, and the other Menander, two lucky poets, and especially the second; his glory will never awake the impatience of a Zoilus, for there only remain of his two hundred comedies scanty fragments of two or three of them. Posidippus, born one knows not where, and who lived one knows not when, would be unknown, if the Anthology had not taken from him some fifteen epigrams (among them that on Opportunity, which Machiavelli has translated so daintily), and if he had not had the quaint fortune to survive to the most remote posterity, thanks to such a likeness as is not produced in every generation. This statue, simply wrought, in harmony with the familiar ease of the attitude, is clad in a tunic, and with the pallium thrown over the left shoulder. The poet, a true academic head, wrinkled with age, but subtle and pensive, holds a roll between his fingers, which have rings on them. Menander is robust and younger; we know, in fact, that he scarcely lived beyond fifty. It is by his resemblance to the likeness in the famous bas-relief of the Farnesina, that Quirinio Visconti recognised this prince of Greek comic authors, who most likely lived before Posidippus. The attitude has more movement; the poet in repose, with his left arm resting on the round back of his seat, his head inclined as for study of what is passing before him, has the conformation of a man of alertness, with the roundly caustic expression of an observer wearied of the scenes of the world. They used to take for Marius and Sulla these two worthy men of wit, who were found on the Viminal, in the time of Sixtus V.

MENANDER (PIO-CLEMENTINE GALLERY).

Turning back after thus saluting the master of Plautus, we come upon an Apollo Citharædus, in whom cognoscenti claim to recognise Nero—a more than doubtful assertion. There follow, the Wounded Adonis, as beautiful and as stupid as he ought to be; the Bacchus lying down, of great repute, because it has become defaced, which gives it a false air of the grand epoch, and rescues it from dryness; the Opelius Macrinus,

the unique statue of an emperor of whom the medals are rare, interesting monument of the art of the third century, when the science of interpretation was yielding to the mechanical imitation of nature. From that point of view, this is a powerful figure; it brings out all the better the brutal form and foul shape of the Numidian upstart, said to have sprung from slavery, to have been reared in domestic service, to have risen by assassination, and who ended like a coward. Treasures are buried on all sides in Rome: the enormous Bath of oriental alabaster was recently found in the middle of the Piazza SS. Apostoli, in repairing a water conduit. Nearly opposite, beside Æsculapius, is Hygeia, the goddess of health; a friend whom you find passing fair, the moment she leaves you; the statuary regretted her perhaps, for he has made her adorable. This figure, which must belong to about the same time as the Danaïd of Præneste, is far from equalling the Faun leaning on the trunk of a tree, which was discovered in the Marsh of Ancona, and is a copy from Praxiteles: the original, mutilated and reduced to a torso, was found in the excavations on the Palatine. Finally, under an arch between columns of antique yellow flanked by Candelabra of marble with figures worth describing, is lying that celebrated figure of Ariadne deserted, which an ophidian bracelet caused people to take for Cleopatra, when Julius II. had this masterpiece placed in the Belvedere. The tunic half undone, the sorrowful features, the veil falling from the head, the tumbled folds of the drapery—all indicates the prostration which follows violent anguish. The sarcophagus of the struggling Giants whom we see changing into hydras—the pedestal of this noble piece, is of an inferior and later school.

THE ARIADNE (PIO-CLEMENTINE GALLERY).

The present designation of the Ariadne is confirmed by a neighbouring bas-relief, not less important as a document than it is as a piece of work, in which we see the same figure inversely arranged, between Theseus who climbs the side of his ship, and a Faun who precedes Bacchus: a goat in it symbolizes Naxos, an islet of the rocky herd in the Ægean. Notwithstanding several restorations which date for the most part from the fifteenth century, this bas-relief, exhumed under the auspices of Cardinal d'Este, at the Villa Adriana, is one of the most curious sculptures in the museum. The Mercury and the Tortoise, the Bacchanal in bas-relief, the exquisite Torso, though a little too smooth, supported by a small rough sketch representing the games of the Circus, ought to occupy us too; but in the embrasure of a window is placed in a fine light a Well-brim, of such richness as to eclipse all that surrounds it. This piece is known under the name of

Pozzo Giustiniani; it was the Prince of Canino (Lucien Bonaparte) who gave it up to the museum. The bas-reliefs with which this marble cylinder is loaded, represent various Bacchic scenes. Nothing is more delicate or better ordered than these compositions, in which the heads are comely, varied, and simple.

In the Cabinet of Masks, open on the side of the gallery, and so called from three scenic Masks which are painted on the mosaics of the pavement, you look less at the paintings of the vault than at this pavement, which was taken from the Villa Adriana. The eight pilasters and eight columns with gilded capitals which surround the hall, are rare specimens of a lost kind of marble—the veined alabaster of the Monte Circeo, a quarry that is exhausted. Let us not speak of the great porphyry seats, nor of a series of bas-reliefs which plunge you into illusions about the heroic and pastoral life of Athenian or Sicilian Greece: in the midst of such splendours, let us content ourselves with rapid homage to a Dancer, who is rather excessively feminine, but who belongs to a good epoch; to the Kneeling Venus of Pentelican marble, the work of Bupalo who signed it; to the matchless bas-relief of the Labours of Hercules; to the Ganymede, an adorable little statue found near the gate of St. John Lateran; finally, and above all, to the Faun of antique red, a piece as superior in point of inspiration and workmanship, as it is precious for the scarcity of its material: in fact we no longer know whence the ancients got this stone, of a grain so dead and so tender that its pores seem absolutely moist. The Faun has upon his shoulder the nebris, or deer skin; he holds in his left hand a crook, and in his right a bunch of grapes which he devours with all his eyes; the flute and tymbals lie at his feet.

Instead of at once gaining the new halls by repassing those you have visited, you may come and breathe the air on a terrace fronting the Monte Mario, and which, supported on walls contemporary with Innocent VIII., prolongs itself parallel with the Gallery of Statues. In measuring from this lofty point of view the spaces you have traversed, you understand the immensity of the Vatican constructions, and you are astonished to see far off, from the richest museum in the world, such melancholy solitudes. Yet the antique visions will pursue you even here: Pius VI. continued the galleries on the outer wall along the terrace, where works of art rise between you and the slopes of the Veientians, the Capenates, and the land of the Falisci, immortalised by poets, who admired in the palace of Augustus the statues that we study in the palace of the popes.

They have classed among the curiosities of archæology the bas-relief of Faustulus discovering the Twins in the Lupercalian cave; but the friends of Mæcenas would probably have been no better able than ourselves to tell the age or the origin of this primitive sculpture. Others offer an analogous character: a Chase; the winged Genius fastening a dog to a tree, bearing a covey of birds which a serpent is trying to reach: this bas-relief goes back to the Etruscan myths. There is a third of some singularity, in which Mercury takes two brothers to the dark river brink in a car drawn by rams. The Eteocles and Polynices, the great bas-relief of Rhea Sylvia, those in which they recognise a Sacrifice; finally, a figure at prayer, kneeling, which is very uncommon, seem to me worthy of mention. Such is the familiar character of those genre pictures drawn by the chisel, that as we examine them in open air, before the landscapes of Latium and Etruria, we involuntarily transport their actors to the hills, and looking from bas-relief to the country,

we see living once more in the light of the sun, in the condition of wandering shades, those pure outlines, ingenuous illustrations of the poetry and piety of the fields.

VI.

The Hall of Busts, which ends the Gallery of Statues at its northern extremity, prolongs the illusions of mythology and history which carry you into the spheres of the past world; while by abridging the distances between such remote terms, the known likenesses collected in this spot take us back to Roman society: you seem thus to be returning to actual life, to such an extent are the realities of the present hour obliterated.

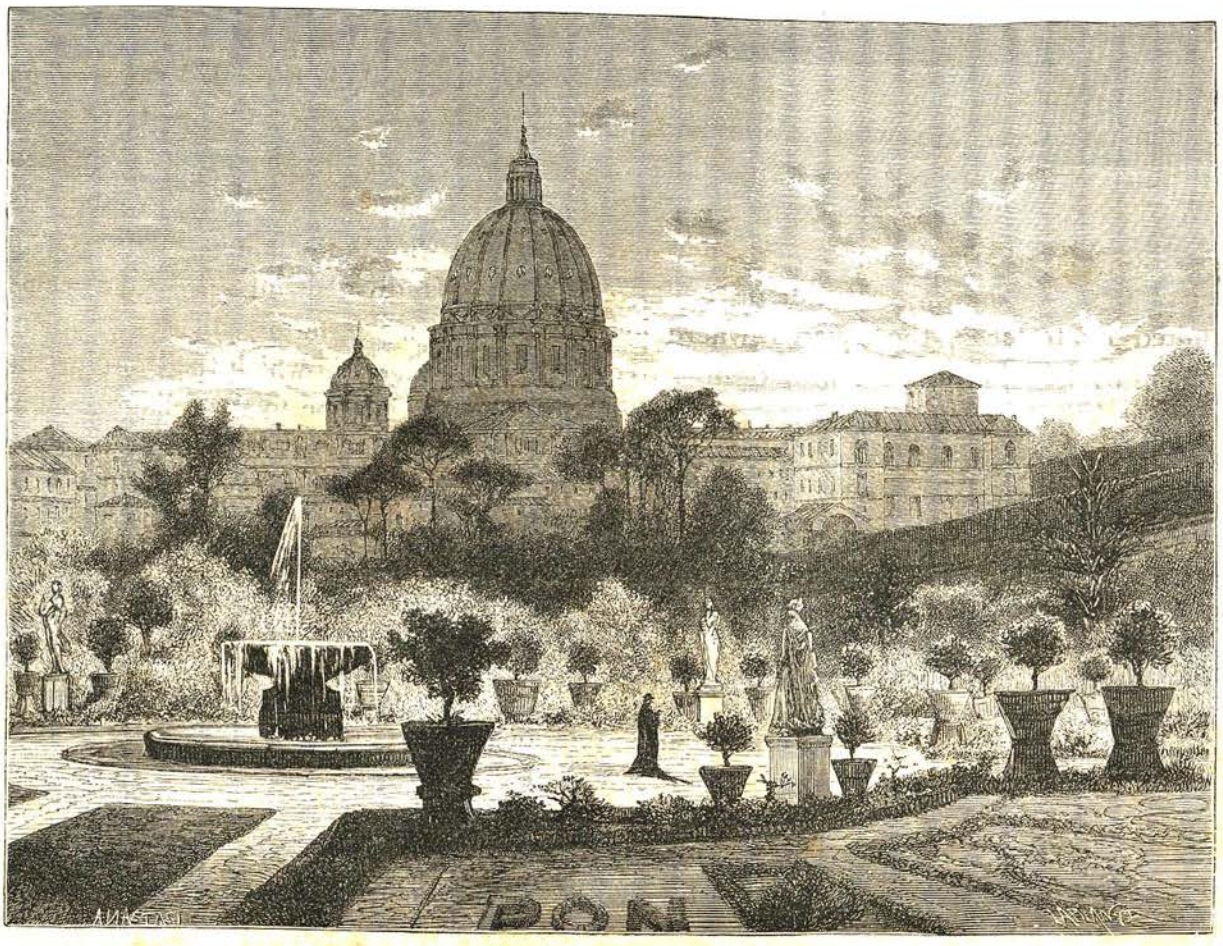
At the entrance, there is Julius Cæsar, the bust draped in the toga; a poor head and of doubtful resemblance; then we pass an Augustus crowned with wheat-ears, and a pseudo-Cicero which can no longer impose on us. There is Marcus Aurelius, and Mamæa, with her son Alexander Severus; farther on, a veiled matron, whose robes are curiously draped. The helmeted head of Menelaus is so well known, that it has taken a place among true personages. You think you recognise Ptolemy, king of Mauritania, by his crisp hair and energetically accented signs of race. Does it not seem as if this stupid hyæna who was Caracalla, is going to scream, as you receive the sombre flash from his eyes, and detect the expression of the skilfully executed mouth? Fine head of an assassin and a restless tyrant; he carried it slightly bent, to imitate Alexander of Macedon, and he gains by this piece of folly the look of an angry cat, which completes him. Augustus reappears, so aged, with a mouth at once so scornful and so dejected; the majesty of the old machine goes out in such exhaustion of disenchantment, that the head of the imperial greybeard sums up a life of experience in absolute contempt for men. This likeness is larger than nature, as well as those of Antoninus and Septimius Severus: of Otho, in a draped bust of that orange-coloured oriental alabaster, which the Italians call *cotognino;* finally, of Nero with the harp; a virtuoso with weak and blinking eyes, so represented as to confirm the confidential testimony of Pliny upon the cat-like glance of this emperor.

After saluting the cold effigy of Jupiter, we pass the colossal head of a Barbarian King, said to come from the arch of Constantine. A work of the decadence, this poor chance king produces here the effect of a sheep-dog among the pure greyhounds of the pack. Commodus figures among the best likenesses, as well as Sabina with her husband Adrian, close to a fine Aristophanes who comes from their villa. Near a draped bust of oriental alabaster, and which is assuredly not a Julius Cæsar, you will remark the energetic and common head of a Plebeian, which was found near the tomb of the Scipios, and which somewhat recalls Cardinal Antonelli: then, Livia Drusilla, fourth wife of Augustus; Philip the Younger, in red porphyry; a Scipio Africanus completely apocryphal; Saloninus son of Gallienus, and Julia a daughter of Titus. These galleries are so rich in likenesses, that they present images of royal children hardly mentioned in history, such as Annius Verus, a son of Marcus Aurelius, who was proclaimed Cæsar at the age of three, and who died three years after-

wards. When you have visited the Capitol and the Vatican, you know the great people of the Roman empire more distinctly than our own kings and heroes anterior to Lewis XIV.

Some sculptures are attached to the walls in the Hall of Busts; several grave-stones have been placed here. I will mention the bas-relief entitled Prometheus and the Parcæ, admirable remains of a very ancient epoch of the Greek art practised in Italy. The figures are accompanied by old Latin inscriptions in which the V takes the form of Y; these letters also reproduce an archaic idiom. The Parcæ spin and cut the threads of human life; but Prometheus possessing himself of a soul that Atropos has extinguished, rekindles and restores it. This myth explains the symbolical part of Prometheus in the first ages of Christian iconography. Among the images coming from the tombs, is one which I will point out, for the present work ought to draw attention to certain choice pieces which might pass unperceived. Now this monument, banished near a door, is likely to be overlooked; only accident made me notice it.

There are two semi-figures on a cippus—a Husband and Wife—the latter young, and probably a survivor, the other of a very ripe age. They are represented opposite one another, and executed as sculpture used to be handled in the time of Augustus; but the sentiment of the artist has drawn over these faces the poem, I would almost say the romance, of the household: the rather paternal tenderness of the husband for this young wife with her pure brow, and the smiling gratitude of the elder, and in his companion the modest satisfaction of duty performed, make the whole radiant with the chaste gleam of Christian affections. Still the expressive and speaking head of the man who goes away recognising his domestic good fortune, and whose likeness is only an action of gratitude and a recompense, has a certain vulgarity of mien; yet the idea makes it bright. This monument, which you can hardly look at without emotion, was taken by Clement XIV. from the Villa Mattei: unreflecting amateurs pretended to see in it Cato and his daughter, or his son-in-law Brutus with Porcia, not remembering that neither one nor the other was buried at Rome, but ended their lives far away. Besides, there is nothing in these tender and serene figures to recall the pedantic virtues of the suicide of Utica.



GARDENS OF THE VATICAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DIVINE CITY OF THE VATICAN (*continued*).

The Vatican gardens.—Excursion to the Gallery of the Maps and to that of the Tapestries.—Arazzi of the Medici and cartoons of Raphael.—Miscellanies of the Gallery of the Candelabra:—The sarcophagus of Niobe,—Arianna ritrovata da Bacco.—Rotunda della Biga:—The Indian Bacchus,—The Discobolos of Myron.—Monuments in the Hall of the Greek Cross:—Imperial Figures,—The great Constantinian sarcophagi.—The Round Hall, history of its construction.—Halt at the Sacellum of the Muses.—The Pierides and their worshippers: Demosthenes, Epicurus, Alcibiades, Aspasia and Pericles, etc.—The Apollo Musagetes.—Return to the pontifical gardens.

I.

A GROUP of persons, under the charm of those caprices of friendship which travel improvises, had proposed to pass the morning in a chat in the Vatican gardens. These grounds, which are too rarely visited, and which must not be confounded with the Orto della Pigna, are entrenched behind the Basilica and the palaces, as if at the foot of a mass of rocks: from the city you do not perceive this dell or its groves, which ascend the slope up to the walls of the dungeons erected by Leo IV.

To go through the great Italian gardens that were planned in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is, as has been said, to acquire an idea of the paradises realised

by the proconsuls, and discovered later by the ascetics in their mystic dreams. The Eden of the successors of St. Peter and Julius II. is a poetic solitude. On three sides the perspectives extend by views over the distant country, and the foreground composed of architecture like rock-work, of marbles and clipped foliage, prepares happy contrasts with the thickets, the brambles, the scorched hills; next with the violet undulations, and sometimes the snows that lie beyond. The valley is divided into compartments; limited by terraces, the squares where low plantations make figures of rosettes, are framed by walls, tapestried with orange-trees cut into hedges, in which the gold of the fruits and the perfumed alabaster of the blossoms give animation to the foliage. Shut in by partitions of box and laurel, high as groves of oak, the avenues cross and recross one another, half veiled by those shades which call the night and prepare for mystery. Here and there antique tombs give colour to dreams, and statues now and again standing out in the hedges give you a start.

You thus advance from surprise to surprise, hesitating which way to go; for at each outlet you feel yourself drawn away, as far as the Loggia, a miniature villa which was constructed by that lucky namesake of the Medici, who owed their patronage to his name, and who, to justify so ambitious a relationship, instituted seminaries, founded the Vatican painting establishment, and directed Pirro Ligorio, his architect, by the traditions of the reigns of Leo X. and Clement VII. This construction, the most irregular of works in taste and style, gives a happy idea of the caprices and jovial humour of Pius IV. In truth, never have the debauches of architecture dreamed since by our painters of gay merrymakings, exceeded the amusing simplicity of this *chinoiserie*, which was inspired by Giovanni da Udine. Terraces, open galleries, cabinets of painting, marbles and rock-work, bas-reliefs and festoons of verdure, baths and boudoirs, basins and fountains, are all mixed in premeditated confusion; unforeseen effects are renewed at every step; the mosaic and the quaint delicacies of the statuary are further enlivened by the pencil of Baroccio, Zucchari, and Santi di Tito.

II.

Being graciously permitted by the sympathetic divination of my special companion to follow my own desires, I proceeded to the end of the Gallery of Maps, the farthest of the halls of the second story. Between the thirty windows which on one side, as on the other, give light to this long perspective, Gregory XIII., the reformer of the calendar, had painted in colours enormous maps of the provinces of Italy. By his order, the gallery was furnished with marble benches and a double row of Hermes, antique busts resting on high pedestals. Simply paved, this chamber has for vault a many-coloured paradise of medallions, of coffer-work, or trophies of stucco framing paintings, where projecting pediments are peopled with statuettes flitting under the arches, and representing Loves or Angels, according to the disposition of the spectator. I traversed rapidly the Gallery of Maps, and I did the same with that of Tapestries. You are astonished to find even under the roofs, above the Chiaramonti museum, new aisles as high and as rich in columns, archways, precious marbles, and splendidly decorated vaults. Paved with polished marble, in which the pedestals of four porphyry columns are reflected, the Galeria degli Arazzi is of more sober ornamentation; it was only

finished under Pius VIII. : all interest is invited by these famous tapestries which Leo X., for the decoration of the Sixtine chapel, had executed from designs furnished by Raphael. They are fourteen in number, but they only attribute eleven to the master himself, the same number as the cartoons. I had seen the seven of them which are at Hampton Court. The Tapestries are more finished, and of a richer shade of colour, and they do honour to the Flemish workmen, for they have worked without heaviness, from simple hints; but then in these hints what freedom, what brightness! Below the principal subjects, which offer scenes taken from the Gospels, are arranged between the borders, almost as a sort of predella, other subjects, borrowed from the history of the Medici:—the Return to Florence of the cardinal of that name; John de Medici being taken prisoner at the battle of Ravenna; John (afterwards Leo X.) fleeing from Florence in the dress of a capuchin, and his Entry into Rome to attend the conclave. Among the tapestries of which the design is not attributed to Raphael, let us remark, the Allegory of the Papacy, the Massacre of the Innocents, and Jesus appearing to Mary Magdalene. After these hangings they have placed others of the same time, which are not Raphael's; these have been copied more than once, and yet they are still uncommon. I have seen reproductions of them, rather dulled and less delicate, but still very valuable, and too little noticed, on the walls of the avant-chœur of the cathedral of Beauvais, where, too, are some hangings after the master.

As I had a long way to go, and as I felt it a duty not to leave my friend in the pontifical gardens too long, I was filled by a kind of alarm in presence of the riches of the Gallery of the Candelabra, an old Loggia, which was enclosed under Pius VI., and divided into six compartments by as many archways, supported by twelve Doric columns of various marbles. The labyrinth of miscellanies, which does not include less than two hundred and seventy-one items, closed by a capricious bouquet the Pio-Clementine museum, of which we shall take the last halls backwards. Let us give a word to the monuments of antique art, to which this gallery owes its name: they are eight very tall Candelabra of white marble, with delicately sculptured outlines, covered with light arabesques, and on their triangular bases are disposed in bas-relief, Fauns, Dancing Bacchantes, and subjects such as Marsyas and Apollo, Jupiter and Minerva, Venus, Genii, the Attributes of Diana, and other fancies treated with minute finish. Many of these high stands which figured in the sacrifices became furniture in the churches, in spite of their pagan emblems; three of the finest bore torches in the Baptistery of Constantia. We estimate how much the Italian Renaissance has drawn from these models of design, of delicate sculpture and ornamentation: we ought to have done as much for the candelabra of our public buildings and spaces.

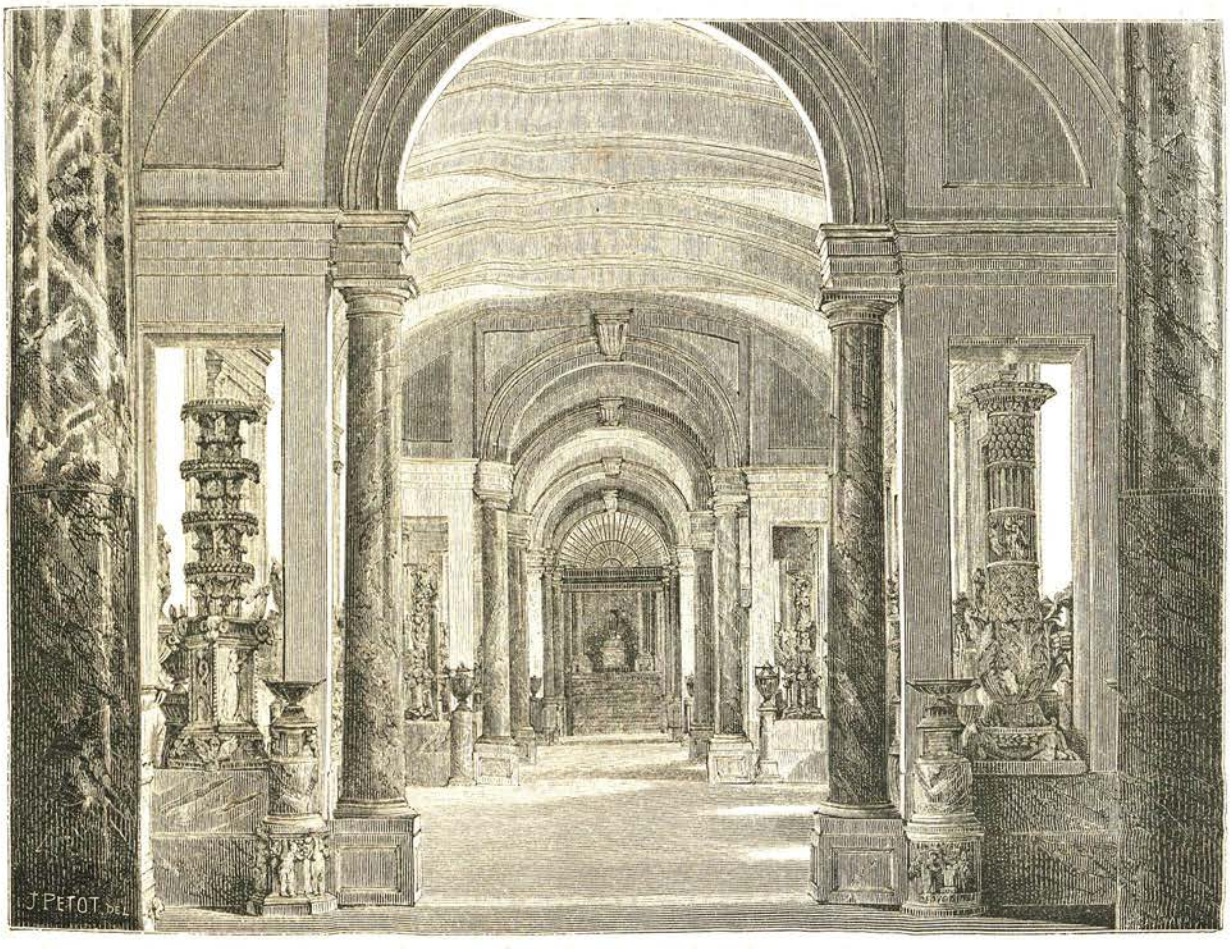
I can only mention in passing the most remarkable pieces, such as the Great Bowl in which Silenus and the Fauns make the vintage,—a work of a fine style; the wounded Phrygian Soldier, a piece of a later age, but of extreme vigour; the small Vase of brown Egyptian granite; the Ceres with fine draperies in Parian marble; the Bowl in which horses and dolphins carry Neptune; the Cup of red oriental granite streaked like Spanish beans; and that which has such pretty handles, composed of adders twisted into masks (it is of superfine porphyry, dark green on light green, with marblings). These gems are on altars of marble and jasper, covered with inscriptions. On another vase, in the shape of a mortar, are sketched emblems mixed with animals; you could not believe the degree to which, among so many objects of classic execution, the differences in process are numerous and extraordinary. The statue of a Victorious Virgin (222),

reveals a fashion and an elaborate search after the Etruscan, just as we make pasticci of our own middle age. The Mortar (210), round which Baccchantes dance in a ring, as well as its cylindrical base, in which cities and provinces figure, is a model of grace and lightness. If one allowed oneself to be fascinated by the splendour of certain gems, such as a Goblet, a Vase in semi-transparent alabaster, streaked with concentric zones, and two other Vases of rose-coloured alabaster, veined with the tenderest shades, one would run the risk of passing inattentively the splendid Sarcophagus which serves as a support for them, of which the bas-reliefs are very remarkable. They represent Apollo and Diana exterminating with arrows the too fair family of Niobe. This massacre presented in a moving fashion, between the impassive figures of the gods shooting their arrows, unites to the nobleness of Greek art the science of composition and the intelligence of dramatic emotion: the despair, the agony of death, the supplication of terror,—all is expressed with soul. The lid furnishes an original frieze, composed of a group of dead bodies. Not far from here a niche shelters a singular statue: Jupiter dressed as a woman, with the attributes of Diana the huntress. He is disguised thus to cheat Calisto, one of the nymphs of the goddess. Three children, one of which beats a swan that another is dragging by the wing and the neck, whilst the third carries off fruit in a nebris, appeared to me small masterpieces; they formed part of a group which decorated a fountain at Roma Vecchia, between the Latin Way and the Appian Way. Near the great Candelabrum representing Hercules and Apollo disputing for the tripod of Delphi, there are three vases which, besides their elegance, are curious specimens of rare and precious marble. One of an amazing size is of Orta alabaster of an agate shade, broadly veined with interior lines; the second, absolutely unique, is of jasper *radicellato*, with a purple ground streaked with grey rays, bluish and white; the third, in black African antique, has for handles two rooks, which with tails fixed in the body of the vase, bend back to sharpen their beak on the brim of the bowl.

The Ariadne discovered by Bacchus is one of the four principal sarcophagi of the Vatican. Like its neighbour, the sarcophagus of Niobe, it is announced from afar by pillars with vases on the top; these are fluted, one in violet marble, the other in *palombino*. From the point of view of composition, the Ariadne is the masterpiece of bas-relief; the scene is full without confusion, and the interest concentrated on the principal subject; figures are grouped with a happy harmony. The attitude of Ariadne is exactly that of the great Ariadne of the Gallery of Statues, which they took for Cleopatra. In the Satyr there is a hint, in the head only, of the Moses of Michel-angelo, who never saw this bas-relief. The last figure to the left, a woman, the small Bacchanals of the frieze or lid, with a cartouche supported by Loves, are exquisite pieces of sculpture. As an art of hollowing and making statuary in bas-relief effective, without weakness or harshness, there are in these two masterpieces, the Ariadne and the Niobe, the material for a school. I saw again with pleasure, but without stopping, the fine statue of a Roman lady as Polyhymnia; it is thus that, with a less noble severity, they used to travestie our fine ladies of the court of old days into Muses. The graceful figure of a Naval Victory, and especially among the objects bequeathed by the son of Victor Amadeus, eight antique paintings set in the wall, representing female dancers; here are pearls which would be compromising for one who should abstain from collecting them. In the compartment which follows, come some curiosities of a more or less miscellaneous kind: a quadrant or gnomon traced in the hollow of a quarter of

ALTAR OF SIXTINE CHAPEL.

a sphere, with the months and zodiacal signs marked on it in Greek; several cinerary vases, pure in form and ornamentation; a magnificent tripod of rose-coloured alabaster, with deep crystalline markings; it is placed on a pedestal of green of Ponsevera; the Ganymede carried off by the eagle, in which some amateurs see a reproduction of a celebrated original due to Leochares, a contemporary of Scopas, a fellow worker with Praxiteles at the tomb of Mausolus, and author of the Jupiter Tonans, which, in the time of Pliny, they used to worship at the Capitol. There is nothing to hinder one maintaining also that the charming Venus Anadyomene wiping her tresses is copied from the picture of Apelles, which Augustus introduced into the Temple of Venus Genitrix. A mention is owed to the cinerary urn of white marble, on which are figured in



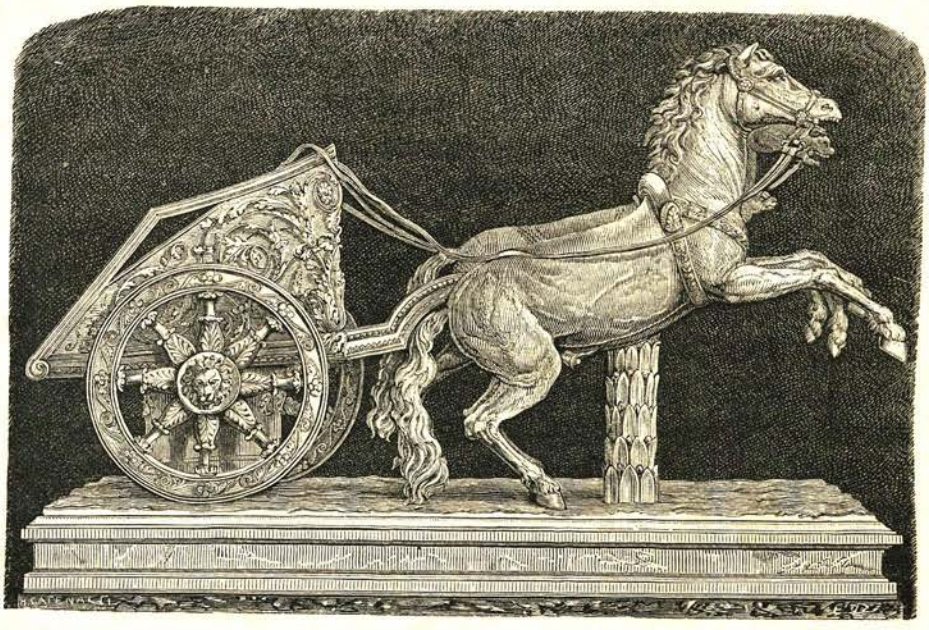
GALLERY OF THE CANDELABRA.

deep bas-relief of an exquisite delicacy, hippocampi, fish, masks, and groups of leaves;—to three stooping Sileni, with goat skins over their shoulders, which support a triangular modern basin;—to the pretty statuette of a Kneeling Barbarian, carrying a large jug;—to the Solar Clock found in the papacy of Pius IX. at Ostia;—to the ravishing little group, in which a satyr draws the thorn out of the foot of a faun;—to the oval sarcophagus consecrated to a youth, found in the catacomb of Cyriaca: it belongs to the decadence, but in the figures of the Muses as in the dress of the departed, Quirino Visconti fancied he could recognise the emblems of the sophistical sect;—finally, to two pieces of a rather strange fancifulness, the trunks of trees in white marble, one of which parts into two branches, and which bears nests: in one there are five small birds wide awake, while in the other are three asleep. These fledglings are

Bambini exquisitely moulded and posed; those who sleep are superior to the brood on the other tree. On the pedestal is carved, among the bas-reliefs, an Egyptian hawk in a semi-heraldic style; the broods of children must be, according to Raffei, symbols of fecundity.

III.

Such absorbing diversions made me forget the groves of the Vatican, but as I left the Hall of the Candelabra, and went by the magnificent staircase of Simonetti, I thought of the charming companion who was awaiting me below under the great oaks. To overcome this weakness I entered the circular hall of the Biga, so-called because Pius VI. had placed in the centre, a chariot with two horses, a Biga of marble, which long served in the church of St. Mark for a cathedra. Entrusted with the



THE BIGA.

restoration of this Greek car, the pole of which ending in a ram's head had been preserved, Franzoni fitted wheels that are somewhat heavy, he made a new head for the fine galloping courser, of which Prince Borghese had made a present to the holy father, he created a second horse, and the monument was re-established. To plant a head in the antique style on an admirable equestrian torso is no vulgar merit, and this restoration is a masterpiece of the kind; only the ornamentation of the car, composed of foliage flowing among rosettes, and mingled with wheat ears, was of inimitable workmanship. The whole seemed so wonderful to Pius VI. that to install the Biga, he had this rotunda constructed by Camporese, with a cupola imitated from the Pantheon, resting on a marble cornice, supported by eight fluted columns with Corinthian capitals. Besides the famous chariot, the hall of the Biga contains some pieces of value: an Indian Bacchus of the second century, a bearded figure with long plaited hair, clad in a sleeved tunic, with sandals; to hint that this Asiatic divinity presided over heedless pleasures, the artist has engraved the word ΣΑΡΔΑΝΑΠΑΛΛΟΣ

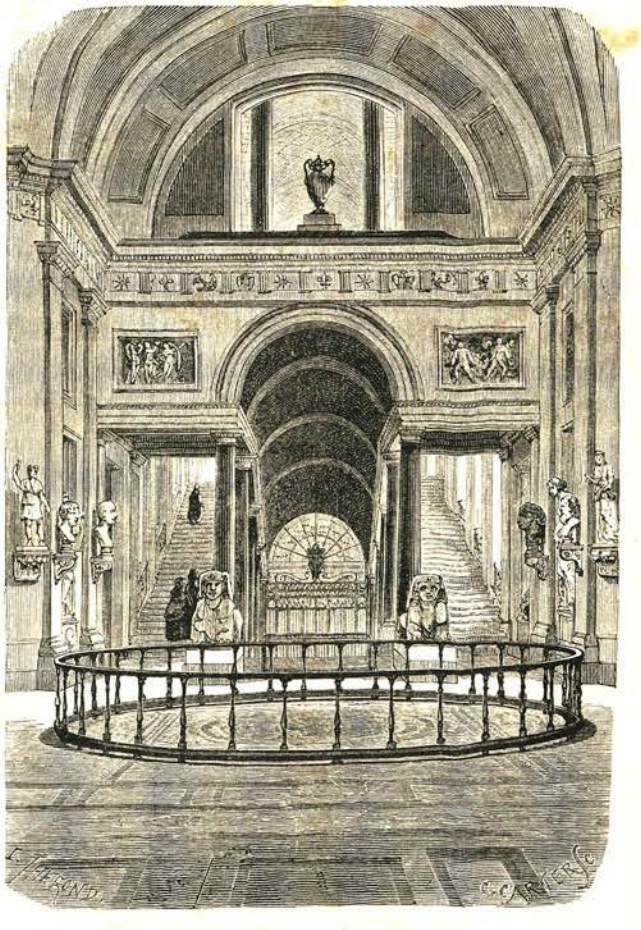
on the hem of the peplum;—the small sarcophagi with the races of the circus drawn on them: interesting pieces, for the one comes from the catacomb of St. Sebastian, while the other, which was found in the same vineyard as the tomb of the Scipios, is of rare delicacy. Let us also recall the Apollo Citharædus, and the Discobolos of Pentelican marble, found on the Appian Way, a celebrated statue, so correct as to have acquired a didactic value. Still, notwithstanding its irreproachable proportions, how inferior it seems to the reproduction of the Discobolos of Myron, placed close by! The admirably posed figure of a young athlete hurling the discus shows a nature at once full of spring and strength; the arms and chest modelled broadly with simplicity, the secret of which was too soon forgotten, recall the great epoch symbolized by the name of Phidias. The artist who drew his inspiration from the bronze of Myron, has written on the base, at the foot of which is a strigil: **ΜΥΡΩΝ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ.** The huntress Diana, with a quiver on her shoulder and a dog by her side, is thrown into a kind of movement, and displays a face which reminds us of the gallant figures of the youth of Louis XIV.; but what a model of grace and execution! What can be more curious than the statue of that driver of a car, who having been victorious in the circus, with one hand holds the palm and with the other the reins. He has a hook for weapon; his torso is as if encircled by bands of iron arranged above the tunic. We have spoken of the Hall of the Greek Cross; you must go through it to reach the Round Hall. The first serves so constantly for a passage either towards the gardens or to ascend to the Etruscan and Egyptian Museum, or to descend to the library, that you run the risk of neglecting certain objects there. The statue of Augustus veiled as the high pontiff, the half-draped Octavius, whose head by a curious singularity has never been detached from the trunk;—the Lucius Verus, so well planted, though the head is a little too strong;—an esteemed, though in my opinion a weak copy of Venus of Gnidus;—the Sphinxes in Egyptian granite on each side of the staircase;—the colossal heads of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius;—the Marciana;—the unknown Empress draped as Ceres or Modesty, to whom the statuary has given the eyes of a vampire;—these are some of the notable pieces. There are two others which, reduced to their money value and to the industrial merit of execution, so seize the eye that they help to prevent one from seeing the rest; these are two gigantic sarcophagi, of the red porphyry which is so hard to cut; monoliths, whose mass is truly imposing, and which are erected in the upper part of this great vestibule. Of the colossal gems one, taken from the baptistery attached to St. Agnes beyond the walls, has held the remains of the daughter of Constantine; Genii, Vintagers, figures that the Romans take for grotesques, so incorrect is the execution, stand out in extreme relief from this block of purple, which is polished like a cornelian. How many difficulties thus conquered, to carve in hard stone the products of an art which is absolutely degenerate! Pius VI. had brought to the Vatican these renowned curiosities, splendid as the decoration of a hall, precious above all as historical documents. In fact, the second sarcophagus of porphyry, which is still more enormous than the other, and has on the top a sculptured pyramidal lid, was entrusted by Constantine to five and twenty workmen, who laboured nine years to give a worthy burial-place to the mother of the emperor. St. Helena slept easily at Tor Pignattara, in this Titan's toy, transferred afterwards to St. John Lateran, whence Pius VI. removed it. On its sides run and gallop the soldiers of the Battle against Maxentius. These bas-reliefs, which project so much that they

are round engaged embossings, extend their triumphant defiles over the four faces. In those times they were reduced to seek success in difficulties of handiwork, and it was really necessary, for the art of bas-reliefs is no longer possessed by the workmen of that epoch.

IV.

The hours went less slowly; the curiosity of seeing and studying triumphed more and more over the attractions of the pontifical garden. As I had only two sanctuaries more to explore, the Round Hall and the Chamber of the Muses, I stifled my remorse.

To resist the seduction of the Round Hall and halt at the threshold, one would need the courage of the barbarians; for this rotunda is the splendid and striking restoration of an antique saloon. You would suppose yourself there to be in the galleries of Mæcenas, of Verres, of Cicero, or of Titus, and you may analyse the causes of this illusion. To create the Round Hall, that great and venerable friend of the arts whom we call Pius VI., proceeded like the contemporaries of Augustus; he disposed the casket for gems he had collected beforehand, instead of doing as we do, who build a box without thinking beforehand of the contents. The pontiff Braschi possessed eight fine colossal figures, ten busts, an enormous vase of red porphyry, and the mosaic pavement of an ancient rotunda. So he placed a cupola upon ten fluted pilasters of Carrara marble; between each of them they made an arched niche, to hold the great statues on pedestals of Greek marble; before each pilaster were placed the busts on brackets of red porphyry; the mosaic of Otricoli, where Medusa is encircled by the Combat by the Lapithæ and Centaurs, and where Tritons move with Nymphs and Chimæras, was again made the pavement of an antique hall; finally the basin of red porphyry, forty-one feet in circumference, found in the Thermæ of Diocletian, was installed in the middle of the hall erected to contain it. In this rich arrangement all is justified, all contributes to a certain harmony, all is homogeneous and seems to belong to one and the same age.



HALL OF THE GREEK CROSS.

Since by such complete illusions they are brought back to the old world, it is proper first of all to bow before Jupiter Optimus Maximus,—*Maximus* particularly, for an unspeakable majesty characterises this prototype of the Olympian head. The

ERYTHRÆAN SIBYL (CEILING OF THE SIXTINE CHAPEL).

projecting eyebrows of a monumental front, the pitiless impassibility of this ideal and virile beauty; the parted lips, superior to every emotion, and through which only oracles can pass: all contributes to convey the idea of a superhuman being, all powerful, with no vindictiveness and no pity, and in whose eye mortals are but as insects. Near the master of the gods is a colossal Bacchus, the torso of which recalls by its modelling the fine bronze Hercules found in the Righetti palace. In this hall gods and emperors are assembled, as they were in the ideal Olympus of the Romans. Near the drunken Bacchus leaning on a faun, a charming head which is effective without complication, is the great Ligurian head of Pertinax, broadly sketched and full of a crafty geniality; near these are Plautinus and the Julia Pia, second wife of Septimius Severus, separated from a colossal bust of Claudius (his finest known likeness) by the great Juno of Lanuvium, surrounded by curious attributes. She is less handsome, however, than the famous Barberini Juno, placed near Jupiter Serapis, in which the King of Olympus, personified according to doctrines of the Alexandrian school, appears with the tresses of Pluto and in the centre of the rays of Phœbus. The Juno, whose head is superb, her draperies elegant and supple, the hair skilfully dealt with, and the bosom revealed with grace under the transparency of the peplum, this Juno that was discovered on the Viminal, is a work of marked style, and it is not astonishing that they should have asked at the sight of it whether the Juno of Praxiteles had not been brought away from the Temple of Platæa. The enormous and bizarre Hermes of Parian marble, which represented not the Ocean, as they say, but a grotesque Triton in a pool in the garden of Pozzoli, separates Antoninus from Nerva, two fine statues, especially the first, which is clad in a cuirass and holds the parazonium in the left hand; Marcus Aurelius set it up in the villa of Adrian. As for the seated figure of Nerva, a singular fact is connected with it: they discovered the upper half of it between the basilicas of Santa Croce and the Lateran; then they gave it to restore to the sculptor Cavaceppi, who had at home the lower part, which had been found elsewhere at some indefinite period. On the pedestal is a comic bas-relief, witty and graceful, representing a household scene taken from the first book of the Iliad, Vulcan indoctrinating Juno so as to make her less intractable with Jupiter.

Comedy and Tragedy are represented by two Hermes, curious specimens of Greek art in the time of Adrian, who had them sculptured to support the door of his antique theatre of the villa at Tivoli. Comedy, with a chaplet of vine-leaves, is full of laughter; the head, like that of Tragedy, is of a sort that might be called bourgeois: these beauties seem modern; the old heroic world was vanishing. If Ceres, another colossus, affects so rigid a mien, it is because she is without doubt indignant that they should have placed a fairly reputable goddess between Antinoüs and Adrian. As for the colossal Adrian exhumed from the fosses of St. Angelo, this head in Pentelican marble, of which the execution is transcendant, must have fallen from a statue posted as guardian in the vestibule of the tomb.

We have only, after more than one piece of forgetfulness perhaps, to make honourable avowal at the feet of Mnemosyne, described μNHOμCINH on the inscription in old Greek letters on her statue, which is nearly half smaller than nature; Clement XIV. purchased this masterpiece from the Barberini. Her arms engaged in her draperies, Mnemosyne wrapped within herself seems, so vague is her glance, to be watching some inner horizons; it is thought that gives life to this inactive figure. Let us leave the Round Hall with this sister of Saturn: she will very properly introduce us into the

boudoir of the nine poetic maidens of whom Zeus made her the mother, having been obliged, in order to seduce Memory, the inspiring source of the Muses, to replace his sceptre by the shepherd's crook.

V.

The sanctuary of the Nine Sisters, presided over by Apollo Musagetes, clad in long tunics and playing the flute, is enriched by the spoils of the villa of Tivoli and the palaces of the Esquiline, to which they have adapted sixteen columns of Carrara marble. The softened light that falls on the works of this octagonal chamber, helps to make the circle of the Muses more imposing, and this economy of the light is all the more favourable, as it plunges into a half obscurity the frescoes of the Cavalier Conca, while it allows the eye to rest on the arabesques of the mosaic with which the hall is paved. What makes these exhibitions of the theogony of old days so animated, is that at the feet of the immortals you find the society of the illustrious men who adored them: this chamber is really a Sacellum, to such a degree does the architecture of Pius VI., retempered by Winckelmann and the ephemeral Renaissance which the Revolution crushed, add to the illusion: you breathe, as you enter this court, a certain fragrance of sanctity, and you are seized with involuntary respect. The faith of the popes must have been very robust, that in this Rome which is so pagan in instinct and in its memories, they could dare, in the presence of a superstitious and sensual people, to restore to honour, in the very heart of their palaces and of the domain of St. Peter, the divinities of their ancestors, ever adorable by the prestige of ideal beauty.

Let us select, as we enter, some familiars of the college of the Muses to whom it seems mannerly to present ourselves. To begin with, there is Demosthenes; the earliest glimpse enables you to recognise that head which is so full of life, and has so spiritually characteristic an expression. Antisthenes, the pupil of Socrates and the master of Diogenes, with his lips parted under an expressive beard, is likewise a mask of an evident individuality, but his disciple and he have an air of ignorance of one another: this grave and calm Diogenes seems to me to have been christened by an afterthought, unless he be some namesake. The Sophocles, small and dry, with an official kind of face, is in my eyes an unknown, who having kept only the second half of his name—. . . . ΟΚΛΗΣ—makes too good profit out of a gallantry of Time. Epicurus is authentic; he had so many friends, that he was often pourtrayed. Zeno the Stoic is very good, as well as Æschines, Metrodorus, Socrates, and the sleepy Epimenides. Meanly executed, the Alcibiades has the mannered and almost modern expression of a genius skilled in exploiting the infatuation of fashion; it is a curious face, that I expected to meet in that world. What a difference between this pet of renown, and the valiant and admirably interpreted figure of Themistocles! Lycurgus, Periander, Bias, Euripides, ought not to be passed in silence. As I came and saw on a Græco-Roman bas-relief the ceremony of a marriage, my eyes fell on a grave and comely woman, whose head was modestly veiled; it is the friend of Plato and Socrates, a hetaira who presided over the intellectual movement of an epoch summed up in the mighty name of Pericles. Near Aspasia is placed the royal dictator of the Athenian democracy, Pericles, the son of Xanthippus. Intelligent, subtle, delicate,

and shapely under the helmet which so adds to its size, his head has the rather mocking expression of great leaders who know men, and play at pulling the wires of the puppets. Found in the time of Pius VI., these authentic portraits (the names are engraved upon them) have made the modern world acquainted with two illustrious figures of antiquity. Between the pair is seated the Tenth of the Muses, Sâppho of Mitylene, a statue broad in style and pure in sentiment.

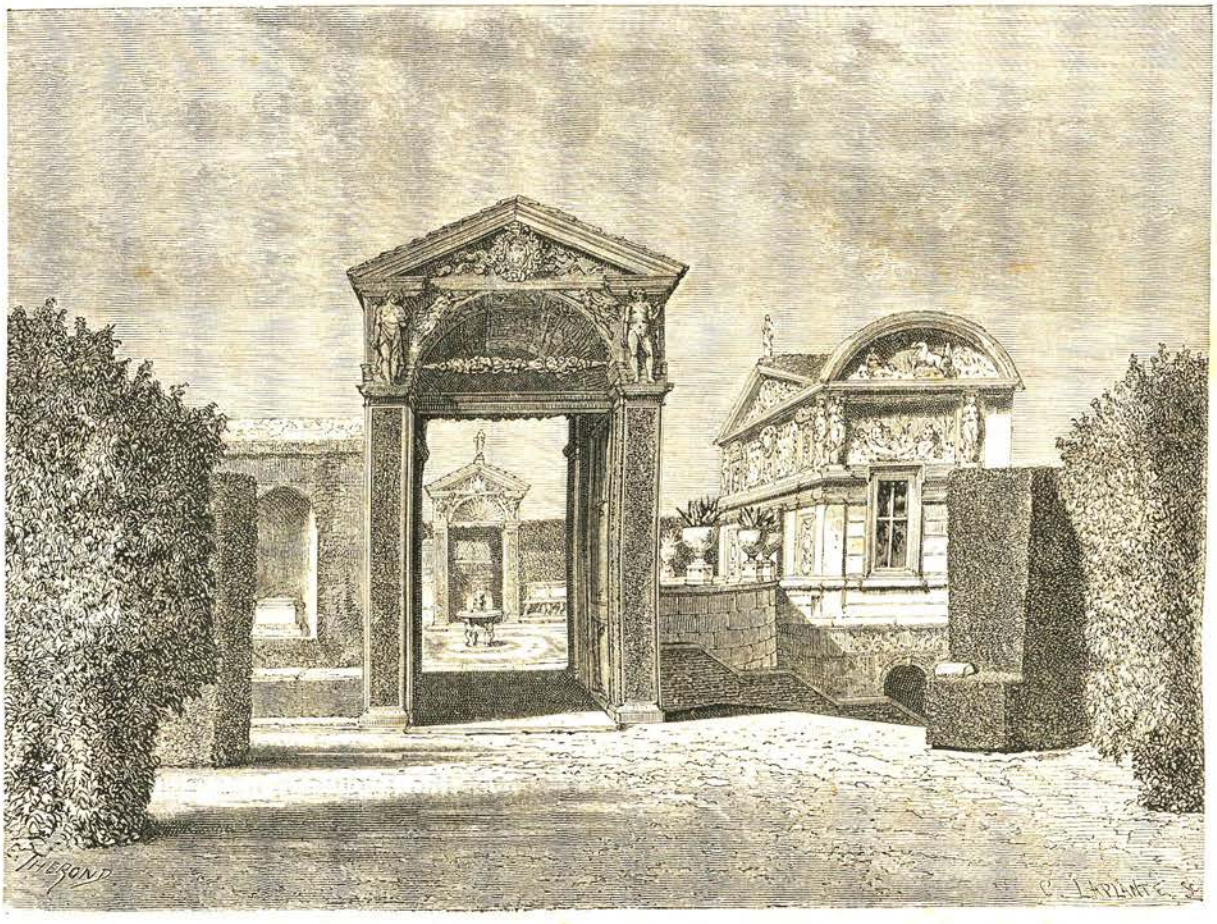
To conclude this summary review, we have only to make our halt before the Pierides. This collection of the nine statues of the Muses is really unique, especially if you consider that it is completed by the Mnemosyne and the Apollo Citharedus; yet all these figures are by no means of equal beauty. Melpomene is one of the best; her dishevelled hair, intermixed with grapes, her young and grave glance, the movement in her attitude, the heaviness of the tunic, the noble grace with which the *syrma* is flung —all gives the goddess, armed with the poniard, a passionate expression. Thalia is more laughing; she has for attributes the *pedum* which answers to pastoral poetry, the comic mask and the tympanum; she is seated, the lower part of the body enclosed in a large mantle, whence sandal-shod feet escape. Every one knows that childish and frolicsome face, the brow framed in ivy leaves, projecting shadows. These two Muses, as well as Polyhymnia, Clio, Erato, Calliope, Terpischore, and Apollo Musagetes, were discovered in 1774 at Tivoli, in an ancient rustic house of Cassius. Pius VI. instantly made these precious acquisitions; then he strove to complete the procession, and constructed for the divinities the octagonal chapel of the Muses. As one goes over the creations of that lofty, liberal, poetic spirit, and in presence of the marvels left by this pontiff, and remembers the persecutions which slew the noble old man, we can hardly help asking on which side were true greatness and civilization.

In contemplating the stars, Urania by mistake let her head fall at Velletri, where it was taken for Fortune. Pope Braschi has placed upon her shoulders a very fine antique head; he has delivered her from her modern gear, and has restored her ray and starred globe; a gentle figure, admirably draped, yet not more so than Polyhymnia, the *Musa tacita*, who presides over pantomime and fables. Who has not seen the reductions of that pensive figure, with the peplum thrown back over the shoulder, and stamped with a grace that has nothing forced about it? The lyric Erato, of Pentelican marble, has two fore-arms entirely new; as she had lost her head, they consoled her with that of a Leda, which suits her very well. Calliope, *pugilares* in hand, seems in search of some epic strophe; the Terpischore, holding a flute, is not remarkable; Euterpe, though seated, is still wanting in beauty; Clio has the same arrangement as the Muse of Epopee, only as she has longer stories to tell, instead of tablets she holds a *volumen* or scroll. Standing on an antique altar consecrated to Augustus, Apollo,—clad down to his feet in a long robe, a mixed impersonation between the high priest and the bard,—leads the choir of the Pierides gathered around him. This easily recognisable divinity, in the strange majesty of a hieratic costume, completed by a large mantle thrown back, this consecrated figure, the reproduction of a type created in the distant ages of Greece, is of a vivid, superhuman, and incongruous beauty. The lyre, of strange shape, on one of the branches of which they have cut the Punishment of Marsyas, is hung to a strap flung crosswise over the shoulder of the god, whose bosom heaves and vibrates; for, while accompanying himself with his fingers, he sings without effort.

Such is the unity of action impressed on this group of ten figures by the sentiment of a rite and the power of symmetry, that speedily under the magic impulse of the

leader of the Muses, their procession becomes animated, and the ear even seems to perceive the harmonies of a mystic concert. 'The dark earth,' says Hesiod, 'resounded with their hymns, and as they advance, in their steps there rises up harmonious murmur. . . . . Plunging from the heights and wrapped in clouds, they form light-footed dances; they roam during the night-season, and their voices sing the things that have been and are to be.'

Before such a vision we ask what, when darkness enfolds the palace, what these captive divinities turn into, who followed Apollo of old in the gardens of Cassius to the sounds of the cascades of Tibur? May be they come down on the rays of the



CASINO OF PIUS IX.

moon into the fields of Nero, to these Vatican shades, to form rings and make merry; and as dawn sends back Phœbus and his coursers, the white phantoms remount their pedestals.

VI.

These fancies reminded me that I was being waited for in these same groves, and content with having performed my task, I made haste in search of a Muse really alive, to whom the graces of solitude lent some poetry. How time had sped! In the garden the light had changed its zone; the already purpling rays of evening were falling on to the western slopes of the Vatican, and the shadows of the trees spread

PORTION OF THE CEILING OF THE SIXTINE CHAPEL.

over the flower-beds. Far as I could see, not a soul was visible; the statues, like vain spectres, only brought me into irritating mistakes; the air was stifling and dumb; the nests were silent. In the search for my companions, I had again seen in these saddened places the Casino of Pius VI., and going over to the foot of the slopes, I approached the grating by which I had entered, when I found myself in front of so singular a landscape that I stopped to look at it.

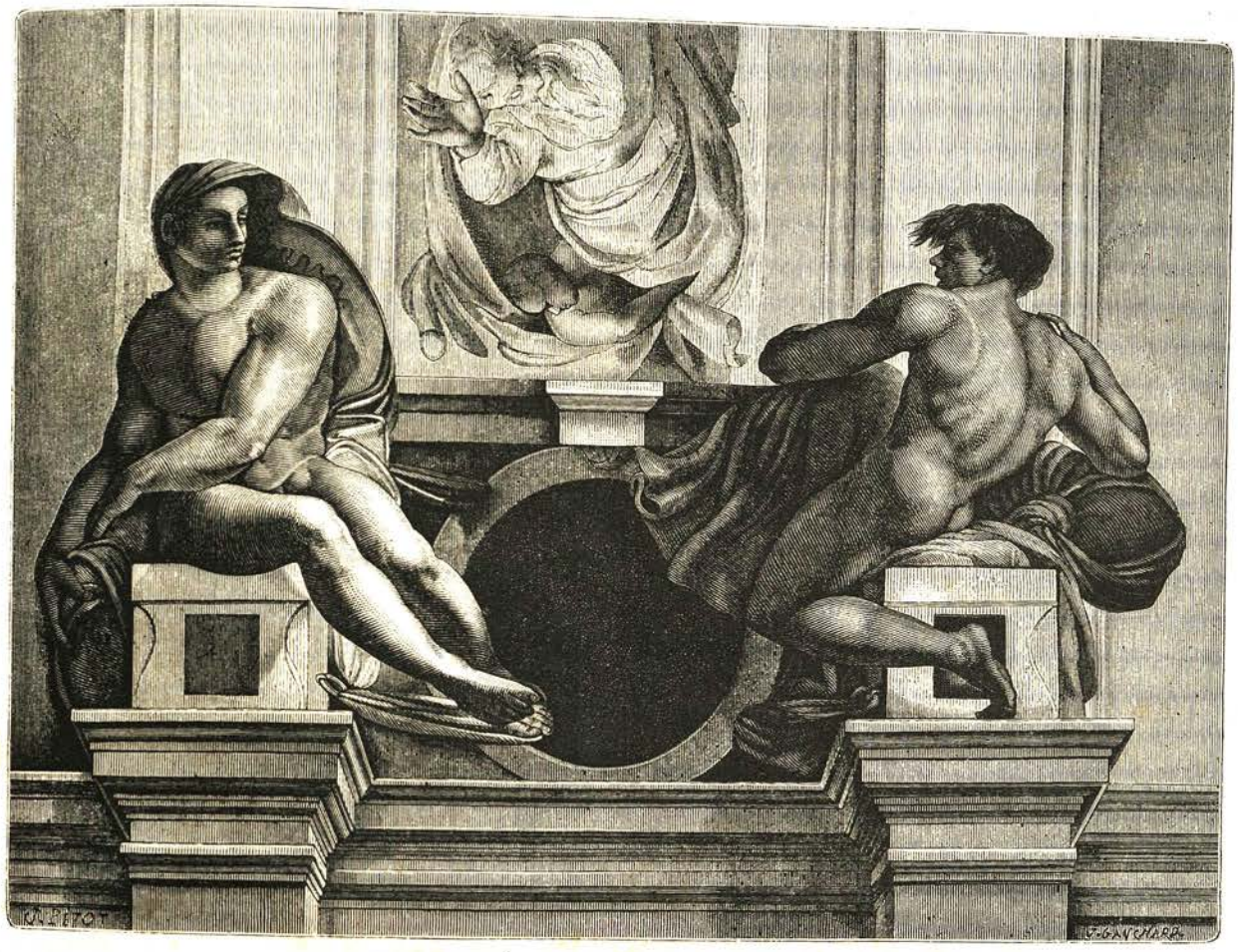
To the left, striped with oblique shadows, were the spreading surfaces and roofs of the Vatican buildings, whence rose one of the small cupolas; to the right, beyond the Casino, over a slope of brambles was a path leading by zig-zag to terraces tapestried with lemon-trees and privet, the supports of a forest, pierced by fiery darts

EXIT FROM THE PONTIFICAL GARDEN.

towards the tops, and with bluish openings among the dense masses. Through two glades you caught glimpses high in the horizon of some of the battlements of the Leonine enclosure; finally, to fill the centre, and carry the summit of the pyramid into the skies, there arose, commanding from their giant pedestals, the suddenly dwarfed woods,—there arose, I say, the aisles, and, above them, the formidable cupola of St. Peter, whose golden ball against the distances of deep azure sparkled like a star at nightfall. Few people have seen, and no painter has reproduced, this astonishing perspective.

Around is no noise; in the air from time to time the clear ring of some convent bell. I understood that, weary or offended at the delay, my companion had returned by the homeward road. But to satisfy a vague hope, as well as to complete my tour

through the gardens, to which I should never surely return, I ascended the path which had fascinated me, and turned towards the sacred groves of the spot. A few glimpses and openings allow you to follow the oblique course of the Tiber through the Campagna; sarcophagi bequeathed by the earliest Christian ages disclosing themselves among the brambles, you decipher Cæsarean inscriptions under the ivy; Diana, the nymphs, Sylvanus, the god Pan, shine out from the masses; they are at home, and have no look of shivering in their exile, as in our northern regions. I wandered in this way on my voyage of discovery as far as the reverse of a mound, where the wood degenerates into copse, to make the most possible out of the ruins, at the other side of which rises the hill smothered in green trees. Confused sounds reached me; under vaults of bright leafage, over which the reflections of the sky shed tones as of moonlight, it seemed to me as if one or two of the statues were quitting their pedestals. 'Ah, there you are!' said a calm voice close to me, so strange after all these mute hours, that it made me start.



THE IGNUDI (VAULT OF THE SIXTINE CHAPEL).

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DIVINE CITY OF THE VATICAN (*continued*).

Sanctuaries of the Renaissance.—Hour of the apogee fixed by Julius II.—Pontifical ceremony at the Sixtine Chapel.—Michelangelo and the Last Judgment.—First steps of the Decadence: Royal and Ducal Halls.—The Conversion of St. Paul, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter, at the Pauline Chapel.—Return to the Sixtine.—Last works of the pleiad of the Forerunners; the Twelve Frescoes.—Luca Signorelli, Andrea d'Assisi, Perugino, Cosimo Rosselli, D. Ghirlandajo, Piero di Cosimo.—The true author of the Spozalizzio of Raphael.—Sandro Botticelli.—First paintings of Michelangelo on the vault of the Sixtine.—Singular plan of their conception.—The Sibyls and the Prophets.—The Ignudi and their consequences.—Scenes taken from Genesis; their unlikeness to antique art.—Creation of Adam and Eve, Fall of Man, Paradise Lost, the Drunkenness of Noah.—Filiation of Jacopo della Quercia.

I.

IN the year of grace 1511, on All Saints' Day, Julius II. offered to the admiration of his court the three first frescoes of Raphael in the chamber of the Segnatura, as well as the still unfinished paintings with which Michelangelo, since May 8, 1508, had been decorating the vault of the Sixtine Chapel. Nothing had been seen hitherto comparable to these masterpieces, which have never been surpassed in subsequent times; so their appearance assigns a precise date to the culminating point of the Renaissance. That was a glorious morning, on which

this double revelation shone forth, and not only for the rivals united in the same victory, but for Julian della Rovere, who had discerned and had associated with the majesty of his reign two men of genius, equally superior though unlike; for that Olympian pontiff, who led to the full expansion of what three centuries had been elaborating.

Projects which had nothing ambitious about them, prepared these considerable results. In coming to the Holy See, Pope Julius felt a repugnance to inhabit apartments that had been defiled by the Borgia family, and he had others made ready on the upper story; then he wished, in memory of his uncle, Sixtus IV., to decorate the ceiling of the chapel which this pontiff built. With the clear-sightedness of a man of taste and authority, he entrusted the apartments to Raphael of Urbino, who had been presented to him by Bramante, and while fully appreciating Sanzio, he required that the vast spaces of the Sixtine vault, a real battle-field, should be taken by Buonarotti, who would fain have declined, who had never tried fresco, and to whom it was necessary to give lessons as to a scholar, before he executed as his first essay the finest page that any master has ever traced.

For this enormous work Bramante pointed out Michelangelo; Michelangelo recommended Raphael. Julius II. held to his point; he fell into such fury, that Buonarotti had to yield. A novice as a painter, he who was covered with glory as a sculptor, was thirty-four years old; Raphael was only five-and-twenty. Both had drunk of the Dantean spring, both had received the religious and liberal tempering which, under the influence of Savonarola, warmed the last inspirations of the school of Umbria; finally, the eldest and most energetic had not yet exercised any ascendancy over the other, when the latter opposed the Dispute on the Holy Sacrament, the School of Athens, the Parnassus, to that epopee of Genesis of which Michelangelo sent forth the first strophes. So we may here study Raphael without foreign admixture and without a rival, before the hour when the abuses of science stifled inspiration.

The first time I crossed the threshold of the Sixtine Chapel, the lower part of the church, which only is accessible to the public, was crowded with people, because the sovereign pontiff was to assist at mass; cardinals, secular and regular, robed in grey or red, furred in ermine, occupied the benches of the sacred college, divided from the faithful by a high balustrade. I was struck with the simplicity of the building; a high long hall reduced to the four walls, without architectural ornaments, with rectangular windows pierced over the frieze. To the right, a tribune half-grated, with trellis work for the choristers; at the bottom a very simple altar with four steps in front, covered with a carpet; to the right of this altar, which has only six tapers, separated from the great piece of the Last Judgment by the mantle of a narrow baldachin, a raised seat for the pope; that is the Sixtine Chapel. It has no other decoration but the paintings with which it is entirely covered, up to a height of some fifteen feet above the ground. It was to furnish the lower part, that Leo X. commissioned Raphael to execute on subjects of holy scripture the series of compositions, of which the artist painted between 1515 and 1518 eleven cartoons, to be executed in tapestry at Arras.

During the office, distracted by my neighbours, and not very free in my movements, I only suspected the magnificence of the Sixtine Chapel; I was assisting for the first time at the ceremonial of this clergy of princes; I was waiting for the entrance of Pius IX.. whom I had not then seen. The heraldic livery of the Swiss guards, the

THE LOGGIE (VATICAN).

costumes of the chiefs of the orders, the magnificent ornaments of the officiating cardinal, from which stood out in all its pale and intelligent leanness the ascetic head of the learned Dom Pitra, son of St. Benedict and countryman of St. Bernard; all was striking and novel for me. When the pope, in the midst of a royal, military, and episcopal escort, made his entrance into his chapel, vibrating with harmonious cries that seem to pour down from heaven those strange words, which we may well find

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SIXTINE CHAPEL.

angelic, for they are not human; while the wave of sacerdotal pomp swept before the Last Judgment,—I embraced all that surrounded me, with an eye that was dazzled because the soul was stirred. The frescoes of Sixtus IV., with which the walls are peopled, the dimly discerned ceiling, which appalled me by an indefinable immensity, the drama of the end of the ages; all appeared to me at once. Then returning to the pontiff with the triple crown, transformed into a giant by the prolongation of an enormous cope; to the king who is only a monk, to the aged man who continues the dynasty of St. Peter, of St. Sylvester, and of Julius II., transported into the presence of the purest

memories of the great ages, between the papacy and Michelangelo, I felt that I was breathing in the noblest sanctuary which the world possesses.

While the mass lasted, every one assisting in ceremonial toilette, which only allows for both sexes black with white linen, and in which the women must have the head covered with a veil, I had to content myself, so far as the paintings went, with general remarks, except for the Last Judgment, which I had leisure enough to examine without any trouble.

It seemed to me that the walls of the long nave tend to widen at the top, since the dust, instead of floating over a vertical surface, has collected on the frescoes where it spreads dull and cloudy zones. The picture of Michelangelo, the greatest of all, is free from this outrage, as if it had just been wiped. When the artist, thirty years after completing the decoration of the vault, consented under Paul III. to paint the back of the altar, where they scraped a fresco of Perugino, the walls of the Sixtine were already opening no doubt, for to prevent his work being exposed to the dust, Buonarotti made the pargetting of his wall project in a perceptible manner.

Intelligent persons who have visited Paris are acquainted with this enormous work by the copy of Sigalon, who had little trouble in rendering the general tone of a composition whose colouring is neither gentle or tender. So I need only describe the material condition of the original, which is less damaged than has been said, and which, if it has acquired browned tints, especially in the sky, of which the blue has turned metallic, owes this less to the smoke of six harmless tapers than to the defective quality of the plaster. You recognise less easily on the copy than on the original, the retouchings and repaintings with which the work has been loaded by Daniele da Volterra, either to make certain perilous illusions vanish, or to clothe nudities and even to efface likenesses, for the successors of Paul Farnese were in this respect less scrupulous than he. Solicited as we know by Biagio da Cesena, his master of the ceremonies, who was represented in hell as a punishment for his criticisms, with an ass's ears and a serpent of luxury round his body, Paul III. answered him: 'If they had placed thee in purgatory, our prayers might have rescued thee; but the power of the Church expires on the threshold of hell, and the damned are there for ever.'

Michelangelo spent eight years in the accomplishment of this mighty and terrible task; he was nearly sixty when he undertook it, to realise the half of a programme traced by Clement VII., who wished to furnish, as a pendant to the Last Judgment, the Fall of the Rebel Angels, a subject in which the artist might have given once more the measure of his style and skill. To order his composition, he drew his inspiration from two poems; the Inferno of Dante (illustrated, so to speak, in the lower part of the picture, where, like the poet, he has introduced Charon with his boat), and the Apocalypse of St. John, whence proceeds the aerial and heavenly portion of that drama in two ranges, in which all the figures are in the foreground. Such was the impulse given by Michelangelo to academic studies, to the search after scientific anatomy and after the difficulties inherent in forced attitudes and complicated fore-shortenings, that the new work, a sort of synoptical picture of all imaginable feats of strength, filled his contemporaries with transports of admiration. This passion exercised a decisive and disastrous influence, by substituting means for the real end of art. The painter had announced that he should surpass himself; he wrote it to Aretino in 1537: so he made a prodigious effort. The visible and sustained power of this effort excites a kind of terror, which triumphs over the drynesses of an execution which age had made stiff,

and over the defect of interest which results from a frozen inspiration. To this work, in which emotion is wanting, in which the abuse of the processes as well as the extravagance of the intention, only arouse a stupefied approval, we must oppose Michelangelo himself, young, still mindful of the examples of Ghirlandajo, of the celestial visions of the Umbrian School, and of the teachings of Savonarola; Michelangelo making over again after Moses the semi-pastoral poem of Genesis, and uniting on the vaults of this same Sixtine Chapel the old feeling for the beautiful, with a convinced faith in the mystery of the Scriptures. In his old age he wished to do better and more; he dared much more, but he passed beyond his aim.

How singular the persistency of an enthusiasm which goes back to the hyperbolical eulogies of Condivi, Vasari, and other compilers! For three centuries the crowd, on the faith of pedagogues, has no eyes except for the Last Judgment, before which a sheeplike host falls into ecstasy, while these same people, often highly literate, who profess to understand the beauties of the work, have scarcely a glance to bestow on the paintings of the vaults, the sublimest creation of the hand of man!

The president De Brosses alone thought of preferring the ceiling, but on account 'of the forced attitudes of the figures of the frieze' which he calls a *fury of anatomy*. Besides he only speaks of the Sybils and the Prophets; the medallions of the centre have no mention. His opinions on the Last Judgment are original enough to be worth recalling. 'His picture has succeeded, because it is a confused subject in which disorder is in its place, because he had the art of spreading a colour without harmony, a bad general tint of an ambiguous air, bluish and reddish, which is not unlike the mixture of the elements in the overthrow of nature. This subject was the most suitable of which a vast sublime and ferocious spirit like that of Michelangelo could have made choice, to harmonize with its own character. The whole piece produces a mighty perturbation, and astonishes more than it pleases.' But the president, who finds all this by chance, crudely betrays his incompetence by this verdict against Michelangelo: 'He was, to speak decisively, a BAD but a terrible draughtsman.' Now if we could, to use a trope thrown out of repute by Vestris, praise a mortal for having been a god of his art, the god of drawing would be Michelangelo, who not only created adorable outlines, which are distinct from the antique and as beautiful, but who followed form by the regularity of the object modelled, who drew from within, so to speak;—a sculptural precision which he first professed, and in which so few masters have been able to follow him, that the most correct of our age hardly understood such a kind of superiority.

The terrestrial portion of the fresco in which the Dead emerge from the slime, pale and stricken, still half corpses and already resuscitated; in which the Souls, overwhelmed by their doom, are carried off by the Devils who quarrel for them,—this lower part is treated in as new a form as it is dramatic; but the scenes which pass in the air round the throne of Jesus the Avenger, seem harsh in consequence of the absence of all aerial perspective. The figures launched into the spaces of the sky have been designed in colossal proportions, so as to render them more imposing, which makes them formidable: thus the Holy Virgin who presses against her Son in a supplicating attitude, shows herself terror-stricken at the horrible beings that surround him. The Christ even, whose violent and pitiless gesture has become traditional, not as has been said since the paintings of Fra Angelico at Orvieto, but ever since Orcagna, who himself in the Campo Santo of Pisa had interpreted it

from an earlier Pisan that I have seen,—this Christ, made bluff and stout as a consequence of muscular exaggeration, appears not to pronounce a sentence, but to threaten sinners with a shower of blows: it is the gesture which speaks, and we can only expect the arguments of a Hercules. Giovanni di Paolo, and Luca Signorelli had translated this consecrated attitude with less violence.

But, it will be objected by the persons who insist upon a judgment all in one tone, do you then think the work a failure? It is so superior to the ordinary conceptions, so victoriously skilful and so imperiously instructive, that in the domain of art it changed the face of the world, by stopping short the spiritualist impulse of Italy. Thus the same man who in statuary had prepared the apogee of modern æsthetic, and who rescued it from inaccessible heights by his first frescoes, the same genius experienced before all others the dangers of his own doctrines; he inaugurated the area of decline by an immortal page—the Last Judgment, the manifesto and first monument of a system which was to lead art to its ruin.

II.

The office over, after one or two petitions which change into a præsidial throne the cathedra of the holy father, before whom the petitioners plead on their knees, sometimes followed by a deputation likewise kneeling; and when, to robe the cardinals in their mantles of purple the chamberlain, accoutred much like the apothecaries of comedy, had quitted their places at the feet of their masters, who had come down from their stalls, I waited until a *custode* would be at leisure to open the Pauline Chapel for me; and here ought I not to excuse myself for presenting the works of Michelangelo in an order which confounds their chronology? But the interest of a narrative requires that the facts should follow an ascending march, and this rule forces us to begin with the last years of a career, whose perfection was at its commencement.

In the Royal Hall, in the Ducal Hall, before the Hercules and the Seasons of the Fleming and of Matteo of Sienna, before the historical frescoes of Sommaschini, of the Zuccari, of Salviati, of Sicciolante, of Vasari, and of Lorenzino of Bologna, I had convinced myself, not without alarm, and by a flying glance, of a rapid decline after the Last Judgment. The Pauline Chapel suddenly presenting me with Michelangelo in his weakness in the midst of his victims, in all the heaviness of his violence, enabled me to understand how the exploration of works, representing forty years of the life of this superhuman personage, ought to busy itself with the last, before reaching the masterpiece of so singular a genius.

Antonio of San Gallo constructed this chapel for Pope Paul III., who had it decorated with large frescoes: Buonarotti, become undistinguishable, falls into full accord with Zuccari and with Lorenzo Sabbatini of Bologna. Let us hasten to remark as an extenuating circumstance, that the two frescoes of the author of the Pensieroso, ill-preserved and copiously restored, have been much compromised; but there are plain remains of the composition, the idea, the design of the general outline. That which represents the Conversion of St. Paul on the road to Damascus, is coldly academic; the Saint, in a coldly forced attitude, only represents a pose

THE GALLERY OF MAPS, VATICAN.

inflicted on a model; Vasari would have been less slack, and he could not have been harsher. In the Crucifixion of St. Peter, placed opposite, the apostle executed with his head downwards, raises it already injected with blood, by a convulsive effort which contributes to the *anatomic sonata*, and gives it a skilful and most horrible grimace for theme. We should attribute to a pupil of Bronzini the no less morbid representation of St. Paul, who in the other picture seems thrown over on his side, blind and stupefied, while his horse takes to flight, and his companions stand round him in terror. Postures, muscles, torsoes, instructive qualities, forms sanctioned by convention, yes; but soul, sentiment, inspiration,—seek for these! You discover in the sky a Choir of Angels, crossed by the Christ launched against his crushed foe. God plunges from the clouds head foremost, like a sunbeam or a rock; this has been borrowed by Tintoretto in his Miracle of St. Mark.

Thanks to the passion of the séïdes, Michelangelo escaped the sentiment of this decline; their enthusiasm for muscular development was become so extreme, that not content with seeing in subjects a pretext for robust flesh, the master in his old days thought he could make himself yet more sublime, for knowing how to invent muscles whose use had not been foreseen by nature. He then drew certain little groups, from his reminiscences of the Sixtine Chapel, and he enriched them with these audacious superfetations. Luckily the original remains to avenge the artist on himself, and this painting with its disastrous consequences imposes itself with such authority as to dwarf everything about it. Let us return then to the Sixtine and ascend Michelangelo Buonarotti to the very summit. Would it not have been cruel to leave, for the recollection of a rout, the sanctuary which is the witness of his greatest victory!

III.

Between the offices, which are not very frequent, the paraphernalia of worship do not encumber the wide Presbyterium of the chapel; this vast oblong hall, with painters at work in it, puts on the appearance of a studio. The steps by which you mount to the altar, the lateral steps which raise the stalls of the choir, are covered with a green carpet, which on Sundays brings out so effectively the long trains of the purple mantles, and which on the open days offers relief to eyes that are fatigued by the mass of paintings. Let us not forget that besides those of the ceiling and of the friezes, and the Last Judgment, the nave is divided into twelve large frescoes, divided from one another by settings that simulate pilasters, and are enhanced by arabesques matching the golden chandeliers. The neighbourhood of Michelangelo does cruel wrong to these works, which are really interesting and considerable; for they were executed here between 1475 and 1500, under Sixtus IV:, Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., and are due to the coryphæi of the most brilliant epoch of the Precursors. Let us begin with them: as at processions, let us make the simple Levites go first.

The six frescoes on the left are consecrated to passages from Exodus and Deuteronomy; those on the right which face you and are correlative, present the interpretation, by the new law, of the figures of the old; so they are taken from the narratives of the Gospel.

Near the altar a picture of Perugino, the Baptism of Christ on the banks of the

Jordan, a work executed in conjunction with Andrew of Assisi, and in which the amusement of a picturesque landscape weakens the interest of the personages, answers to the Journey of Moses and Zipporah to strive against Pharaoh. It is the moment when the prophet sees himself menaced on his road by an angel who is turned aside by the daughter of Jethro, a symbolical figure of the Virgin interceding. The emblem has been seized with a rare sentiment by Luca Signorelli, the favourite pupil of Piero della Francesca, that conquest of Perugino, which Michelangelo who loved the artist could not entirely recover. The work has a charm; it is superior to the piece by Perugino: the Angel seen from behind, the placid Moses, the Zipporah, the landscape, all is fed with Florentine ambrosia. The most eminent of the pupils of Filippo Lippi, Sandro Botticelli, whom Sixtus IV. set over the undertaking of this decoration, has grouped in one frame, Moses slaying an Egyptian,—Watering the Flocks of Jethro,—Putting to Flight the Midianite Herdsmen, —and Coming to the Burning Bush. Opposite, the same painter has placed Christ tempted by Satan; a subject admirably arranged, peopled with graceful figures, and faces of lifelike serenity.

JULIUS II.

Farther off, Jesus calls to him Peter and Andrew, as Moses had called Aaron and the chiefs of the tribes who followed him out of Egypt through the waters of the Red Sea; a parallel recalled in two splendid frescoes. Cosimo Rosselli executed one, which is too rich in details; the first master of Michelangelo, Domenico Ghirlandajo, who, in the apse of Sta. Maria Novella, reproduced so curiously in his Life of the Virgin, the usages and fine society of the fifteenth century, executed the other. The scene passes on the banks of a river which retreats in perspective, marked by monuments and slopes; a poetical point of view, in the foreground of which are the trully religious figures of Christ and the two Apostles who are to follow him. To the Adoration of the Golden Calf, episode of the presentation of the tables of the law, Rosselli has opposed the Sermon on the Mount, in which the landscape, which is charming, is supposed to have been painted by Piero di Cosimo. A number of figures arranged with grace, an action well rendered—such are the salient merits of this picture, in which one cannot forget peculiarly likeable and truthful groups of attentive women.* Peter Perugino, taking his revenge, is superior to Botticelli representing Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, where the last mystic of the Umbrian school seems to add size to its qualities, to represent the Christ handing the keys to St. Peter: never has this master shown himself so simple and so noble. The composition has a monumental character, enhanced as it is in the background by two triumphal arches of fine architecture, between which we recognise the Polygonal temple that, in his Spozalizzio at Milan, Raphael could not have copied there as is said; for at the time when this artist painted it, he had not come to Rome. Both of them, Perugino first, then Sanzio, borrowed this monument of fancy from a charming bas-relief of

Orcagna on the tabernacle of Or' San-Micaële, which bas-relief presents, besides, the Marriage of the Virgin, exactly as Raphael reproduced it a hundred and twelve years after Orcagna's death. I don't know whether I ought to claim the priority, in an observation which I never read anywhere.

To the Promulgation of the Ancient Law, followed by the Death of Moses, by Signorelli, answer in the evangelical chronicles the Institution of the Eucharist and the Passion of Christ. To put himself in harmony with the outcome of Mosaic history, Cosimo Rosselli was careful to show us, beyond an open loggia behind the Cœna, the distant drama of the garden of Olives, and the lines of the cross on the horizon. The principal subject is admirable for gravity and contained emotion; the Judas seems to me to have all the air of some usurer. In spite of the Flemish retouchings of the sixteenth century, described by Taja, this fresco is extremely fine: Luca Signorelli and Sandro Botticelli seem to me to occupy the first rank in this interesting exhibition, the last ray of the fair days of Florence and Umbria. For the rest, Michelangelo, while extinguishing the torch of the first, even here pays him homage by numerous borrowings from the Last Judgment of Orvieto. These two precursors ended in obscurity, especially Botticelli, who, after having shone with a livelier brilliance, was reduced to get the bread of his old years by a subterfuge. They received him at the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova of Florence, where he deposited large chests of great weight and well sealed, while he promised his inheritance to this house of refuge; which procured him interested attentions down to the end of his days. On the death of the painter in 1515, they opened the chests, and found in them only stones.

The twelve frescoes of the Sixtine, so much disdained, and which we have felt bound to try to rescue from oblivion, place us in a position to appreciate the influence of Rome on painters studied elsewhere, in their Italian lands. Tenderness of feeling, with a tinge of primness, the respectful affection for the poetry of religion, the minute attention to detail,—such are the attractions that recommend the productions of these inspired men, skilful enough to give us pleasure, and still fearful, which is the stamp of their youth. That works so perfect should be reduced to be a mere graceful framing for the greatness of a Titian, is one of the astonishing sights of the Sixtine Chapel.

And now let us stretch ourselves out on the green carpet of the cardinals; let us make a cushion of a footstool, and, like Jacob, let us gaze upon the heaven opening.

IV.

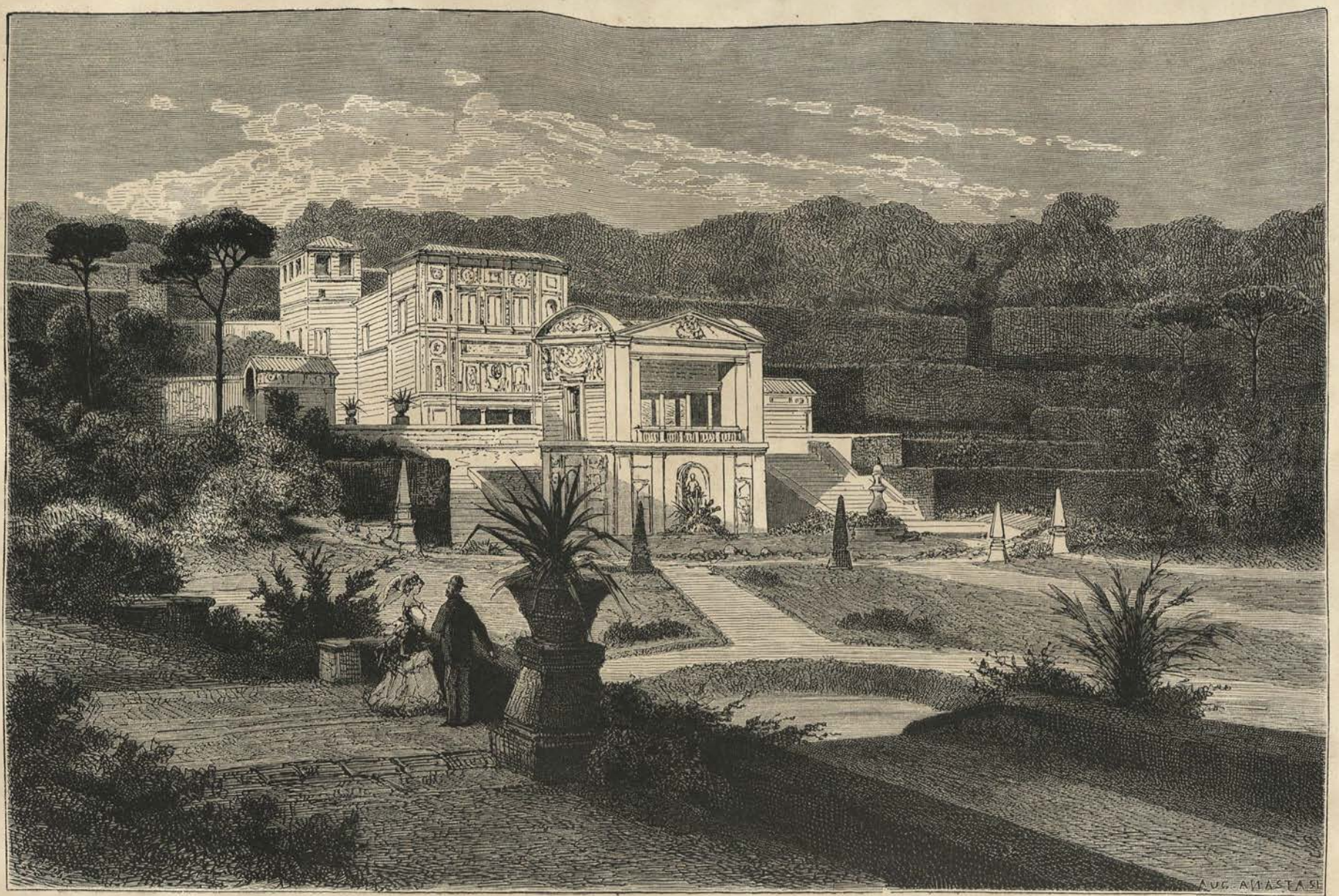
To subject to a certain order the figures which he designed to create, to obtain the means of varying their proportions and multiplying their number without introducing confusion, to diversify the surfaces by depths, and to graduate the interest, Michelangelo provided as ground for the ensemble of the work an architectural deception, which makes air and distances intervene in this enormous field, peopled with episodes united in a capacious symmetry. He simulated on the border vertical pilasters, adorned with bas-reliefs, as well as an entablature on which appears to rest a vaulting, divided into arches producing a series of central medallions, forming nine deep openings. In consequence of these arrangements, and by the help of a linear decoration, clear in tone, and thrown out by projections of shadow, the artist has transformed into a storied

vault what is really only a ceiling. On this theme, he could suitably draw to the front figures as large as possible, forming a very near foreground with less formidable groups, and harmonizing better with this motive, introduced in a series of subjects of action in which the interest was to issue. These subjects are taken from Genesis and other books of the Bible. The ceiling being very lofty, the personages of the medallions in the background are not less than between seven and eight feet in height, a size combined with a correctness hitherto unknown to the spectator, who takes in the detail with the whole without effort, in one limpid and radiant vision: it is this preponderance of dimensions, justified by majesty of style, which annihilates every object of comparison around. As we come to gaze upon this aerial frontispiece of the Old Testament, the picture of the Last Judgment seems itself to have grown less, by retreating into a distance denuded of atmosphere.

THE PROPHET JOEL (CEILING OF THE SIXTINE).

DELPHIC SIBYL (CEILING OF THE SIXTINE).

On the sides between the windows, the Prophets and the Sibyls, strange impersonations, truly antique types of a theogony and an art that are new, seem in continuation of the friezes to bear the sky of the vault on their heads, and raise it still higher. There have never been called to the service of a deception such magnificent creations as these figures, so full of life, so solemn, so tormented in spirit as the holy books describe them, and redeeming their incoherence by simplicity of execution, by the suppression of every trivial ornament, by the truth of the draperies in all their magnificent amplitude. Genii and emblematical figures of a dainty kind accompany and harmonize these colossi of beauty—yes, of beauty; the term includes the charm which is accessible even to the vulgar, and which subsequently Michelangelo disdained for the exaggerations of force. The Erythræan Sibyl, whose head is attached with admirable skill, has a profile of exquisite purity; in pose gracefully contrived to bring out exquisite arms, the Delphic Sibyl is not only very fine, but extremely attractive and charming in her vague and



GARDENS OF THE VATICAN.

dreamy expression. These legendary Pythonesses are absent-looking, and as if unconscious; they listen with amazement to what the divine Spirit forces them to announce, without being able to understand it.

I am particularly struck by the extraordinary aspect of the Prophets; one seems to have always dreamt of them as this. Their images disclose persons of another faith, of another race, than those of Greece; as robust, but tormented in spirit and consumed by study. Their powerful heads whose beauty is wholly intellectual, a source of

AT THE SIXTINE: THE POPE BEARING THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

expression and of diversity, unknown among the Greeks, have the air of discovering the decrees of the future, or to succumb to the fatigues of inner toils; it seems as if the breath of God had burnt them! The dogmatic epopee of the Bible, fixed in the youthful memories of Michelangelo by the paraphrases of Savonarola, is illustrated here with the impetuosity of a Dantesque poet, with the gravity of a Christian who believes his legend. In his conscientious work on Italian art, M. Rio speaks of the

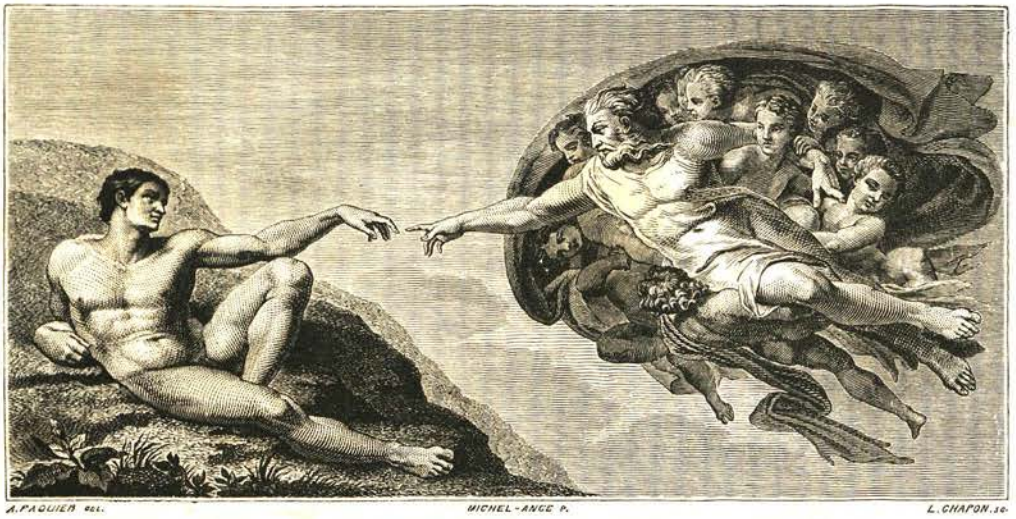
Prophets in terms so just that one cannot do better than reproduce them: 'Of all the personages of the Bible, they were those who had most affinity with the genius of Michelangelo, and perhaps too with the habitual moods of his soul. So his powerfut hand has not drawn hardy and impassive interpreters of the divine decrees, but heralds wearied with their mandate, who disclose their prophetic visions with regret and with crushed spirit. Isaiah, whose worn face is stamped with a resigned discouragement, seems to ask of the angel who inspires him, whether then this is not all. Jeremiah, so eloquent in bewailing the woes which he foretells, is absorbed in his patriotic sadness, and has the air of self-collection for looking into the future as into an abyss. Daniel, on the contrary, in his pose, in the energy of his glance and gesture, and even in his hair, which is rough like a mane, shows the twofold character which distinguishes him: the intrepid confessor of the faith of his fathers, the privileged prophet whose sight has been rejoiced by a more distinct prospect of future solace. There is in this figure a juvenile verve, a vehemence of pride, which show a predilection on the part of the artist, for the explanation of which we must look to personal affinities.' (A. F. Rio, *L'Art Chrétien*, New Edit., iv. p. 363.)

On the false entablatures of the painted pilasters, as well on the compartments of his archings, Michelangelo has thrown into attitudes, proper for bringing out the transcendency of the designer, those fine Academias, which Vasari calls Nudes, and which he praises beyond measure. Among the greatest they reckon nineteen, which, as exercises, are masterpieces; but here was the rock. Such was the concert of praises of which the Ignudi were the object, for hitherto painting had produced nothing to compare with the statuary of the ancients, that Michelangelo, led astray by the public enthusiasm, hurried too far by his group, was carried away into making of a fancy the corner-stone of a system. So in this manifesto of modern æsthetic, where art obtains its sublimest greatness, we can distinguish, in the germ state, what was the undoing of the monumental art, which is inseparable among all communities from their theogonies, and which ordinarily only droops when they do. Viewed in that light, this masterpiece seems fatal, mysterious, and terrible, as the tree of knowledge, which bore at the end of its branches the fruits of evil, and which, dominating all the trees of Eden, contained the double principle of the greatness and the miseries of our humanity.

V.

When they discovered the last paintings of Michelangelo in the Sixtine Chapel, contemporaries lavished upon them all the panegyrics which had been really deserved by the first. Interpreters of this concert, Benedetto Varchi, Ascanio Condivi, Vasari, the panegyrists of the Last Judgment, all cry out: God gave such mighty gifts to this chosen one to show that he belongs to heaven. . . . Blessed are they who are born in this time, to look upon prodigies that they would never have dreamed! Finally they declare that 'God has sent this masterpiece here below to teach men the power of the heavenly intelligences, when with the divinity of skill and grace poured down, they descend for a moment upon the earth.' These are rather vivid words, but if you apply them to some of the principal biblical scenes of the Sixtine vault, I do not see anything to modify in them.

At the epoch when I bore my penates to Rome, a painter of a spirit too elevated to be sceptical, a lover of the beautiful in virtue of natural tastes, an artist, in a word, such as it is good to meet in such a holy place, was preparing himself for vast decorative works by the study of Michelangelo. It is not merely for the sake of connecting a sympathetic name with these great days of the Sixtine Chapel, that we recall this memory: but to explain how for the Prophets, Sibyls, and the Illustrations of Genesis, the fine copies of Paul Baudry have allowed me to analyse more nearly the forms, the modelling of the figures, and the idea presiding over the composition. Their greatness has something superhuman, because to the biblical sentiment are joined the science of a Phidias and the simplicity of primitive conceptions: it seems that if Moses had illustrated his book, that if the Creator had wished to fix the picture of creation, they would have produced this. Sovereign authority is so inherent in the giant of the Renaissance, that by an involuntary transposition, the spirit incarnates it, so to speak, in all his impersonations of supreme power. It has been said that he has depicted himself in the likeness of Julius II.; people think they come upon him

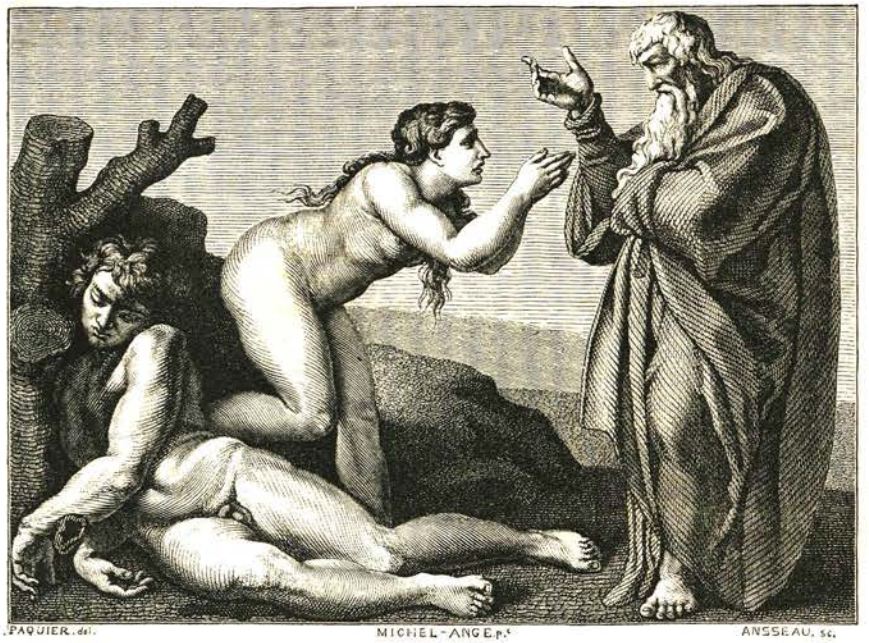


FROM THE ROOF OF THE SIXTINE.

also in the stricken and inspired heads of the Prophets; in his Moses we hear him breathe; and the Father of the creation is more than ever Michelangelo. He too has *created*, without a reminiscence of pagan antiquity, and created in perfection, the Man and the Woman, prototypes unknown until then. As for the Father, '*principium et fons*,' it is Michelangelo who has dreamed the least commonplace image of the Being who reproduced himself in us, to launch it, either across the chaos which the resistless will is dispersing, or on the waters over which it moves like the breath of a spirit, or in the clouds where it kindles the stars: three frescoes as strange as they are sublime.

God in fact draws from the slime, as a reflection of himself, the First Man, whom we see on an inclined plane, as on the edge of a planet, starting into life, placid, wondering, naked on the naked earth. Force, elegance, and supple harmony of form, have produced nothing in painting which is comparable to this; the innocent expressive head, in which thought has just dawned, in which instinctive gratitude is the prelude to adoration, is of a touching inspiration, and so it is modern and

Christian. The admirable pose of Adam half recumbent, resting on one elbow and the other arm stretched out towards God, the attitude which from the right shoulder to the foot gives a nobly balanced outline; all this, mavellous to say, had been indicated by a secondary painter, fifty years before the future master, in the frescoes of the green cloister of Sta. Maria Novella: but Paolino Ucello, one of the first who sought the theories of perspective, did not go beyond a happy sketch. Wrapped in a dark flying drapery, upheld by a group of angels crowding into this conch of drapery as into a nest, God the Father, Olympian and smiling, hovers in the air; approaching our planet without touching it, he extends his arm towards the extended arm of his creature, and with the index touching the index of the first man, he has just imparted to him the vital fluid, and brought to life within him that spark of light which is the soul. There is here a quite new idea, which seems as if it had been inspired by modern sciences; the transmission of life by the electric contact of two fingers which meet. The group of seraphim surrounding the Father of the universe, while it adds to the



FROM THE ROOF OF THE SIXTINE.

charming figures of the composition, enhances the majesty of God and the gravity of his presence. This animated group, too, brings out more perfectly Adam's isolation, the first dweller on the planet, on that bold and barren slope which does not withdraw attention from the first movements, the first glance, the first thoughts, of the earliest son of earth. The Gothic painters, the Dutch masters, would have loaded the scene with the cages and the forcing-houses of the Jardin des Plantes. I do not hesitate to consider this fresco as the work which is loftiest in idea, in style, in the powerful poetry of its effect, of all the paintings to which the world has given its admiration. For this reason I have not been afraid of speaking about it at length; but in truth the eight other subjects, if the very lessons of such a school did not teach us concision, would bear equal developments. The Creation of the Woman who, born of the side of the slumbering Adam, throws herself forward towards the Creator, sooner awake, readier to present herself than the Man, also reveals to us beauties that have no rivals. God eyes her pensively, severely, without illusion; nothing

can be more imposing than the sibylline majesty of that draped figure, who reads the future and foresees the annals of the world down to Calvary.

It is for the next subject, the Fall of Man and his expulsion from Eden, that the author has reserved, so far as the woman goes, all the philtres of the fountain of beauty. Once engaged in the perilous work of her sex, Eve will become wholly resistless; stooping in a posture which shows her charms at the best, at the foot of the tree to which her companion already stretches out his hand, she turns towards the serpent, with an androgynous body coiled round the trunk, eyes which try their power, while the treasures of her bosom are directed on the side of Adam. Thus the presentation of the first woman is double in some sort; God created the mother of human creatures, splendid for fecundity; the Serpent transforms her, and produces the Siren. Michelangelo has made her so lovely, that Raphael, to preserve the recollection, came and copied her with his own hand; Lawrence acquired this drawing, which I have seen at Oxford.

In many of these compositions, Buonarotti has drawn his inspiration from a master little known among us, but he was great, for he possessed in germ the style of Michelangelo, and he lived nearly a century before him. There is some analogy between the two careers: Jacopo della Quercia (of Sienna), for whose works people contended, was harassed and oppressed by two towns which tore him from one another, just as Buonarotti was by Pope Julius and the Medici. It was in 1506 and 1507, fifteen months before undertaking the roof of the Sixtine, that Michelangelo saw the bas-reliefs which frame the portal of San Petronio of Bologna. This shows the empire of tradition, and in no way lessens the glory of Buonarotti; it would be otherwise if he had remained inferior: it is thus that the Eve of the Barberini palace, inspired by the first fresco of the Sixtine, adds nothing to the renown of Domenichino.

The Sacrifice of Noah, the Deluge, the Drunkenness of Noah, complete the incomparable series; this last subject is striking by a mixture of grace and gravity which, considering the scope, possesses a fitness that is really full of distinction. On the pendentives of these feigned vaultings, one would remark quite as much, if they were of more important dimensions, a dozen other subjects, among which we will content ourselves with calling attention to the Brazen Serpent, in which we cannot behold without emotion a dying woman stretching forth her arms; then Judith, after her expedition, dexterously arranging, in a basket balanced on the head of her attendant, the head of Holofernes. The heroic criminal is seen from behind; you expect her to turn round, such skill has the painter shown in making you divine that she must be of a triumphant beauty.

On the subject of the paintings of Michelangelo, and of this roof especially, people have not failed to show that they are the works of a sculptor, substituting for the ordinary conditions of painting the assimilation of an art that is more familiar to him. Besides the fact of its being tolerably easy to guess what all the world knows, this criticism is made almost puerile by evidence so palpable, that the artist might be taxed with excess of candour, if he had exposed himself involuntarily to such an objection. Michelangelo strikes me as having tried with success an enterprise that will never be imitated: without a rival in style, as in the talent of modelling in relief, and fearing lest the sparkling qualities of painting should enervate his own qualities, or lead to disparaging comparisons, he resolved to transport this art, which was new for him, on to ground where no one could reach him. So he imagined these vaults

with their compartments, and their false arches, and as he could not sustain the illusion if he buried in them figures reduced to the attenuated relief of painting, he drew them very salient, almost sculptured in truth, on his architectural surfaces. The conditions made this indispensable; Raphael or Titian, if they had been subjected to them, would have been forced equally to contrive their figures in sculptural relief.

The trait of genius in Michelangelo was in erecting this difficulty, which, leaving the work without mystery, without possible jugglery, was to bring out in full and dazzling force the peculiar qualities of the master. But all this arrangement, which it was necessary to invest with various surfaces of immense depths, to make harmonious in effect and probable, ought to have been produced with colours on a plane surface, and there is in this, on account of the extreme sobriety of the means, the work of a very great artist. He was so, then, in the manner of a colourist who should have to imitate in grisaille bas-reliefs or sculptures; but with infinitely more richness and charm; for he demanded from the painter's science, besides variety of tones, vivacity of effects, and animation of life. For monumental and decorative painting, is not that the true point? Such a process, I confess, could only serve once; and thus the professional qualities of the painter are more open to discussion in the Last Judgment than on the roof of the chapel.

But why dissertation, when homage is so much more becoming! Let us conclude by noting an impression that every one has felt. On the days when you have visited the Sixtine, it is impossible to take any interest in other works until the next day; even statuary seems gloomy and stiffened. No painter subjugates you with such absolute tyranny, and nothing could show better than such a proof the sovereignty of that baptized Phidias who was Michelangelo.

FROM THE ROOF OF THE SIXTINE.

JACOB MEETING RACHEL AND LEAH (SIXTH VAULT OF THE LOGGIE).

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DIVINE CITY OF THE VATICAN (*conclusion*).

SANCTUARIES OF THE RENAISSANCE (continued).—Oratorio of Nicholas V. and Fra Angelico.—Legends of St. Stephen and St. Laurence.—Likeness of Nicholas V. by John of Fiesole, etc.

THE LOGGIE.—Their decoration and paintings by Raphael and his pupils.—Arabesques and Stuccoes.—The Pictures of the Bible in the compartments of the thirteen vaults.—Inferiority of our copies.

THE STANZE.—Historical pilgrimage; story of political evolutions told by the frescoes.—The Mass of Bolsena.—The Heliodorus, Attila, Deliverance of St. Peter.—Pontifical illusions; grisailles of Polydore of Caravaggio.—Palinode: the Burning of the Town.—Attila becomes the good Charlemagne; Justification of Leo III.—Coronation of the Carolingian, under the features of Francis I.—Discouragement of Raphael, and its result.—Skirmish at Ostia: the Defeat of the Saracens.—The Medallions of Perugino.—St. Sylvester receiving the gift of Rome.—Francis I. becomes Maxentius.—Preludes of decline.

CAMERA DELLA SEGNATURA; apogee of Raphael.—Universal character of the work.—Raphael as a theologian.—Symbolism of the Accord before the Holy Sacrament.—Borrowings from Fra Bartolommeo.—Savonarola rehabilitated.—Collaboration of Dante and Ariosto.—Opinions of Schlegel and Lanzi.—The School of Athens.—The Jurisprudence.—Gregory IX. publishing the Decretals.—Justinian restoring the Digest to Tribonian.—Laocoön and the type of Homer.—Correction on the subject of the Grisailles.—Raphael's qualities as colourist.

MICHELANGELO AND RAPHAEL.—Their distinct vocations; characters of these two men of genius.—The Vatican University.

I.

THE upper story of the southern portion of the Vatican is devoted to Raphael and his auxiliaries. The Rooms or Stanze are the indifferently distributed and uninhabitable apartments, which Julius II. disposed above the Borgia quarters; the Loggie, commenced by Bramante, are surmounted by galleries constructed, from 1515 onwards, by Raphael, and decorated by that artist, assisted by his school. Before halting at the Loggie, let us enter a sort of antechamber, so justly called Hall of the Chiaroscuri, and bend our steps towards a narrow door always kept shut, but which an attendant will open for us: it takes you to a small chapel which many strangers miss, and in which we shall see the oldest Florentine frescoes that the Vatican has preserved. How this oratory, which was finished by Nicholas V., escaped the demolitions of Julius II., who swept away from these apartments the paintings of Luca Signorelli and Perugino, save one for which Sanzio interceded; how Leo X., Clement VII., and after them the partisans of the decline, failed to substitute for the work of the Beato Angelico some pompous mediocrities of Lauretti—we cannot ever tell.

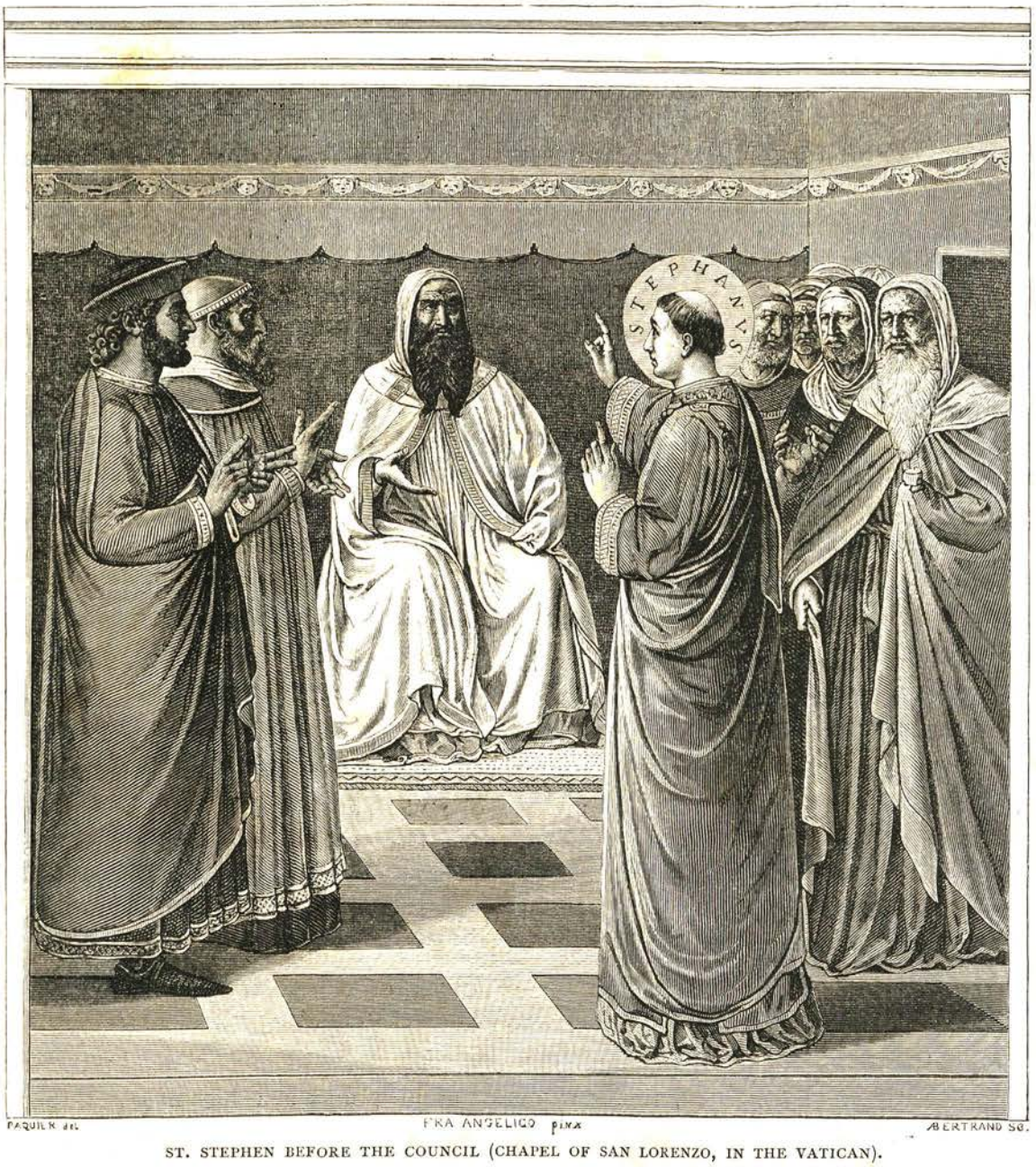
I saw again here, at the end of a long stay in Rome, the angelic master whom I had loved so much in Florence. To be frank, I will confess that his art struck me as smaller than formerly; in the timorous piety that caresses the least detail with unction, I fancied I found more of the trifling considerations of devotion than of religious force and impulse; I had some trouble in banishing the notion of the convent and the parlour: Michelangelo and the antiques had conquered me. Although the historic work of S. Lorenzo, which crowned the career of the monk of Fiesole, is the most considerable of all, to fall again under the charm, it was necessary to look long at it, and to recall the legends in harmony with the idea of the painter and the conceptions of the time.

This chapel was begun by Fra Angelico under Eugenius IV. It was there, perhaps, or in that of the Holy Sacrament destroyed by Paul III., that Eugenius, who, when Archbishop of Sienna, had known Brother John in Tuscany, and was his friend, used to come and watch him paint, by way of repose from the fatigues of a heavy and much vexed pontificate. Now it fell one day that, the Archbishop of Florence being deceased, the holy father came and found the artist on his scaffolding, and announced that he appointed him Archbishop of Florence. We can almost see the humble painter, doubtful of his strength and passionate for his art, letting his brushes fall, and confusedly plucking his skirts about him to come the more quickly down to the feet of the pope, there beseeching him with tears to turn so glorious a burden away from his weakness. The contest between the pope and the monk was very keen: the latter had to point out to his apostolic friend a worthier personage, one more devoted to the rule, a tenderer friend of the poor, an old brother of the cloister of St. Mark, brother Antonio Perozzi, the honour of the house. And it was thus that by the caution, and after the refusal, of his favourite painter, Pope Eugenius made the most glorious promotion of his reign, by conferring the see of Florence on a friend of Fra Angelico, whom Adrian VI. was one day to canonize under the name of St. Antonine.

Another pontiff, Nicholas V., the true founder of the Vatican magnificences, came and passed long hours in this boudoir for prayer, by the side of Fra Angelico, his old

MUSEO PIO-CLEMENTINO.

companion of the Dominicans of Florence. While the monk let his brushes work, they discussed projects for rebuilding St. Peter, for organizing the Vatican library, for concentrating in Rome the intellectual forces of the West. Here, without doubt, they groaned over the woes which these paintings recall, by reproducing noble efforts to restore the Church to unity, so as to collect all the Christian forces against the invasions of Islamism. The pope alone understood the situation; when he tried so hard in 1450



ST. STEPHEN BEFORE THE COUNCIL (CHAPEL OF SAN LORENZO, IN THE VATICAN).

to cement a catholic league, Nicholas prophesied to the Greeks that, 'if before three summers the figtree bore no fruit, the tree would be cut off at the root.' Three years after, Mahomet II. entered Constantinople, where the pope alone had sent to these schismatics a flotilla that was powerless to save them. By the side of the political pre-occupations of this book-loving pope, who was so enthusiastic for ancient literature, that on his death-bed he thanked God for having given him the grace to cherish them, the simplicity impressed by religion upon greatness lets itself be seen. One day, on

leaving the studio where we are, our two friends, the painter and the pope, went to dine together; an improvised party, for the meal was composed of flesh, and the Dominican artist could not eat meat without dispensation from his prior. So a chamberlain had to bethink him that the authority of the sovereign pontiff could grant the dispensation. These reminiscences take you back little by little to the sentiment of the frescoes of the good brother, where there is something of this.

Six among them are devoted to the life of St. Stephen, the five others to St. Laurence. In the first, St. Peter instituting the First Deacon in presence of the apostles, a fine architectural background, and some very elaborate draperies, betray the study of bas-reliefs, without the religious sentiment losing anything by this elaborateness. In the following picture, the Deacon distributes alms; in another subject, where Stephen receives gifts for the Church, his features breathe an expressive purity in presence of a handsome widow, whose hand he barely looks at. The preaching in an open space in the city, the summoning of the saint before the Council, his interrogatory, his proceeding to death through suburbs recalling those of Rome, his martyrdom, are compositions in which the episodic and familiar side adds much probability and movement to the heads and to seraphic expressions. The panels opposite, consecrated to St. Laurence, give a point to the parallelism of the two careers. Save the fine scene of the Farewell between St. Laurence and St. Sixtus, the artist has repeated the same situations, which has allowed him to show very different compositions on analogous subjects. These, I have no doubt, were painted after the others; they are firmer, the surroundings are more developed, and the thought of the antique is more manifest. In one of these subjects, the Distribution of Alms, a blind man who advances, feeling with his stick, seemed to Raphael to possess such happy truthfulness, that he all but copied it in his cartoon of St. Paul before the Proconsul. Nothing could be more animated or more brilliant in point of costume, or as a bizarre interpretation of antiquity by the Renaissance, than the Condemnation of Laurence by Decius, who is surrounded by his court. The final scene of the legend, in which the emperor and his courtiers see the martyr burnt, from the top of a terrace supported on colonnades, which are adorned by pagan statues, is striking also from its mixture of styles, and from a naïveté which does not shrink from tolerably crude realities. These compositions have for frame some Doctors of the Church, so chosen as to recall the council that had recently assembled at Florence to prepare reunion with the Greek Church. Fra Angelico, in the legend of St. Laurence and in that of St. Stephen, has presented Sixtus II. and St. Peter under the likeness of his friend and benefactor, Thomas of Sarzana (Nicholas V.). The Consecration of the two deacons bequeathes to our eyes true likenesses of the pope who celebrated the great jubilee of 1450. A dreamy, delicate, and mystic head; the small, mild, penetrating eye; a small, rather sarcastic mouth, under a big nose, which is so long as to end by becoming pointed—this is the strangest of sympathetic figures.

From the point of view of ideas, if not of processes, this chapel is on the straight road which starts from Gentile da Fabriano and Masaccio, and ends with Raphael. So it is useful to have examined it, for the sake of understanding the progress of the time, direct and inverse: there is both one and the other. As I entered, it struck me as miniature; when I regained the Loggie, where torrents of light make the colours and ornaments sparkle, I seemed to be entering a casket of goldsmith's work.

II.

It would be better, when you have not seen Rome, to be without any idea at all of this gallery, than to have seen it at Paris in an unfaithful translation. To make it known to the pupils of the School of Fine Arts, the administration had copies made of the fifty-two subjects, distributed in fours in the compartments of the thirteen vaults into which the Loggia is subdivided: the whole is arranged for the school in the Rue Bonaparte in an imprisoned building, in imitation of that which, before the closing of the court of St. Damasus, was raised by Raphael in the open air, in view of the vast horizon of Rome. In order to produce some illusion, the badly lighted walls of Paris have been lined with arabesques, flowers, and fruits, copied from the original ornaments; but they simplified these light and ingenious combinations, which gives them a kind of heavy crudity.

In their decoration of painting and stucco, counterfeited with us with a *constitutional* economy, the auxiliaries of the master multiplied in the coffer-work, and mixed with the garlands, figures in cameo, and medallions in imitation of cameo; tiny pictures of all shades and scales. This labyrinth of lines, this palette, are so combined that the end seems to have been to find the secret of multiplying subjects without repetition. The resultant of these balanced colours diffuses mild harmony over the ensemble of a decoration that is modified at each of the arcades, and peopled with miniatures so numerous, that it would need many days to discover them all.

Francesco Penni, who had just found out the process of the ancients for making stucco with the powder of sifted marble mixed with chalk, had executed after the cartoons of the master, charming bas-reliefs, such as the Loves of the gods, Venus sitting, which Marco Antonio has published in one of his finest plates, a tiny reproduction of the statue of Jonas, modelled from a drawing of Raphael's for the chapel of the Chigi at Sta. Maria del Popolo, &c. Besides a host of imitations of cameos, representing Cavalcades, and those small bas-reliefs representing Artists at work, curiosities which the burin of Santi Bartoli has made popular, you will find there in abundance subjects so happily inspired from the thermæ of Titus then only recently cleared out, and from the traditions of Greece, that the stuccoes of the Loggia would suffice to celebrate a school.

Gold, ornaments of every kind, and painting, give warmth to this delicate work, and the subject offers neither less variety nor interest than those which have been rendered by the brush. Psyche with phalenæ, Flora, Apollo, a Centaur, Nereids and Titans; Seraphim, reminiscences of Umbria, Landscapes, Hunts, a Lion and Chimæra, collections of shell-work and birds; the Graces, imitated from the antique bronze of the sacristy at Sienna; grotesques, such as a Bear, whom the Loves are making dance; fishing and hunting Trophies; Trophies of musical instruments, among which you will find a number of harmonic organs, the use of which has disappeared:—such, too summarily indicated, are the elements that enrich these swarming phantasies. Engraving has very imperfectly spread the renown of the stuccoes and arabesques; the latter have suffered greatly; they have even disappeared in places, and their preservation anywhere is due to the skill of the executants. The inferior talents produced the least durable works. This inequality, which is sometimes shown by the reproductions of the same vase or the same garland, were inevitable in a studio so crowded, that Vasari

represents Raphael to us as marching with a procession of fifty pupils. However that may be, nowhere except at the Villa Madama has the interpretation of ancient decorative art been so surprising; we have some difficulty in conceiving that these ingenious men could have assimilated to such a point the traditions of which we have glimpses in Nero's Golden House; they scarcely knew more than these specimens. I am surprised too, that a luxury so precious, far from hurting the historical subjects collected in lozenge forms in the caissons of the vaults, lends a certain mass to their rather restricted dimensions, and isolates them with luminous tranquillity. Such is the general effect in the Vatican, where the gallery is high, wide, and with torrents of light.

In the reproduction of our School of Fine Arts, the relative proportions have been spoiled; the Loggia is too narrow, and there is a want of light; the paintings of Raphael, already small even over there, have been brought down to three-fifths of their height. These very copies, of dry and meagre design, have neither the delicacy, nor the depth, nor the quality of tone, which commend the originals. It is a duty to describe the defects which compromise a laudable project; for these versions depreciate the school of Raphael with us; a man speaks of the Loggie in a severe tone, when perhaps he has only studied them in the Paris edition.

For the rest, even in the Vatican, nothing is less convenient than the disposition of the great subjects, which cover the four walls of a frame of which the centre is empty; to contemplate them, you have, with head thrown back, to pivot two-and-fifty times upon yourself. This arrangement is the most serious reproach that is to be addressed to Raphael, who was reduced by such a dispersiveness to present his grandiose conceptions under too diminished dimensions. Let us remember, also, that the paintings of the Loggie have undergone, like the Stanze, cruel outrages at the time of the pillage of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon: they quartered the northern veterans, mostly Lutherans, in the midst of these marvels, which they mutilated with halberd strokes, and which they stained with smoke by lighting fires even in the Chambers. Then came the restorations, entrusted, for the subjects of the Loggie, to the rival pencil of Sebastian del Piombo, who made them heavy. These mutilations did not escape Titian when he visited the Loggie in 1545, under the guidance of his countryman, Sebastian del Piombo. 'Who,' he cried, 'is the barbarian who dishonoured such noble works?' Sebastian stood speechless, and, adds Benvenuto Cellini, '*rimase veramente* DEL PIOMBO.'

But the outrages of war, and those of clumsy restorations, are not the only disgraces that have touched one of the two great monuments of Raphael's genius. Ever absorbed with the charm of colours and the quality of tones, this great man recurred, particularly at that time, to processes which subordinated the durability of his work to vivacity of effect. He set himself to put shade over shade, so as to obtain tender harmonies and the transparency which renders oil paintings more soft and mellow; these tints combining have deepened, hardened, and often lost their scale along with their value. This is an accident which has been specially injurious to the paintings of the Loggie, where the master showed himself a colourist to such a degree, as afterwards to excite the enthusiasm of Andrea Sacchi, who returned from the lagoons smitten by passion for the Venetians. The tempera or distemper employed by others, to whom the *andamento* of the true masters of fresco was wanting, has then hurt the works of a virtuoso transcendent enough to display, if he had wished it, all the nimbleness of his predecessors.

THE BRACCHIO NUOVO.

It was a perilous task to undertake after Michelangelo to illustrate the Bible, and especially to reproduce the creation of the world. Raphael had the art of being great with scanty dimensions; his compositions, while lofty in style, yet preserve the familiar poetry of the legendary narratives. The first acts of the creation, those in which Jehovah struggles with matter, bear comparison with the Sixtine. God bringing order into Chaos, and God dividing the earth from the waters, are immense pictures of reduced proportion; the Creation of the Stars, and the Separation of Darkness from Light, carry the vivid mark of the master, although already Taja joins to him Giulio Romano, and even Giovanni da Udine, who must have worked at the fourth fresco—the Creation of the Animals. On the second vault, in the Creation of Woman, a new and ingenious composition, the vinous brush of Giulio Romano allows itself to be divined in the modelling of the first man asleep. The First Fault is by the same artist, as well as the Expulsion from Paradise, where they plainly borrowed from Masaccio, and in which there reappears the Angel with rainbow wings, from the Deliverance of St. Peter. The Deluge returns more to the manner of Raphael's execution, and Vasari attributes it to him; further on, we should recognise him in his fulness in the Three Angels appearing to Abraham prostrate on the ground, if the fresco had not suffered so much. I am disposed to think, with M. Rio, that the other subjects in this compartment are by Francesco Penni, whose palette is richer and his drawing less firm than they are in the works of Giulio Pippi.

The Fattore seems also to have executed the History of Isaac (in which the group of the pair surprised by Abimelech is really a masterpiece), to yield place in that of Jacob, to Pellegrino of Modena, who is more luminous and mild. Still the idyll of Rachel at the fountain, and, farther on, Joseph telling his dream to his brethren, charming compositions, that do great honour to Giulio Romano, leave little doubt as to the real presence of Sanzio; he must have painted the principal personage of the scene in which Joseph is sold by his brethren, and that in which he interprets Pharaoh's dream. In the first of these works, as well as in the Legend of Moses, the artist becomes romantic and pastoral, with a delicacy of sentiment which tempers the severity of the style. So far as concerns the execution of these pictures (eighth vault), Perino del Vaga, and Raffaellino del Colle perhaps enter the lists; but from the ninth, the uncertain stamp, already weakened, disappears; the designs are absolutely handed over to Raffaellino, Perino del Vaga, Buonaccorsi, Pellegrino, and others. The work, which finishes with the advent of Christ, presents in the last vault four works treated according to such different traditions, that the critics have been induced to attribute it, outside of the Roman school, either to Tisi, or to Ramenghi of Bologna, or even to the youth of Correggio—an untenable assertion.

It is not easy, moreover—and the material errors committed by Vasari, who was a contemporary, prove it—to fix in such great enterprises the exact share belonging to each artist in a phalanx containing such names as Giulio Romano, Timoteo Viti and his brother Pietro, Buonaccorsi, Giovanni da Udine, Vicenzio of San Geminiano, Perino del Vaga, Luca Penni, Maturino of Florence, Schizzone, Polydore of Caravaggio, Puppini, Pellegrino of Modena, Crocchia, Jacomone of Faenza, Raffaellino del Colle, Ramenghi of Bologna (Bagnacavallo), Pistoia, Bernardo Catelani, Sacco, L. B. Catelani, Garofalo, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Pagani, Pietro Campana, Pietro de Bagnaja, Mosca; Michel Cockier or Coxie, of Malines; Bernard Van Orley, Marco Antonio (Raimondi), Andrea of Salerno, etc. . . I leave out half. Francesco Penni, who divided with Giulio Romano

the succession of Raphael, kept, in his quality of steward, the accounts of this enormous studio: hence his name, *Fattore.**

The master had trained under the supremacy of his own genius, and united among themselves by the charm of his own sympathetic disposition, all these consummate artists, many of whom after him became the illustrious leaders of new schools. At the epoch when this gallery was painted, besides his many works for the pope, for the new duke of Urbino (a usurper whom he had to furnish with gifts destined for the King of France), and the commissions of the banker Chigi, Raphael, whose health was giving way, was overwhelmed by administrative business. To his general supervision of antiquities were added the functions of architect of the basilica of St. Peter and of the Vatican. Though he abandoned to his school the continuation of the Loggie, which raised his fame to its height by bringing out his superiority in every kind of composition, the ardour with which he performed the duties of his many offices, along with the quantity of his works, is the single cause, as is now beyond dispute, of the exhaustion by which his short life was brought to an end.

III.

The STANZE of the apartment commenced by Julius II. have still more importance: the two earliest in date as the supreme expression of Raphael's genius; the two others as works of art and as historical documents. The frescoes of the latter, modifying the line dictated by Julius II., tell the story of the acts of Leo X., enveloped in allegories under which you discern the versatility of his policy, subject to certain tackings and changes, marking that short-sighted scepticism which rules mere governments of circumstance. Thus, towards the end, weary of subordinating the fasti of the church to changing interests, Raphael seems to lessen his interest in the work in proportion as his masters tightened his bondage to their caprices. By the end of 1512, even under Julius II., a year after the appearance of the Schools of Athens, we see Giulio Pippi putting his hand to the task.

In the Heliodorus driven from the Temple by angels with rods, at the prayer of the high priest Onias, the artist followed an inspiration of Julius II., whose dream was to expel once and for ever the French out of Italy. On his deathbed, they heard him calling out—'Away from Italy, all barbarians!' Thus the high priest is Julius II.; Heliodorus, prefect of Seleucus, king of Syria is, if not the king of France, at any rate the representation of his beaten generals: Pope Julius comes upon the scene, royally borne on the sella gestatoria. Giulio Pippi has worked much less than Peter of Cremona at this composition, in which the last, with his more supple modelling, passes for having painted a very fine group of Jewish women, so remarkable that many judges attribute it, not without probability, even to Raphael, who certainly put his hand to the picture. Who but he would have represented in two of the Seggettieri of the sovereign pontiff, the portraits of Bramante and Giulio Romano?

The Mass of Bolsena, in which the artist has availed himself of the irregularities

* I find these names in an interesting work on the Stanze of Raphael by M. Gruyer, who has devoted to the paintings of the Loggie another volume, which has appeared since these lines were written.

offered by a wall with a window hollowed out in the centre, describes the miracle which came to pass on the occasion when a prelate, saying mass at St. Christina, and, at the moment of consecration, was struck by a doubt as to the real presence; the host in his hands began to bleed. The young priest celebrates before Julius II. kneeling, who thus confirms with his aid the sacramental dogma which England and Germany began to attack at the dawn of the Reformation. The festival of the Holy Sacrament was instituted by Urban IV. in memory of this fact, and St. Thomas Aquinas was entrusted with the composition of the office. Vasari pointed out behind the pope Cardinal Raffaelle Riario, his kinsman, and the cardinal of San Giorgio. Admirable in movement, in composition, in expression, this fresco of deep and resplendent colour is one of those in which Raphael's hand is most easily recognised.

When Julius II. had gone, his successor at first was bent on continuing his policy, a persistency established by the great picture of Attila, who came to sack Rome, and who recoiled before Pope St. Leo, who is encouraged by St. Peter and St. Paul in the clouds, the patrons of the city and of the papacy. This fresco, at which Giulio Romano has done a great deal of work, is remarkable because in the drawing that he gave in, instead of accepting the hideous savages of the legend as they had been depicted half a century before by Ammianus Marcellinus, that is to say, 'engendered by the mixture of sorceresses with devils,' Raphael drew his inspiration from the Sarmatian warriors represented on Trajan's column. At the back you recognise the Coliseum, with the same breach in it as now. This composition is in extremely grand style, which renders all the more singular the representation of St. Leo under the bland and chubby features of Leo X. The citizen of Urbino introduced Perugino into the procession, under the ensigns of a macebearer. We begin to see here, and especially in the fallen Attila, those theatrical attitudes which following generations imitated to excess. This king of the Huns is Louis XII., called with us the father of the people, because he spent so little: the Swiss, with whom St. Leo's namesake had struck up an alliance, had just fulfilled with success against our 'ferocious hordes' the part assigned in the picture to St. Peter and St. Paul.

Another monument (in the same chamber) of this vehement anti-French policy, is the deliverance of St. Peter, snatched from his prison by an angel. This masterpiece symbolizes with a hyperbolical majesty the escape of Leo X. in the frock of a monk, when, as legate of the holy see in 1512, he remained a prisoner of the French after the battle of Ravenna. Raphael must have watched closely the execution of this powerful picture, into which he introduced effects entirely new; the blue rays of the moon and the red glare of the torches contend with the white light, which, forming a zone round the Angel, projects such a blaze that the corslets of the gaolers seem, according to the expression of Vasari, 'rather polished than painted.' From these oppositions result, not discordances, but complex harmonies introduced with a power of colouring that in a fresco of that date amazes us. In our Paris copy of St. Peter in Bonds, these effects have not been understood; the effects struggle crudely, and this makes a conception that Rembrandt would have admired, glassy and spotted. The apostle suddenly aroused, flying with the confident serenity of a faith that nothing can ever surprise, and the graceful and radiant angel conducting him, form a group in which we have to admire what may be called reality in the ideal.

On the compartments of the vault have been painted, above Heliodorus,—Moses before the burning bush; above the Mass of Bolsena,—the Sacrifice of Abraham, a

lesson to those whose faith wavers; above the Attila,—Noah coming forth from the ark, a commentary no less expressive; finally, above the Deliverance of St. Peter (symbolizing Leo X.),—the Vision of Jacob; a flattering allusion to the promises of the reign and to the destinies of the Medicean house. Although damaged, and harshly cut off on a sky which has been repainted in a violent blue, these figures are exquisite: people hardly look at them, but they are wrong, since for the most part they have been treated by Raphael himself. People notice still less, in the lower portion of this chamber of Heliodorus, a series of small grisailles, monumental and calm, in which Polydore of Caravaggio has painted antique and rustic scenes composed with very considerable grace. It is true that time speedily damaged them, and that we do not always find the primitive idea under the work of Carlo Maratti who restored them, minutely assisted in his researches by the archæological zeal of Clement XI. These *chiaroscuri* represent the Blessings of Peace (in that golden age 1513); Tillage, Harvest, Vintage; Commerce giving animation to the shores of the sea, and Warriors using their

CHRIST BETWEEN JUSTICE AND FAITH (CHAMBER OF CHARLEMAGNE).

leisure in studying antiquities: they are observing the statue of the Marforio. Some of these subjects have been destroyed, because, in the seventeenth century, they placed underneath the Heliodorus a chimney-piece, on the sides of which the artists perpetuated the custom of inscribing their names. Let us call the attention of the curious to this multitude of autographs, which open with the signature of Poussin, dated 1627. The chamber was completed towards the end of 1514.

Let us cross, while reserving it, the sanctuary of the Segnatura, to go and meet in the following Stanza, called of Charlemagne, a complete tack in the pontifical policy. Leo X. is for extolling to the clouds what he has crushed by his anathemas: the Incendio del Borgo marks the transition. This pontiff, by the success of the interview at Bologna after the Battle of Marignan, thought that he had by true diplomatic miracle extinguished the conflagration that then threatened Europe. How represent such a pretension? They remembered that in 847 Leo IV. had by a sign of the cross extinguished a fire that was ravaging the Borgo San Spirito! At the

PORTION OF THE SCHOOLS OF ATHENS (GALLERY DELLA SEGNATURA).

risk of seeming irreverent, I will confess my want of interest in this fresco, in which more than elsewhere the principal defect of the Stanza comes out, namely the excessive size of the figures for the limited space of the rooms. In the Incendio del Borgo, their disproportion is more disagreeable; clumsy repaintings have not lightened the ruddy execution of Giulio Romano; disposed so as to bring out all their muscles, the attitudes hardly tend to invest with much interest these giants playing the energumen in a court where they seem nearly as big as the houses. The fresco does not at all recall the manner of Michelangelo, only it has been arranged in such a way as to satisfy the theories which Michelangelo patronised.

But here, behold, the King of France, instead of being Attila King of Huns and Ogres, has become the benevolent Charlemagne—with the features of Francis I. There were various palinodes, symbolized by a picture of the justification of Leo III. before the son of Pepin—a solemn scene, in which the pontiff, freed from all imputation in the presence of the two courts, has only in the following chapter to crown emperor the rival of Charles V., and to stipulate for the wages. The sceptre is surmounted by a fleur-de-lis; behind the emperor,—a striking portrait of Francis I. before he wore a beard,—a page holding on his knees the crown of the Lombard kings, is a likeness of Hippolito de' Medici, the holy father's nephew. At this time, when art is merely an instrument of politics, Raphael seems to become indifferent even to the retouchings which his designs undergo; he yields the trust to Francesco Penni and to Vicenzio of San Geminiano. At all events the master reappears in the spirited representation of a Defeat of the Saracens at Ostia by the troops of Leo IV.: this was preaching the crusade against the Turks who had menaced Italy; Raphael preserved the patriotism of the ages of Sixtus IV. and Nicholas V. This canvas was furnished by a singular event: after the death of his brother Julian in 1515, Leo X., who buried his affliction at Citta Lavinia, near Ostia, was very near being carried off, so ill were the coasts guarded, by some Barbary pirates in open day. The risk of such an affront to the Christian powers, inspired Raphael with some works for the frescoes of the Stanze. Unhappily, this has been in great part repainted.

To estimate how the true works of masters differ from the pieces due to the labours of the best disciples, it is enough to contemplate on the vault of this chamber, which was completed in the spring of 1515, four large medallions by Perugino, which Raphael caused to be respected, and which represent—the Trinity surrounded by the Apostles; God in the midst of the Angels; Christ between Justice and Faith; Jesus between Moses and St. John, surrounded by seraphim. In these subjects, where the idea of the artist is rendered faithful and complete by unity of execution, the swan of the Umbrian school discloses all his softened grace. This standing-point serves to measure the distance that separates from the first works of Raphael, the series of the vast undertaking according to order, into which the Stanze degenerated.

This decline is well marked in the most immense of the four chambers, which was decorated the last (between 1519 and 1524). In the midst of the rivalries for the empire, and of the menaces which poured down upon the Vatican, Leo X. thought it opportune to propose to the Emperor Charles the example of Constantine; to show at what price they possessed the empire, and at the same time to affirm the temporal rights of the Church. He thus, at the time of Luther's advent, brought forward a burning question, which has troubled many a religious soul down to this day, and which, at the moment I am speaking, was destined to present itself to the ambitions of Italy with the

support of an orthodox authority, six times secular. Did not Dante, the patron of the aspirations of the peninsula, cry:

'Ahi, Constantin'! di quanto male fu matre
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te prese il primo rico patre!'

The picture of the Donation of Rome to St. Sylvester was only executed under Clement VII. by Raffaellino del Colle, who introduced into it the portraits of Pontano, Marello, Balthasar Castiglione, and Penni. It is hardly permissible to trace the responsibility for this cartoon up to Raphael, or to attribute to him the Baptism of Constantine by St. Sylvester, in the baptistery of the Lateran, represented there by the *Fattore:* this piece, besides, is only a symbol, since Sylvester I. did not baptize Constantine. If Raphael had a share in the design of the Apparition of the Cross to the rival of Maxentius while haranguing his troops, and we can scarcely doubt it, at any rate it is certain that Giulio Pippi overloaded the composition with episodes, such as the introduction of the Dwarf Gradasso Berettai, whose buffooneries amused the court, and who, to please Hippolito de' Medici, is planted there, his brow fixed under a giant's helmet. Raphael purposed to treat with his own hand the Battle with Maxentius on the Milvian bridge, and he commenced the work: Sanzio dead, Giulio Romano executed the cartoons in fresco, while respecting two figures, Justice and Courtliness (*Comitas*), which his master had already painted, but in oil, which has browned them, and adds to their suppleness a solidity that rather jars. Let us not forget that the Defeat of Maxentius has served for a model to all the great battle pieces, and especially to those enormous canvases in which Lebrun immortalised Lewis XIV. under the name of Alexander the Great.

And, in conclusion, admire to what a degree, in our puny humanity, perfection is only an accident! After two centuries of effort, two men of genius attained it simultaneously; but we saw Michelangelo, as we now see Raphael, gradually lowering his flight. For the one, we have seized a moment of supreme and fugitive harmony in the Sixtine: let us go and salute the ideal of the other in the chamber improperly called of La Segnatura, a sanctuary where Raphael, in possession of the Umbrian traditions, and of the skilful correctness of antique art, is full master of himself, and makes his amplest harmonies sound.

IV.

It is a fit moment for recalling, for people who have not yet seen Rome, that this dismantled ruin, described as Camera della Segnatura, because once two pontifical tribunes (designated by this word, which means the record of a process), held their sittings in it, has on its walls the Dispute on the Holy Sacrament, placed before the Schools of Athens, as well as Jurisprudence opposite to the Parnassus, and that the four medallions so often engraved, Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Justice, adorn in this same room a vault in which the artist has placed subjects from Scripture by way of pendentives. So this Tribune of Raphael contains the most august wonders of his imagination and his pencil.

The plan of the work is easily described: to personify in the principal men of genius

in the world's history, the doctrines, arts, and sciences which have contributed to the glory of humanity; then to bring these searches after sovereign truth and sovereign beauty to an issue in the faith symbolized by the Eucharist. But in proportion as the frame is simple, so are the accessory deductions, the arguments of the book, complex and manifold. In our time you may blame the developments of an art, of which the products could not be fully accessible without recourse to theological conditions: in the time of Raphael, such notions were more widely diffused by the universities than they are now, and the subtleties of the great artists, penetrated with glosses from the Bible, from the fathers of the Church, and the doctors, had not the dangers of that modern ignorance which has killed religious painting.

From the material point of view these frescoes are less damaged than is usually

POETRY.

THEOLOGY.

said; they are still perfectly *legible;* they have even preserved, especially the medallions and the Dispute, such delicacy of tints and shading, that only colourists, on condition of being skilful draughtsmen, could succeed in reproducing it in their copies. A singular attraction of these great pieces is the diversity of local colouring among the pictures; it helps to clothe each object with a peculiar character; it takes away all monotony, and implies an extraordinary skill in handling the colours. Such is the perfection of forms, such the tranquil harmony of these compositions, that in their presence you forget the almost dismaying share accorded to metaphysical ideas; you are charmed by a pure melody sung in a strange tongue.

The subject is the poem of the soul. To its overtures correspond the notion of divine things, and then that of natural things (*causarum cognitio*)—the lot of philosophy,

which knows better whence they come than where they go. Hence arise the sentiment of right, and in the ideal order the sentiment of beauty, the correlative of virtue,—art and poetry. These are the four summaries that Raphael has inscribed on the vault, under the emblems figured in the medallions. Philosophy looks far off; she holds two volumes, one concerning morality, the other the study of external phenomena. Calm, with closed eyes, Justice has a diadem of iron, the metal of force and not of cupidity. Poetry or Inspiration (*numine afflatur*) is only spirit and light: the eye is keen, the lips are parted to speak, the face is radiant. Laurels are intertwined in the hair; a lyre to the left and a book to the right symbolize inspiration and study. Indifferent to terrestrial objects, austere and chaste, Theology points with her finger to the Trinity below; she holds only a thin black volume, the Gospels. From the wreath on her head, where, among the foliage of the pacific olive, fruits mingle with flowers, there falls down over her shoulder a white veil, which combines with the tints of a red tunic and a green mantle, to formulate the three theological colours. Note that the muse of divine things is clad exactly like the prototype of celestial loves, whom Dante has created under the name of Beatrice. It is thus from this robe of Beatrice, that liberal Italy has cut the three pieces of her standard.

Such is the exordium. The knot of this epopee, the end to which all aspires, is that exposition of Christian mysteries and Christian records, improperly called the Dispute of the Eucharist, or on the Eucharist, which in the first version has no meaning, and gives a very false meaning in the second. In fact, the author intended to represent, in supreme agreement, the moment when there is brought to pass in the universe that manifestation of supernatural light which puts an end to controversy, and makes the serene exercise of the contemplative life succeed to the life of search. Who has hindered this unity? The false prophets or false poets. Where is the first cause of our faith? In the original sin, which made redemption necessary. Observe in the pendentives of the vault the two pictures which adjoin the Accord before the Sacrament: on one side is the Chastisement of Marsyas, on the other the First Pair seduced by the Serpent. At the other angles, to Justice will correspond the Judgment of Solomon; to Philosophy, Study embracing the Globe.

I tremble at the prospect of having to explain the principal paintings. On the top of the frame God speaks, and his word creates. Below the Father, Christ shows the stigmata, adored by the first witnesses of his mortal life, the Virgin and John the Precursor. Below the Son, the Spirit proceeding from him. Round the Dove, the Gospels displayed by four Angels to the earth, from the fringe of the clouds that support the heavenly court that has come down to us, as if to lend itself to some communication between the divine world and our own (see p. 552). The line of union is the Eucharistic mystery; the rays of the Holy Spirit come to illumine the Host, set forth vertically below the Trinity, on an altar surrounded by the faithful. Nothing is clearer than this tangible exposition of an abstract dogma!

Let us continue: already, thanks to the redemption, some souls sit in the intermediary Olympus of Christ, a centre of intercession between heaven and us. The deacons, Stephen and Laurence, and St. George in armour with the dragon on the crest of his helmet, symbolize the struggle and its recompense. Behind the Gospels, Moses displays his book, near St. James the Less. There follow in one Law and the other the two Fathers armed with the sword, Abraham and St. Paul. Opposite, King David closes his Psalms, attentive to St. John, who is writing the Apocalypse.

Strengthened with new courage, and holding the keys with a hand henceforth full of vigour, St. Peter, the first sinner against the new law, and Adam, the first sinner under the old, both now regenerate, eye one another, finding one in the other; the first man seems amazed at the results of his fault.

Before coming to this ample exposition of Catholic doctrines, the master had tried his hand; the fresco of the convent of St. Severus, which he executed at Perugia towards 1508, presents with fewer developments the arrangements of this Olympus, and Raphael took the idea of it from Fra Bartolommeo. If you return to Florence, enter a small court which was the cemetery of the hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova; against a wall of the fourteenth century, under the gable of a sort of shed, you will find what is left of the only two frescoes of Fra Bartolommeo which Florence possesses. It represents the Last Judgment. Surrounding Christ, to whom the master has left the traditional gesture transmitted by the Siennese to Michelangelo, the Saints sitting in tribunal recall tolerably closely what we have now under our eyes. Although Albertinelli completed the fresco, this portion is the work of the monk; the design, the pose of certain figures afterwards adopted by Raphael, the charm of the colouring, etc., are all express witness of this.

But let us finish the translation of our page of history before trying to estimate the work of the artist. Around the doctors of the new law who surround the holy sacrament (as the inhabitants of Paradise surround the Trinity), Raphael has collected the authorities of the Church militant and the Church teaching, so as to form a concert of assent before the eucharist. The object was to fix one of those rare moments when the temple of Janus was shut; between philosophy and dogma harmony seemed concluded; an hour of equilibrium in the region of ideas, as in that of art. Observe that at the moment when Raphael sent this declaration sounding forth, Luther was at Rome and said mass there, without suspecting that this picture, with which perhaps he was edified, would speedily become a theological protest against him.

In the centre of the lower portion of the picture are placed four doctors of the Latin Church; St. Gregory and St. Jerome, and St. Ambrose above St. Augustin. Gregory on one side, like Ambrose on the other, with uplifted eyes and with an expression of ecstasy, adores the mystery of the Trinity, an action which unites the two portions of the composition. Jerome vehemently embracing the texts restored by him, remains sunk in dogmatic meditations; but the pope St. Leo shows him the brightnesses from on high (*Lucerna est Agnus*), as if to turn him away from losing himself in the subtleties of erudition. Before St. Ambrose, to whom Peter Lombard, the master of the sentences, shows the finger of the Holy Spirit (who, according to St. Thomas, is the union between the Father and the Son), there is seated with mitre on his brow, St. Augustin, the eloquent teacher. He holds his book shut, and complaisantly instructs a stooping neophyte, who takes notes while he listens; with what naturalness this double intention is seized! St. Bernard shows with his two hands the sacrament of love; the subtle Scotus is pushed further back, uncertain and perceiving the truth with less distinct proximity. Behind Ambrose and his disciple Augustin are the eagles of scholasticism, St. Thomas and St. Bonaventura; the first is on the right, as having expatiated more directly on the sacrament of the altar; the seraphic doctor is writing, to show that he died with pen in hand, while elaborating the Defences of the Council of Lyons. Between these two is the pope Anacletus, who made communion more frequent, by authorising the priests to give the eucharist

apart from masses. Innocent III., who by his writings has particularly affirmed it, Innocent, that firm authority defended in our days by Hurter, a Protestant writer, precedes a group of thinkers and poets, whose orthodoxy is thus confirmed.

Dante figures here in the front rank, a consecration of his religious character, and after him those whom that great Italian soul inspired, Beato Angelico, Bramante, the monk Savonarola, burnt ten years before by order of a pope, and rehabilitated by this admission to the guest-chamber of Raphael, who branded, under Julius II., the iniquity of Alexander VI. and the name of the Borgias. As a pendant to Innocent III., who concerned himself much with the affairs of the world, is seated on the cathedra which belonged to him, and which is to be seen at St. Stephen's, Pope St. Gregory the Great, so zealous for the conversion of the peoples of the west and north. He serves for a transition to episodic figures of a more remote sort, who yet help that unity of the Church of which this work is the emblem: Seekers, whom doubt still keeps uncertain, Disputers, heretics perhaps, thirsting for truth, going towards the light, and still debating round the Archdeacon Berengarius, who denied transubstantiation, and who, thrice condemned, died in penitence in a little island in the Loire. In the distance on the left, solitary Thinkers rear in the fields their lowly huts; on the other side, more specially devoted to the authorities, a vaster monument rises up, already rooted in solid foundations: the church never reaches the end of its construction. How many intentions we should still discover, among the groups which augment the gravity of the central composition and contribute to its interest! But why multiply commentaries when, without knowing the personages or the ideas which they stand for, we still feel the charm of so glorious a sight!

We should look too narrowly at things if we were to confront with the ordinary limits of art this unique work, which came in its own time, and which F. Schlegel, agreeing with Lanzi, preferred to all Raphael's other works. The paltrinesses of legend and the rigidities of scholasticism are banished from this composition, which still is marked by a mysticism so deeply premeditated that, not content with collecting texts and growing pale over Dante's poem, Sanzio consulted his friends, and among others Ariosto, the future author of the Orlando, had some share in this sacred piece. To give its high value to a design so strange, there were needed both the inspirations of Umbria, and that authority of style which keeps a work from shrinking into meanness. Take a lustre from the age of Raphael; force would have been wanting: postpone the execution for five years; he would have experienced the ascendancy of Michelangelo, and the pre-occupations of technical skill will have got the better of the poet-theologian.

This work, in which Raphael can only have been helped by Timoteo Viti, a tender soul, the favourite disciple of Francia, divides into two periods the immense and rapid career of Sanzio. The Accord before the Holy Sacrament crowns the schools which have been called pre-Raphaelite. All in it is vigorous and spring-like: the heads reach a strong and calm grace of expression; the brightness of the light only leaves to the artist, to obtain distinct effects and avoid monotony, the diversity of vivid tints brought to accord in a limpid and tender harmony. Raphael has resolved the difficulty with a magic of colouring which the most illustrious Venetians have admired. But for any one who has not examined the original itself, this assertion, well grounded as it is, runs some risk of being suspected; it is in the Vatican sanctuaries that it

is best to go to the bottom of these studies of art and religious history, the only lessons from these texts that our time is still capable of relishing. How many mornings passed thus, and in the depth of winter! One had from time to time, on an iron brazier of antique fashion, to revive one's numbed fingers from which the pencil fell, and thus to learn how a chilly subject, with his mind absorbed, may freeze stiff without perceiving it.

V.

The other pictures of the Segnatura are more easily taken in; so it will be enough to convey some idea of the degree to which this decorative ensemble is homogeneous, and how far a scope so simple lent itself to variety, while entirely satisfying the reason. It is the universal religion derived from its poets—Hesiod, Homer, Virgil, Dante, who, with different cosmogonies, only scrutinized pious manuals. Of these epic works, suppress the Divine Comedy; Christian art would have remained without a formula, and there would have been no Renaissance.

In face of the dogma which sums up all, Raphael has described the intellectual labours of the ancient world in search of truths. But the Word had not descended; man being far from the heavens, the light is not so bright: such designed inequality of light gives to the Schools of Athens a solid depth, which depends as much on the will of the painter, as on the tendencies of this or that fellow-worker. It is a just and philosophic idea, borrowed perhaps from our mediæval glass and the Byzantine frescoes, that of classing among the precursors, in regard to the saints, Aristotle, by whom logic has come to us, and who, with authoritative hand, points to the earth which his doctrine has subjected; then Plato, with inspired gestures showing the heavens, whose problem he has dimly discerned. They are surrounded by the divers schools, but the pagan world is grouped around them. The procession of Aristotle is numerous; the spiritualistic Plato has fewer followers. In the camp of Aristotle they are more speculative: Euclid, and Archimedes under the features of Bramante, with compass in his hand, are surrounded by their disciples, and are at work at geometry. One of these scholars, seated to the right of Archimedes, is Frederick II., Duke of Mantua, brother-in-law of a nephew of Julius II. Zoroaster unravels the system of the world, Ptolemy marks out its geography; every one is at work or else is discussing; but the pagan prototype of the ascetics, Diogenes, who has just thrown away his basin, turns his back on the schools, and by his indifference demonstrates the nullity of systems. Close by there declare themselves—vague Negation, personified by Arcesilas (the symbol of uncertainty is turned in one direction and looks in another); then Doubt, under the impassive and contemptuous figure of Pyrrho; he watches a disciple repeating with the ardour of conviction the doctrines of Aristotle.

Among the precursors and the faithful of the Platonist company, are Empedocles, Epicharmus, and Pythagoras, with Theologus, and Theano, with Anaxagoras and Archytas near them; then the sombre Heraclitus near Æschines, and Socrates, who perceived unity; he is standing and instructing his pupils. Close on their track, approach after Alcibiades and Xenophon, the young Duke of Urbino della Rovere, and Raphael himself, just opposite Perugino; it was behind Zoroaster that Vasari pointed them out; finally, a good number of those dreamers who, by inspiration,

touched the divine intuition, deceiving themselves like Hippias, placed quite at the bottom, or who, though unwearied seekers, found nothing but void and melancholy. A tall young man in a white mantle fringed with gold represents Francis Maria della Rovere, Duke of Urbino by the adoption of Guid' Ubaldo. The classic Aristotle has on his side, in a niche of the façade, Minerva, the wise goddess of constituted bodies; behind Plato is Apollo the inspirer. Among the grisailles of the lower portion figures the Siege of Syracuse, in reference to Archimedes, and in honour of the martyrs of the scientific ideal.

GREGORY IX. RECEIVING THE DECRETALS (CAMERA DELLA SEGNATURA).

The blameless enforcement of right, the sentiment of perfect equity, seemed to Raphael so far above human passions, that the attributes of jurisprudence present themselves alone, without any historic personage. A head with two faces, Jurisprudence, serene, mild in expression like clemency, with her young profile looks into the mirror (see p. 392). In her breast is fixed in a medallion the winged head of a Gorgon. Moderation offers her a bridle, and Penetration his torch. The past instructs her: she looks behind her with the profile of an old man. Protecting Force, armed with a green branch, which would be an olive if *la Rovere* did not mean an oak, and seated on a lion, completes this exquisite and noble group, which, for a wonder, Audran has not made too

dull: people may form a tolerably just idea of it at our School of Fine Arts, in an excellent copy by Paul Baudry. The neighbouring compartment is shared between the civil law and the common law: on one side Justinian hands the Digest to Tribonian; on the other, Gregory IX. receives the Decretals, under the features of Julius II., who is attended—priceless likenesses—by two cardinals destined to be his successors, Giovanni de' Medici, still young, who is to be Leo X., and Alexander Farnese, who will become Paul III. (p. 548). Near them, a third prelate represents the Cardinal del Monte. It is in the background of this fresco that chance has executed by Raphael's hand a striking likeness of Napoleon I. The authenticity of these pictures has been discussed: they are the master's; only, having been more damaged than the others, by the Tedeschi of the Constable, they have been more restored than was necessary. In the grisailles of the plinth, which pursue the idea in its development, and which were executed by Polydore of Caravaggio, aided by Maturino the Florentine, Moses and Solon promulgate their laws.

What shall we say, finally, of that glorification of poetry, which collects on one Parnassus, to honour the Italy of Petrarch and Dante, all the great poets under the patronage of the Muses and the presidency of Apollo! Consecrated to the revival of ancient literature, this piece breathes all the enthusiasm of the sublime years which opened the sixteenth century. Placed opposite to a blonde and tender picture, the Parnassus has a very firm tone, with amber lights to bring out the adorable figures with which Raphael endows the ten Muses, including Sappho among them. Under her name, the master sketched the profile of one of the intelligences of his time, the courtesan Imperia, to whom the casuists pardoned much because she loved the beautiful much. Dying young and bewept by the greatest men, the idol of Augustin Chigi, Imperia, worthy of the time of Pericles, made herself the muse of the friendship which encourages and sustains. A purer celebrity, Vittoria Colonna,—sprung through her mother from the Montefeltro family, who of their palace at Urbino had made another Parnassus,—Vittoria is drawn sitting, sceptre in hand, at the feet of Apollo. This profile, which in the medals rivals antique cameos, is easily recognisable; in immortalising this heavenly creature, Raphael rewarded her beforehand for the devotion with which she was soon to surround Michelangelo; a holy flame, which was the consolation and stay and last joy of the noble old man. Homer and Pindar, Virgil and Dante, Alcæus, Horace, Ovid, Propertius, old Ennius, Plautus, Terence, Boccaccio, with Petrarch and Sannazarius who sang the Virgin, form on the holy mountain the procession attendant on the goddesses. Not very pitiful towards bad poets, Raphael still, to meet a wish of Julius II., admitted Francesco Berni, who found further protection in his relationship to the Cardinal Bibbiena; but he showed behind the author *Rime burlesche*, which Corinna and Sappho eye with astonishment. In shape of moral he painted, as a pendentive, the Contest of Phœbus with Marsyas, in which the winner contented himself with flaying alive the *proxime accessit* of the competition. The Apollo Musagetes on the peak of the Parnassus is playing the violin—a fine figure of an inspired performer. They relate about this, that one evening at the Vatican a very handsome virtuoso came to play before Julius II., and that as he left the convent the pope said to Sanzio—'Now we have found our Apollo!'

Among the personages of the Parnassus, Homer is easily recognisable from his resemblance to the famous bust in the Capitol, which so many casts have reproduced. The analogy will seem surprising if we remember that in Raphael's time this marble

was not yet discovered, and that the cameos and *contorniati* medallions not then having been described or got together in the public collections, no antique representation of the singer of the Iliad was then known. It was with the assistance of the Laocoön, dug up in 1506 in the vineyard of Felicie de' Fredis, that Sanzio, by a skilful and almost magical interpretation, drew from the high priest of Neptune the mien of the blind poet.

Many critics have been surprised that one of the great poets of Italy, Ariosto, Raphael's friend, did not figure in the Parnassus: but this chamber was painted between 1508 and the end of 1511; the Orlando did not appear until 1516, and its author had as yet only produced some dramatic essays of doubtful value. This absence, therefore, far from being an omission, is a proof of the poet's impartiality.

On the grisailles of the lower portion, the master has not by any means pretended, as has been said, to oppose the Sibylline books to the Æneid. The subjects are more happily chosen: in one, Augustus prevents Virgil from burning his poem; in the other, Alexander has the works of Homer placed in a precious casket. In the middle of the ceiling, Raphael left the arms of Nicholas V., instead of placing there the oak of the La Rovere: the reason of this preference is that Thomas Parentucelli of Sarzana, had no other escutcheon than the tiara and the keys.

THE FIRST FAULT (LA SEGNATURA).

What one despairs of appreciating fully in the ensemble of this enormous *machine*, to borrow a studio phrase, is the superior harmony of the decoration, the brightness of a polychromatic ornamentation whose richness is extreme, the happy effect of the colours, either by oppositions or by certain accords, and the art with which they are wedded in the medallions and the arabesques subdividing the nine compartments of the vault. Nothing seems overloaded; you will only see what you seek; but if you examine at leisure, you will discover a world of marvels which, though quite distinct, wait their turn without any indiscreet eagerness to start up before your eyes. These borders in a tone of grey stone on a golden ground; these projecting frames so firm in tone; these polyhedra of grey blue, a sober tone which only lets the aerial blue of the sky show radiant at the very top through an opening; the small subjects imitated from the bas-relief which connect the four medallions with the subjects of the pendentives;—all is combined with a knowledge of effects that confounds you.

To show to what a degree Raphael was a colourist, it would be enough to isolate one of these corner panels,—that, for instance, in which the figures of Poetry and Philosophy, divided by small camaieux, surmount the masterpiece, of such purity of design, in which the First Fault is represented. The gilded field of the sky, coloured by a delicate chequer, imitating mosaic, plays with the ground of verdure, whence stands out with rosy freshness the young and supple body of the first woman: the arabesques of

the frame, in which the pearl grey and the blue are harmonized by the golds accented by flame-colour, isolate and bring out this wonderful gem. The finest of the four medallions from the point of view of colour is the Philosophy,—blonde on a golden ground, seated on a throne which has for arms Hermes of a neutral tint, and clad in a pale blue tunic, which runs with strange fluidity into the dying tints of the drapery, raised by gradations up to red. To avoid crudity the artist places the shadows of the blue robe in sea-green tones, beneath light warmed by carnation, and these shadows mark folds in which the pale light will leave nothing but rose. All this playing upon the palette, the equilibrium resulting from it, the bright and penetrating melody of these shadings, softened so as to shine out on the dead gold, all contribute to bathe the figure in a supernatural light, of which no perceptible process betrays the secret. Raphael proportioned the level tone of his pictures to the degree of light they were to receive; hence, the strongest oppositions of the Parnassus, which is placed with the light behind, as well as of the Poetry, destined it for the ceiling in a sombre part of the vault. Nothing is more distinct than these figures, thus rescued from lack of light. These things have been neither well copied nor well described; shall I be pardoned for having failed in my desire to render what, I fear, is incapable of being translated into words?

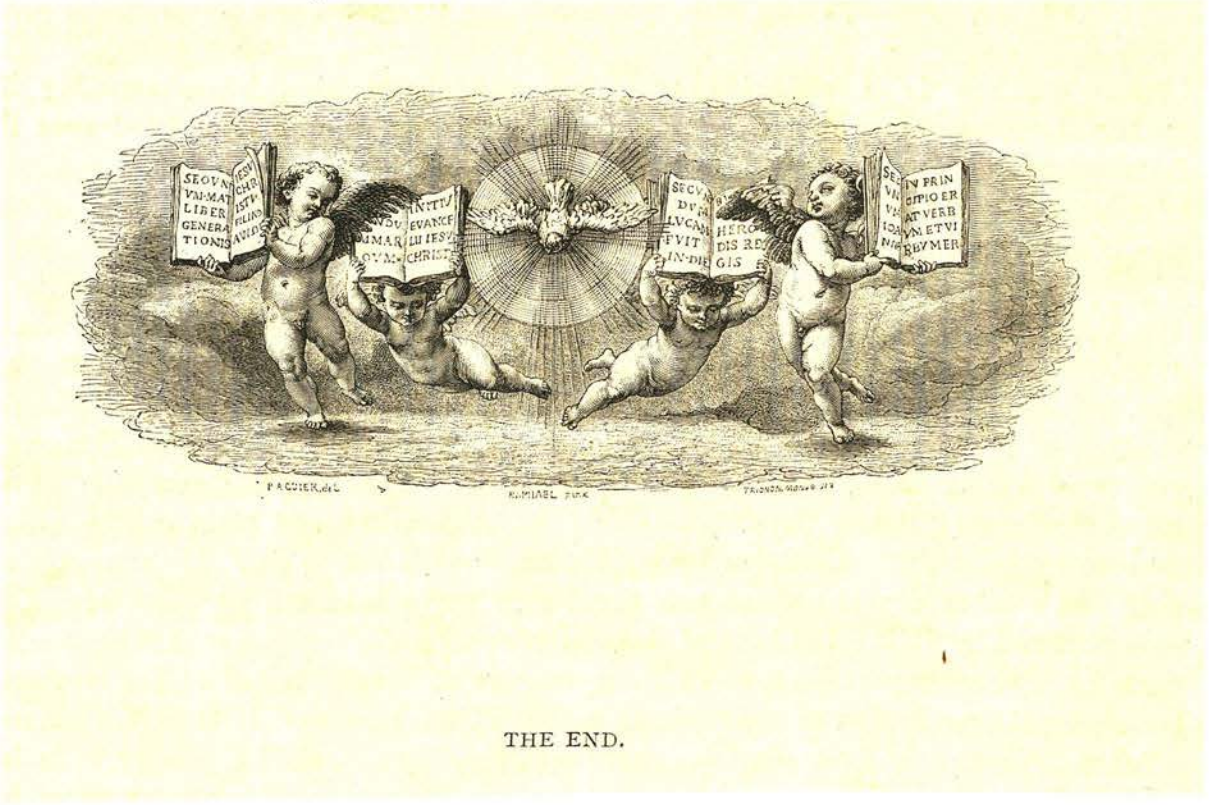
Now we are in a condition to define and characterise, while avoiding the groove of contemporary prejudices, the two men of genius who dominated over the Renaissance.

Charged by Leo X. with directing the excavation of Roman antiquities, Raphael was as much smitten as his rival by an ardent passion for the art of the ancients. It is to the painter of Urbino, we must not forget, that we owe the most important works of this time, executed under the inspiration of the pagan muse, the Parnassus, the Schools of Athens, the Galatea, the Nuptials of Roxana, the poem of Psyche at the Farnesina. Modern criticism has, then, most gratuitously enclosed Raphael in the single domain of religious ideas, to reserve to Michelangelo, falsely represented as a pagan genius, the honour of having inaugurated Greek art, and driven away the last seraphim of the mystical schools. Before the authority of facts, documents, and plain evidence, these theories are untenable. Christian by conviction, like his young rival, Michelangelo was even much more devout; these two great men move from religious inspiration, by sentiment and by faith. But both of them in love with the antique arts, they direct in concert their contemporaries towards these sources of beauty, vowed to the mission of combining the perfection of the ancients with the Catholic idea. If from this common point of departure, and pursuing the same aim, they have reached dissimilar ends, it is because nature was pleased at that time to create two artists of sovereign superiority with difference of genius. Let us try in a few words to class them.

An epic poet, a commanding spirit aspiring to infinite heights of greatness, Michelangelo will be the Hesiod of the biblical theogony; he will impress a shape on the redoubtable Jehovah, on the Patriarchs, on the Prophets; he will translate the Works and Days of Genesis. Raphael, more inclined to ascend to ideas in order to divine sentiments from them, is less struck with high facts than with symbols. Too young to have wholly shaken off the traditions of the Umbrian school, and of tenderer complexion, he penetrates, like some *doctor angelicus*, into the beloved mysteries of the new alliance. Thus Michelangelo is pre-eminently the painter of the Old Testament; Raphael the gentlest painter of the Gospels.

The ceiling of the Sixtine chapel, and the Camera della Segnatura, offer a synthesis of modern art raised to the intelligence of ancient art; this is my reason for closing the exploration of Rome by the study of these two monuments. If it came to pass that some catastrophe should destroy all, and only spare these two chambers, the art of painting might still be saved by tradition, as æsthetic civilization would be saved in its entirety if the whole of the treasures of the Vatican were preserved. Are not these galleries the most ancient, the most splendid of the public museums of Europe, and are not all nations bound to gratitude for the examples given by the sovereign pontiffs in these national collections of which they are now so justly proud?

What the Vatican is for the things of the spirit, I will say in a word or two; without leaving its precincts you may drink at the purest springs the teaching of divine and human letters; sculpture and painting, arts ancient as well as modern, revealed by the most perfect models. Lawful owners of the galleries which their patience has brought together, the popes were the founders, and they ought to remain the high masters, of this university.



THE END.

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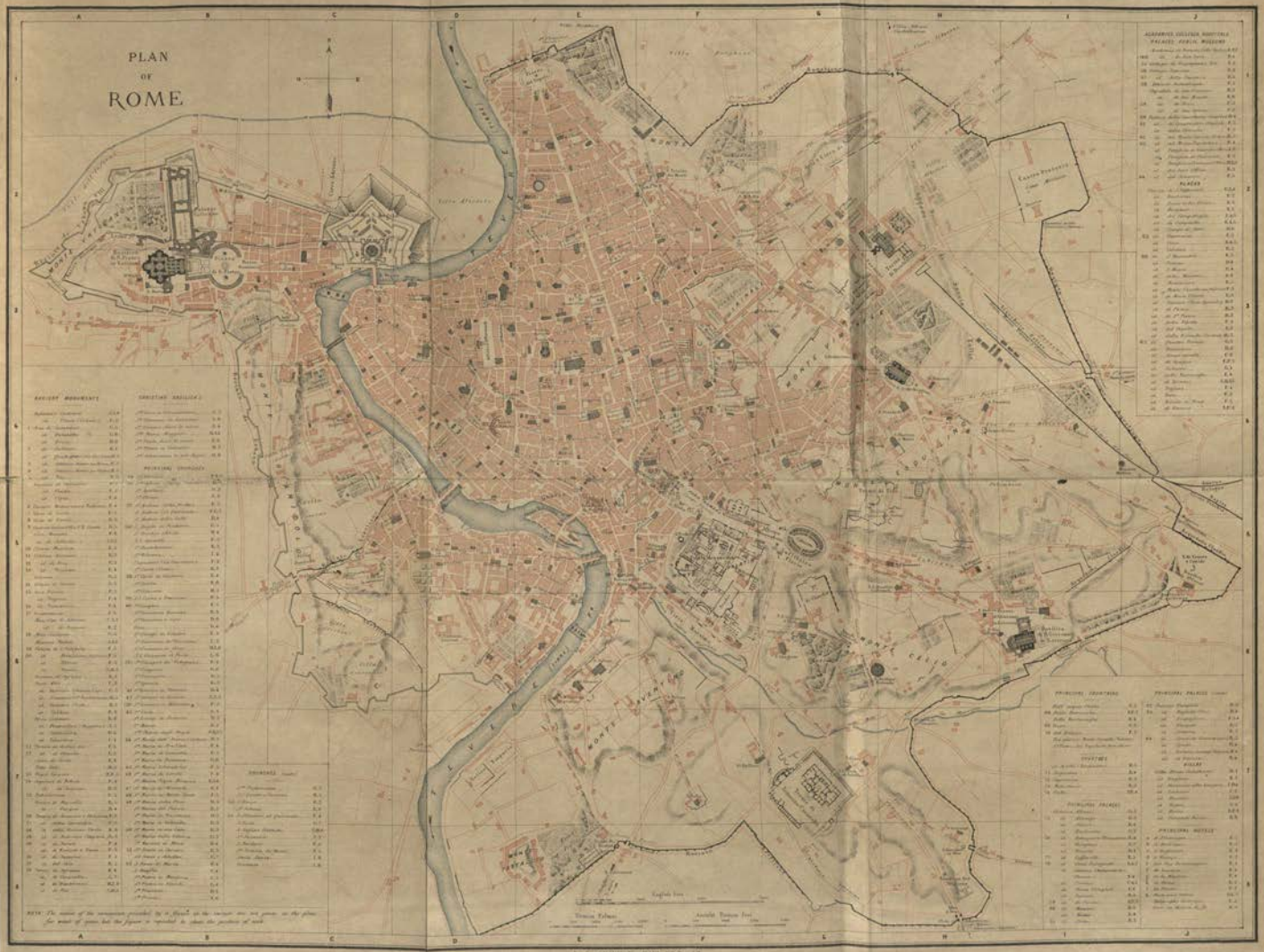

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